

A L I E N S TM

VS.

PREDATOR TM

OMNIBUS

VOLUME 1



ALIENSTM
vs.

PREDATORTM

OMNIBUS



A L I E N S TM

VS.

PREDATOR TM

OMNIBUS

VOLUME 1



DARK HORSE BOOKS®

CONTENTS

ALIENS VS. PREDATOR.....5

BLOOD TIME155

DUEL.....165

WAR216

ETERNAL345

OLD SECRETS.....427

THE WEB435

cover illustration **GLENN FABRY**

publisher **MIKE RICHARDSON**
designer **JOSHUA ELLIOTT**
technical assistance **DAN JACKSON**
art director **LIA RIBACCHI**
series editor **RANDY STRADLEY**
collection editor **CHRIS WARNER**

Special thanks to **DEBBIE OLSHAN** at Twentieth Century Fox Licensing.

ALIENS™ VS. PREDATOR™ OMNIBUS Volume 1
© 1989, 1990, 1991, 1996, 2007 by Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation. All rights reserved. Aliens™ & © 1986, 2007 Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation. Predator™ & © 1987, 2007 Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation. All rights reserved. TM indicates a trademark of Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation. Dark Horse Books® and the Dark Horse Logo are registered trademarks of Dark Horse Comics, Inc. All rights reserved. No portion of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the express written permission of the copyright holders. Names, characters, places, and incidents featured in this publication are either the product of the author’s imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events, institutions, or locales, without satiric intent, is coincidental.

This volume collects material previously published as the Dark Horse graphic novels *Aliens vs. Predator*, *Aliens vs. Predator: War*, and *Aliens vs. Predator: Eternal*, stories from issues one hundred forty-six and one hundred forty-seven of the Dark Horse comic-book series *Dark Horse Presents*, and a story from the Dark Horse comic book *Aliens vs. Predator Annual*.

Dark Horse Books
a division of Dark Horse Comics, Inc.
10956 SE Main Street
Milwaukie, OR 97222

darkhorse.com | foxmovies.com

To find a comics shop in your area, call the Comic Shop Locator Service toll-free at 1-888-266-4226

ALIENS VS. PREDATOR



script
RANDY STRADLEY

pencils
PHILL NORWOOD (chapters 1–4, 6)
CHRIS WARNER (chapter 5)

inks
KARL STORY (chapters 1–3)
ROBERT CAMPANELLA (chapters 4, 5)
PHILL NORWOOD (chapter 6)

colors
INCOLOR

lettering
PAT BROSSEAU

title illustration
PHILL NORWOOD

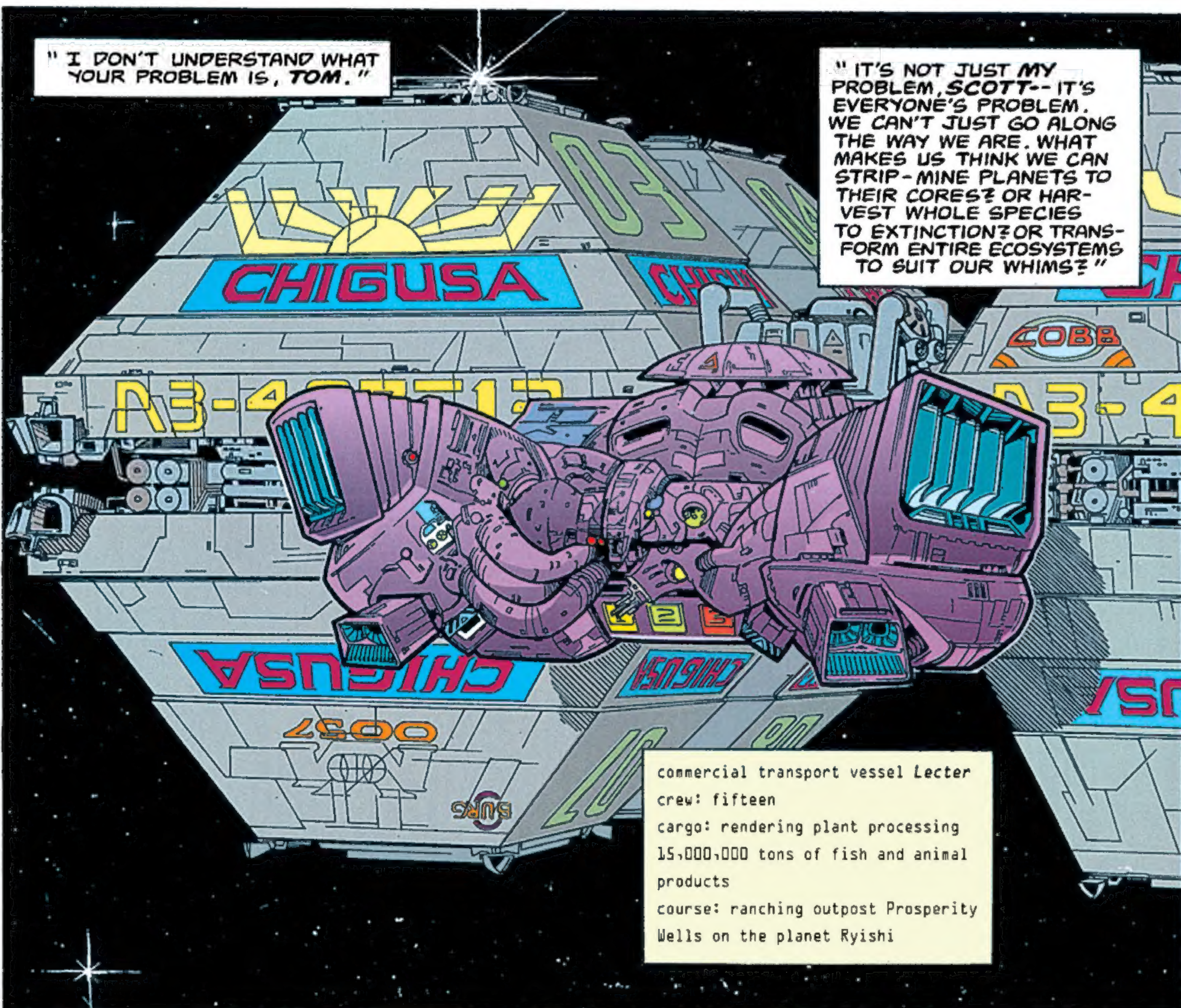


SOMETIME IN THE FUTURE...

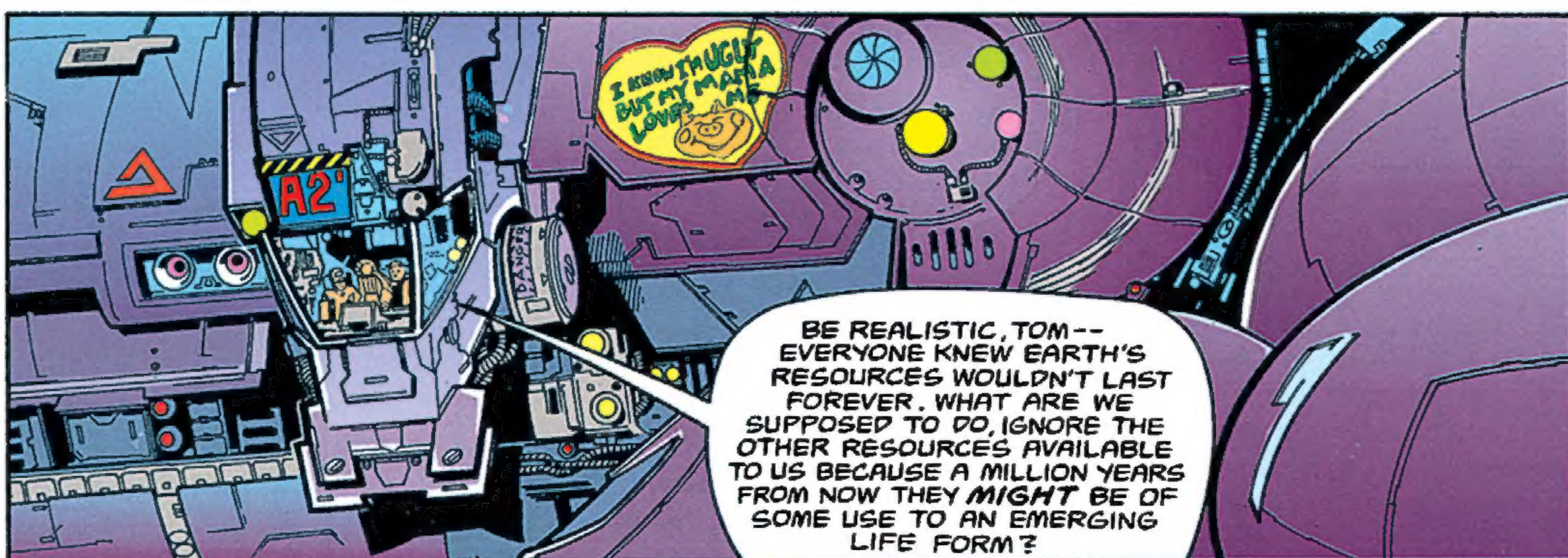


"I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT YOUR PROBLEM IS, TOM."

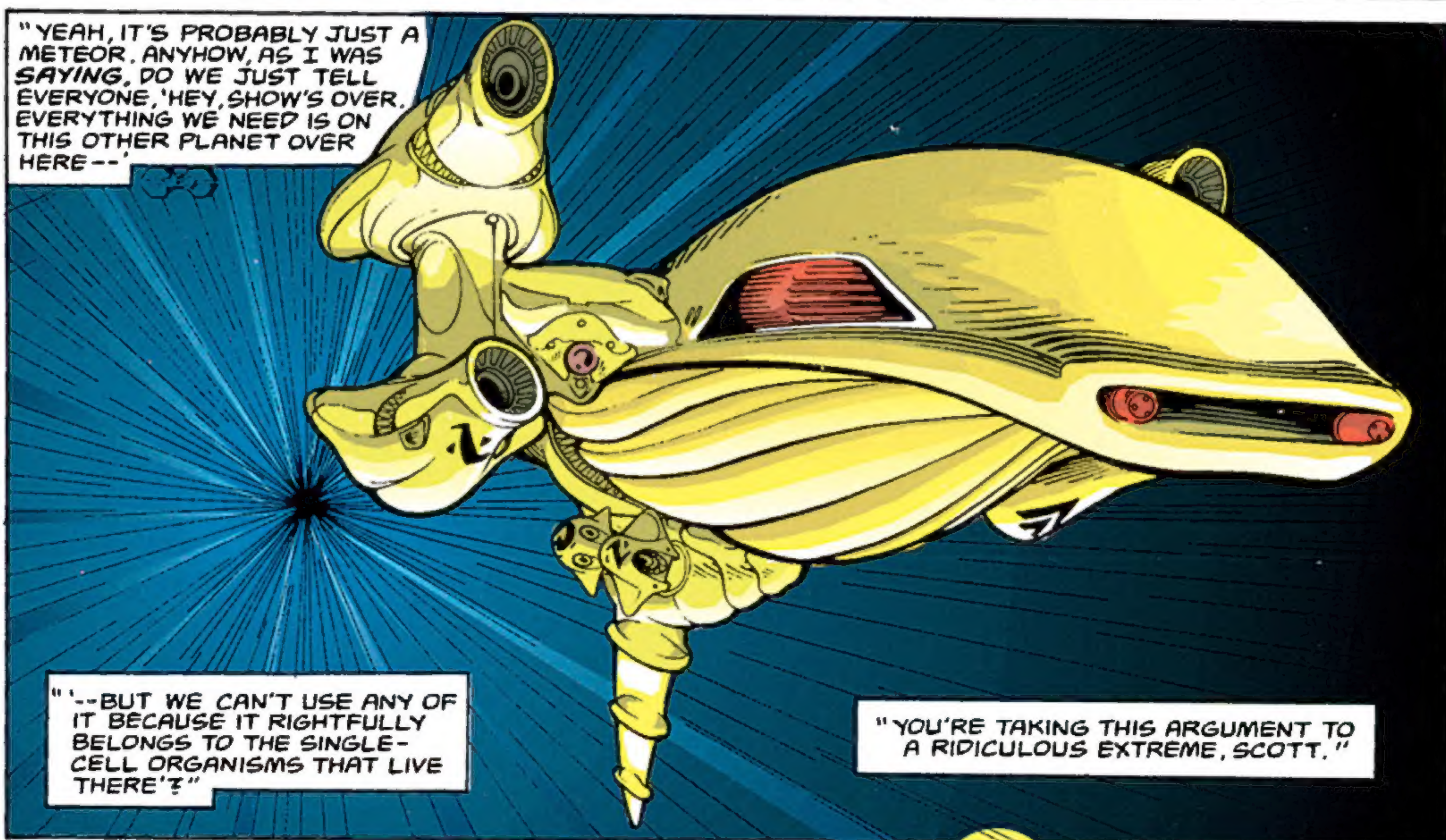
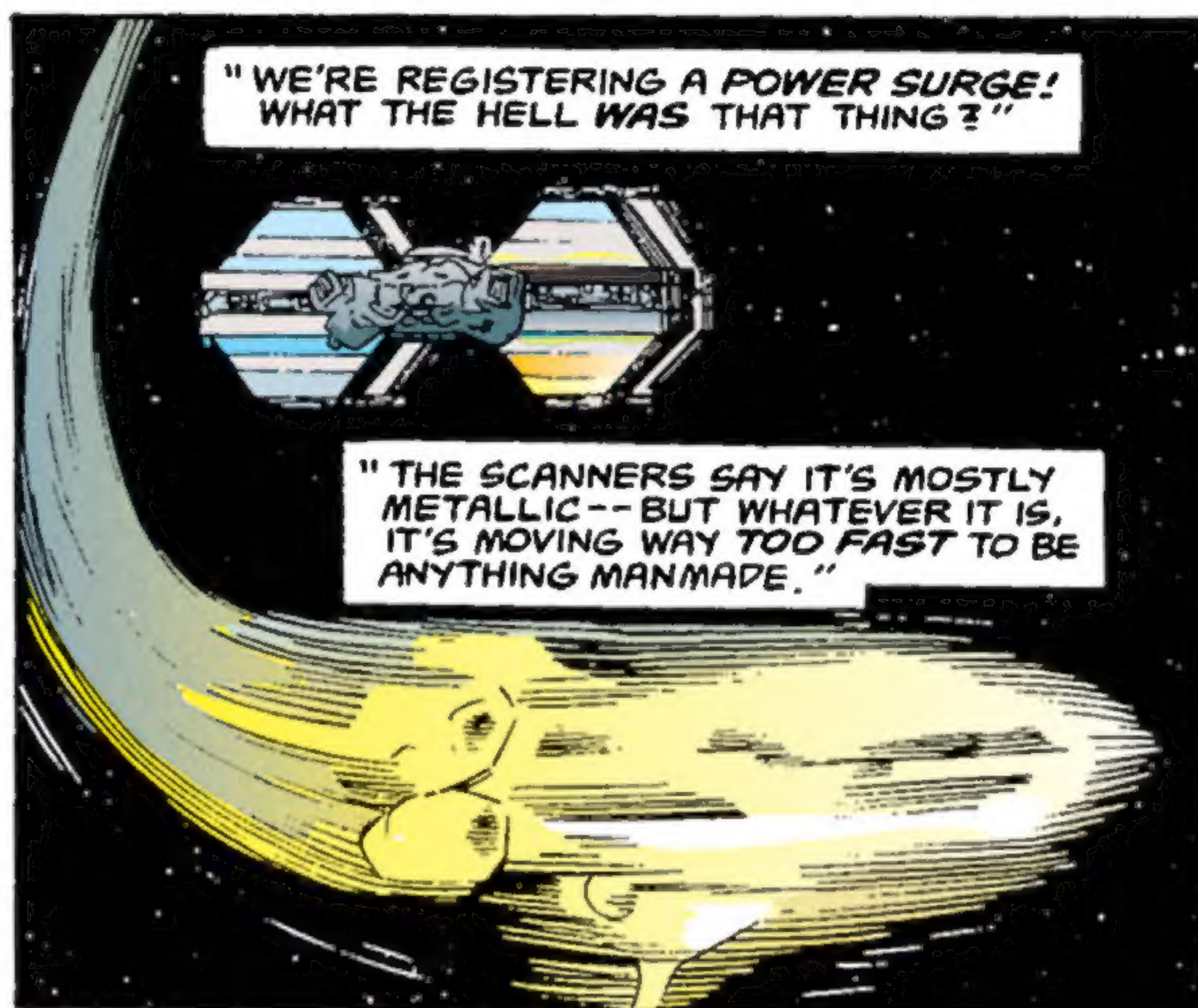
"IT'S NOT JUST MY PROBLEM, SCOTT-- IT'S EVERYONE'S PROBLEM. WE CAN'T JUST GO ALONG THE WAY WE ARE. WHAT MAKES US THINK WE CAN STRIP-MINE PLANETS TO THEIR CORES? OR HARVEST WHOLE SPECIES TO EXTINCTION? OR TRANSFORM ENTIRE ECOSYSTEMS TO SUIT OUR WHIMS?"



commercial transport vessel Lecter
crew: fifteen
cargo: rendering plant processing
15,000,000 tons of fish and animal
products
course: ranching outpost Prosperity
Wells on the planet Ryishi



BE REALISTIC, TOM-- EVERYONE KNEW EARTH'S RESOURCES WOULDN'T LAST FOREVER. WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO, IGNORE THE OTHER RESOURCES AVAILABLE TO US BECAUSE A MILLION YEARS FROM NOW THEY *MIGHT* BE OF SOME USE TO AN EMERGING LIFE FORM?



"YEAH, IT'S PROBABLY JUST A METEOR. ANYHOW, AS I WAS SAYING, DO WE JUST TELL EVERYONE, 'HEY, SHOW'S OVER. EVERYTHING WE NEED IS ON THIS OTHER PLANET OVER HERE'--"

"WE'RE REGISTERING A POWER SURGE! WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT THING?"

"THE SCANNERS SAY IT'S MOSTLY METALLIC-- BUT WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S MOVING WAY TOO FAST TO BE ANYTHING MANMADE."

"--BUT WE CAN'T USE ANY OF IT BECAUSE IT RIGHTFULLY BELONGS TO THE SINGLE-CELL ORGANISMS THAT LIVE THERE'?"

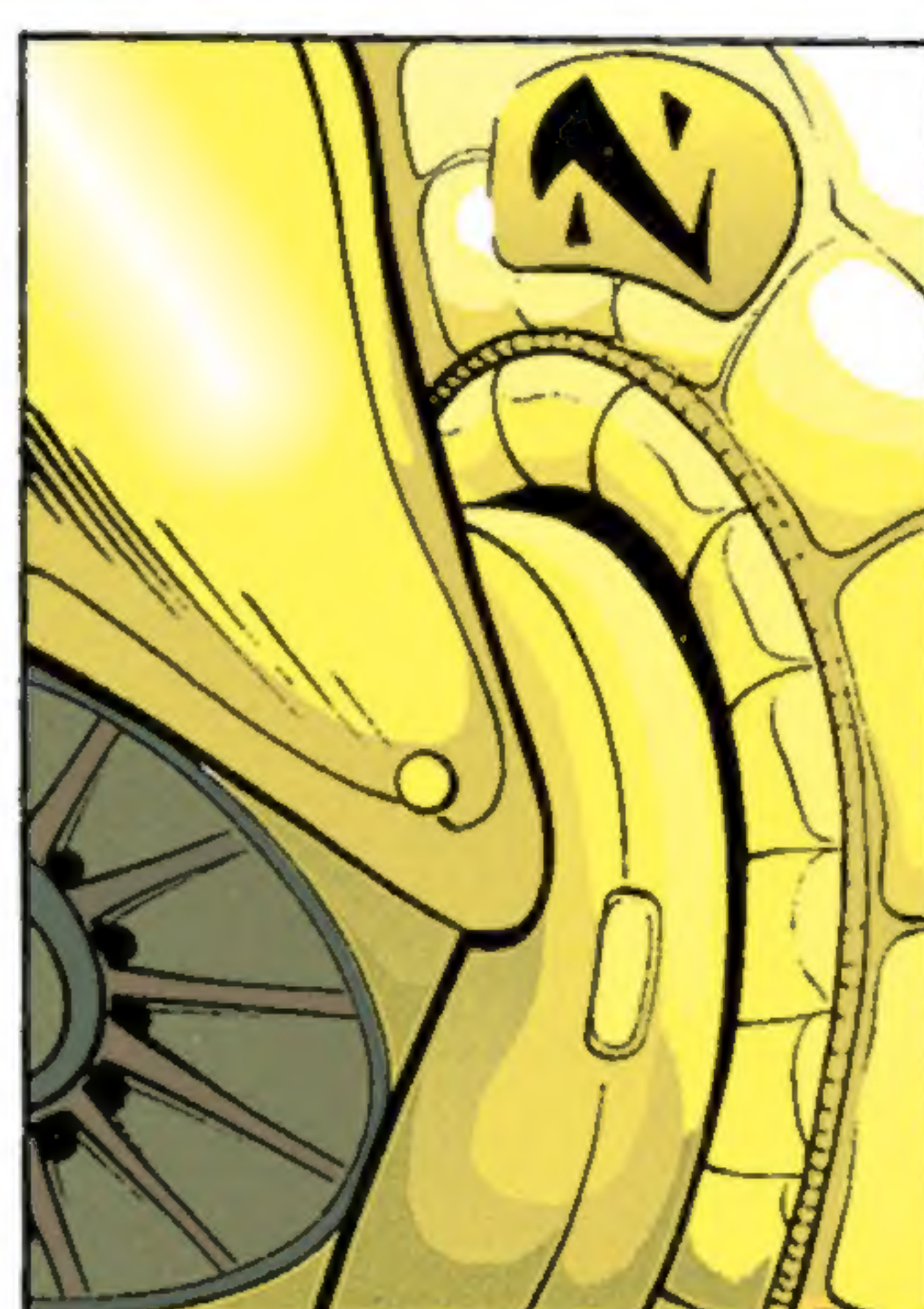
"YOU'RE TAKING THIS ARGUMENT TO A RIDICULOUS EXTREME, SCOTT."

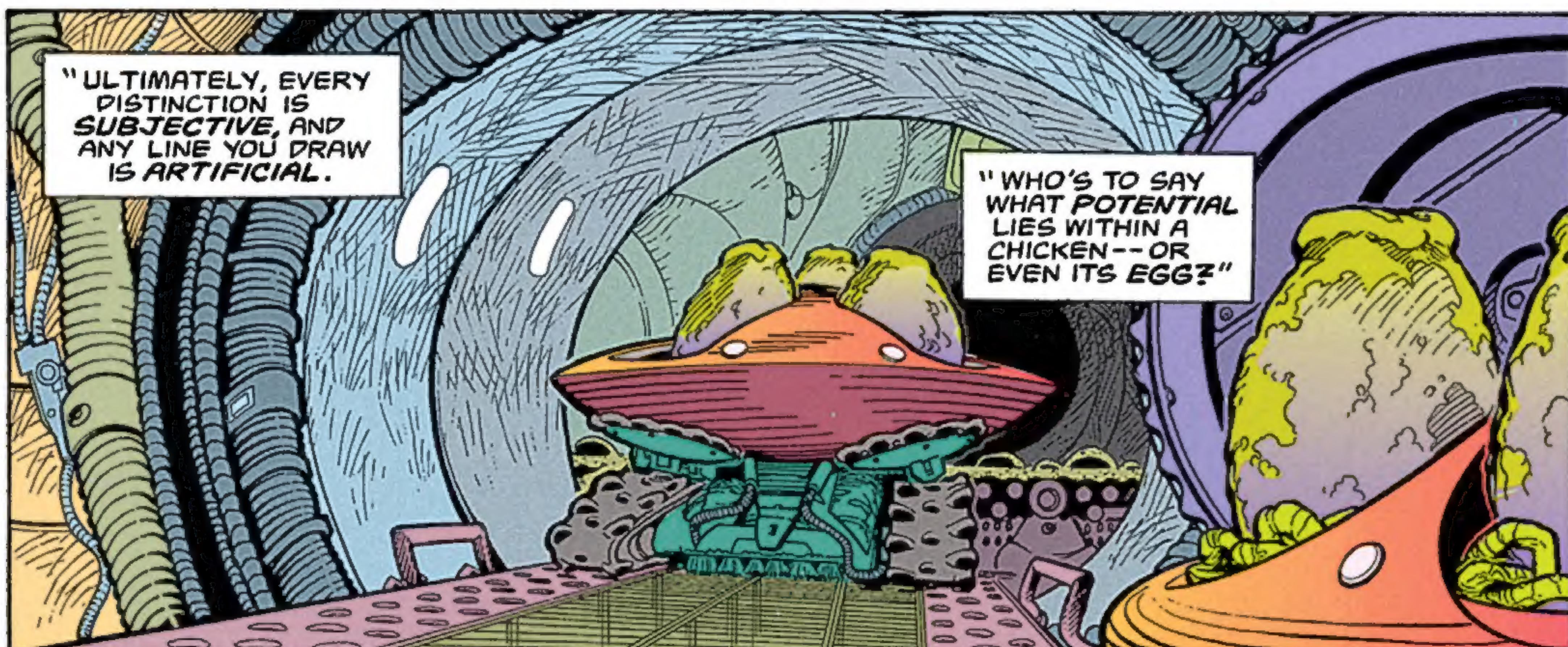


"NO, I'M NOT. I'M JUST POINTING OUT HOW IRRATIONAL IT IS TO COMPARTMENTALIZE YOUR ETHICS, TOM."



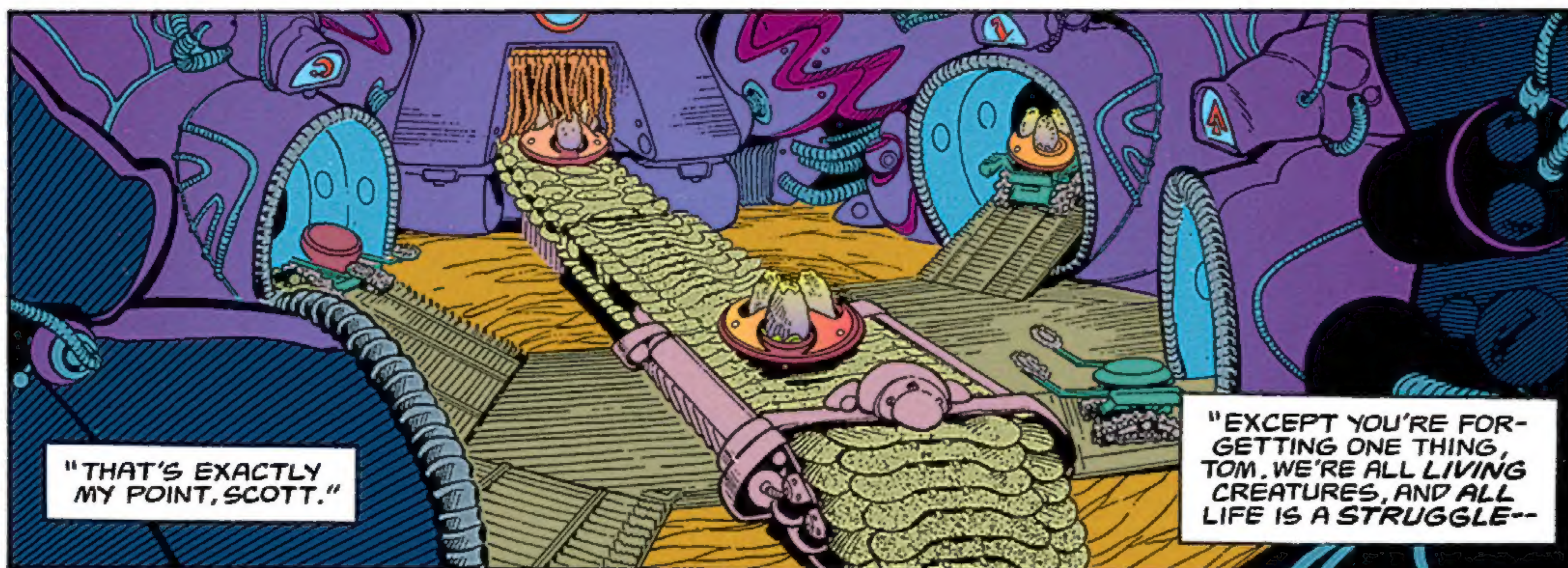
"IT'S **WRONG** TO HARVEST DOLPHINS BECAUSE THEY'RE INTELLIGENT CREATURES-- BUT IT'S **OKAY** TO EAT CHICKENS BECAUSE THEY ONLY HAVE A BRAIN THE SIZE OF A PEA?"





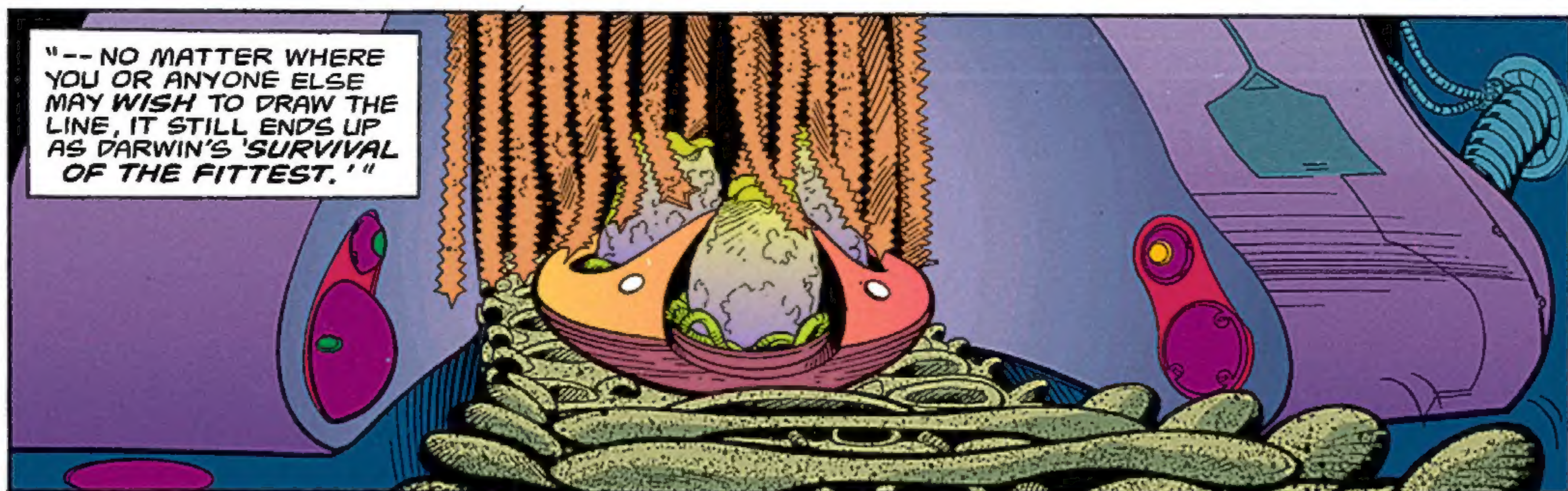
"ULTIMATELY, EVERY DISTINCTION IS SUBJECTIVE, AND ANY LINE YOU DRAW IS ARTIFICIAL."

"WHO'S TO SAY WHAT POTENTIAL LIES WITHIN A CHICKEN--OR EVEN ITS EGG?"

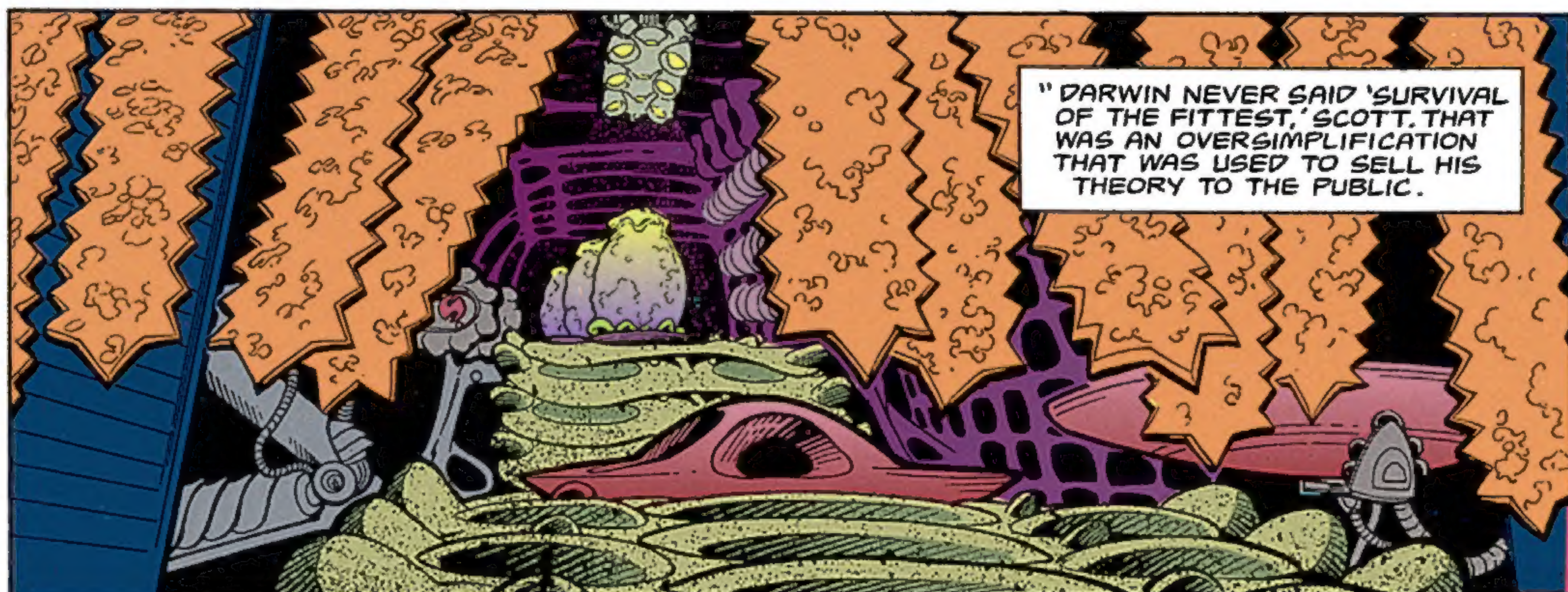


"THAT'S EXACTLY MY POINT, SCOTT."

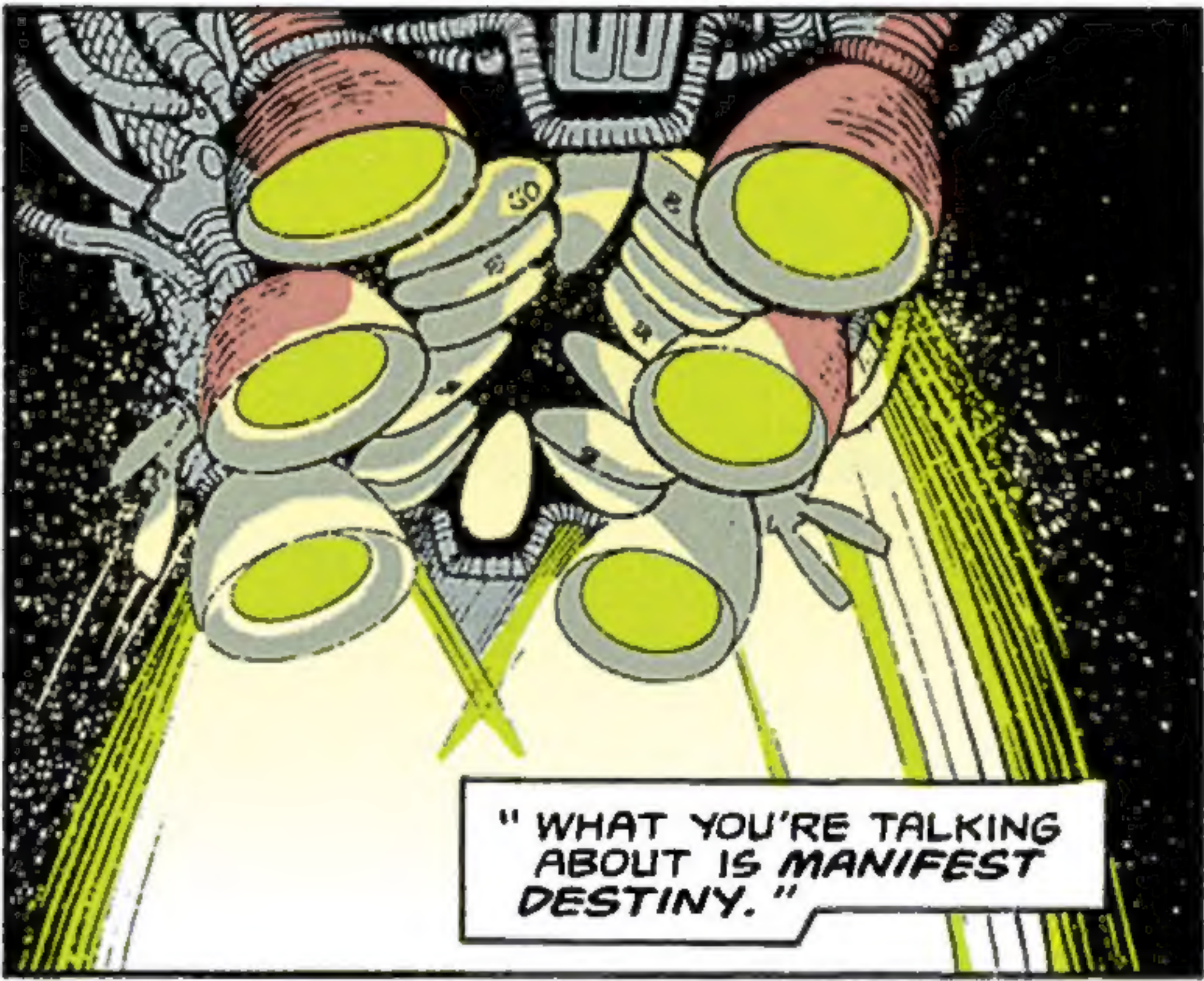
"EXCEPT YOU'RE FORGETTING ONE THING, TOM. WE'RE ALL LIVING CREATURES, AND ALL LIFE IS A STRUGGLE--"



"-- NO MATTER WHERE YOU OR ANYONE ELSE MAY WISH TO DRAW THE LINE, IT STILL ENDS UP AS DARWIN'S 'SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.'"



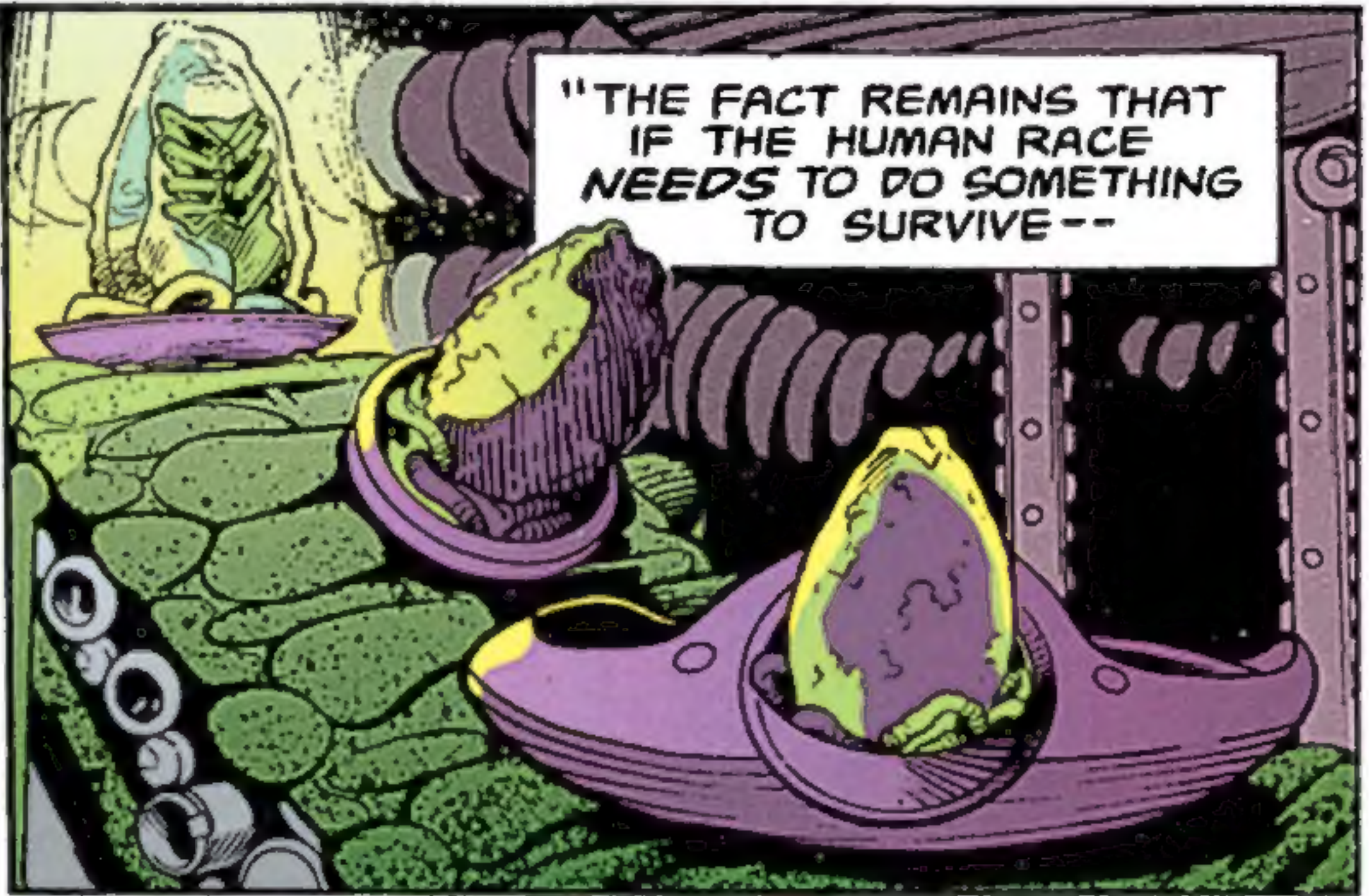
"DARWIN NEVER SAID 'SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST,' SCOTT. THAT WAS AN OVERSIMPLIFICATION THAT WAS USED TO SELL HIS THEORY TO THE PUBLIC."



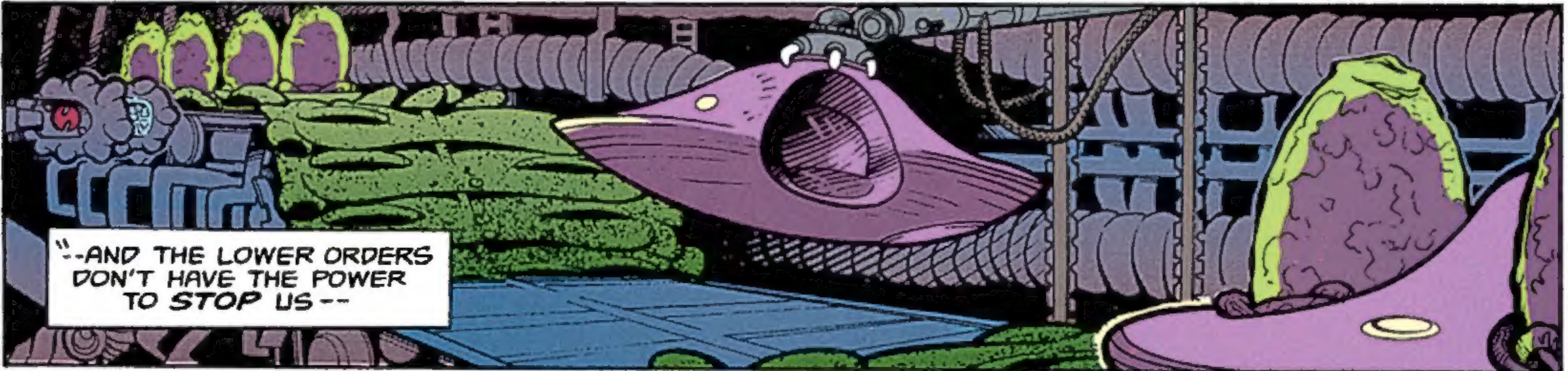
"WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT IS MANIFEST DESTINY."



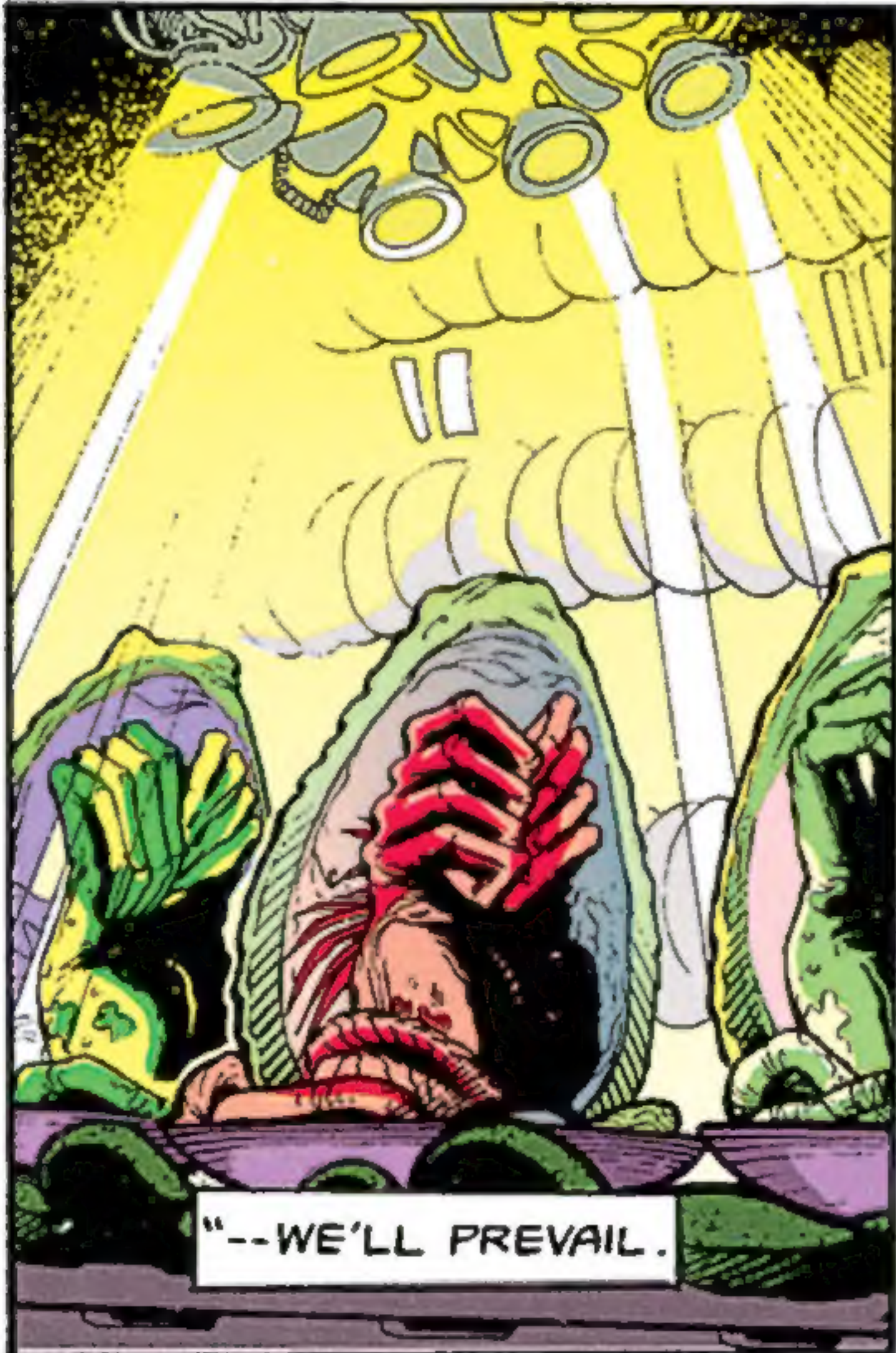
"YOU CAN CALL IT WHATEVER YOU WANT, TOM."



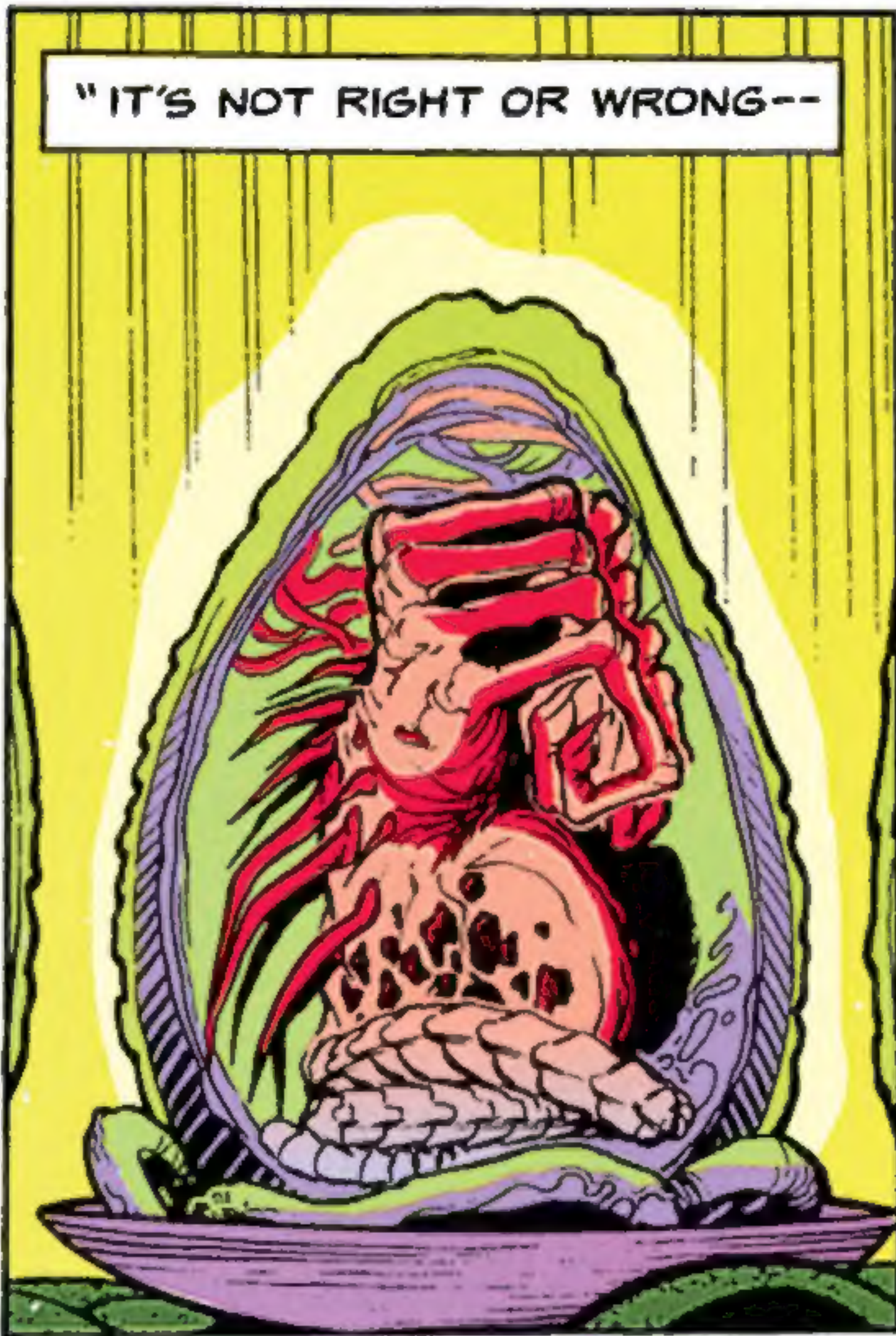
"THE FACT REMAINS THAT IF THE HUMAN RACE NEEDS TO DO SOMETHING TO SURVIVE--"



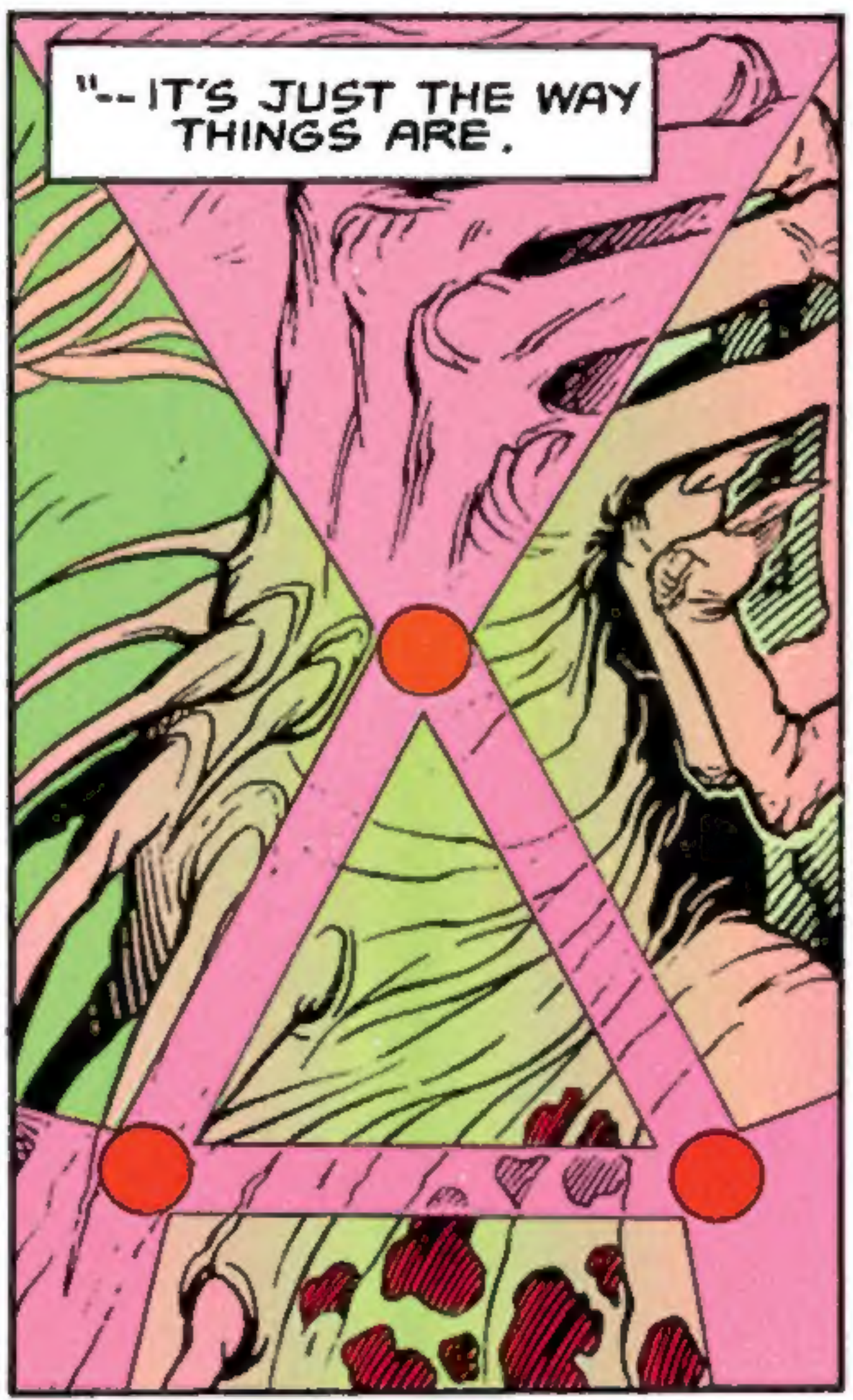
"--AND THE LOWER ORDERS DON'T HAVE THE POWER TO STOP US--"



"--WE'LL PREVAIL."

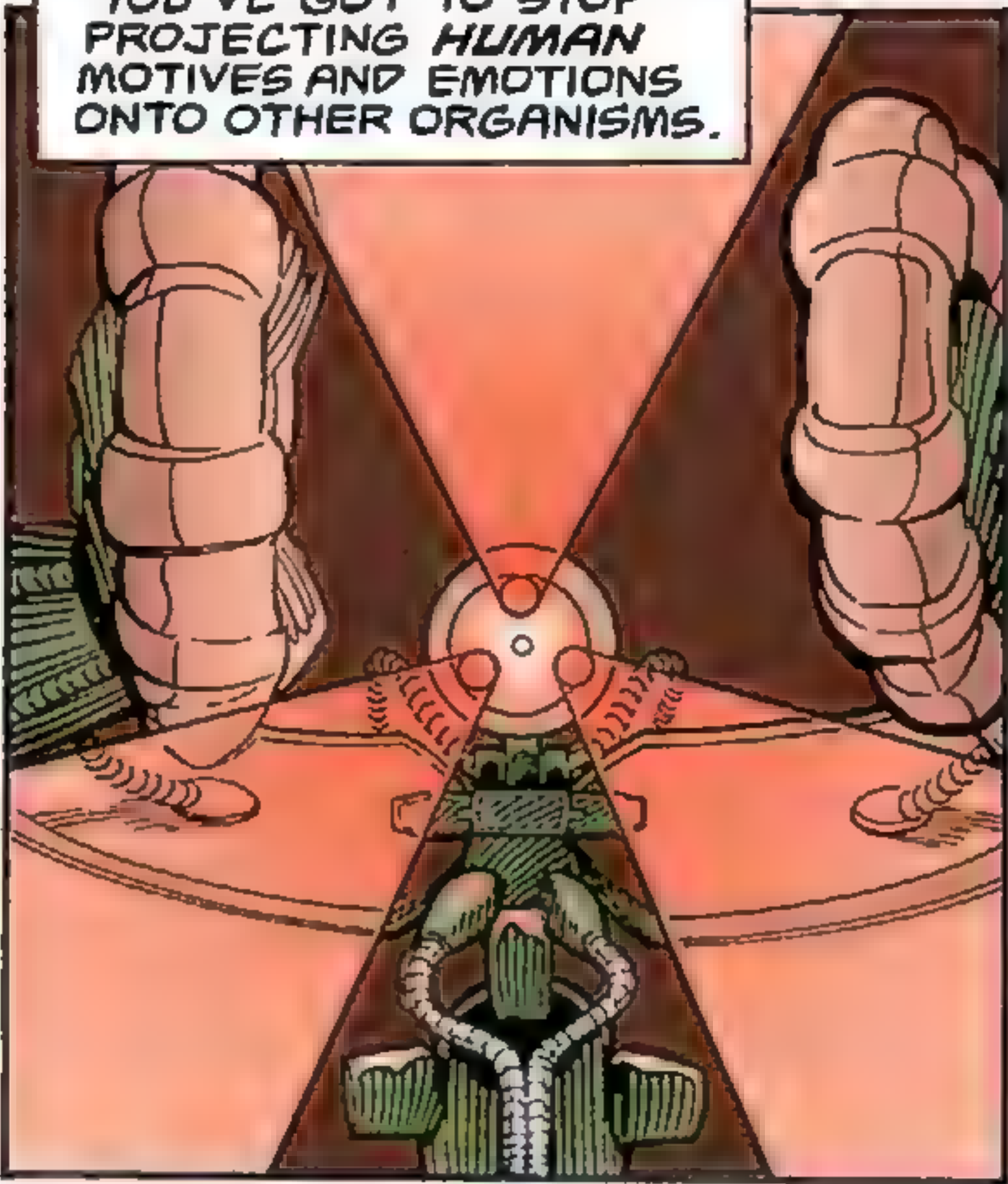


"IT'S NOT RIGHT OR WRONG--"

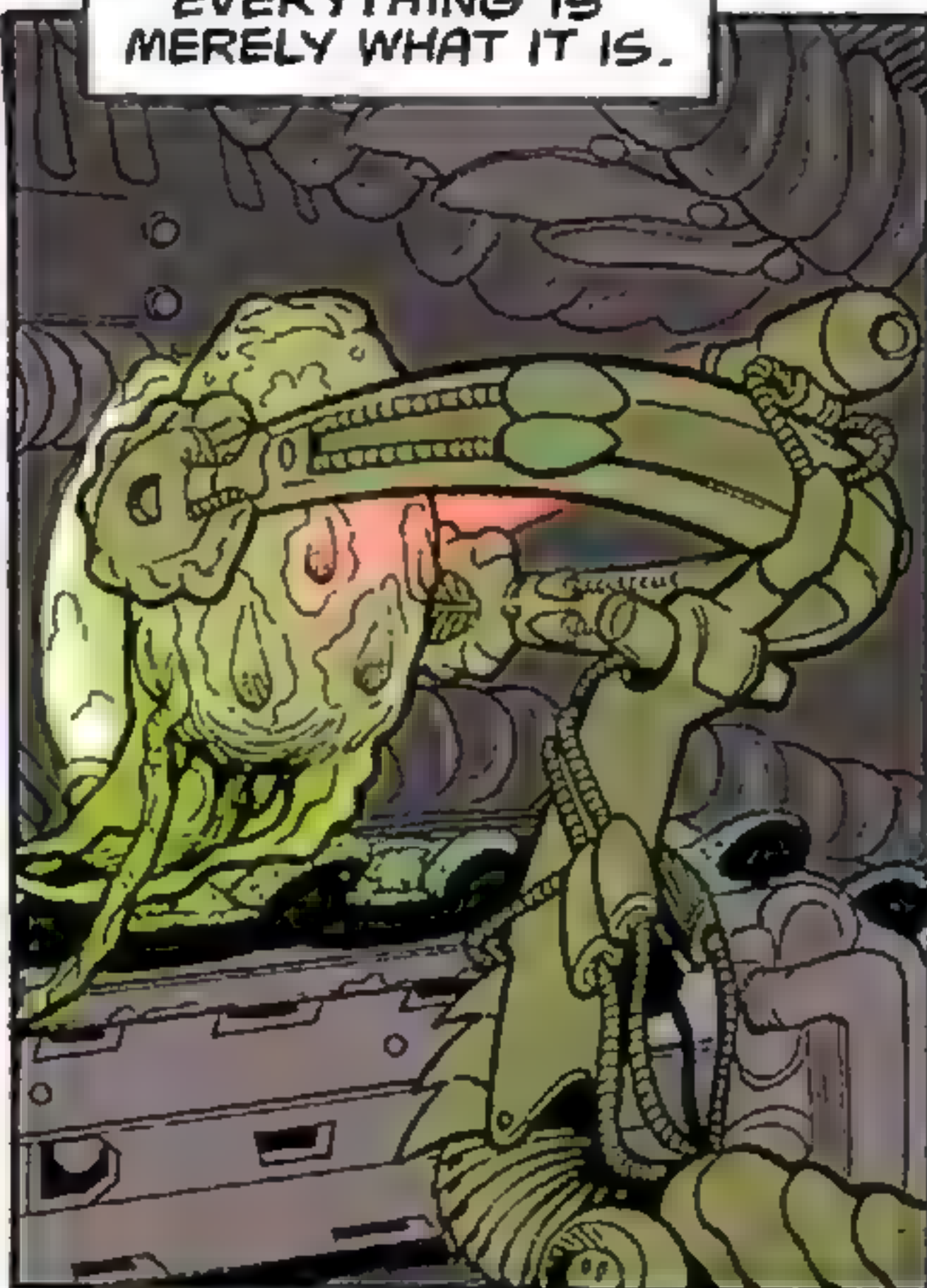


"--IT'S JUST THE WAY THINGS ARE."

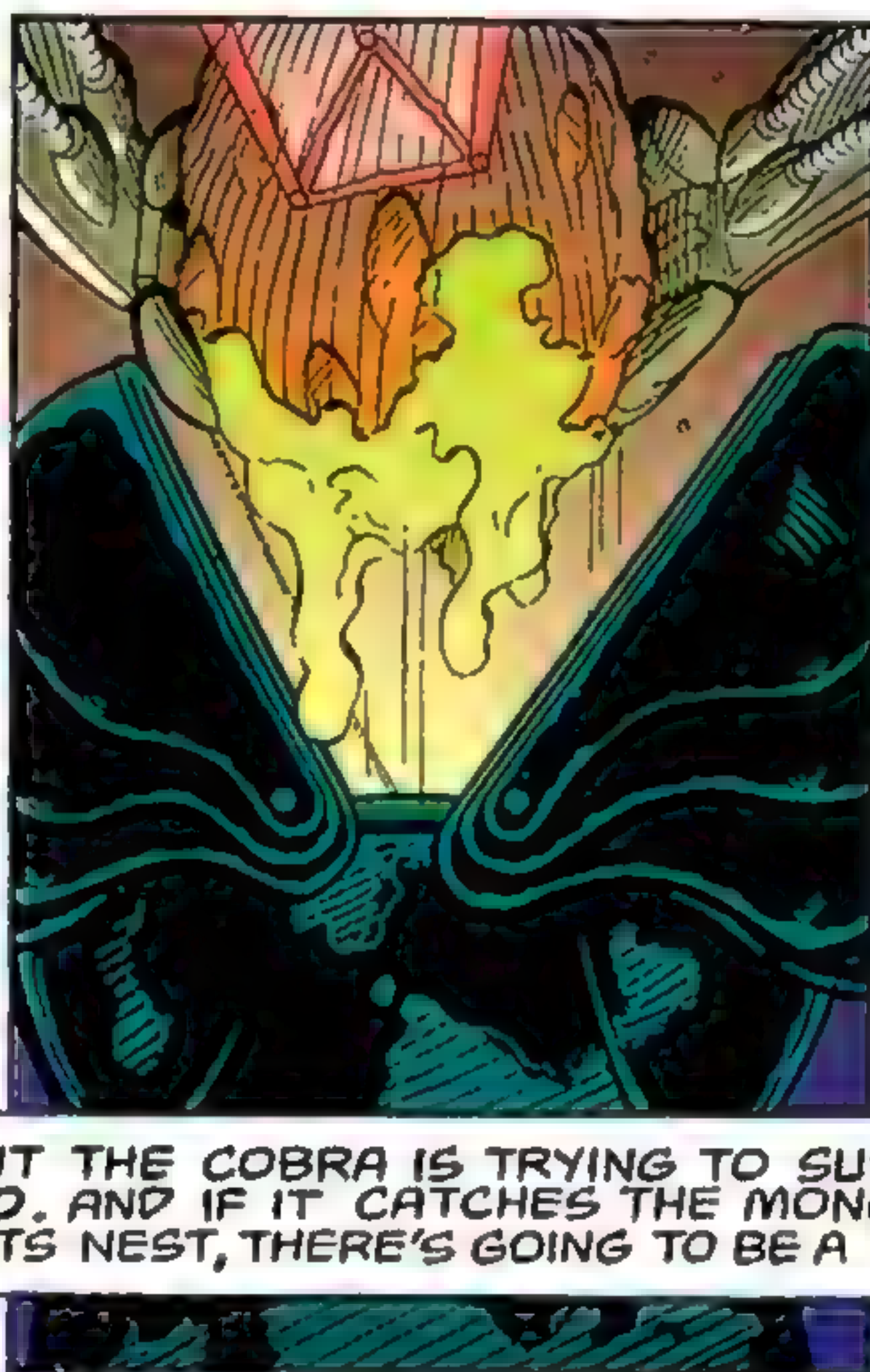
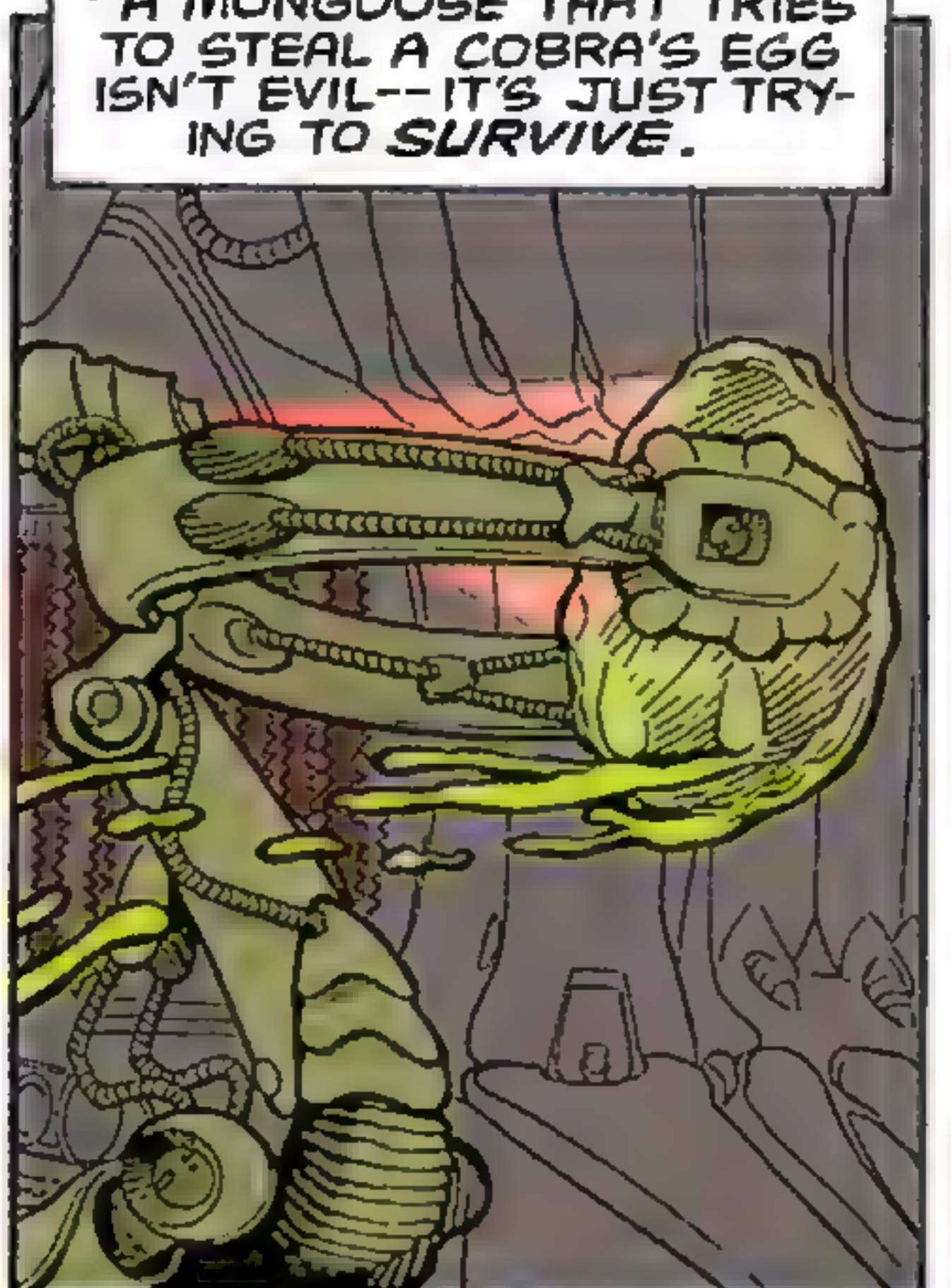
"YOU'VE GOT TO STOP PROJECTING *HUMAN* MOTIVES AND EMOTIONS ONTO OTHER ORGANISMS.



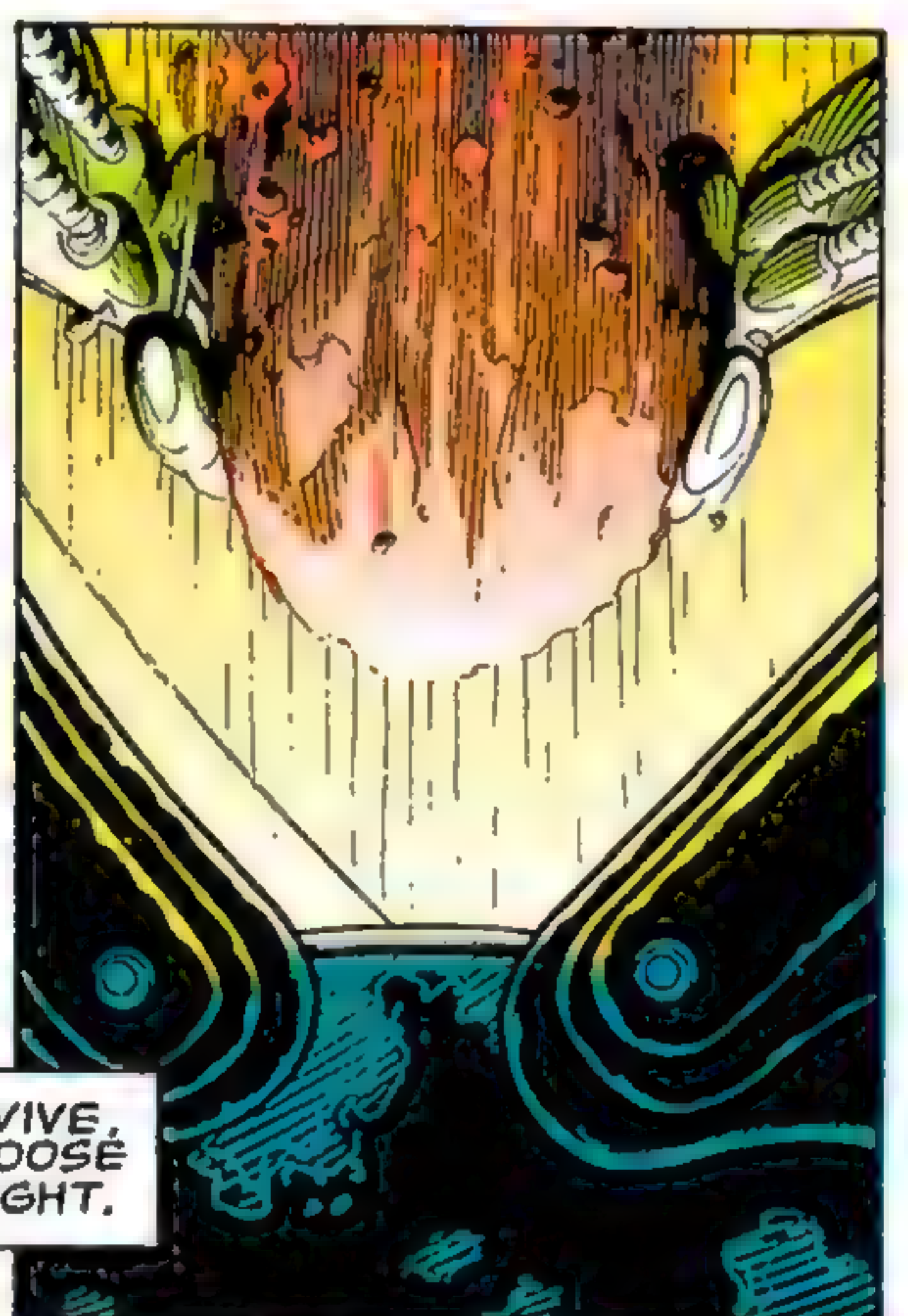
"EVERYTHING IS MERELY WHAT IT IS.



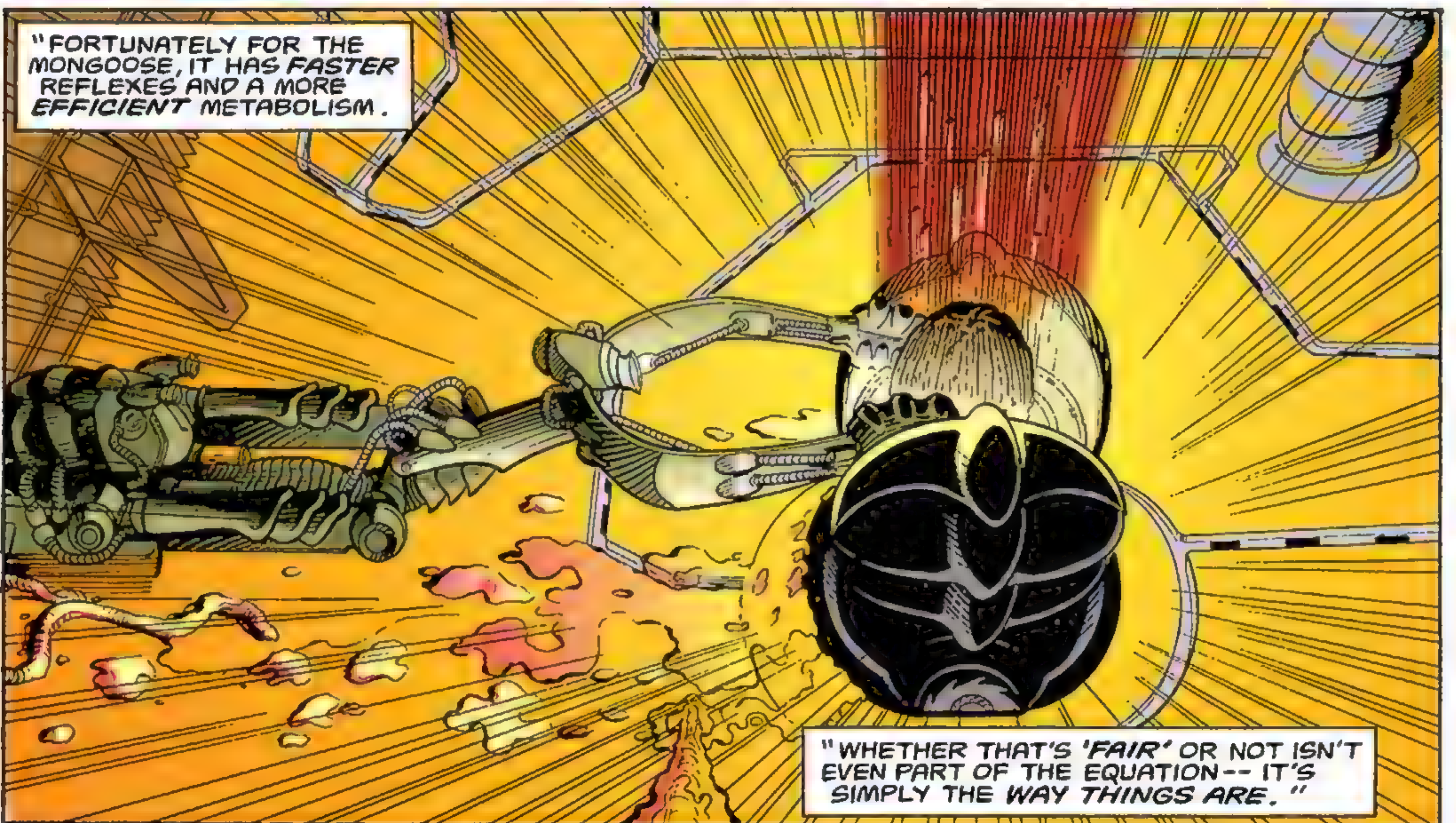
"A MONGOOSE THAT TRIES TO STEAL A COBRA'S EGG ISN'T EVIL-- IT'S JUST TRYING TO SURVIVE.



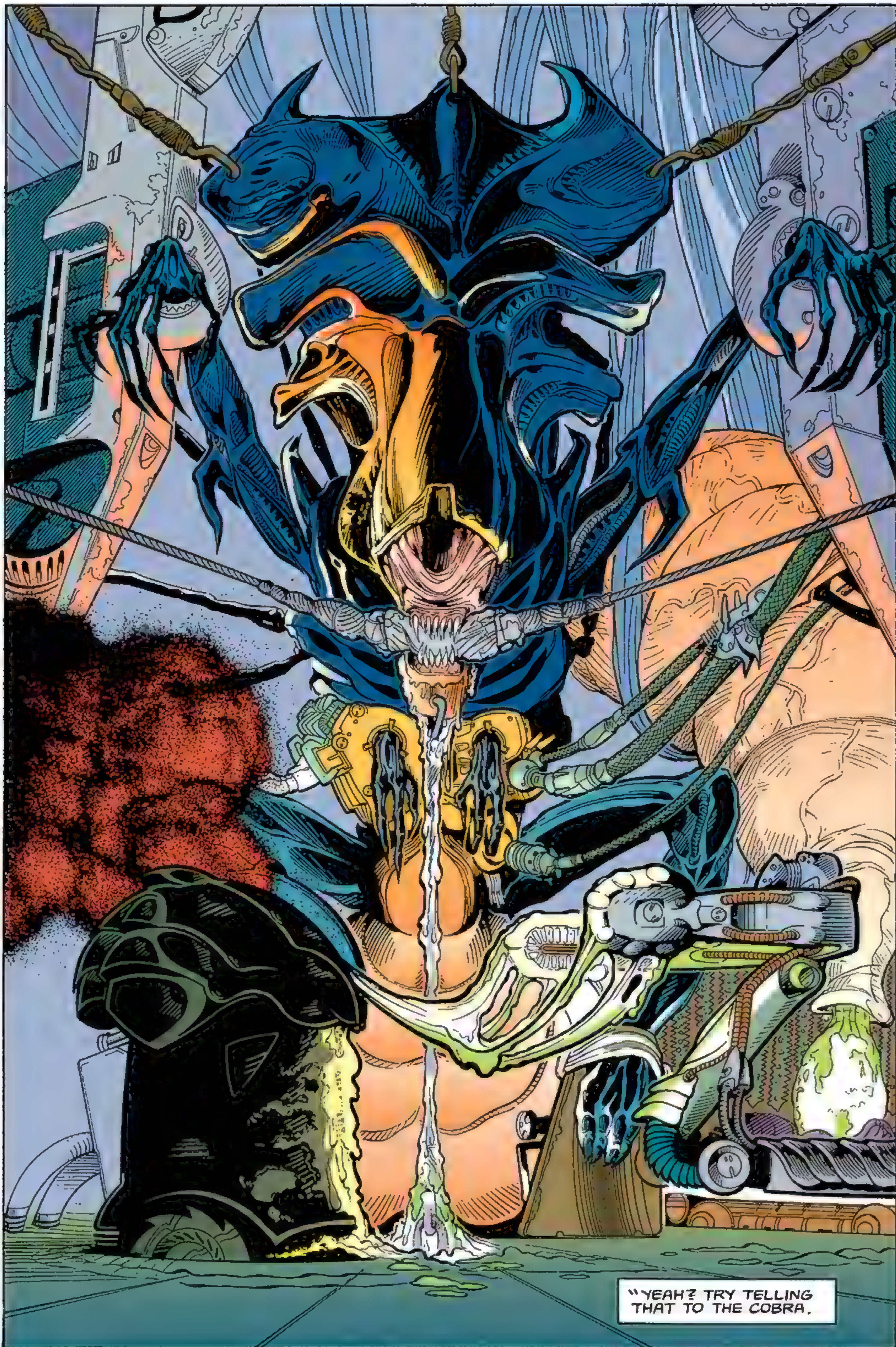
"BUT THE COBRA IS TRYING TO SURVIVE, TOO. AND IF IT CATCHES THE MONGOOSE IN ITS NEST, THERE'S GOING TO BE A FIGHT.

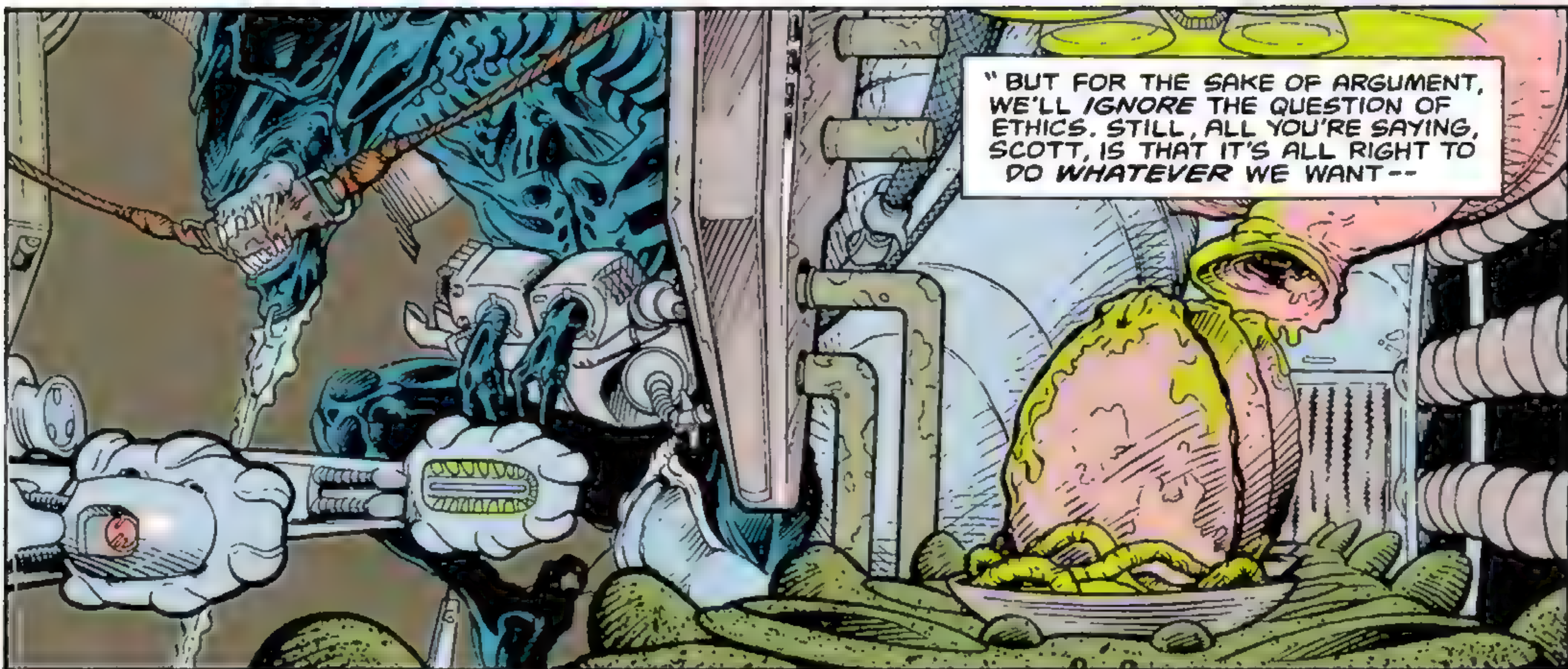


"FORTUNATELY FOR THE MONGOOSE, IT HAS *FASTER* REFLEXES AND A MORE *EFFICIENT* METABOLISM.

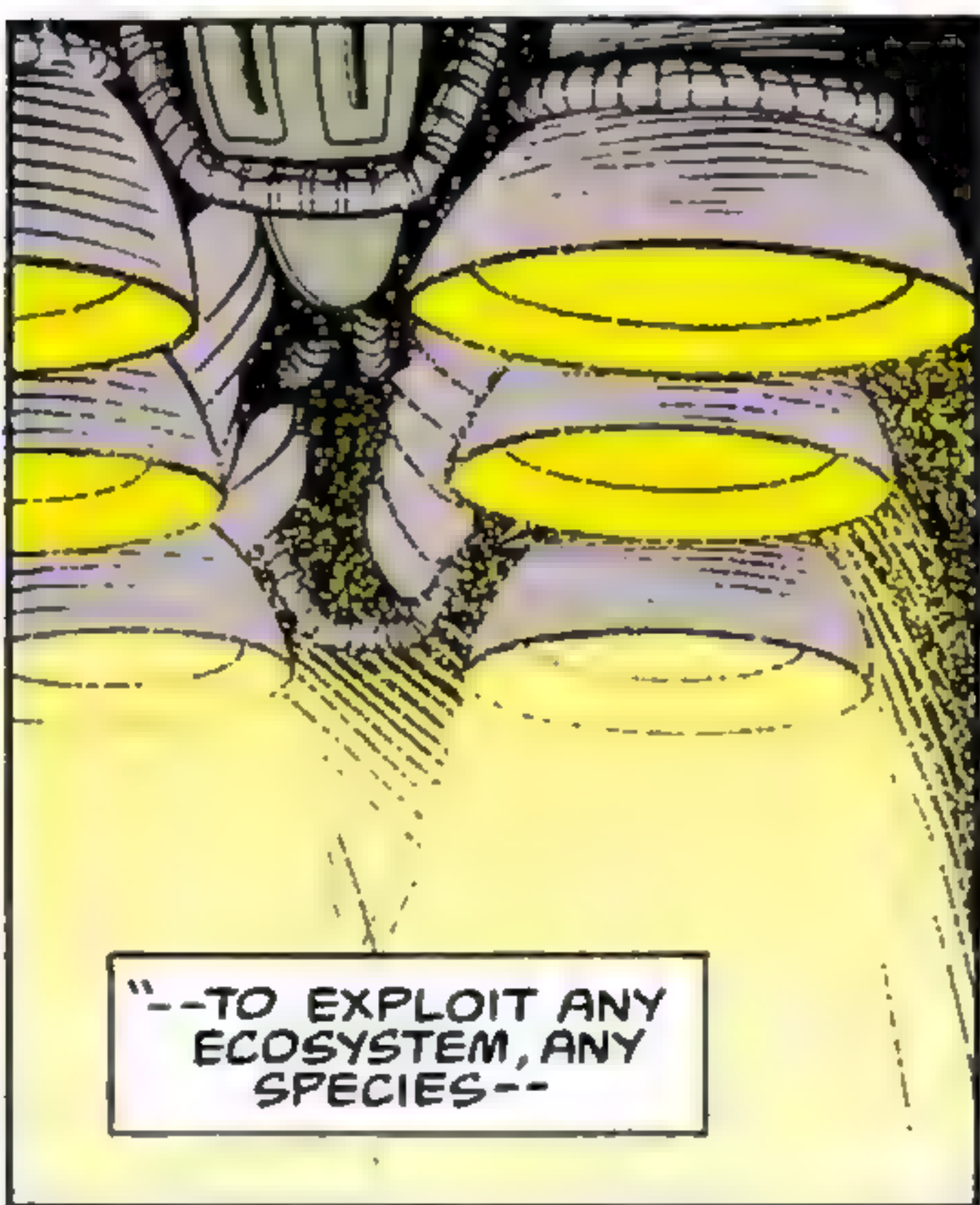


"WHETHER THAT'S '*FAIR*' OR NOT ISN'T EVEN PART OF THE EQUATION-- IT'S SIMPLY THE *WAY THINGS ARE*."

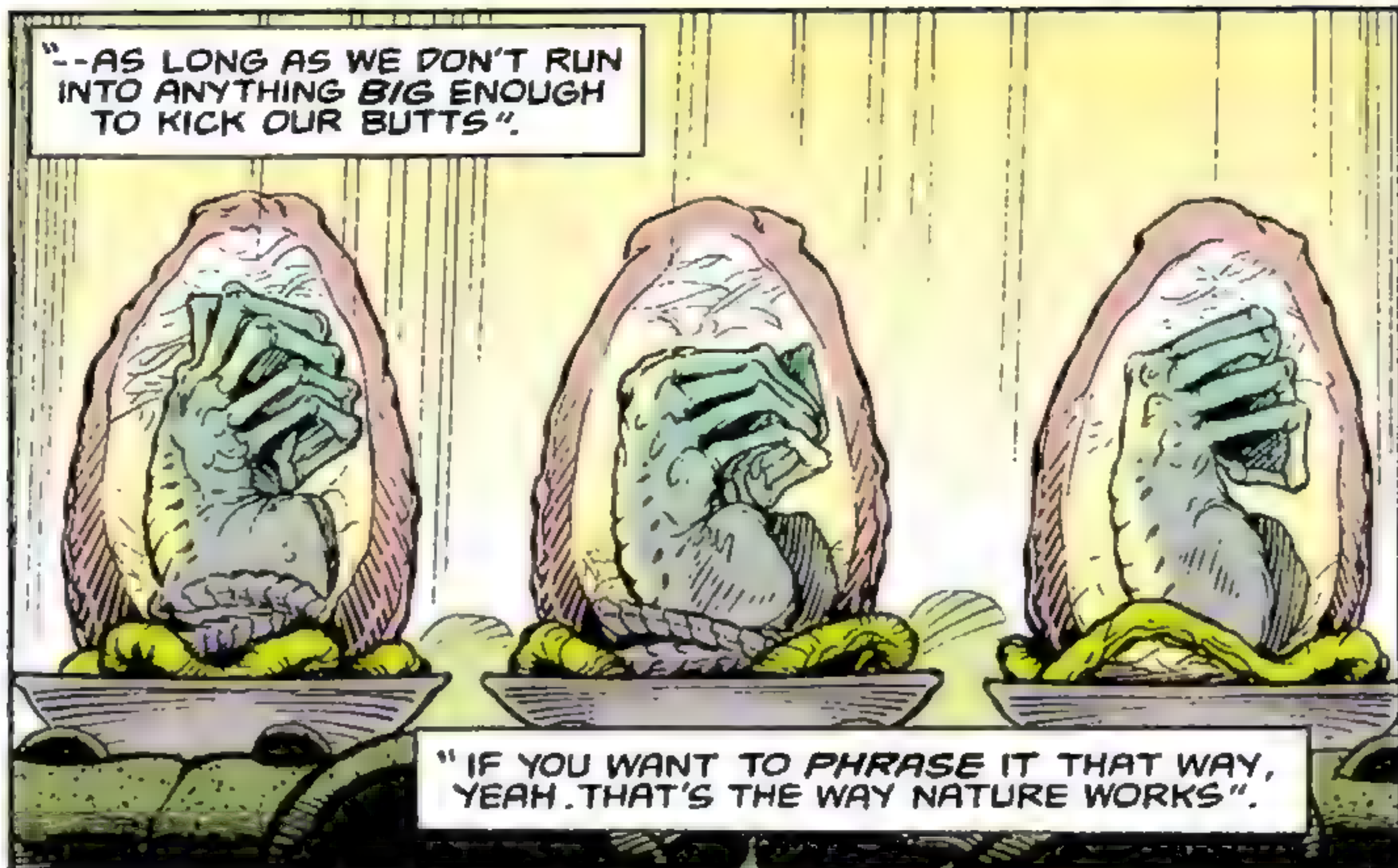




"BUT FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT, WE'LL IGNORE THE QUESTION OF ETHICS. STILL, ALL YOU'RE SAYING, SCOTT, IS THAT IT'S ALL RIGHT TO DO WHATEVER WE WANT--"

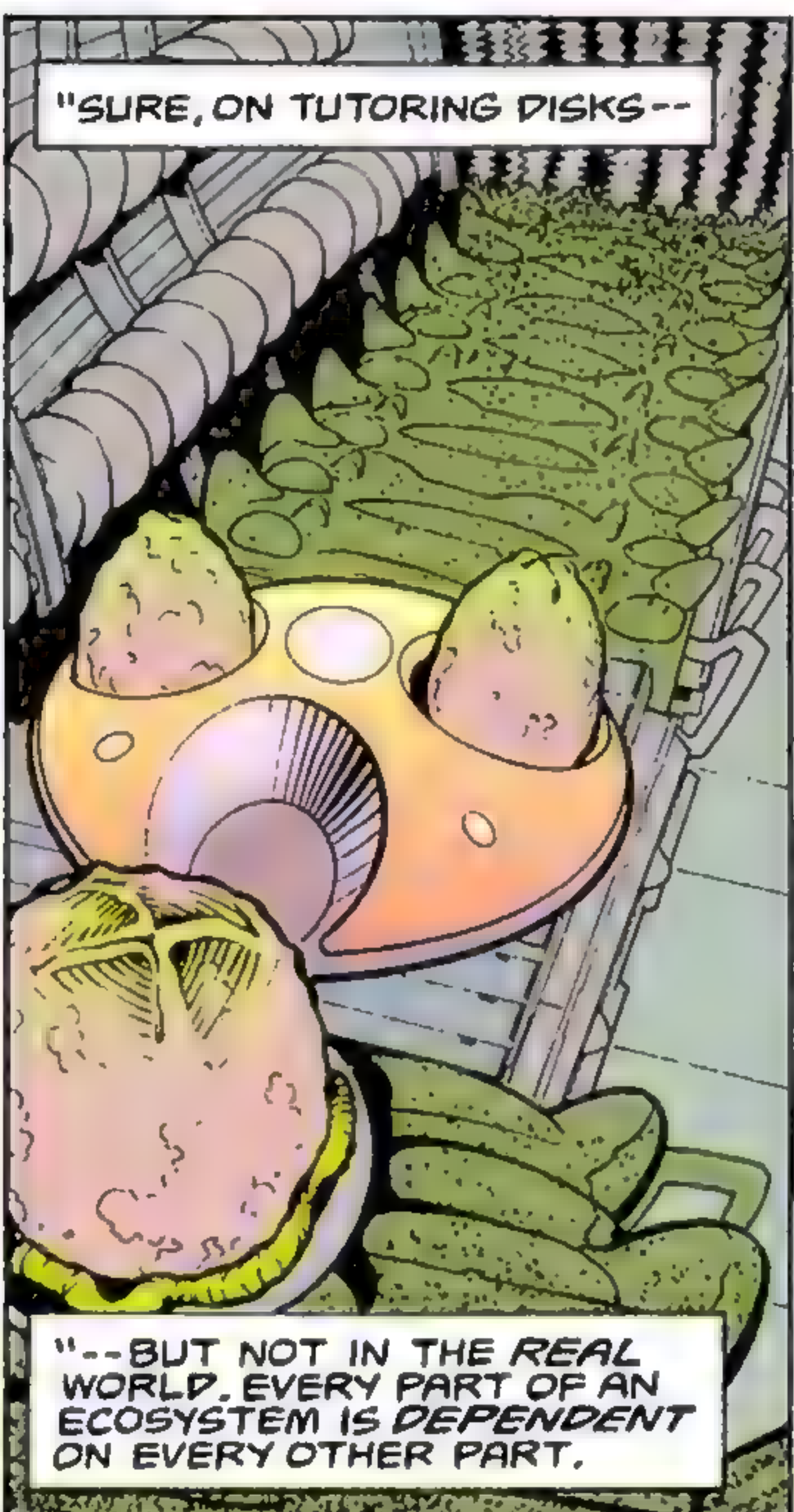


"--TO EXPLOIT ANY ECOSYSTEM, ANY SPECIES--"



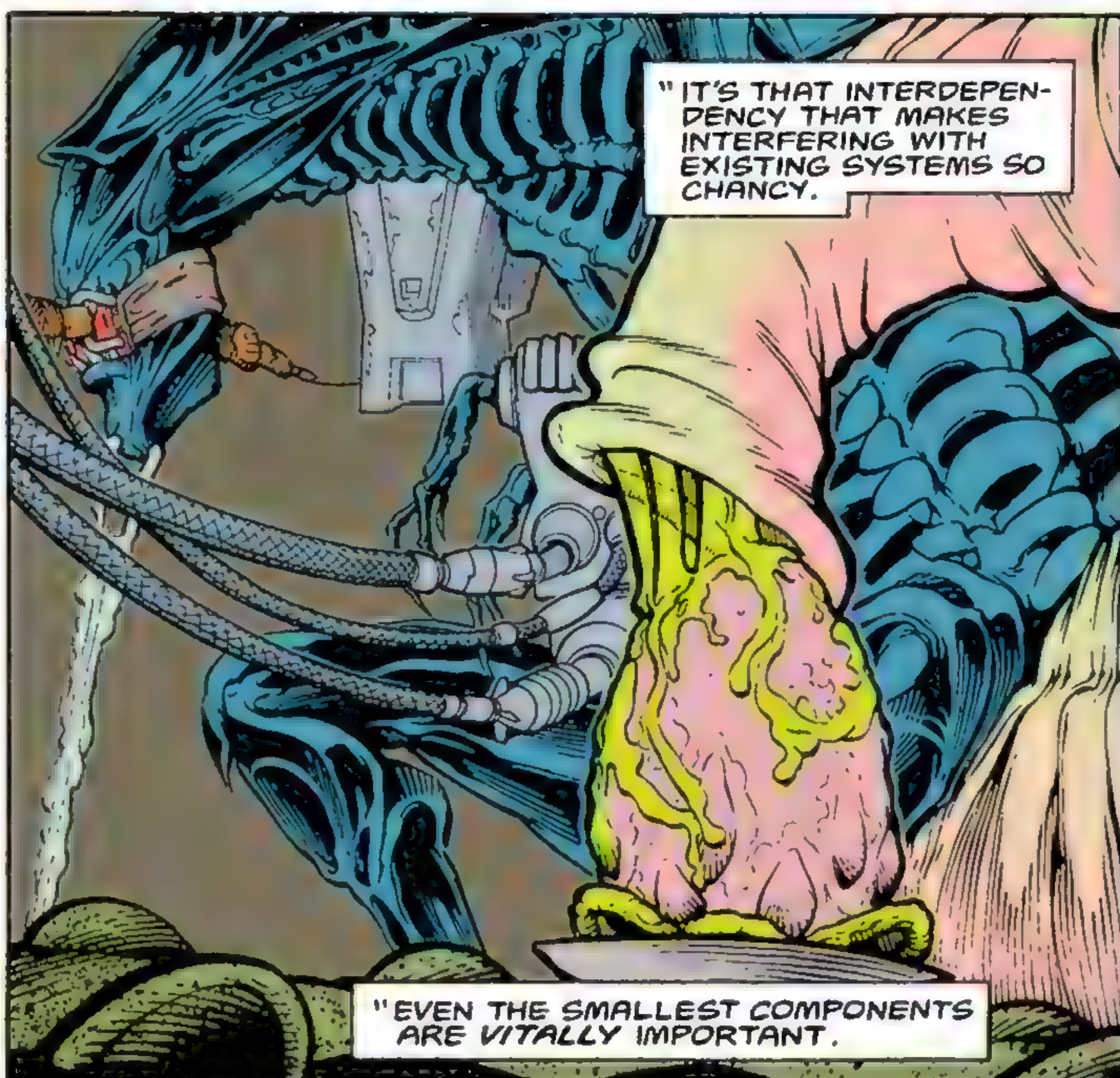
"--AS LONG AS WE DON'T RUN INTO ANYTHING BIG ENOUGH TO KICK OUR BUTTS".

"IF YOU WANT TO PHRASE IT THAT WAY, YEAH. THAT'S THE WAY NATURE WORKS".



"SURE, ON TUTORING DISKS--"

"--BUT NOT IN THE REAL WORLD. EVERY PART OF AN ECOSYSTEM IS DEPENDENT ON EVERY OTHER PART."



"IT'S THAT INTERDEPENDENCY THAT MAKES INTERFERING WITH EXISTING SYSTEMS SO CHANCY."

"EVEN THE SMALLEST COMPONENTS ARE VITALLY IMPORTANT."

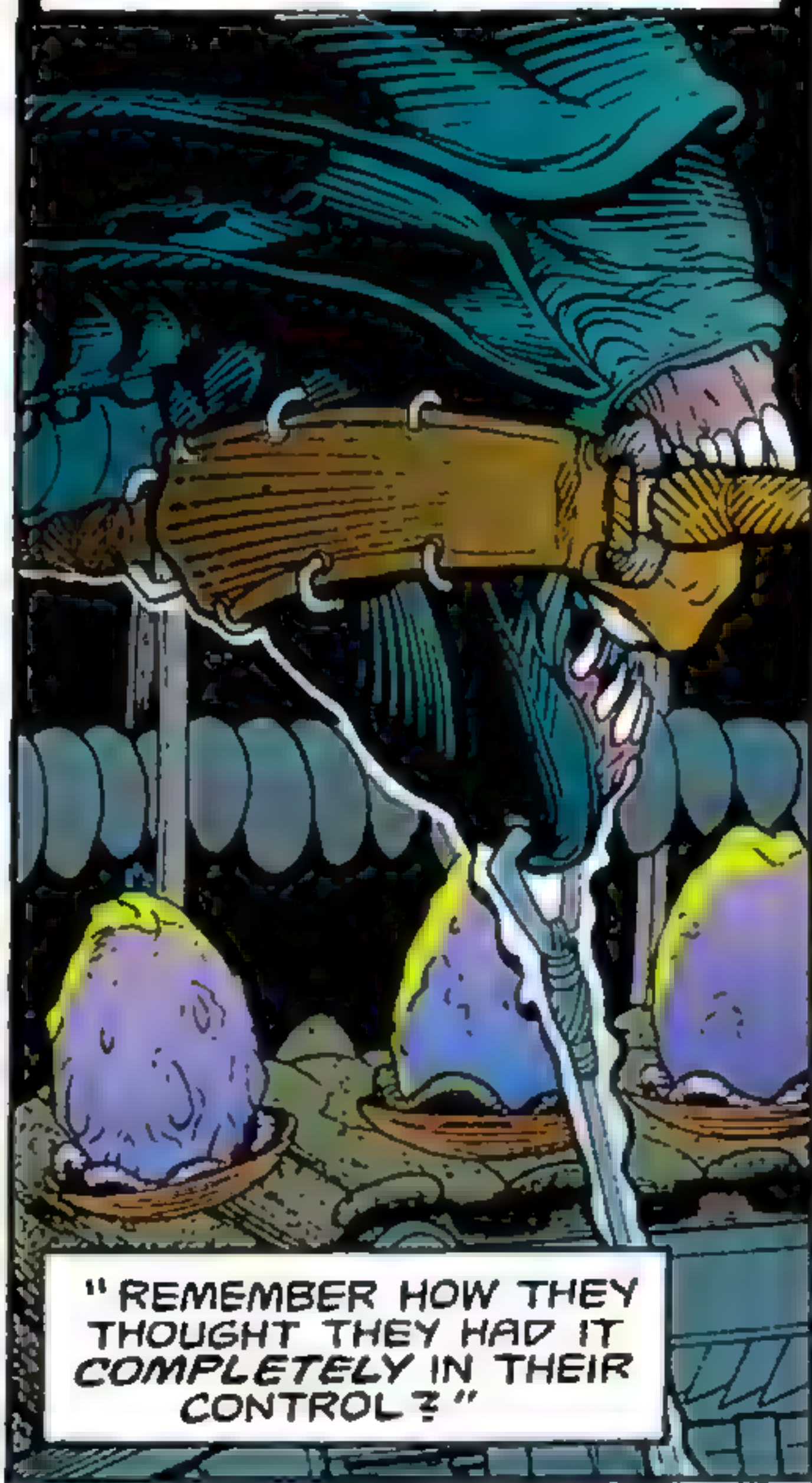
"WHO WOULD HAVE GUESSED THAT MILLIONS OF 'KILLER BEES' COULD SPRING FROM A HANDFUL OF ESCAPED AFRICAN BEES?"



"OR THAT A FEW BRAZILIAN FIRE ANTS COULD MAKE THE SOUTHEASTERN PORTION OF THE U.S. VIRTUALLY UNINHABITABLE IN JUST OVER SEVENTY YEARS?"



"AND WHAT ABOUT THE 'OIL-EATING' BACTERIUM THE GENESPLICERS AT THE PETROLEUM COMPANIES DEVELOPED TO CLEAN UP THEIR SPILLS?"

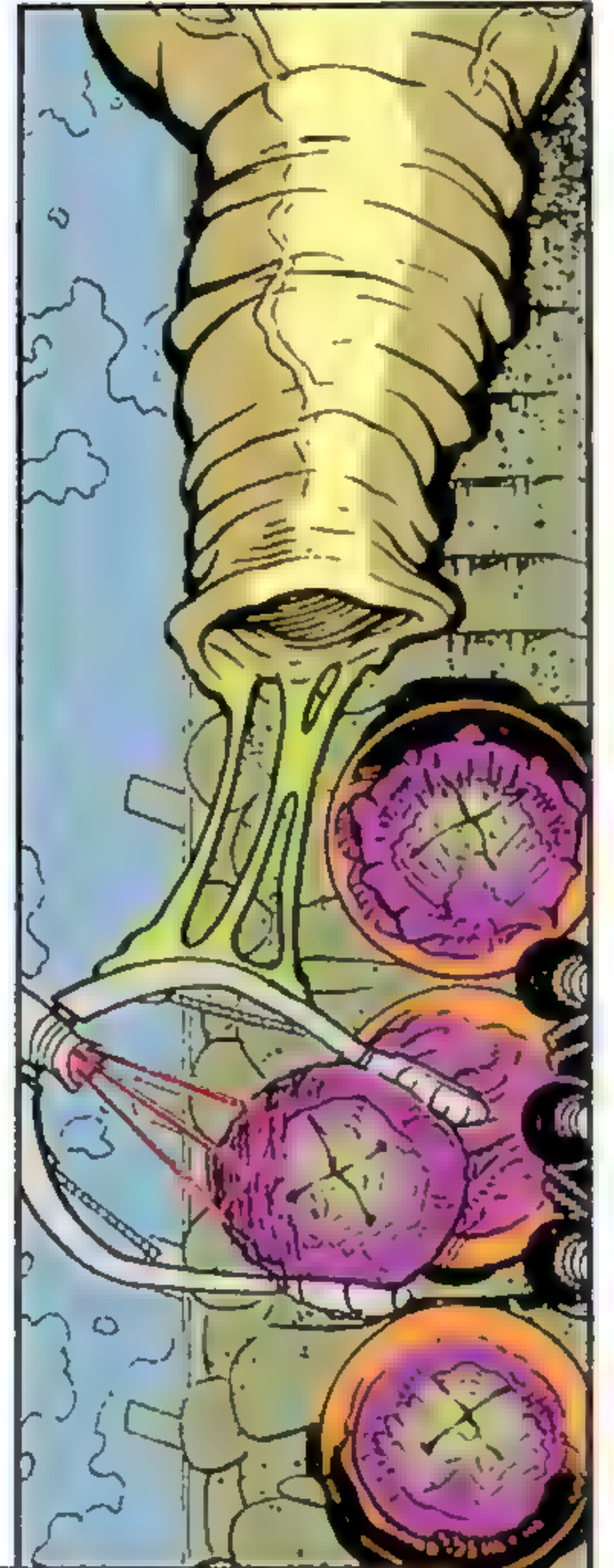
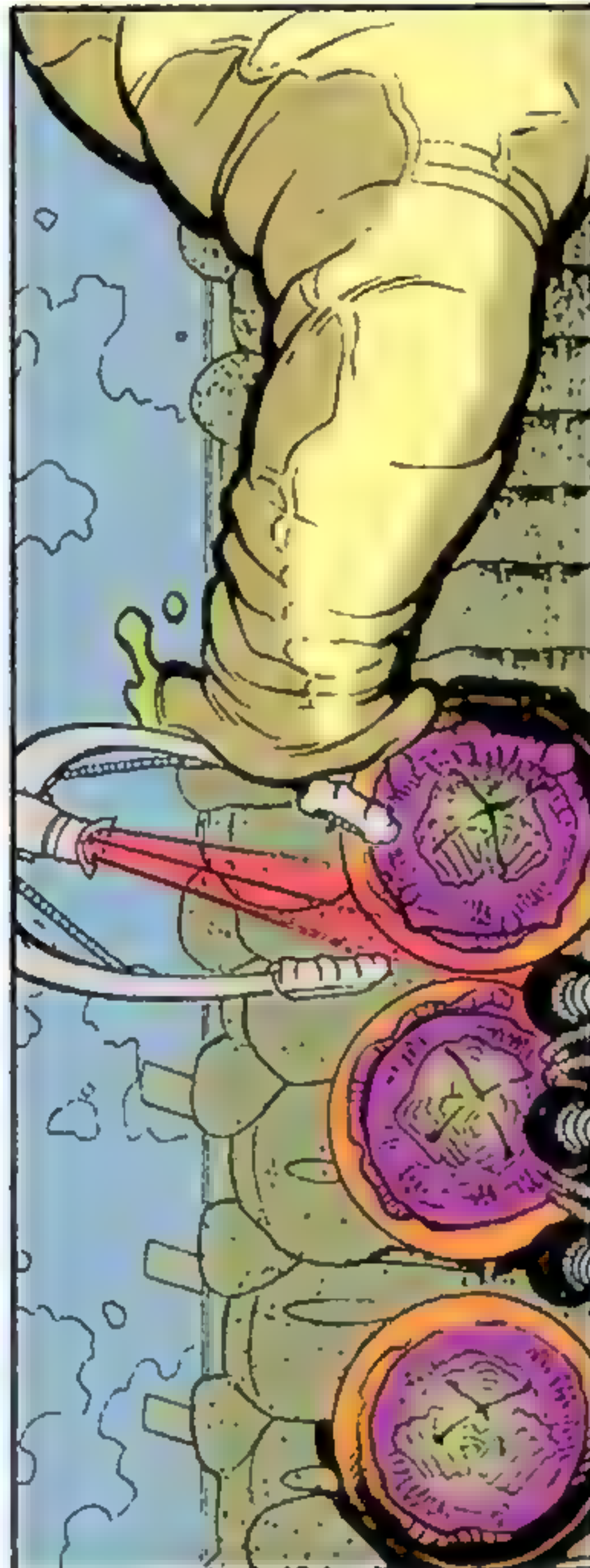
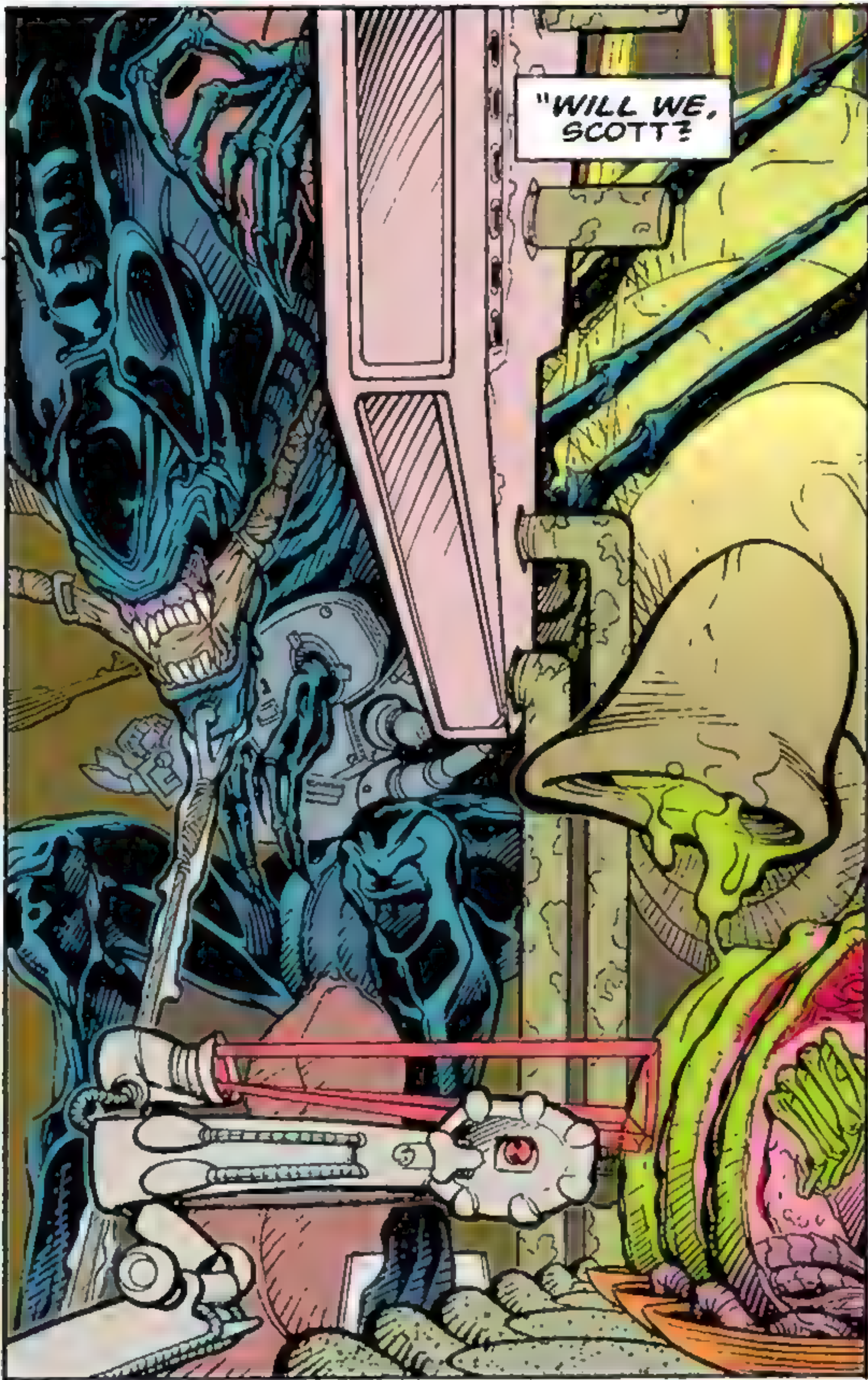


"REMEMBER HOW THEY THOUGHT THEY HAD IT COMPLETELY IN THEIR CONTROL?"

"COME ON, TOM, THE OIL WOULD'VE DRIED UP SOONER OR LATER ANYWAY, AND I HEAR THE NEW REPRO-INHIBITORS THEY'RE USING ARE MAKING A SUBSTANTIAL DENT IN THE FIRE ANT POPULATIONS--"

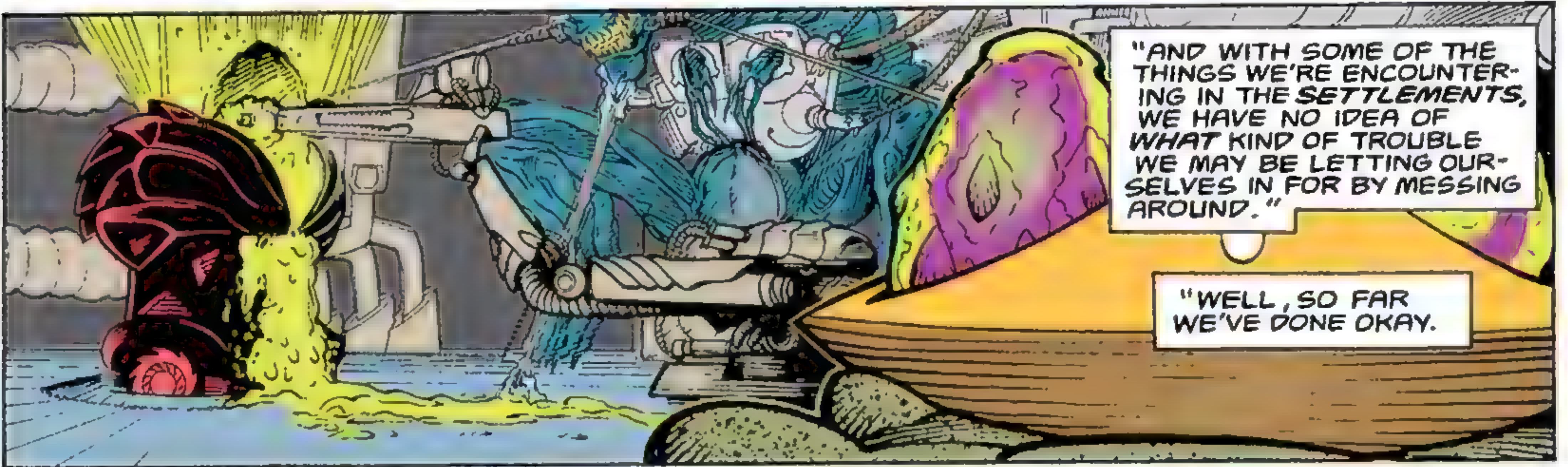


"--SURE, WE SUFFER SETBACKS, BUT WE'LL ALWAYS FIND WAYS AROUND THE PROBLEMS THAT NATURE THROWS AT US."

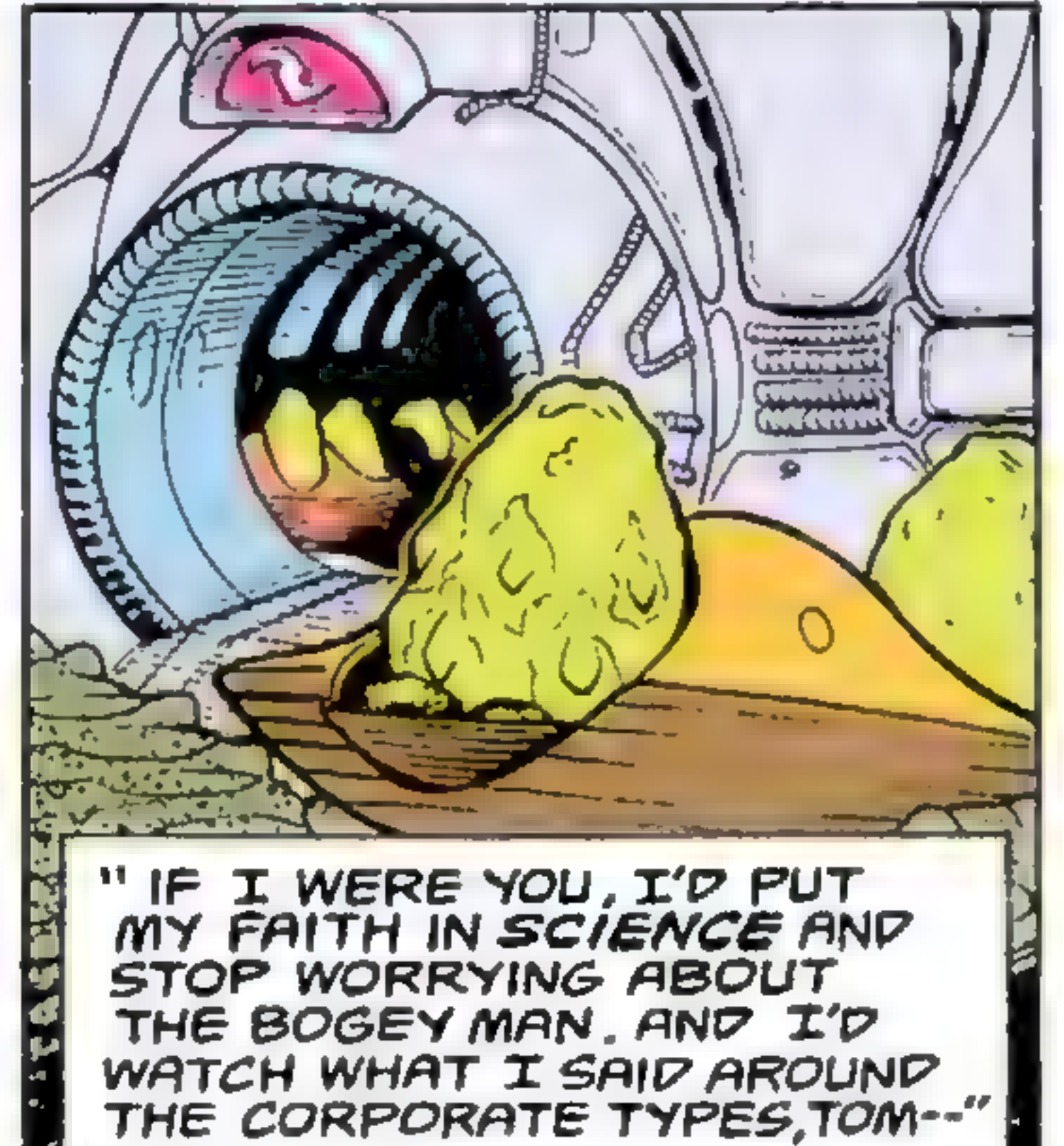
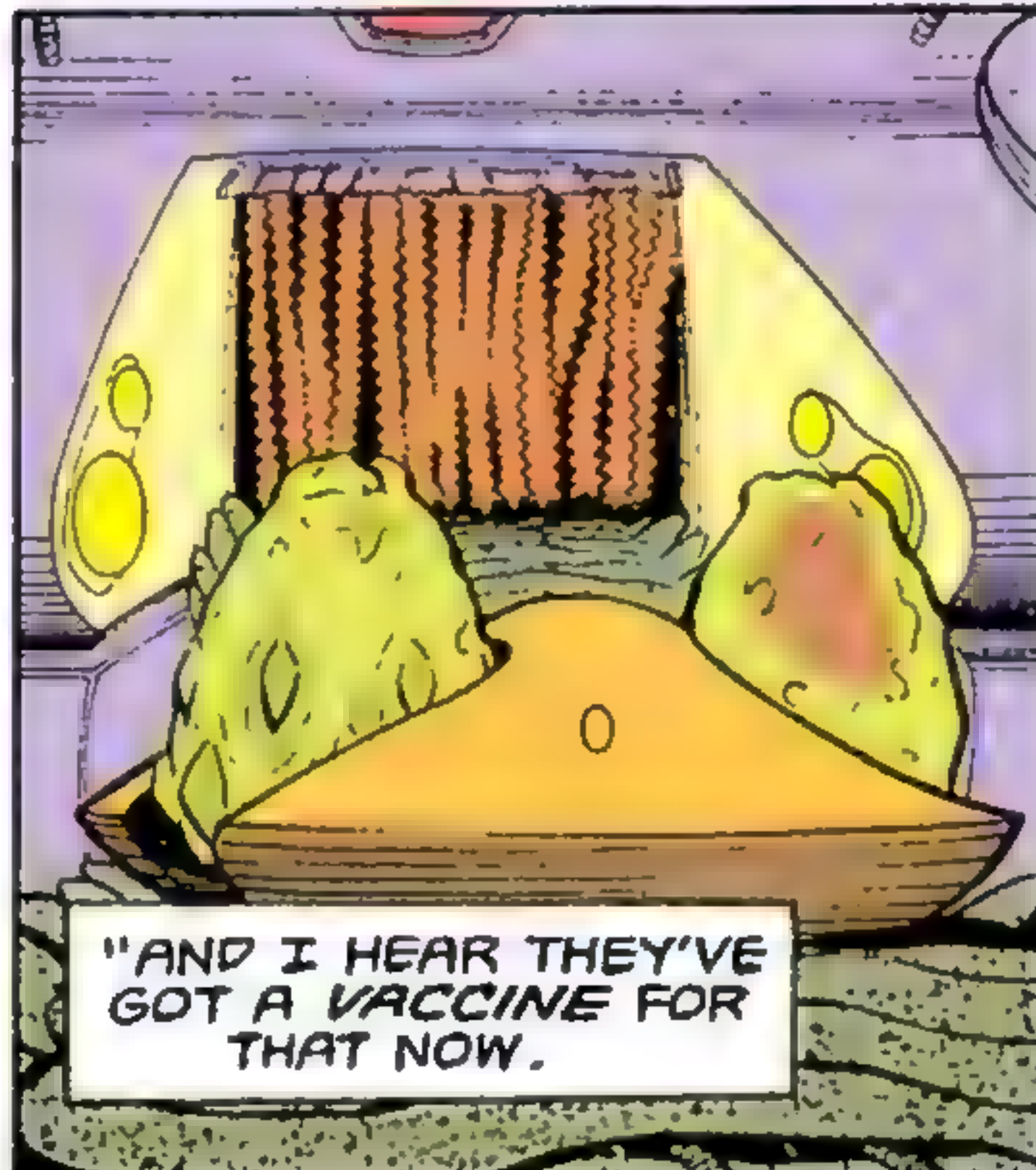
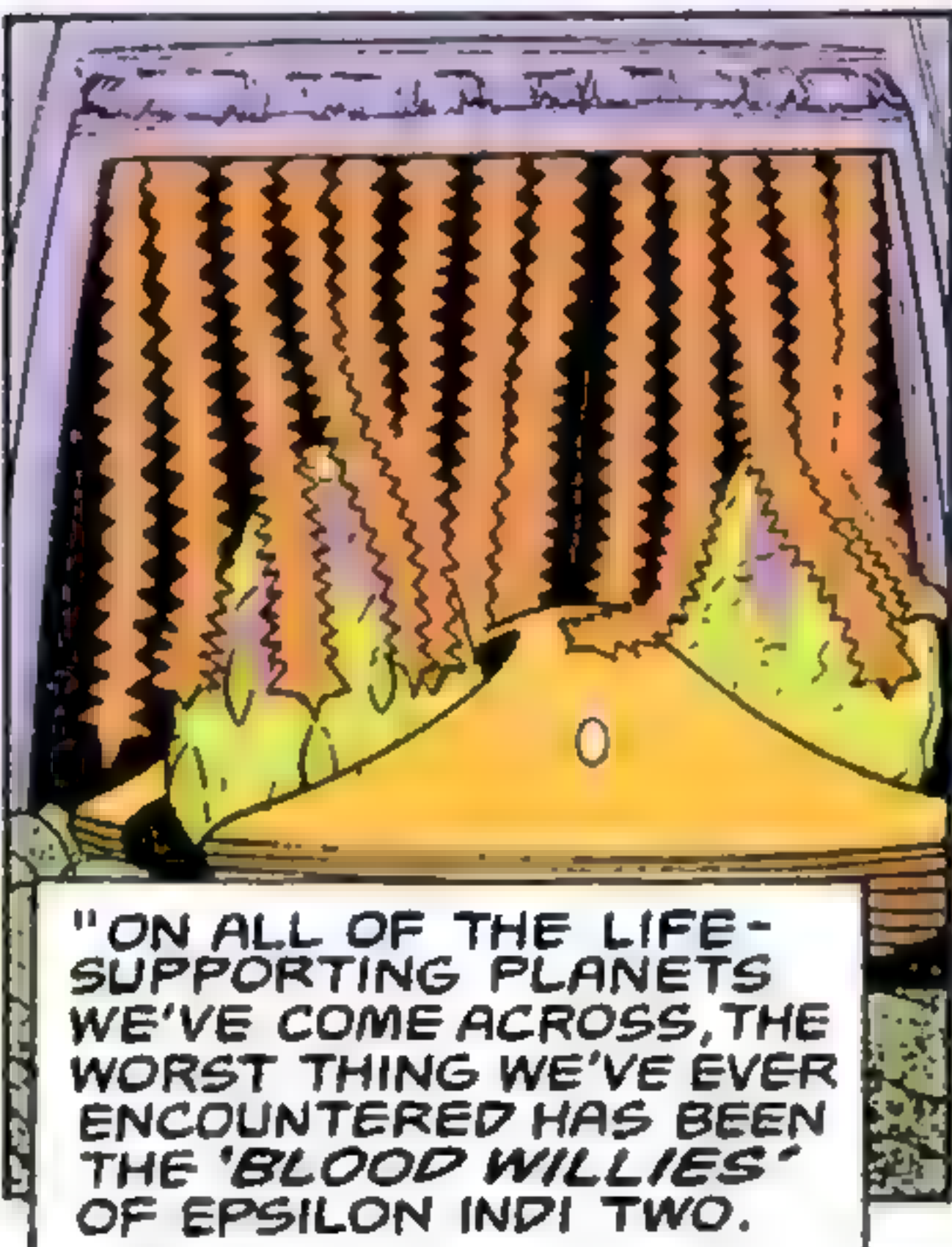


"I'M NOT SO SURE, MANKIND NEVER SEEMS TO LEARN. WE GET OUR HANDS SLAPPED ON A REGULAR BASIS, BUT WE STILL CAN'T SEEM TO KEEP THEM TO OURSELVES."

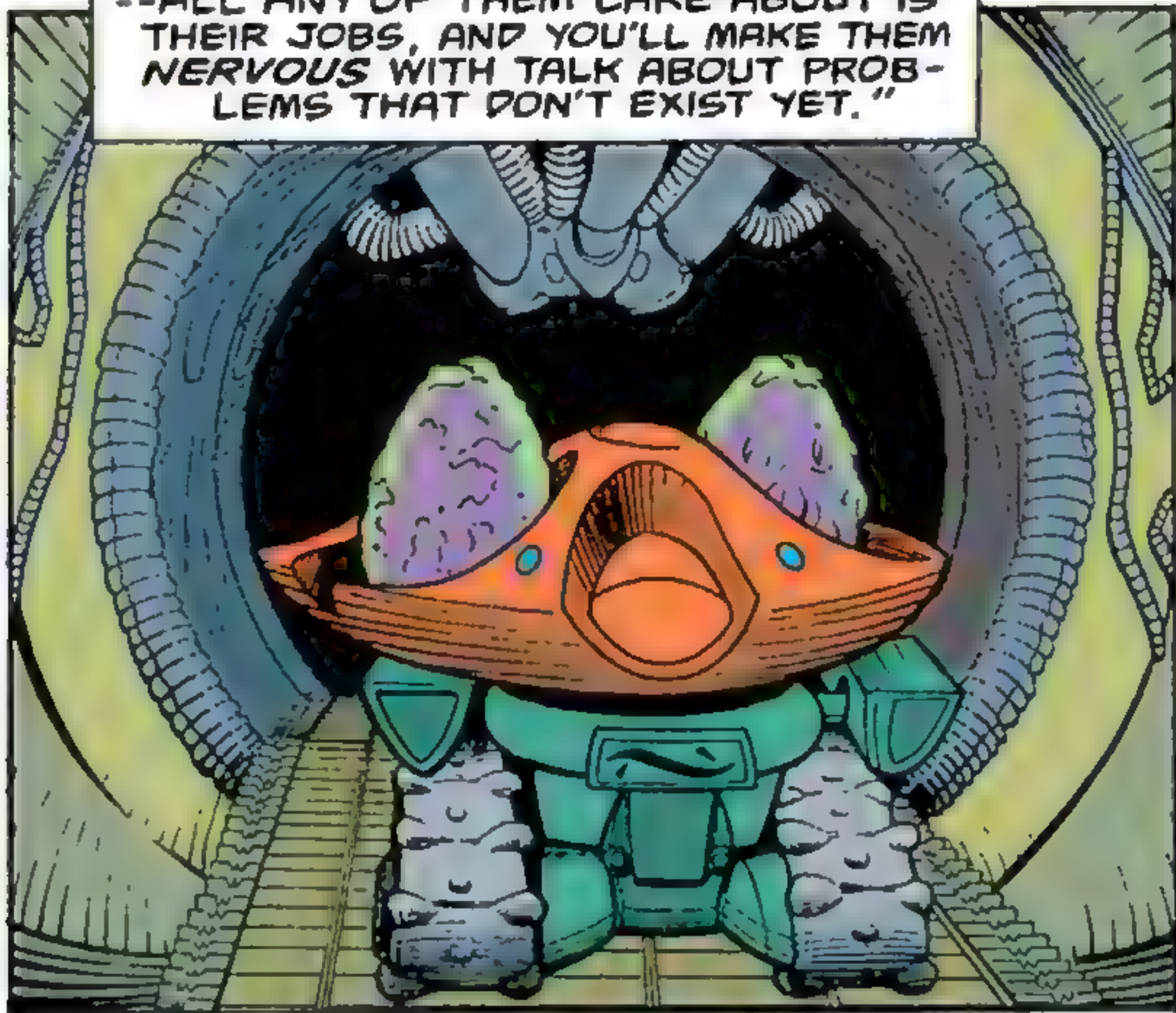
"THE TIGHTER THE GRIP WE TRY TO GET ON NATURE, THE MORE NATURE PUSHES THROUGH THE CRACKS IN OUR TECHNOLOGY."



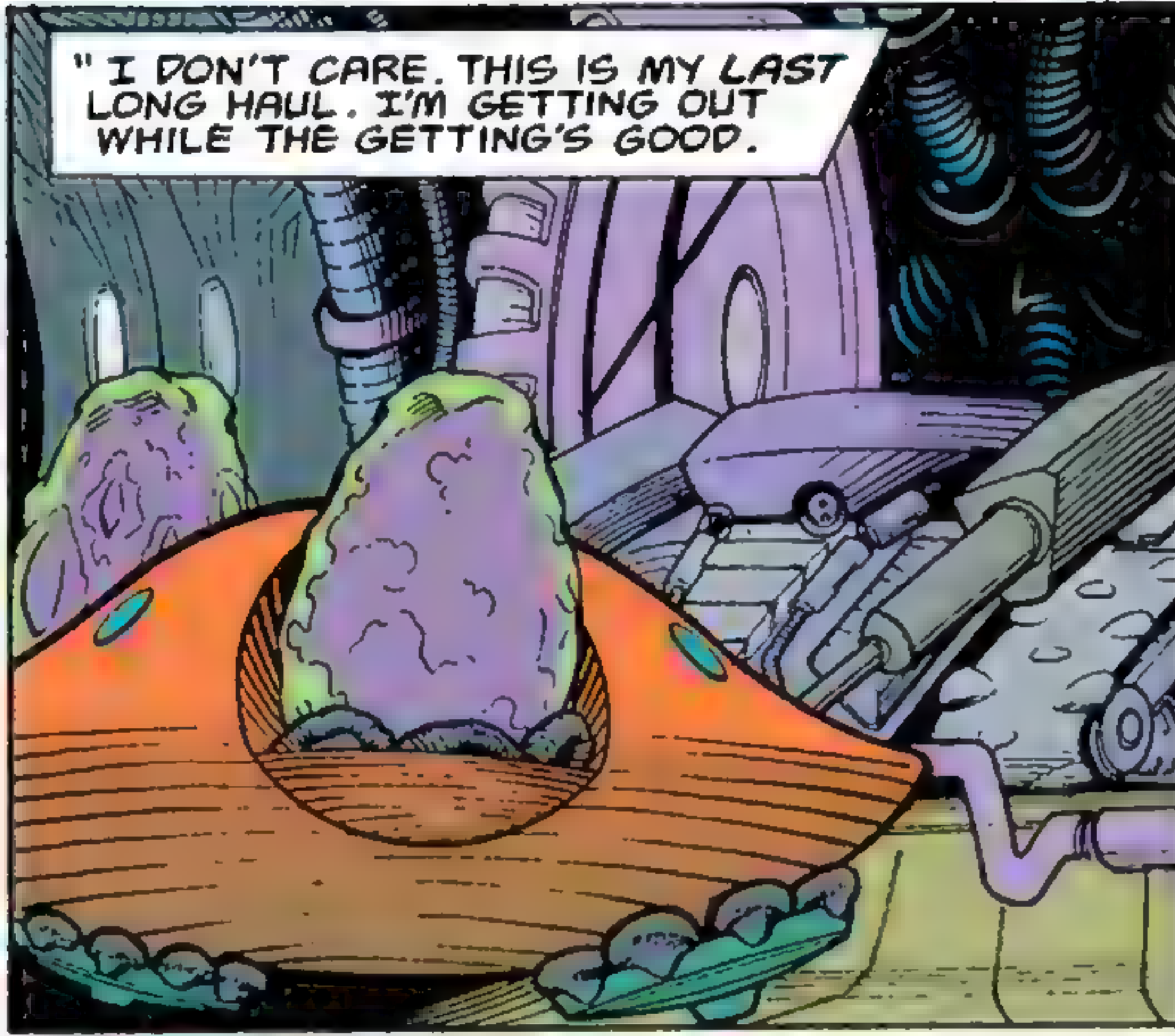
"WELL, SO FAR WE'VE DONE OKAY."



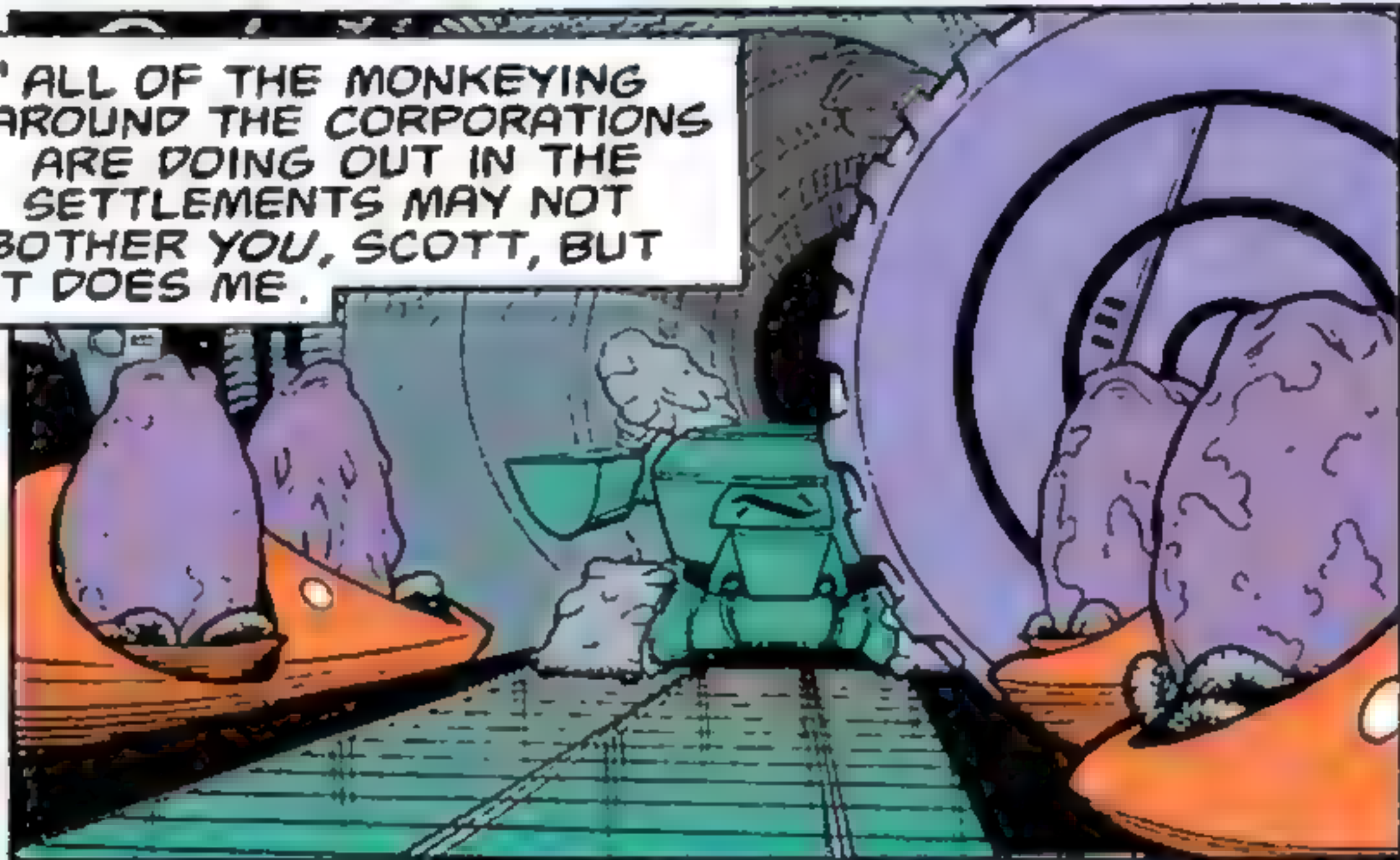
"--ALL ANY OF THEM CARE ABOUT IS THEIR JOBS, AND YOU'LL MAKE THEM NERVOUS WITH TALK ABOUT PROBLEMS THAT DON'T EXIST YET."



"I DON'T CARE. THIS IS MY LAST LONG HAUL. I'M GETTING OUT WHILE THE GETTING'S GOOD."

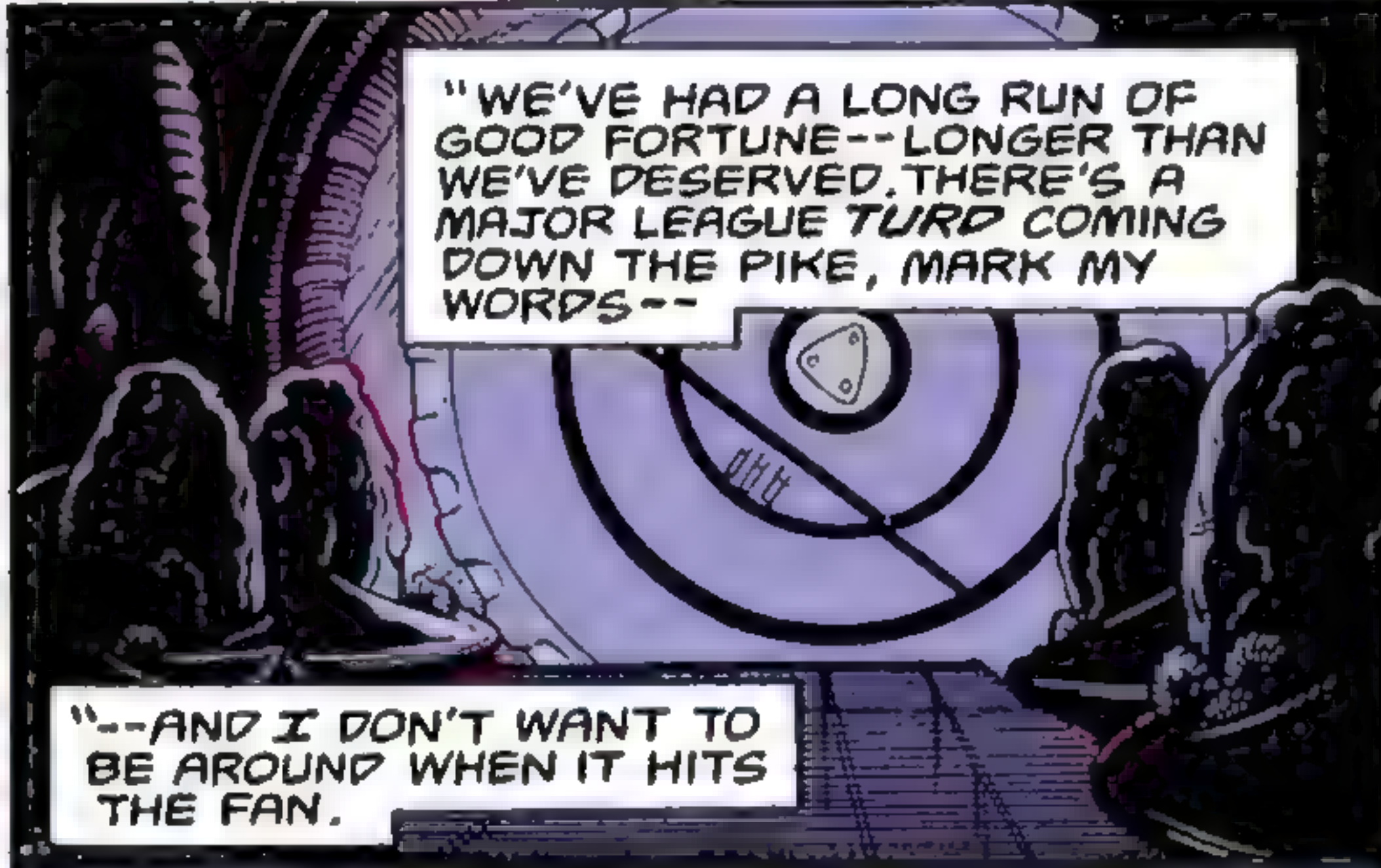


"ALL OF THE MONKEYING AROUND THE CORPORATIONS ARE DOING OUT IN THE SETTLEMENTS MAY NOT BOTHER YOU, SCOTT, BUT IT DOES ME."



"WE'VE HAD A LONG RUN OF GOOD FORTUNE--LONGER THAN WE'VE DESERVED. THERE'S A MAJOR LEAGUE TURD COMING DOWN THE PIKE, MARK MY WORDS--"

"--AND I DON'T WANT TO BE AROUND WHEN IT HITS THE FAN."



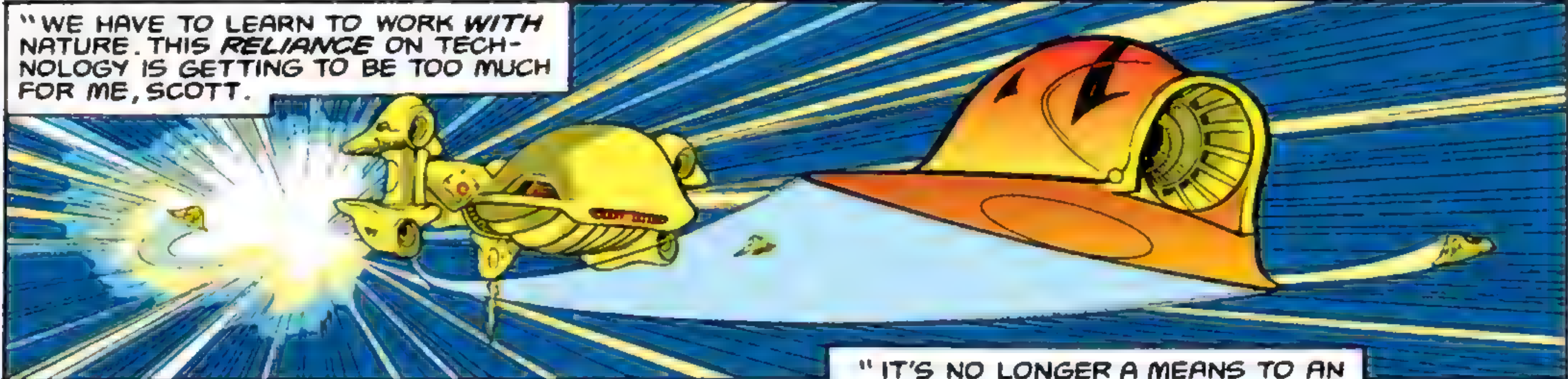
"I'M TELLING YOU, WE SHOULDN'T BE MESSING WITH MOTHER NATURE."



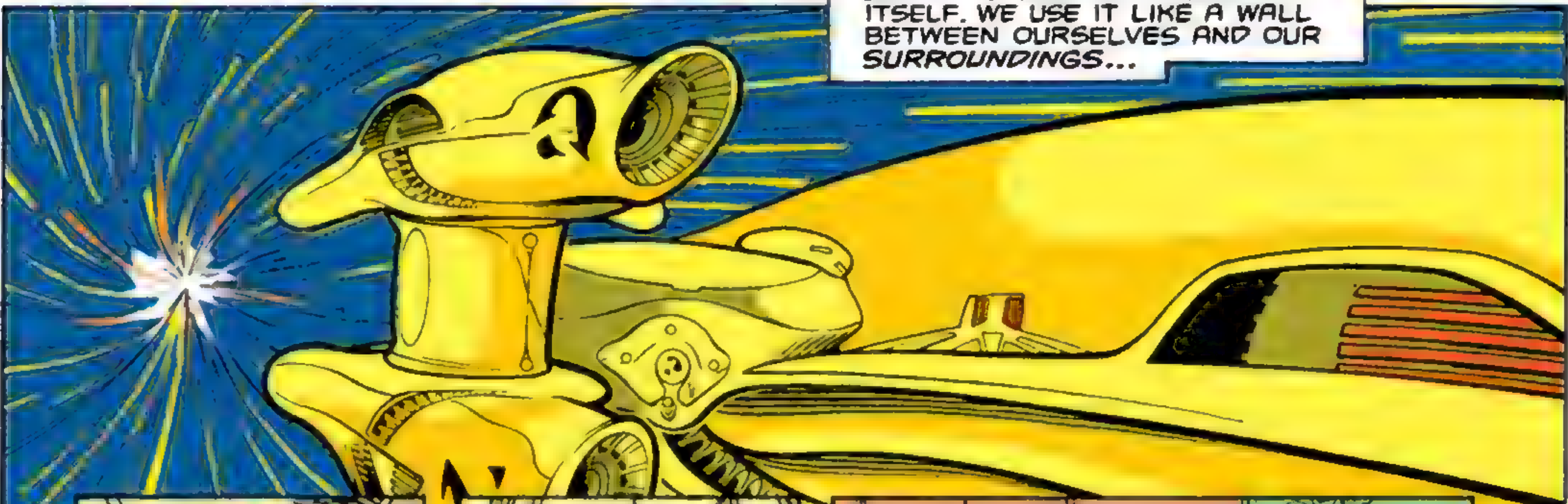
"SHE'S A REAL BITCH."



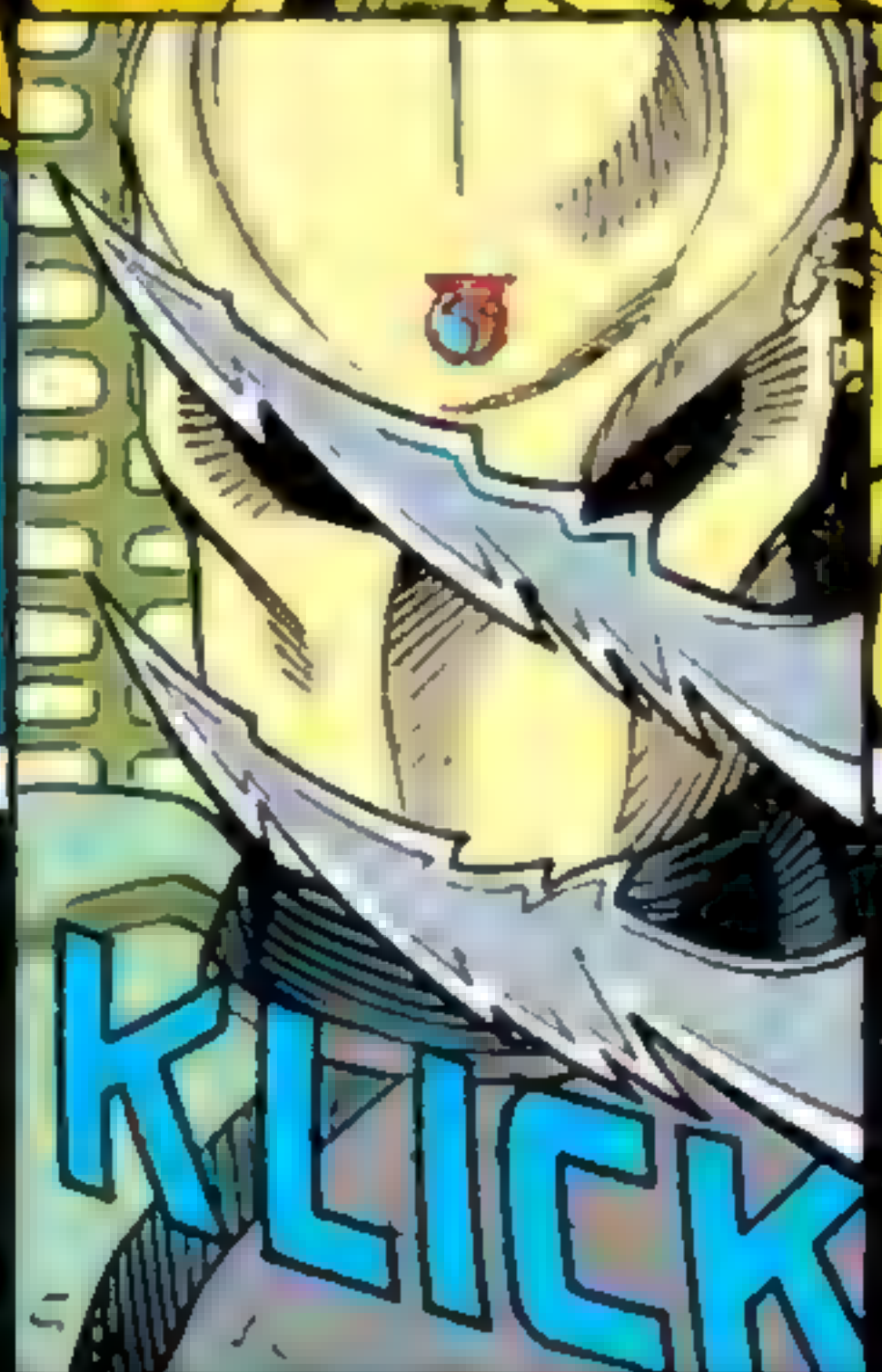
"WE HAVE TO LEARN TO WORK WITH NATURE. THIS RELIANCE ON TECHNOLOGY IS GETTING TO BE TOO MUCH FOR ME, SCOTT."



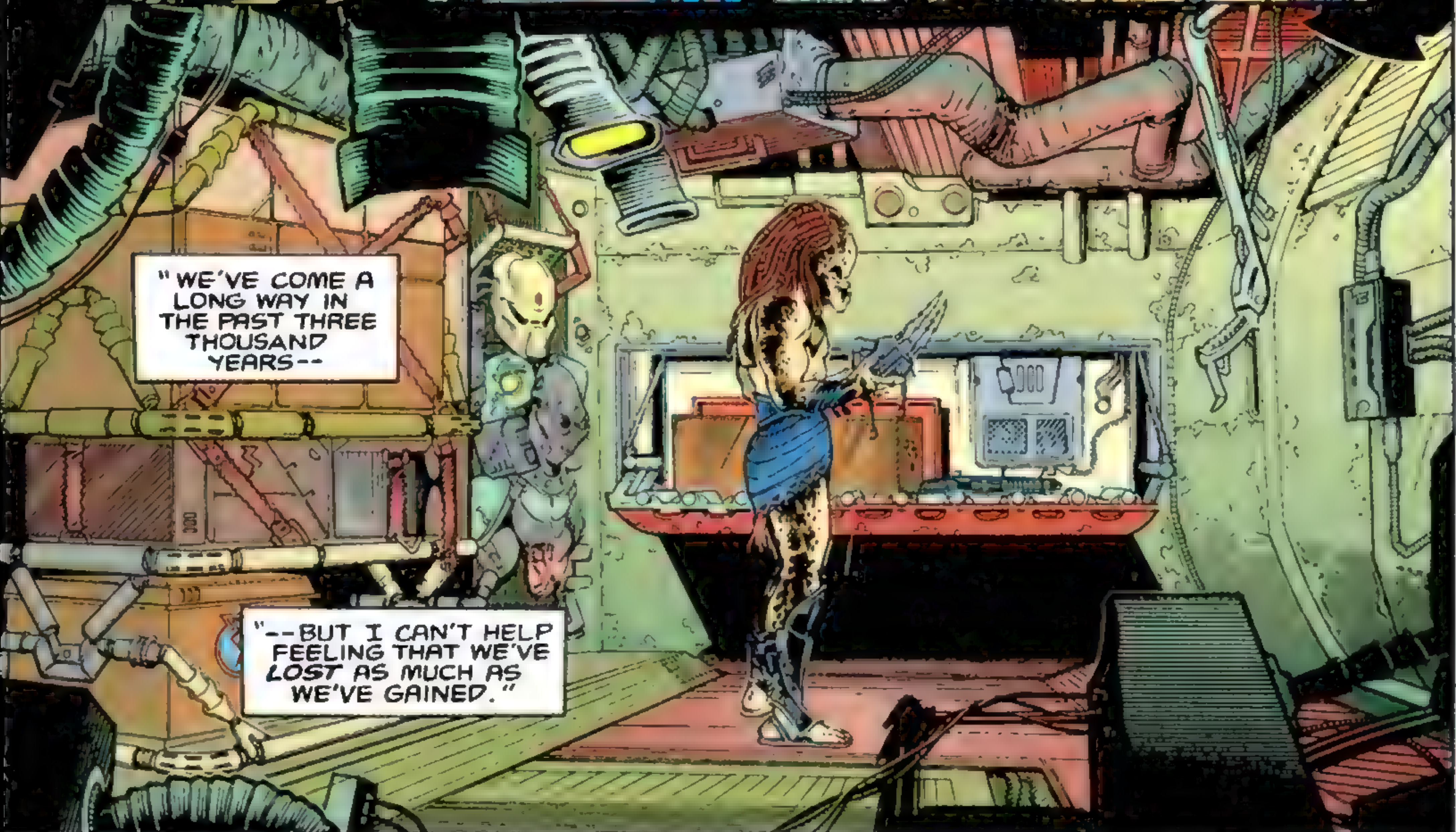
"IT'S NO LONGER A MEANS TO AN END-- IT'S BECOME AN END UNTO ITSELF. WE USE IT LIKE A WALL BETWEEN OURSELVES AND OUR SURROUNDINGS..."



"BETWEEN OURSELVES--"



"--AND WHO WE REALLY ARE."



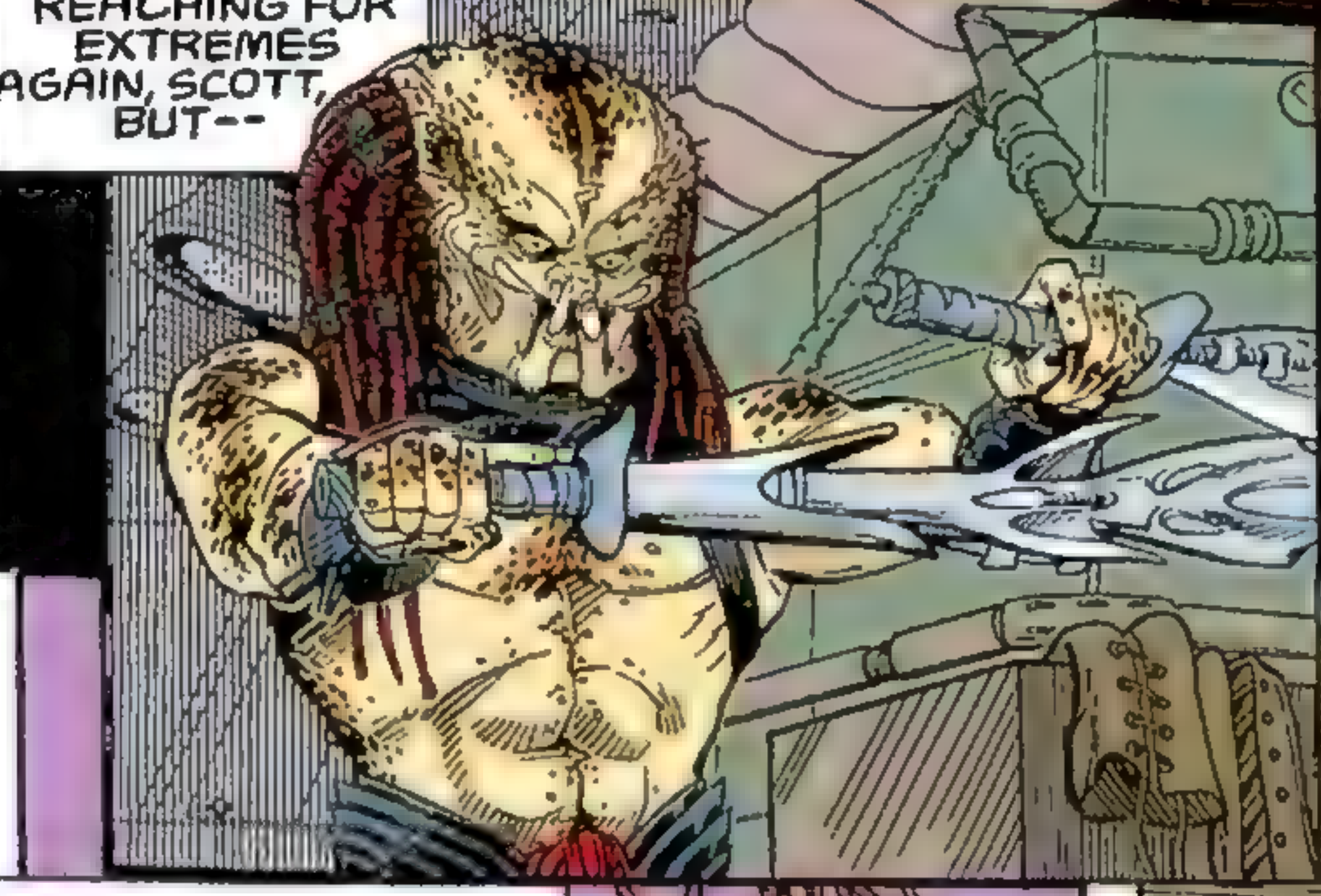
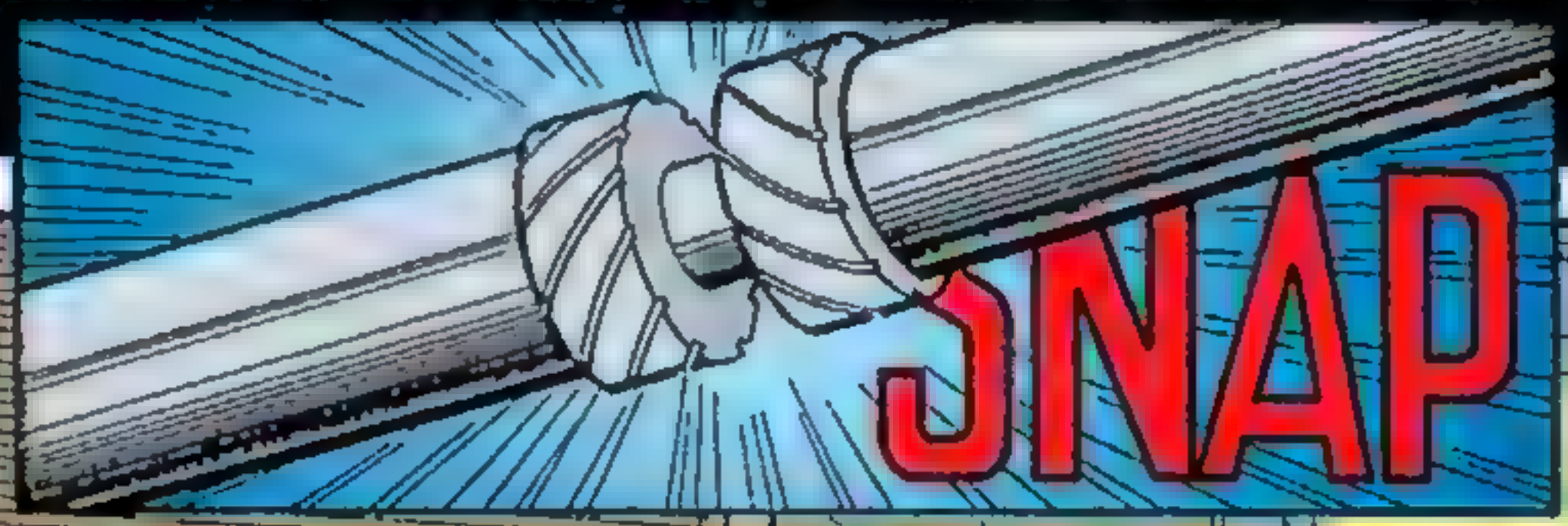
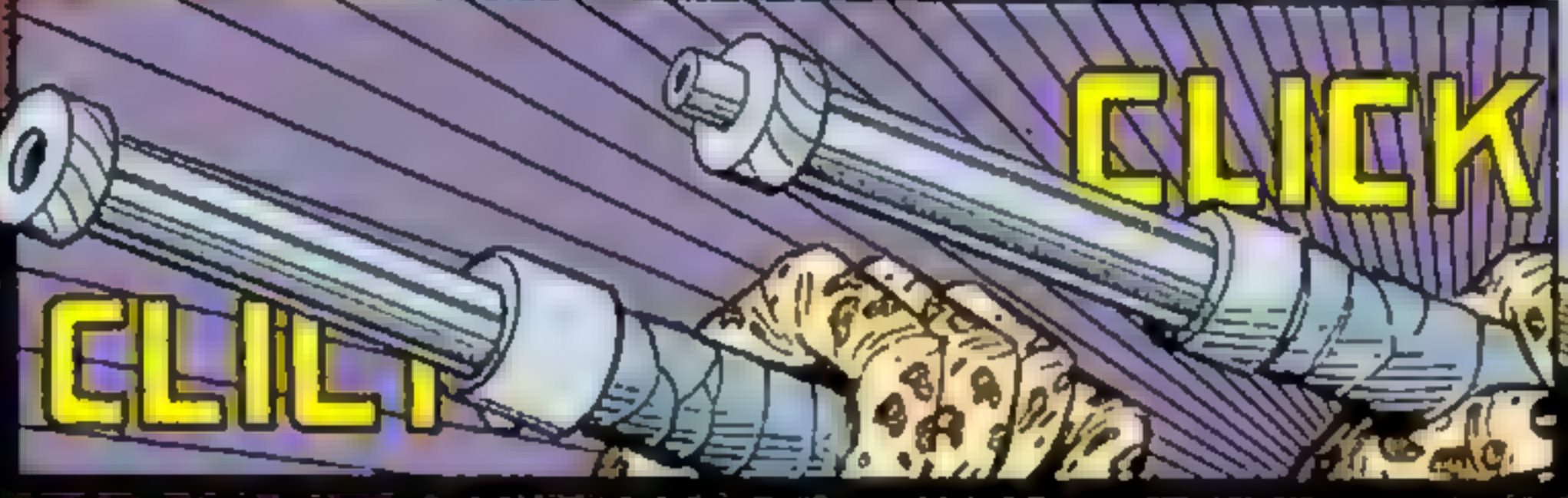
"WE'VE COME A LONG WAY IN THE PAST THREE THOUSAND YEARS--"

"--BUT I CAN'T HELP FEELING THAT WE'VE LOST AS MUCH AS WE'VE GAINED."

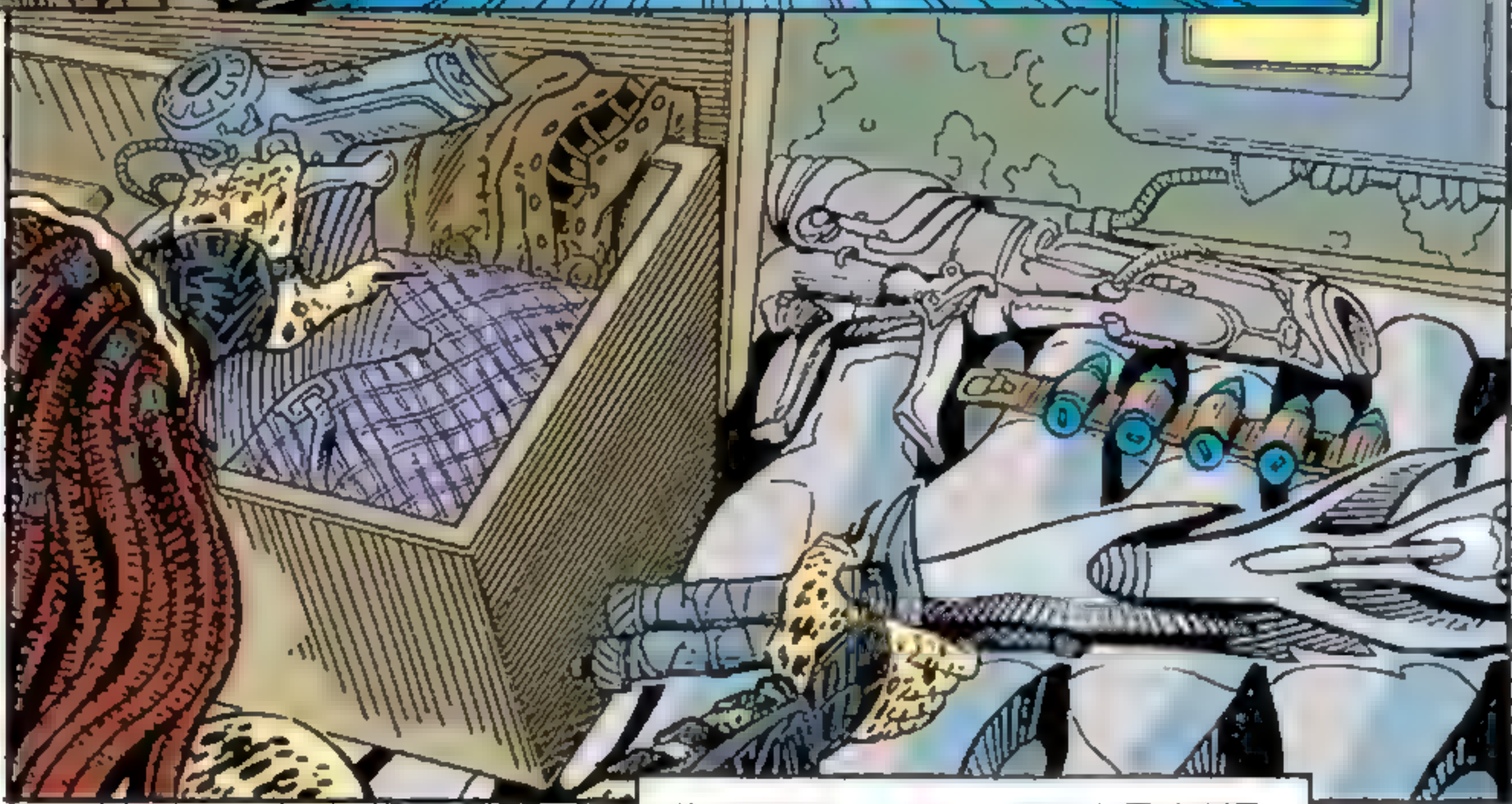


"SO WHAT'S YOUR SOLUTION, TOM? GIVE UP MODERN CONVENIENCES AND GO BACK TO STONE KNIVES AND SQUATTING IN CAVES?"

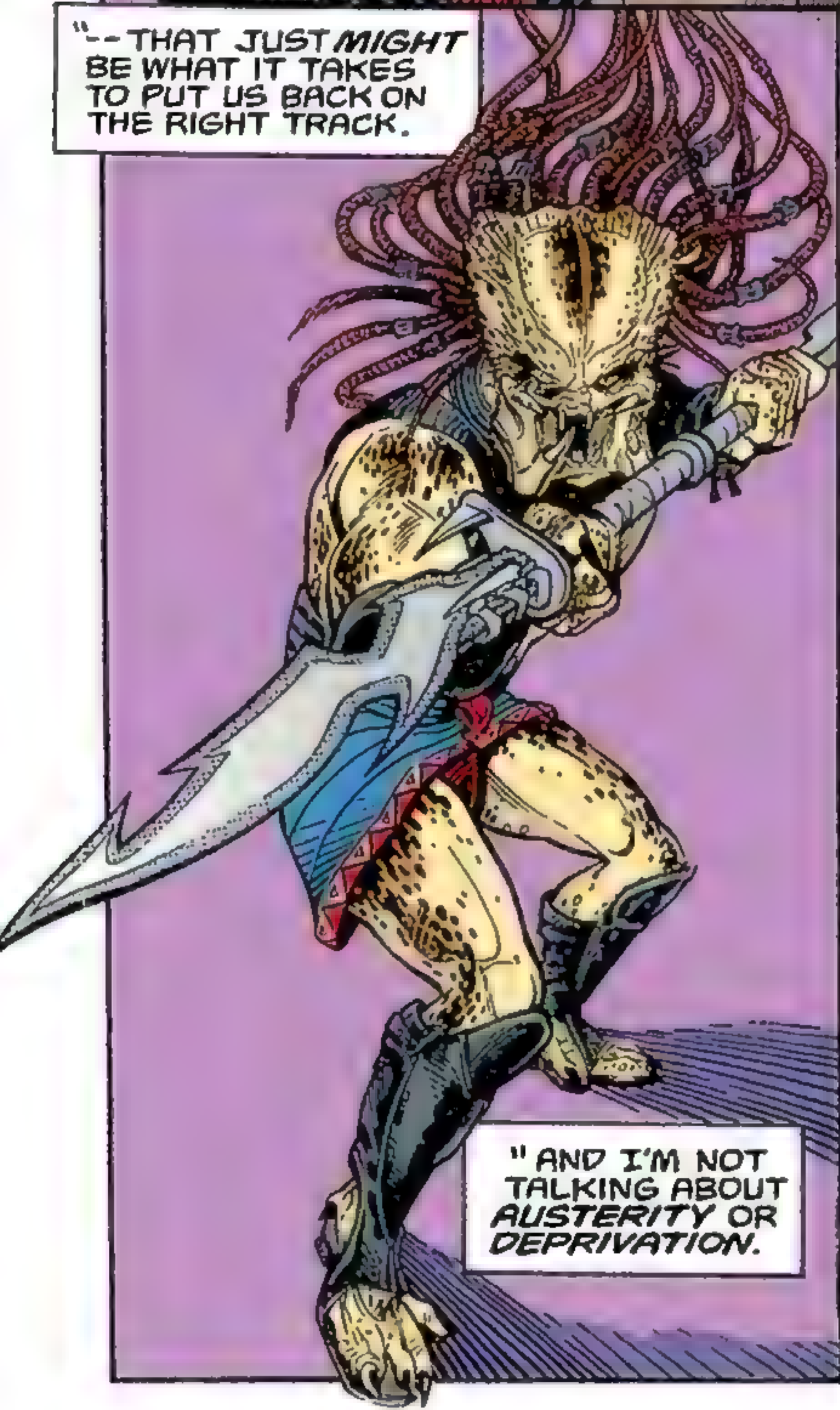
"YOU'RE REACHING FOR EXTREMES AGAIN, SCOTT, BUT--"



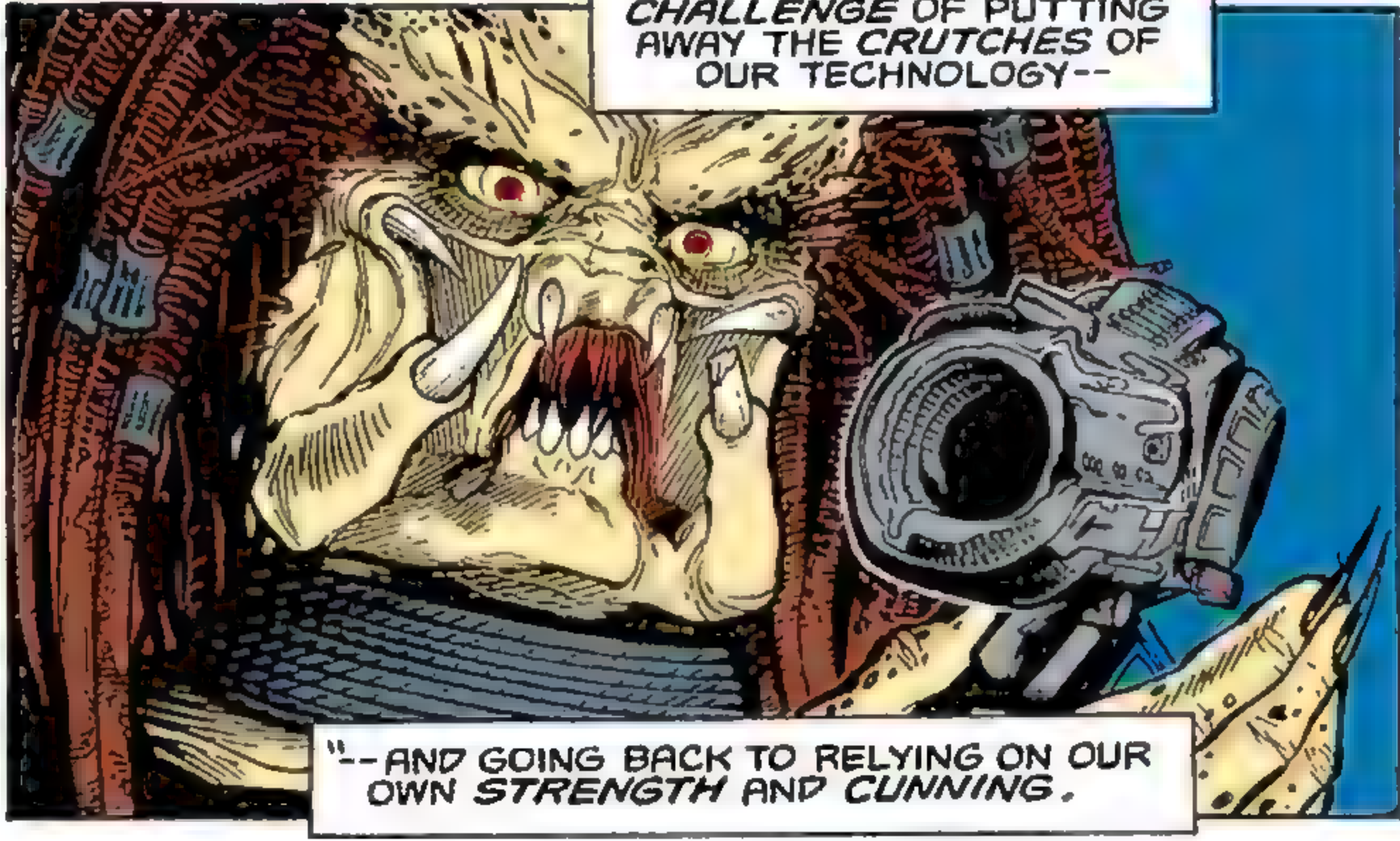
"-- THAT JUST MIGHT BE WHAT IT TAKES TO PUT US BACK ON THE RIGHT TRACK."



"I'M TALKING ABOUT THE CHALLENGE OF PUTTING AWAY THE CRUTCHES OF OUR TECHNOLOGY--"

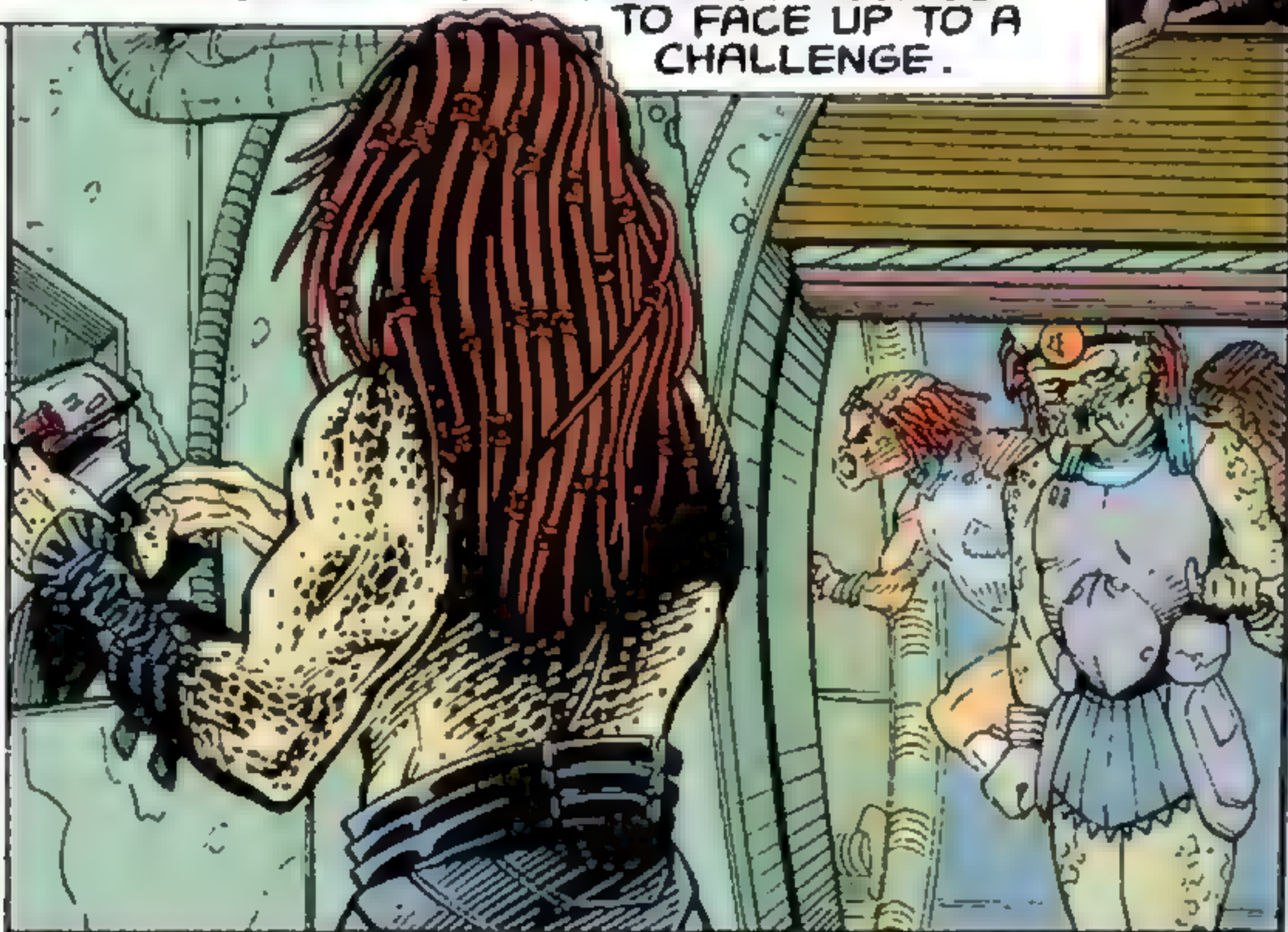


"AND I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT AUSTERITY OR DEPRIVATION."



"-- AND GOING BACK TO RELYING ON OUR OWN STRENGTH AND CUNNING."

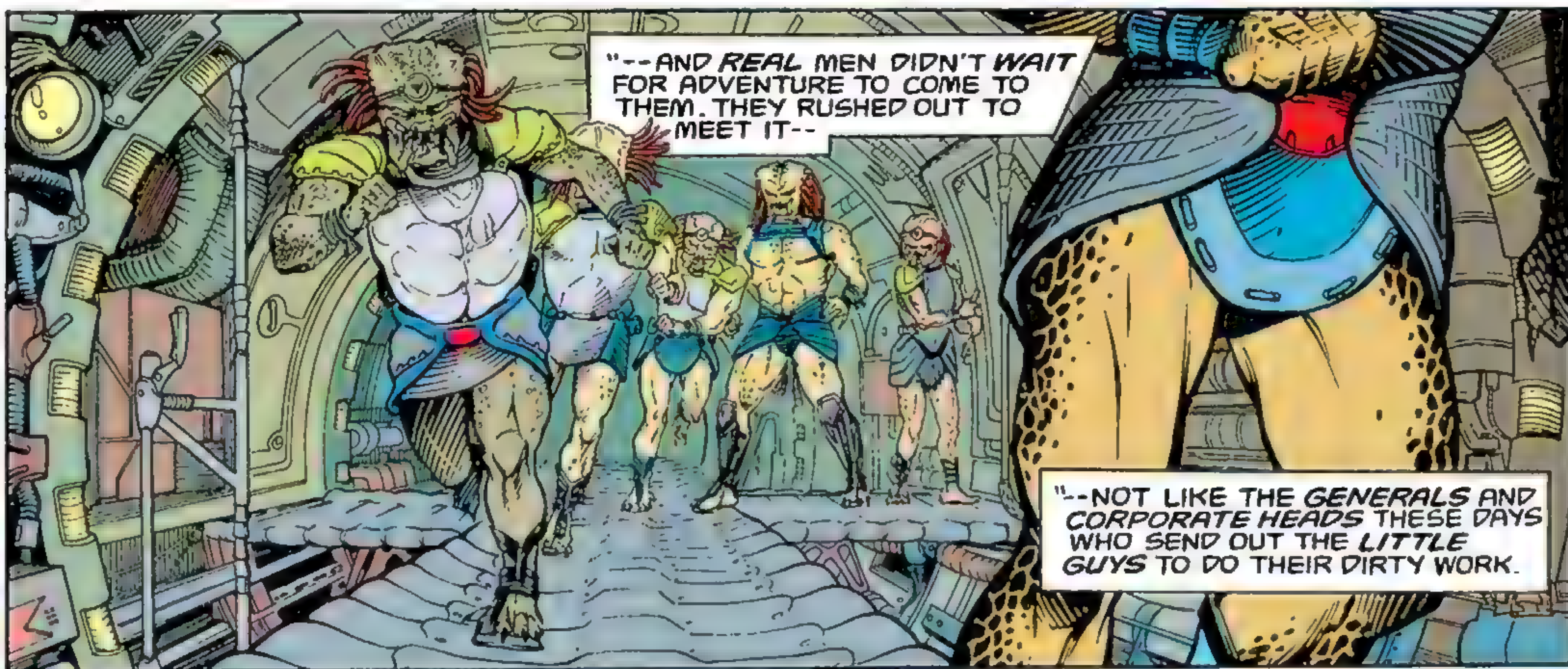
"THESE DAYS WE'RE SO INSULATED THAT WE MAKE HEROES OUT OF ANYONE WHO DARES TO FACE UP TO A CHALLENGE."



"BUT IT WASN'T ALWAYS LIKE THAT. LIFE OR DEATH CHALLENGES USED TO BE AN EVERY-DAY THING--"



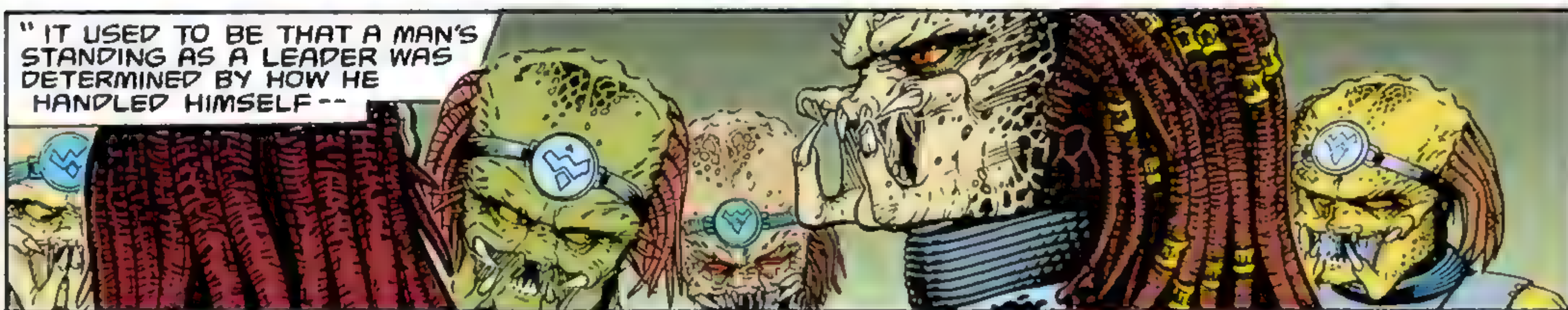
"--AND REAL MEN DIDN'T WAIT FOR ADVENTURE TO COME TO THEM. THEY RUSHED OUT TO MEET IT--"



"--NOT LIKE THE GENERALS AND CORPORATE HEADS THESE DAYS WHO SEND OUT THE LITTLE GUYS TO DO THEIR DIRTY WORK."

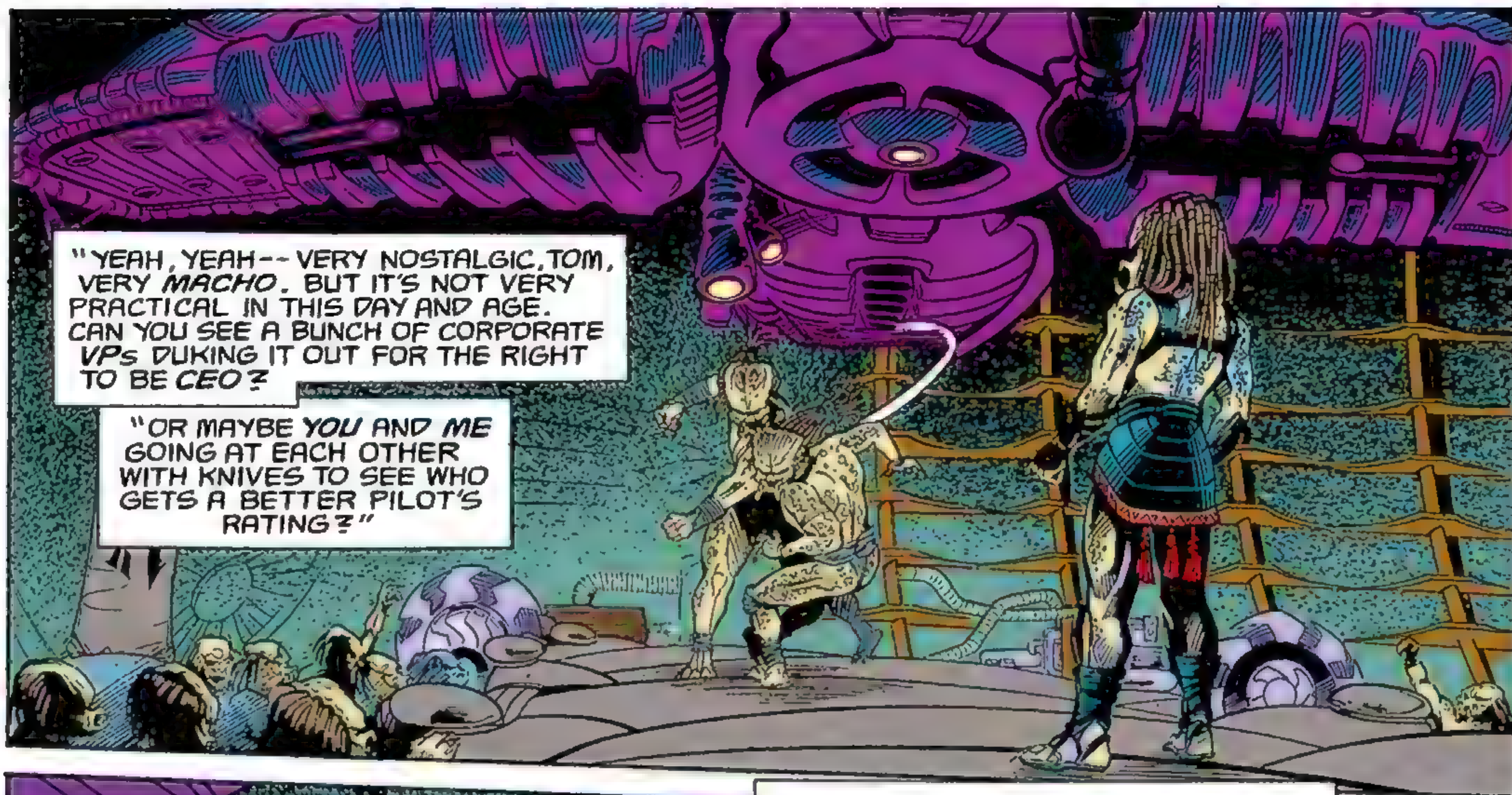


"IT USED TO BE THAT A MAN'S STANDING AS A LEADER WAS DETERMINED BY HOW HE HANDLED HIMSELF--"



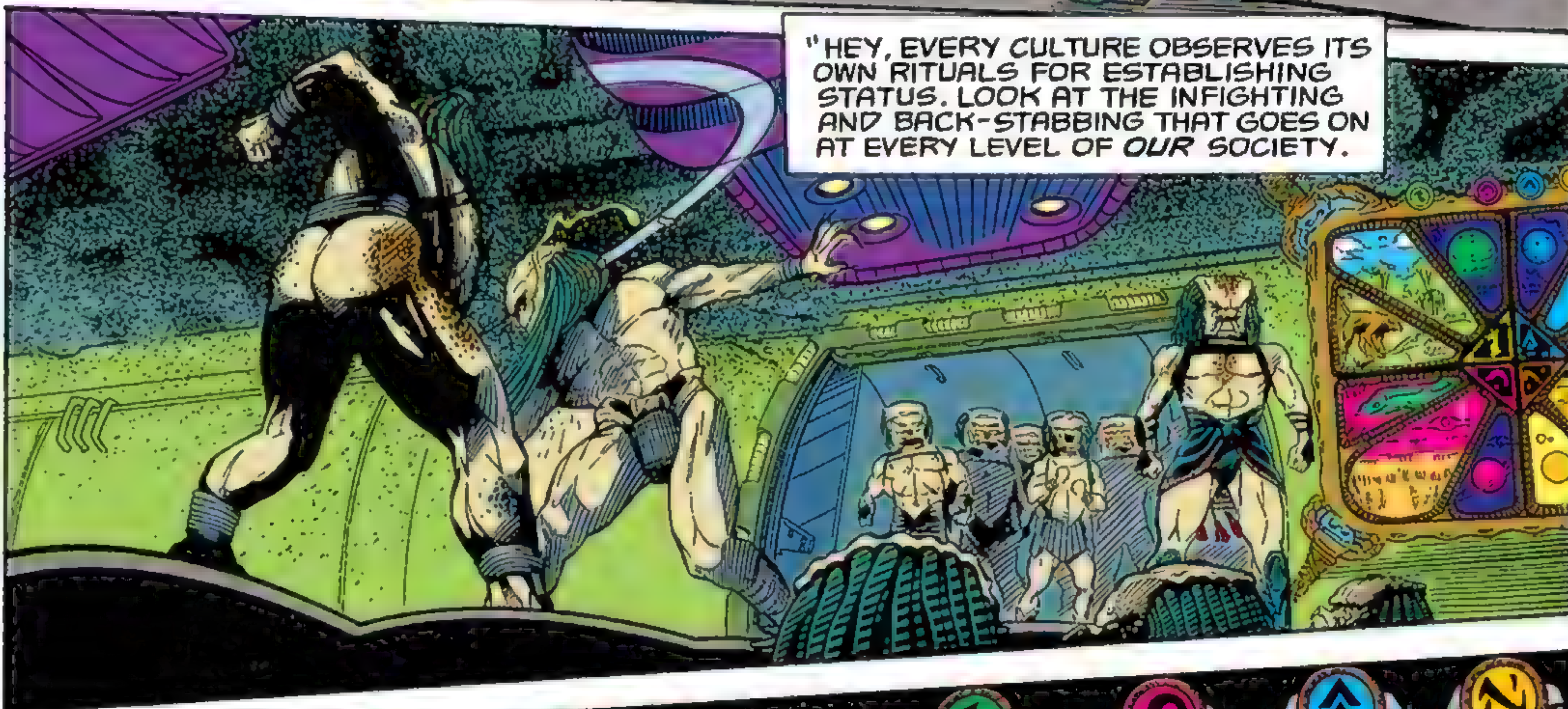
"--IN THE FACE OF DANGER."



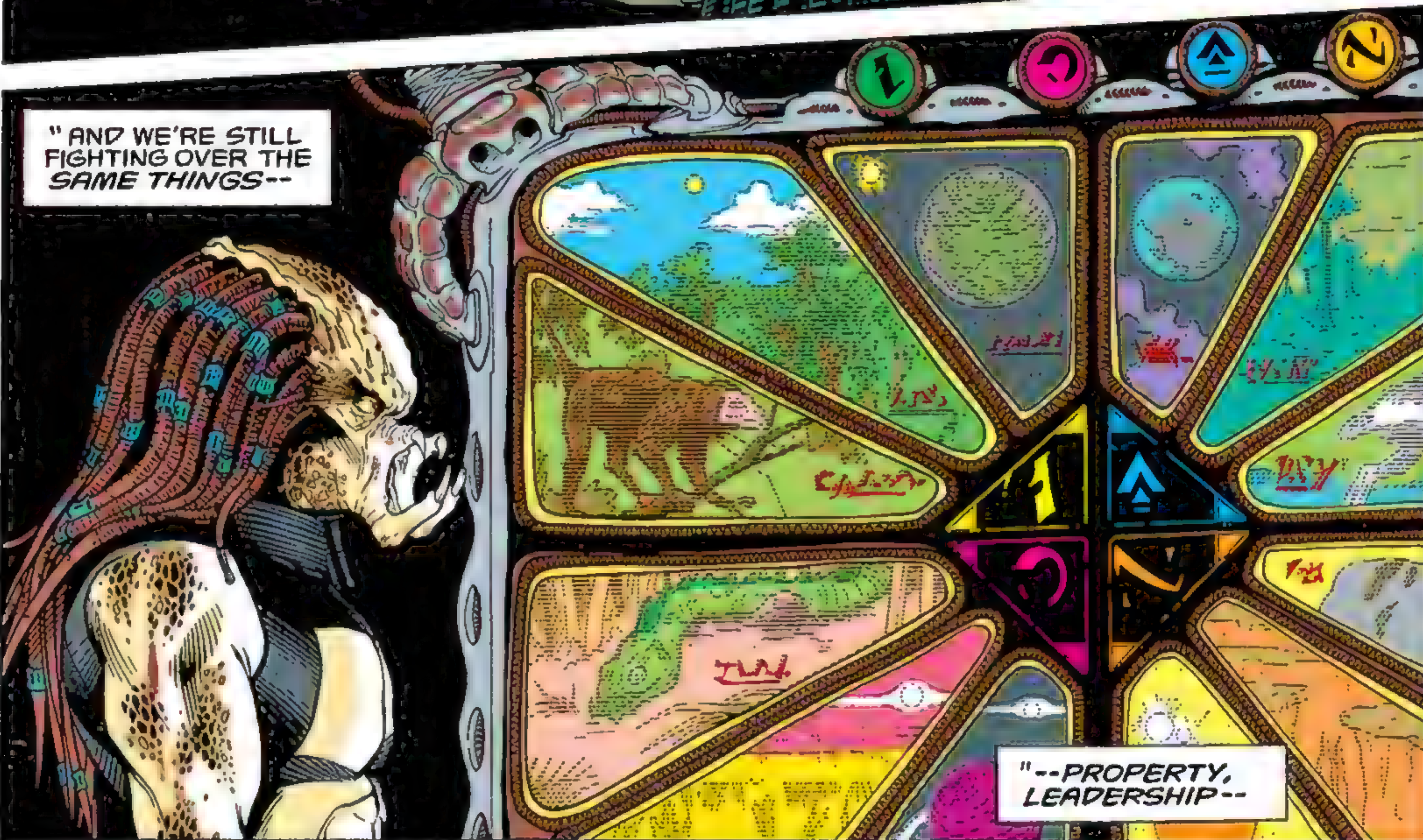


"YEAH, YEAH-- VERY NOSTALGIC, TOM, VERY *MACHO*. BUT IT'S NOT VERY PRACTICAL IN THIS DAY AND AGE. CAN YOU SEE A BUNCH OF CORPORATE VPS DUKING IT OUT FOR THE RIGHT TO BE CEO?"

"OR MAYBE YOU AND ME GOING AT EACH OTHER WITH KNIVES TO SEE WHO GETS A BETTER PILOT'S RATING?"

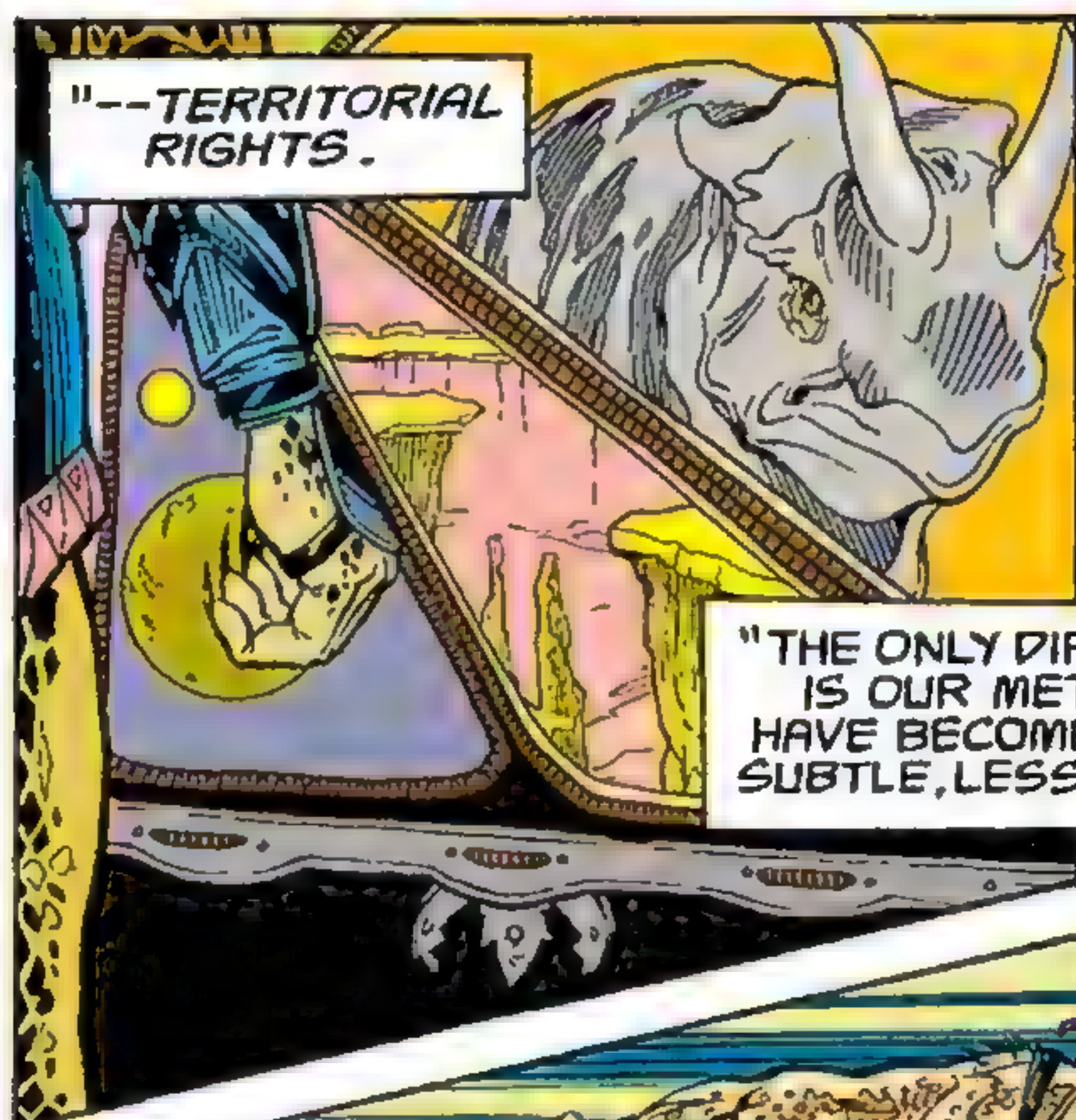


"HEY, EVERY CULTURE OBSERVES ITS OWN RITUALS FOR ESTABLISHING STATUS. LOOK AT THE INFIGHTING AND BACK-STABBING THAT GOES ON AT EVERY LEVEL OF *OUR* SOCIETY."

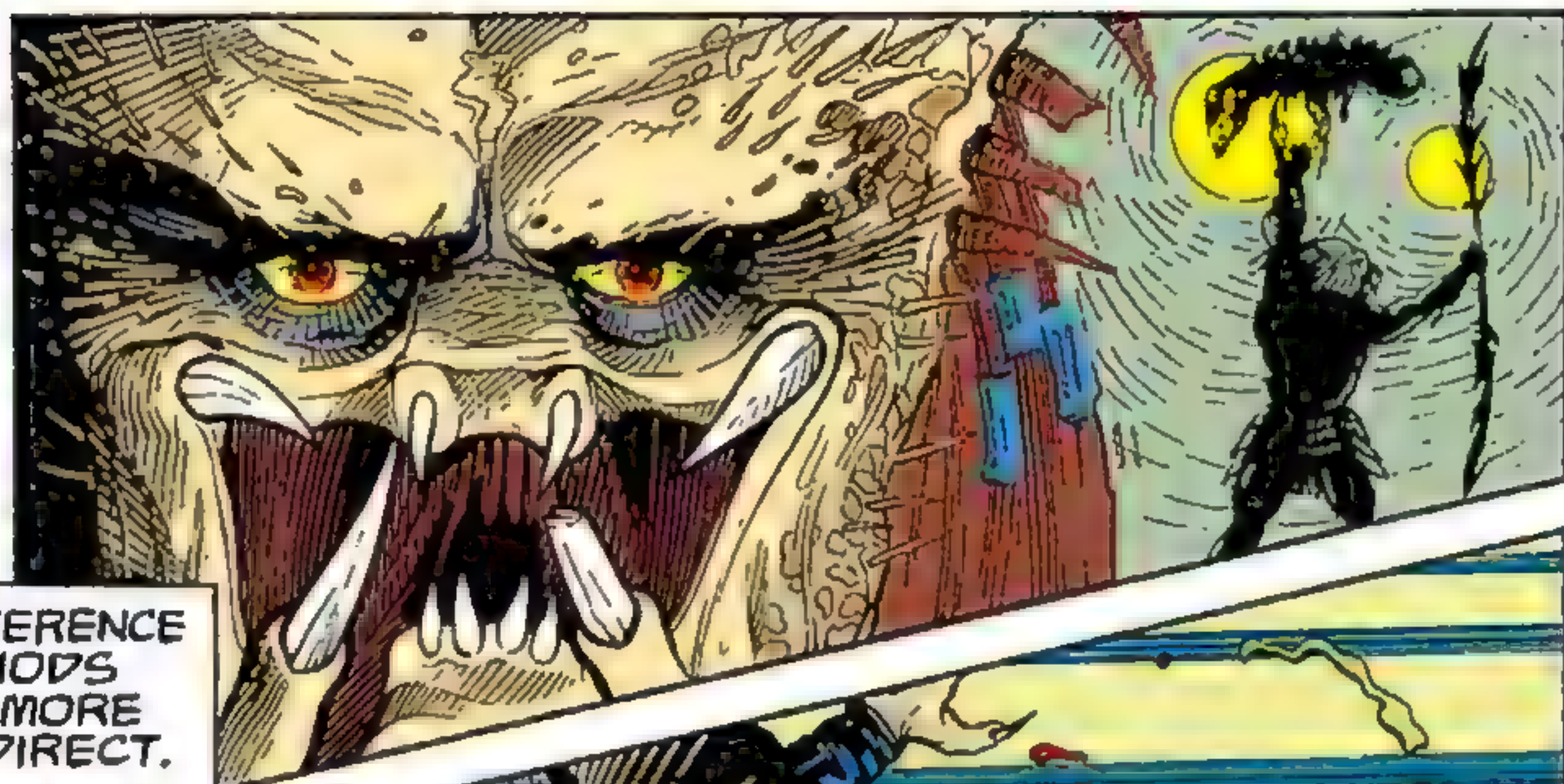


"AND WE'RE STILL FIGHTING OVER THE SAME THINGS--"

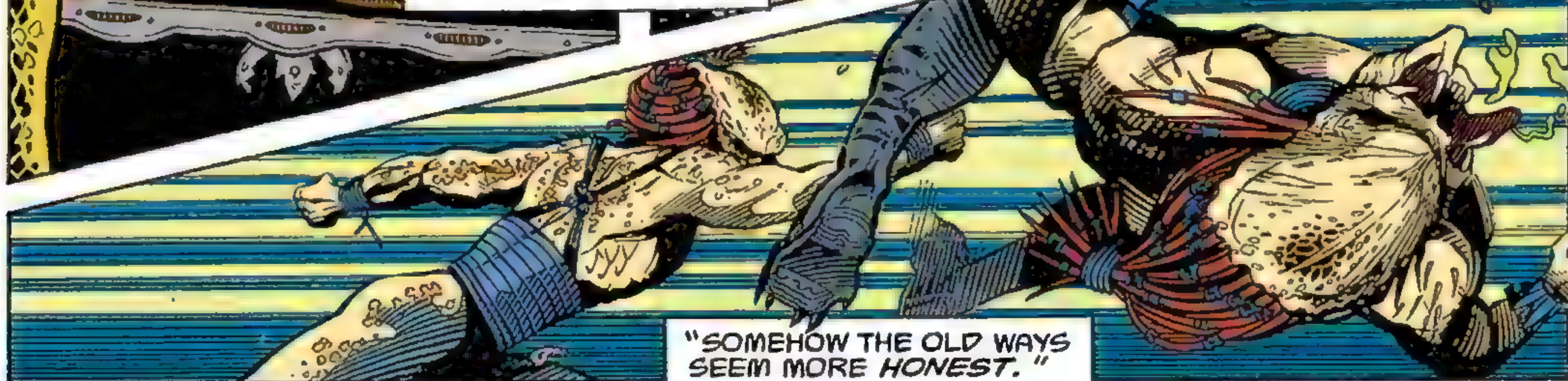
"--PROPERTY, LEADERSHIP--"



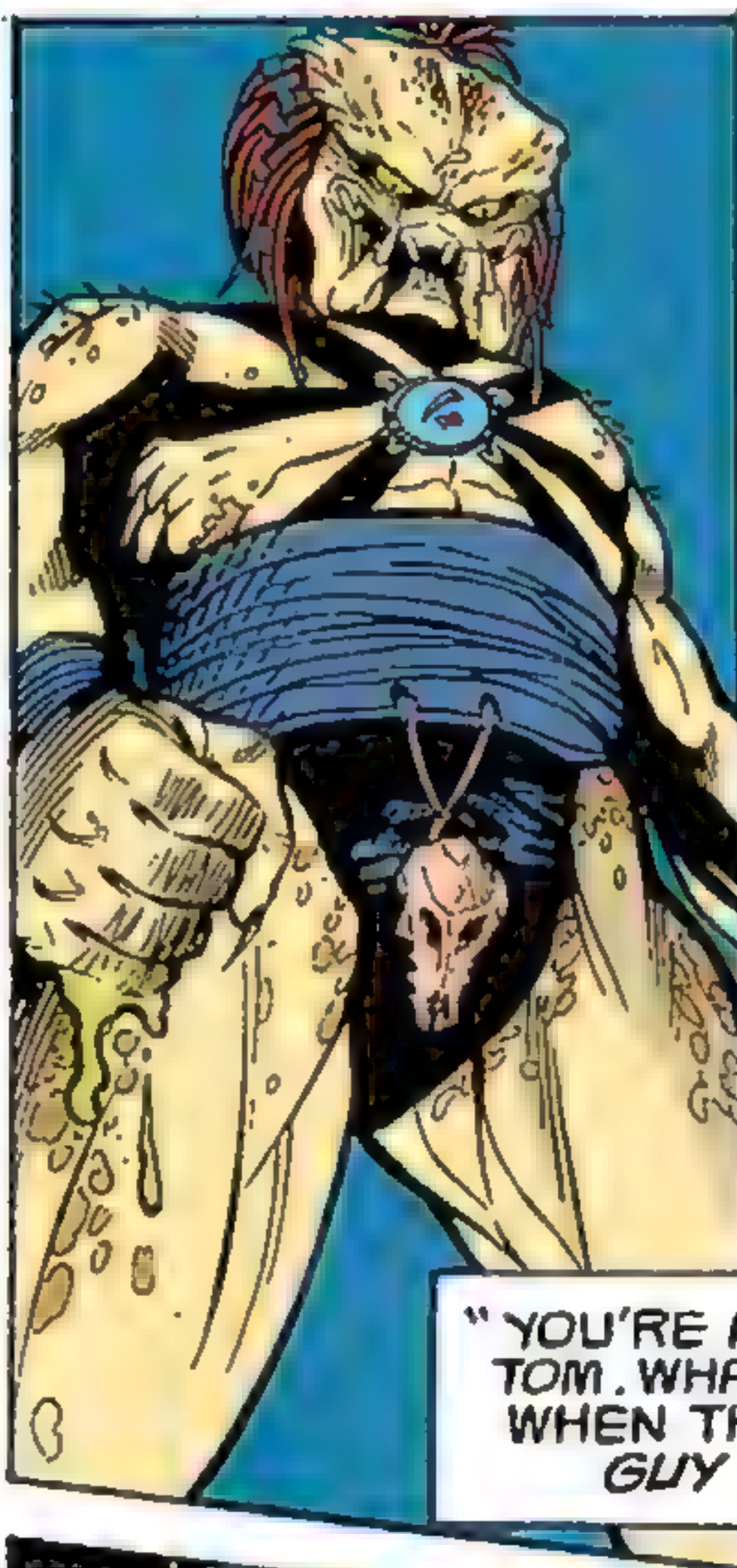
"--TERRITORIAL RIGHTS."



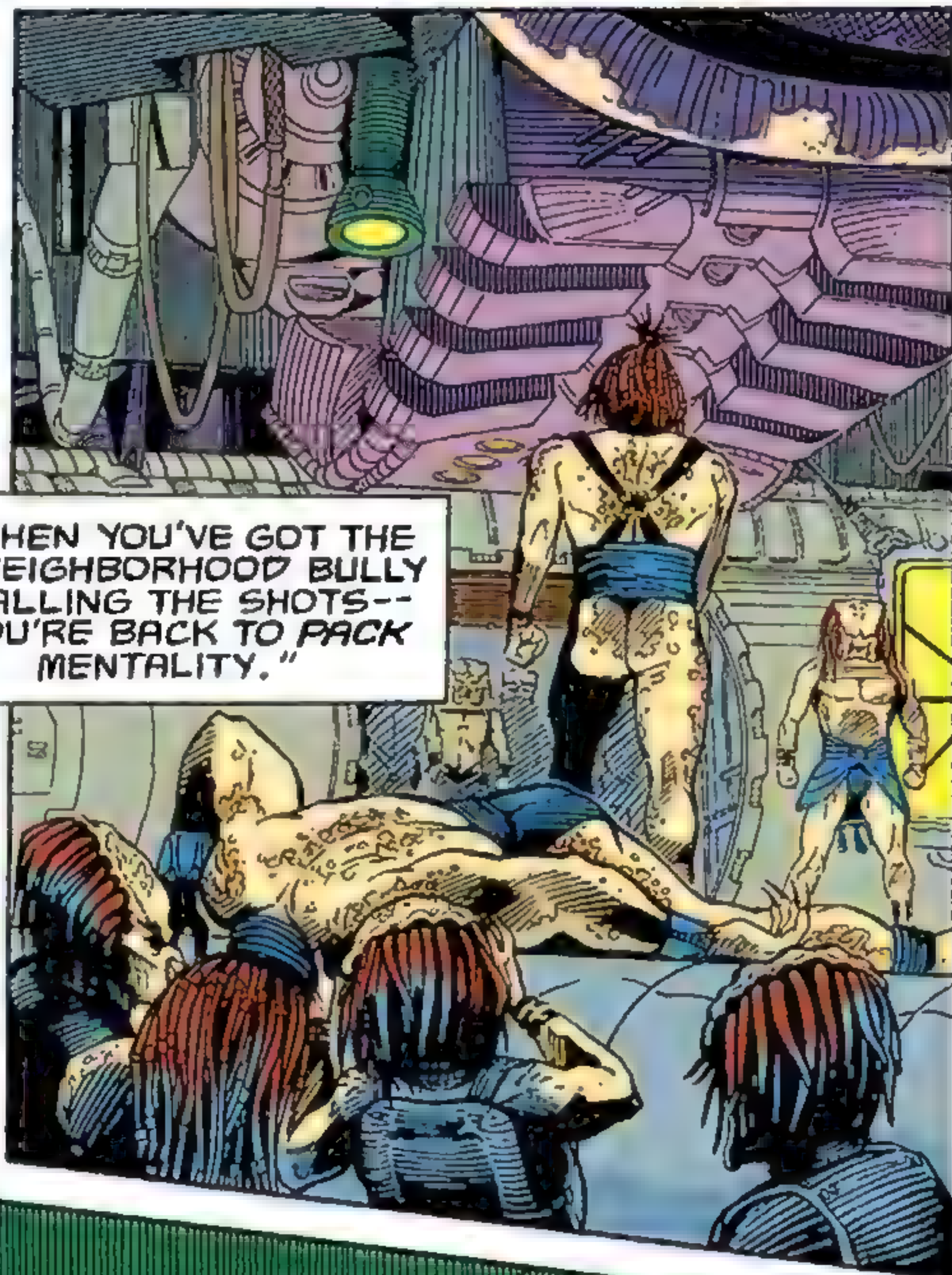
"THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS OUR METHODS HAVE BECOME MORE SUBTLE, LESS DIRECT."



"SOMEHOW THE OLD WAYS SEEM MORE HONEST."



"YOU'RE AN IDEALIST, TOM. WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE WRONG GUY WINS?"

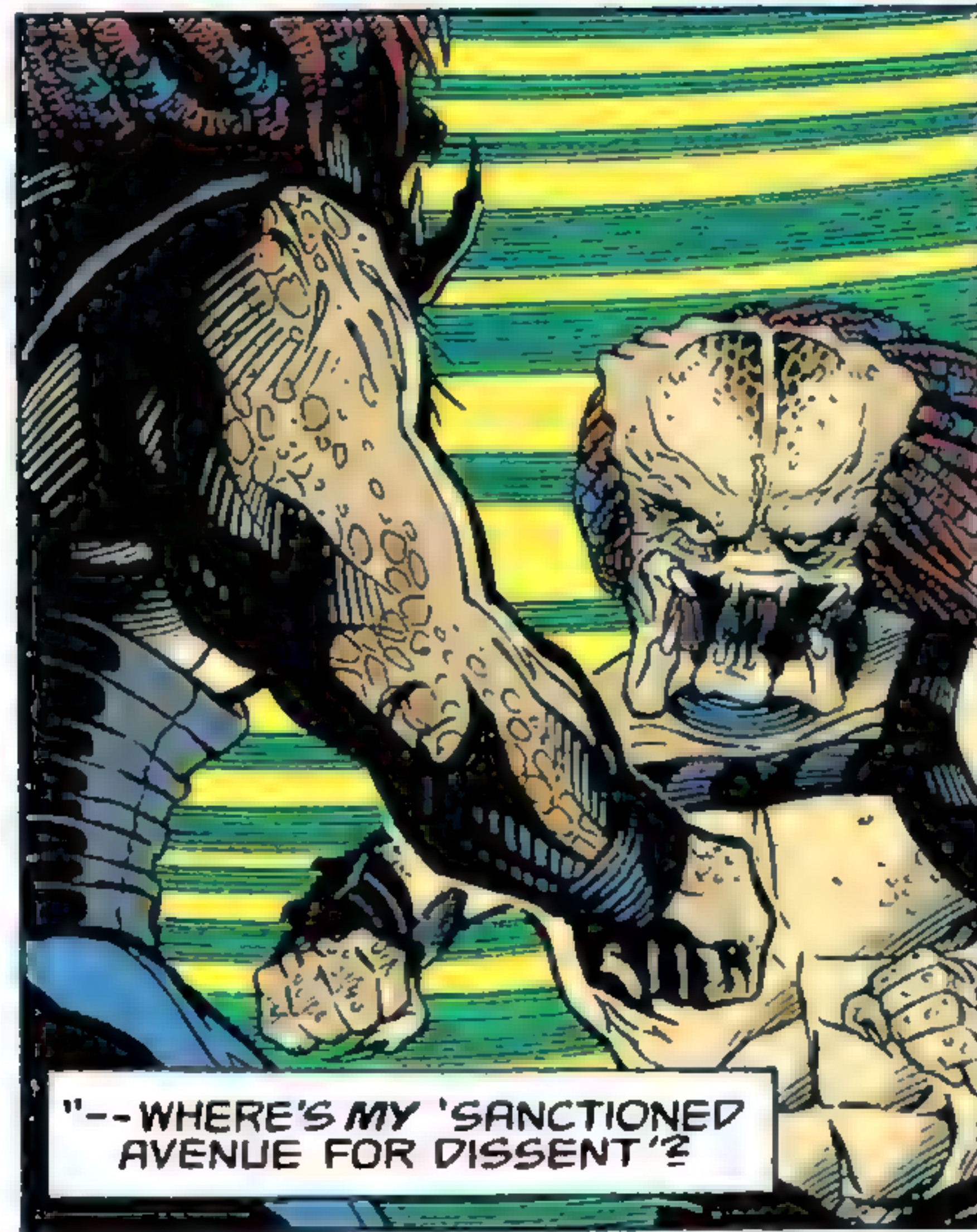
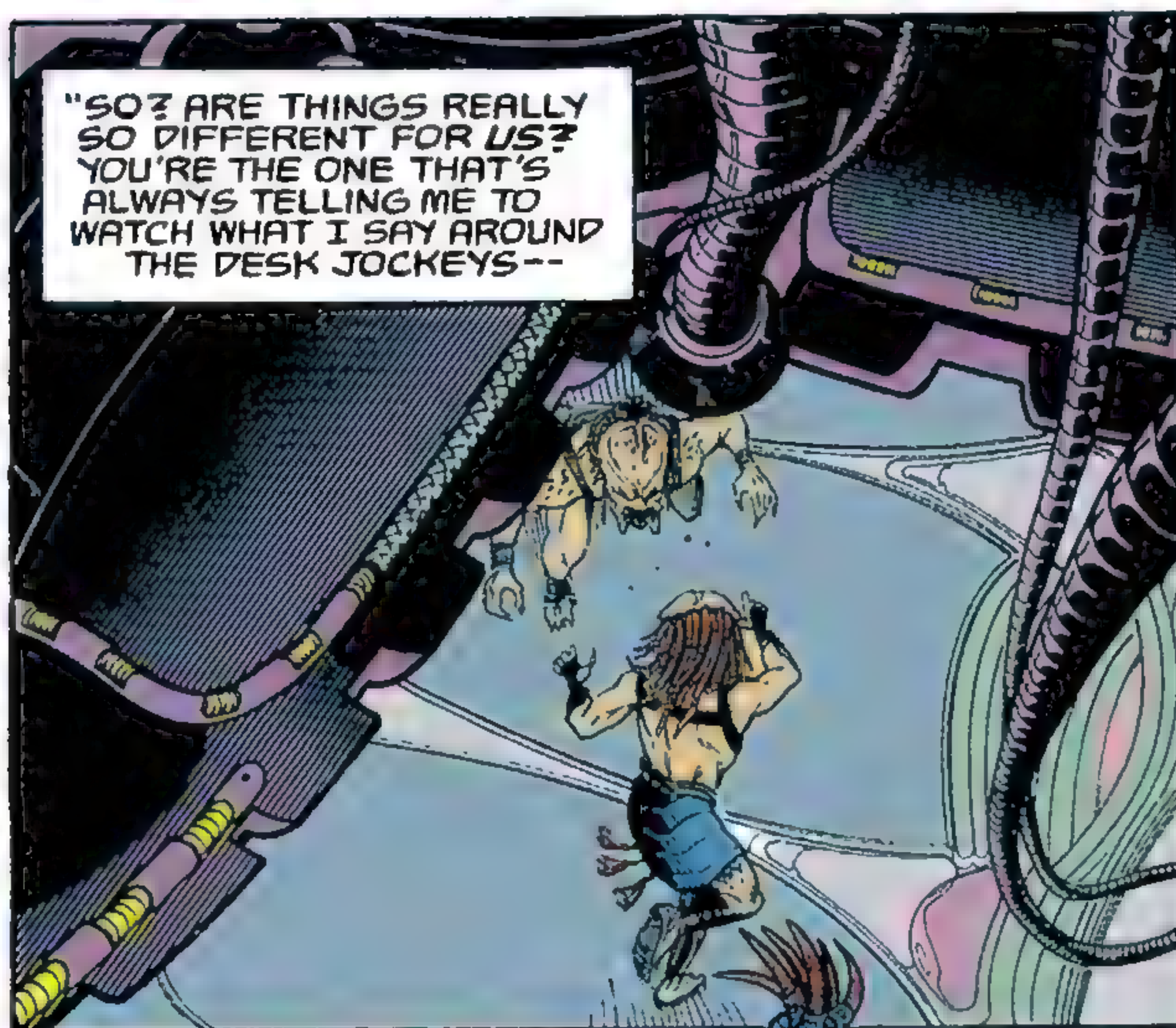
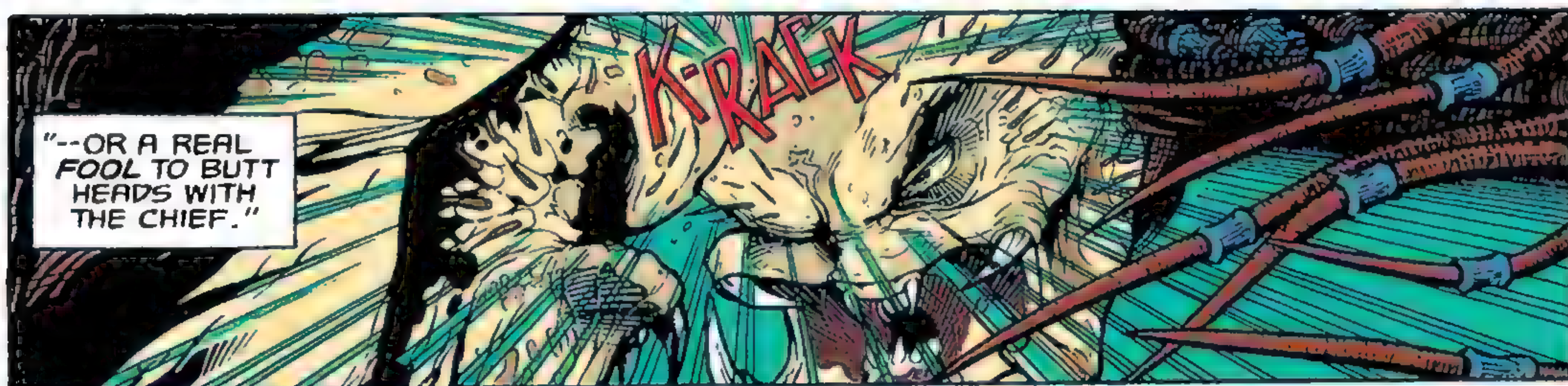
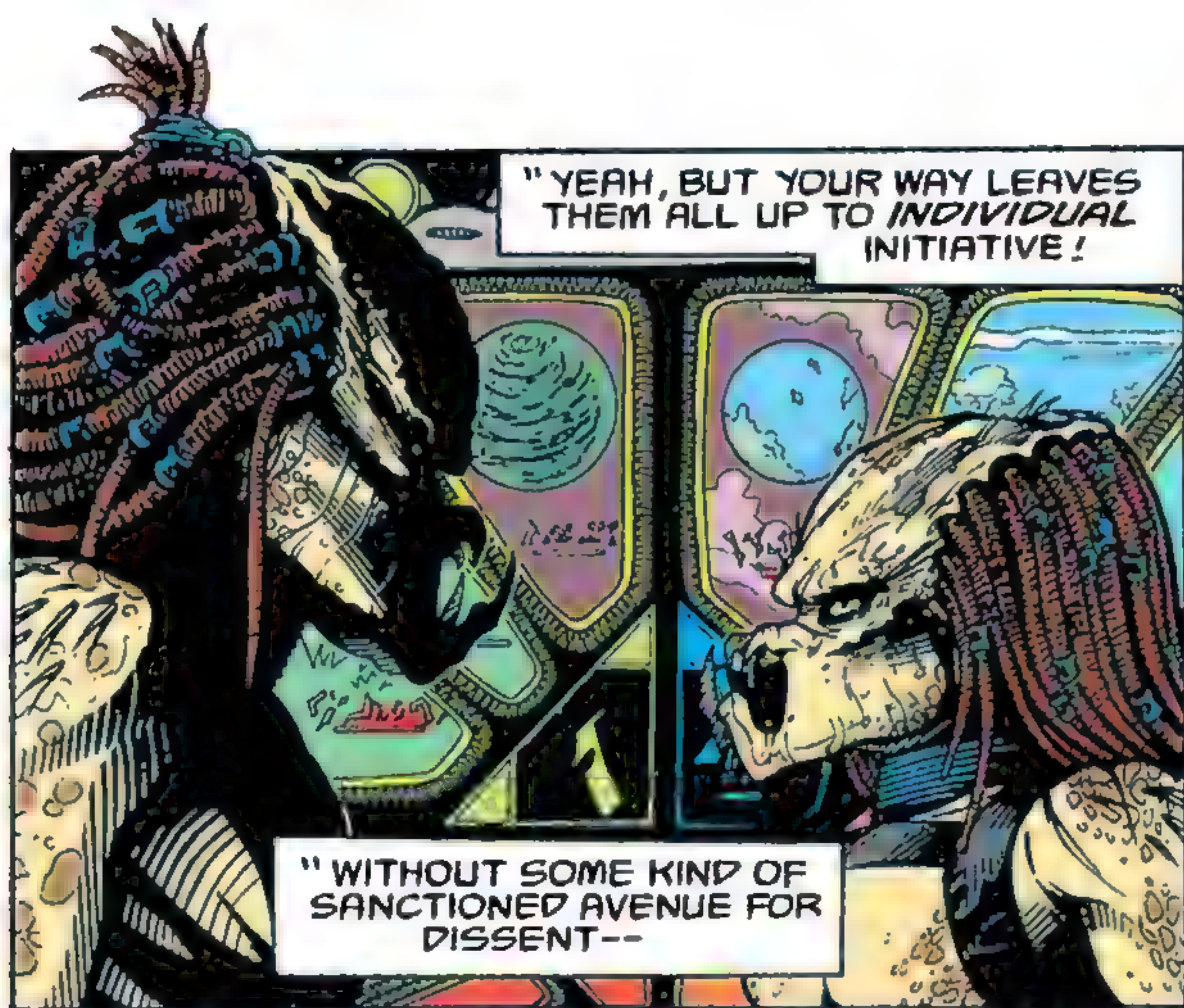


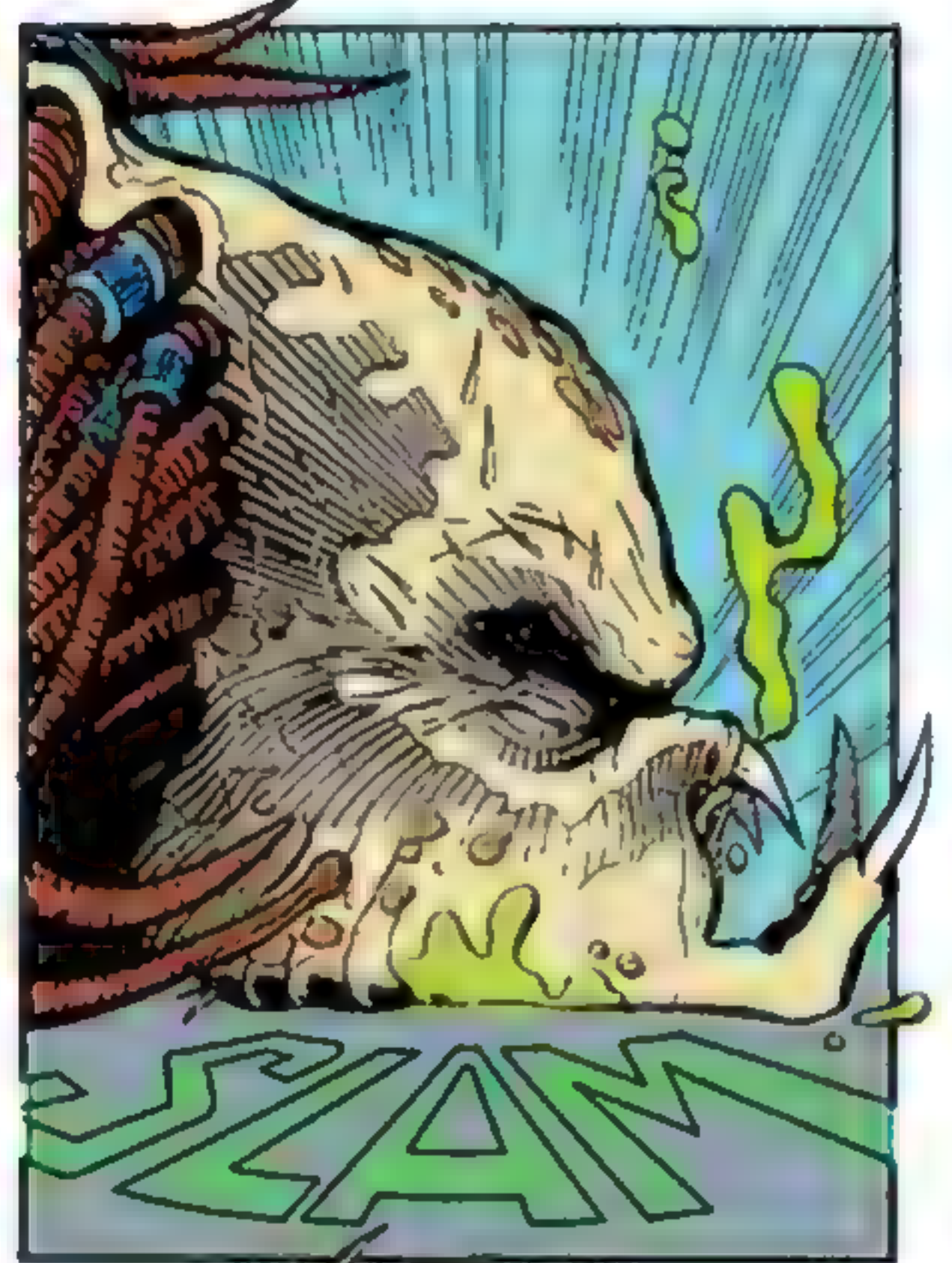
"THEN YOU'VE GOT THE NEIGHBORHOOD BULLY CALLING THE SHOTS-- YOU'RE BACK TO PACK MENTALITY."



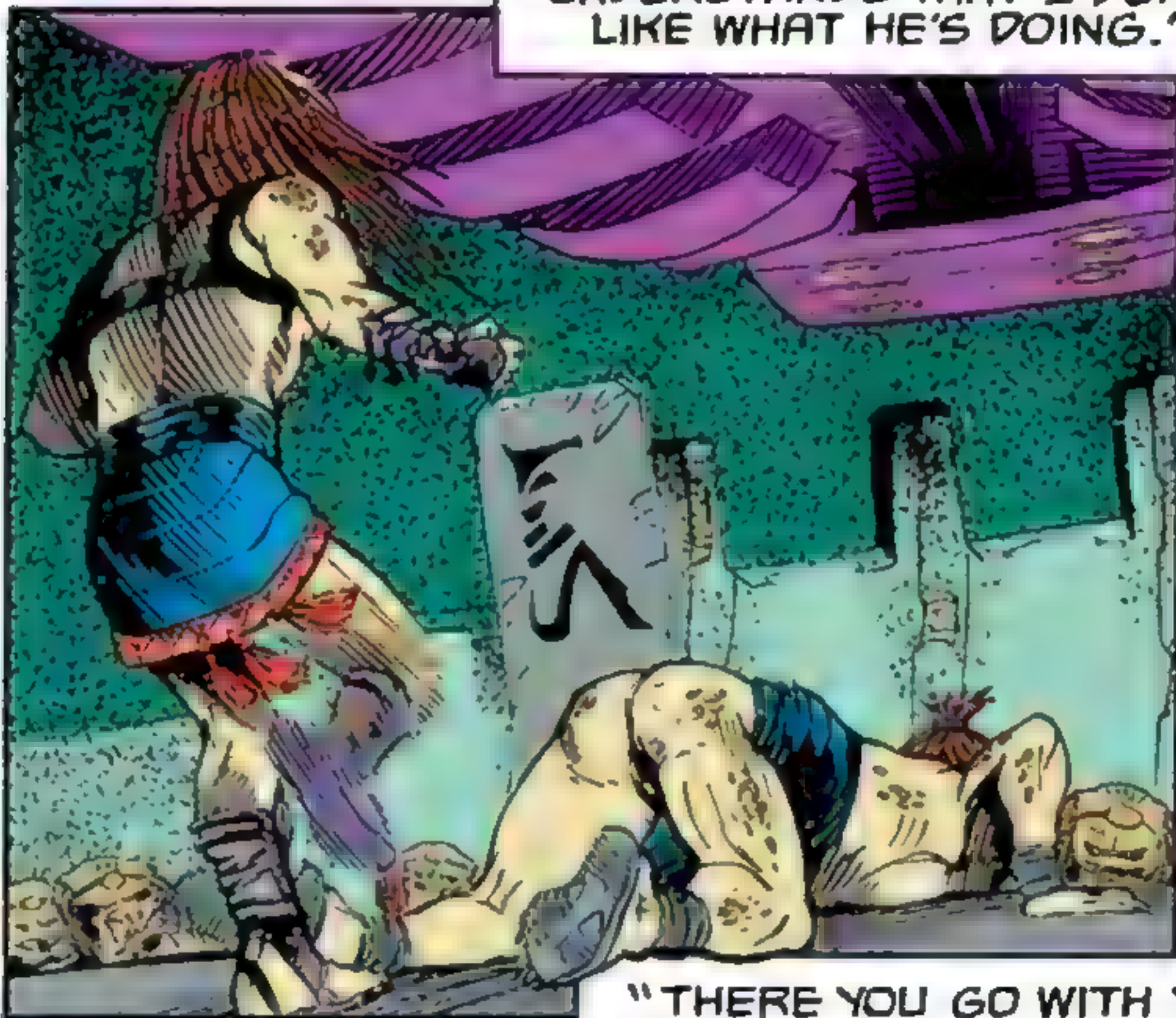
"THERE ARE CHECKS AND BALANCES IN EVERY SYSTEM, SCOTT."



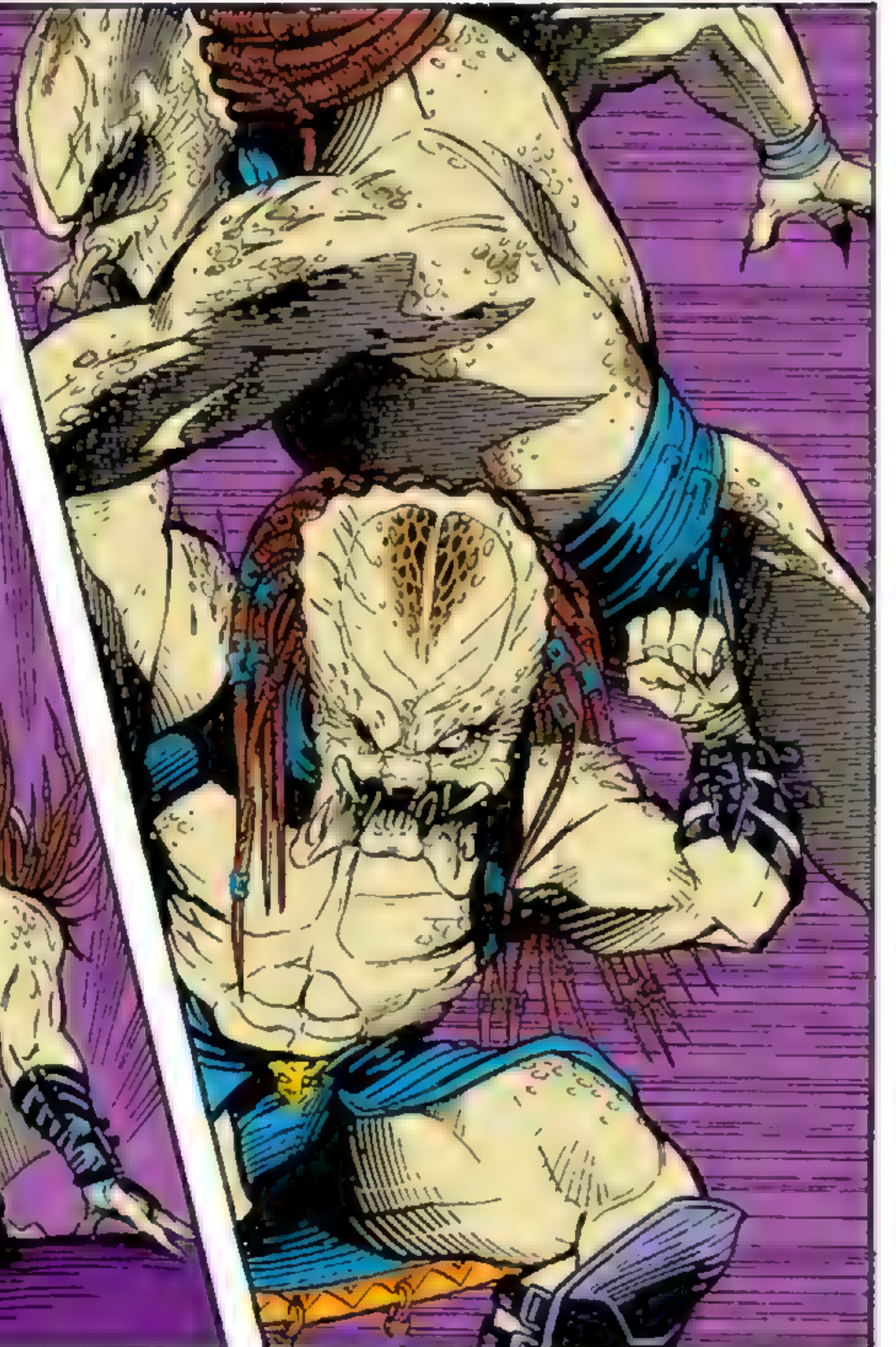
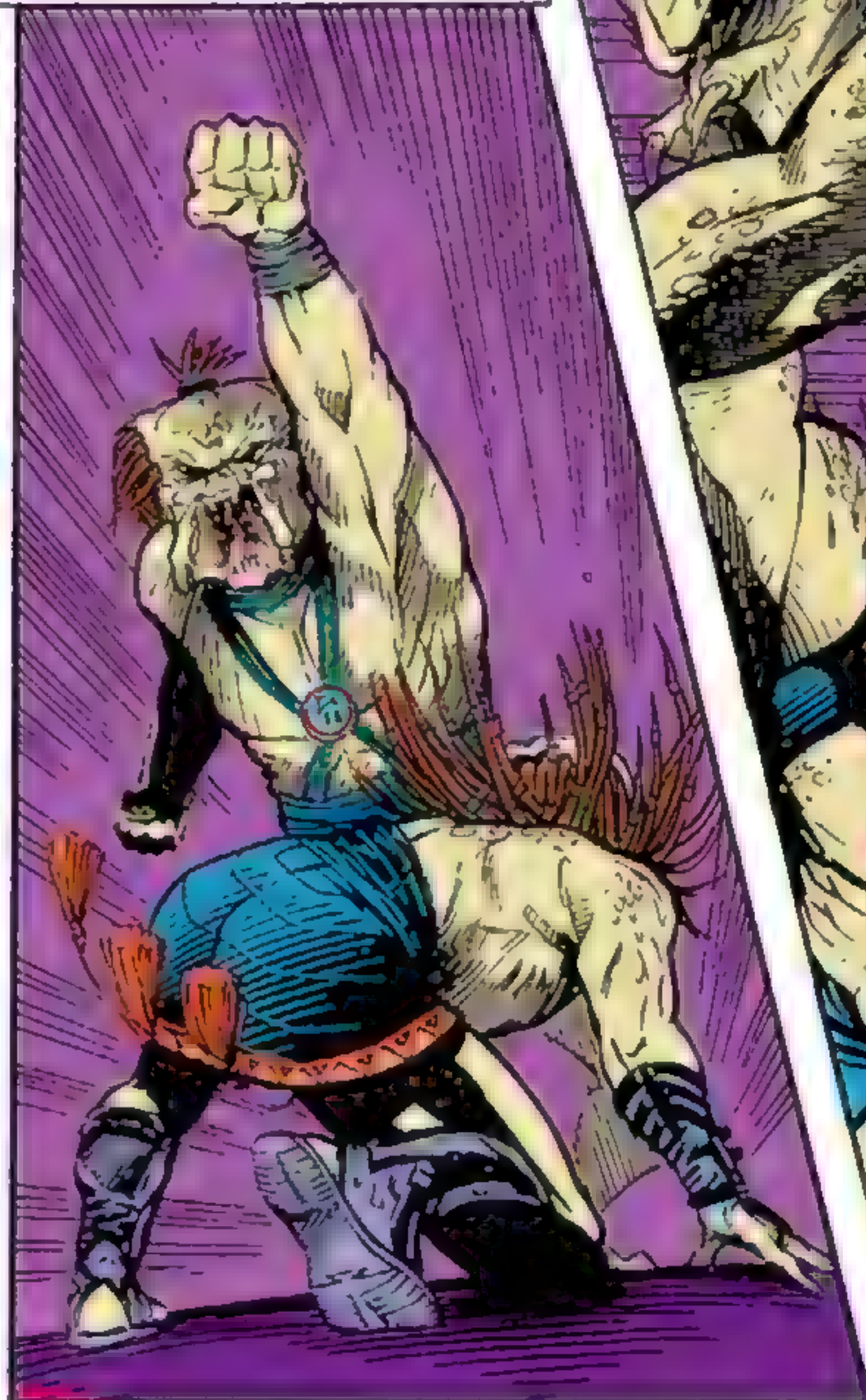
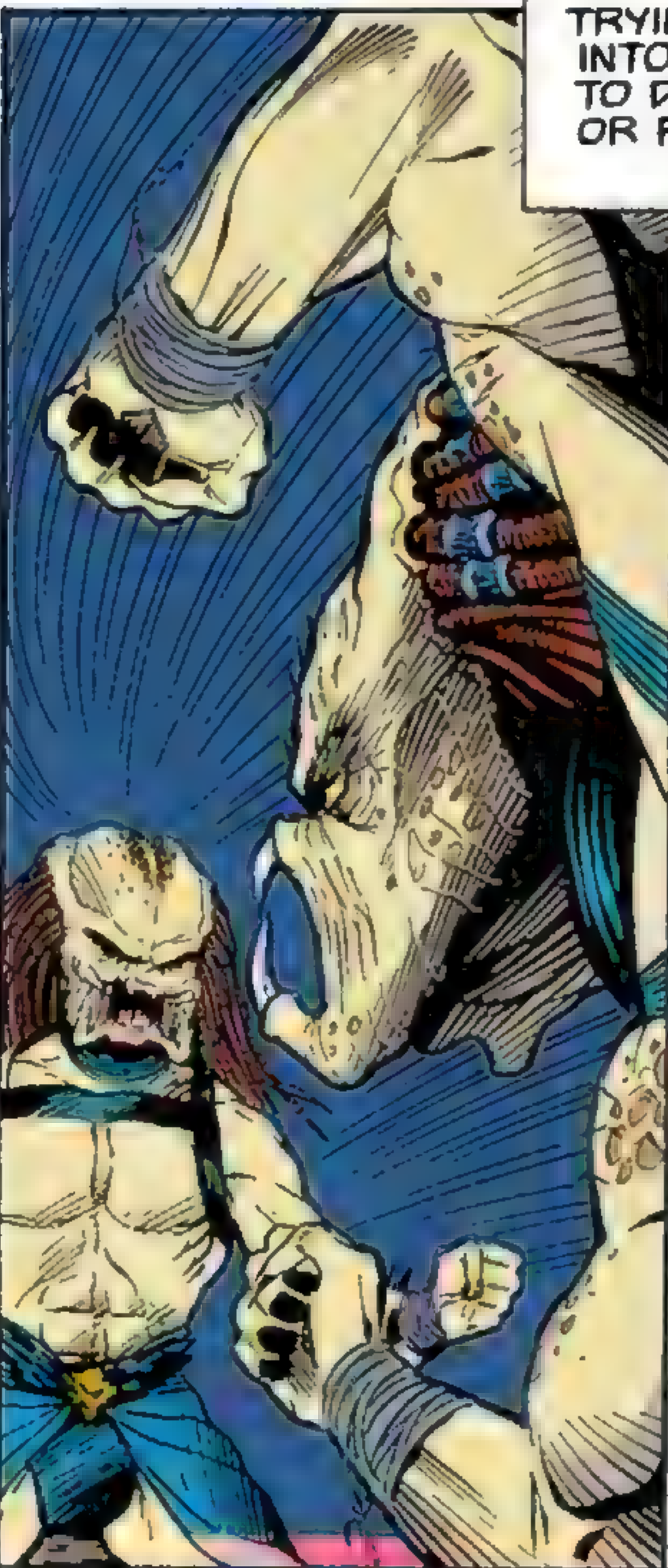


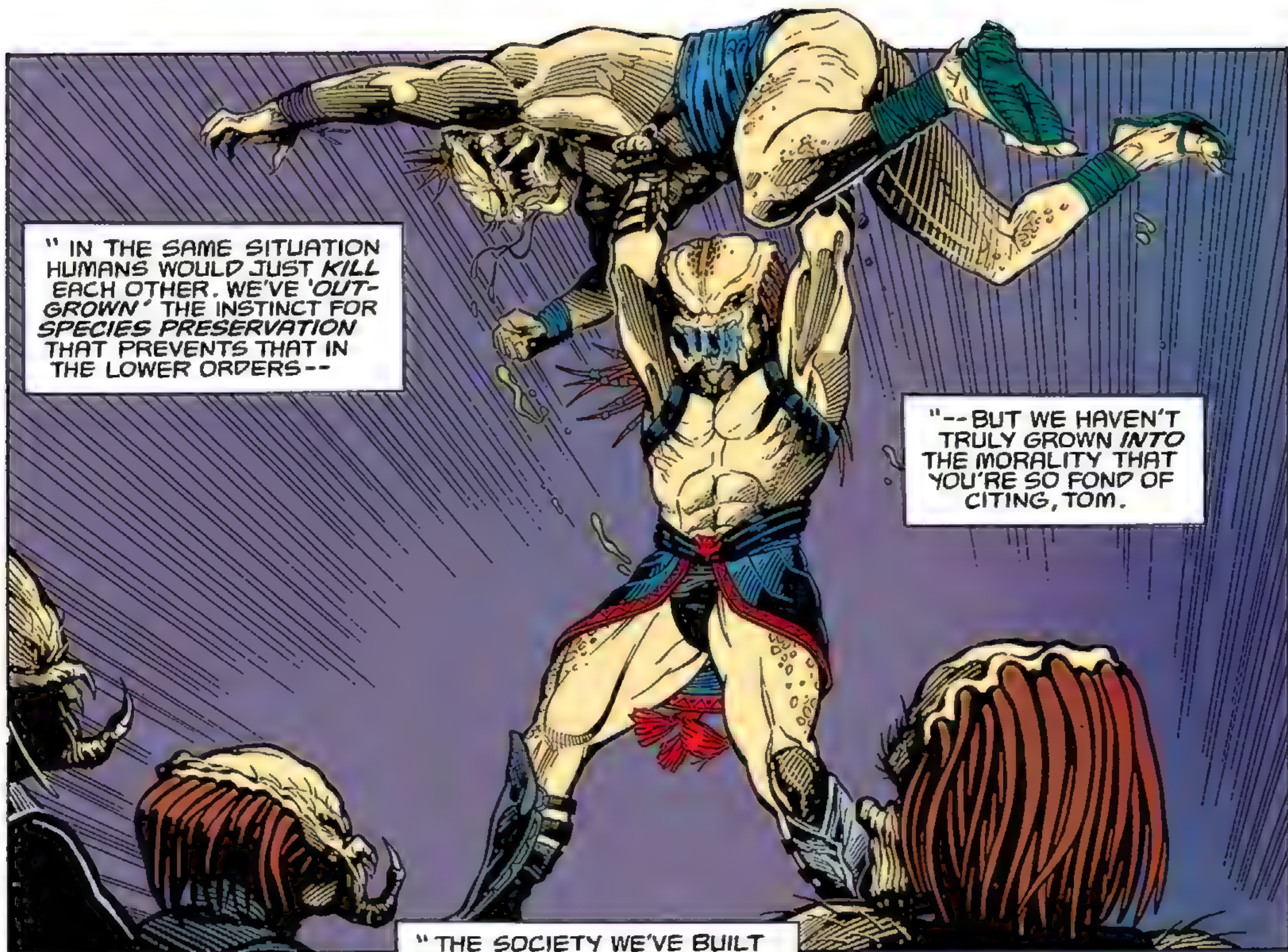


"AT LEAST IF I BUST A GUY
IN THE CHOPS, HE CLEARLY
UNDERSTANDS THAT I DON'T
LIKE WHAT HE'S DOING."



"THERE YOU GO WITH YOUR
IDEALISM AGAIN. YOU'RE
TRYING TO ROMANTICIZE THIS
INTO TWO TIGERS BRAWLING
TO DETERMINE DOMINANCE--
OR RIGHTS TO A FAVORITE
HUNTING AREA."

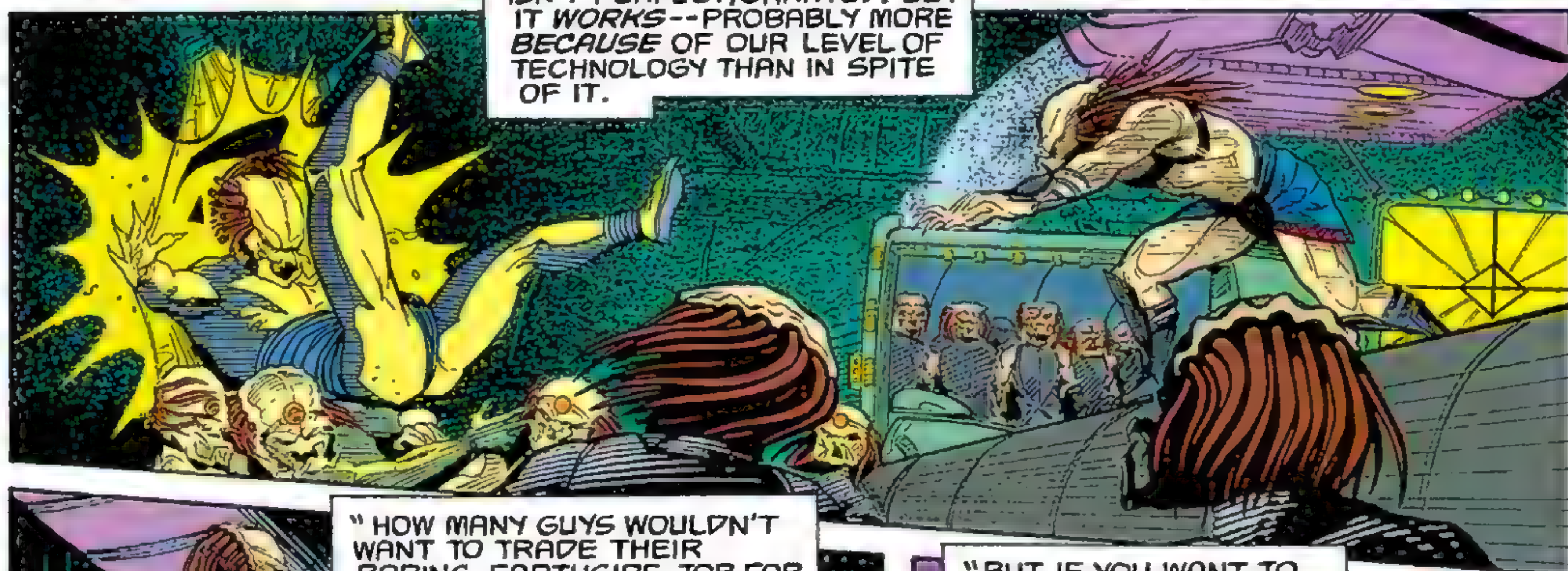




" IN THE SAME SITUATION HUMANS WOULD JUST KILL EACH OTHER. WE'VE 'OUT-GROWN' THE INSTINCT FOR SPECIES PRESERVATION THAT PREVENTS THAT IN THE LOWER ORDERS--

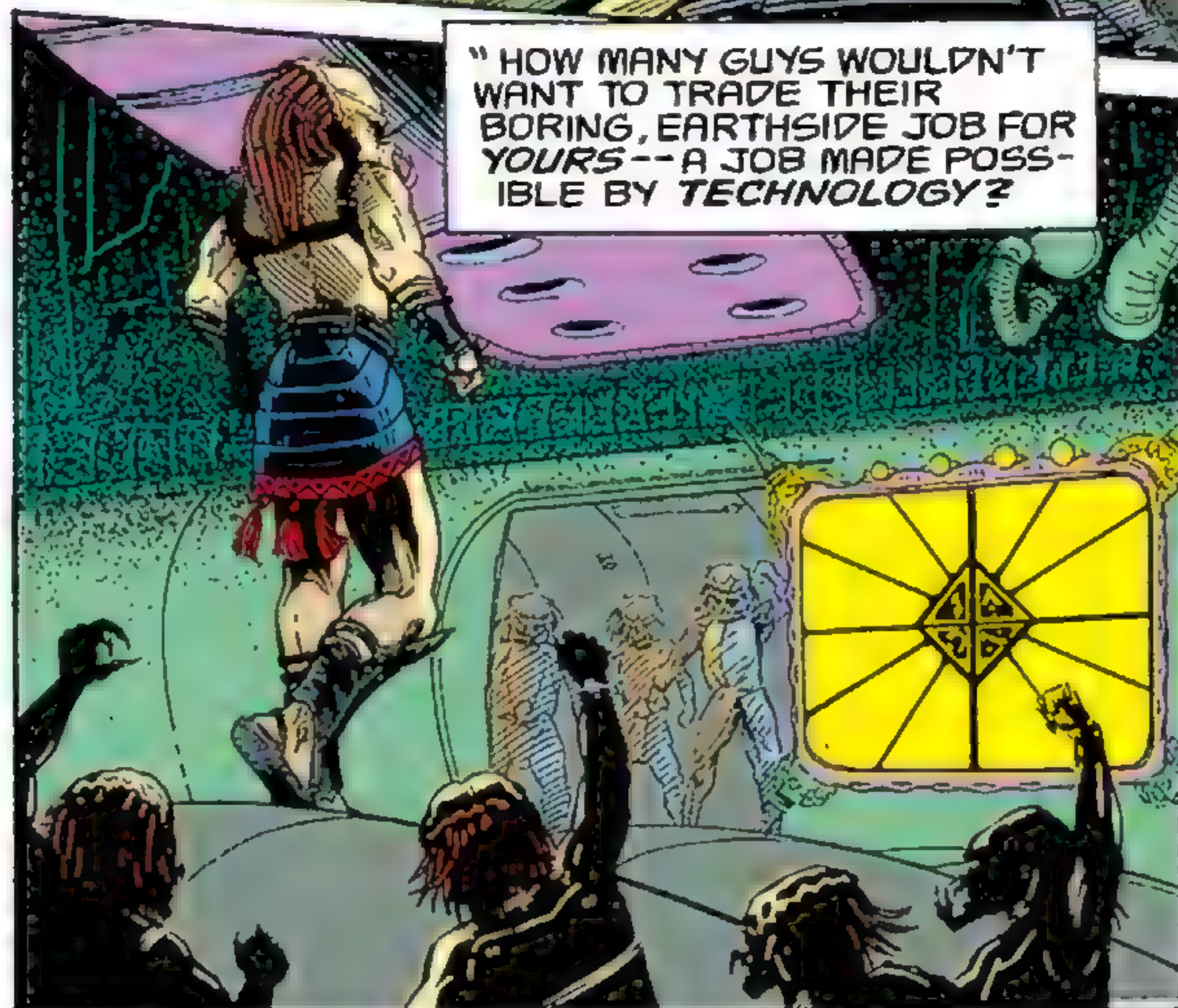
"-- BUT WE HAVEN'T TRULY GROWN INTO THE MORALITY THAT YOU'RE SO FOND OF CITING, TOM.

" THE SOCIETY WE'VE BUILT ISN'T PERFECT, GRANTED. BUT IT WORKS-- PROBABLY MORE BECAUSE OF OUR LEVEL OF TECHNOLOGY THAN IN SPITE OF IT.

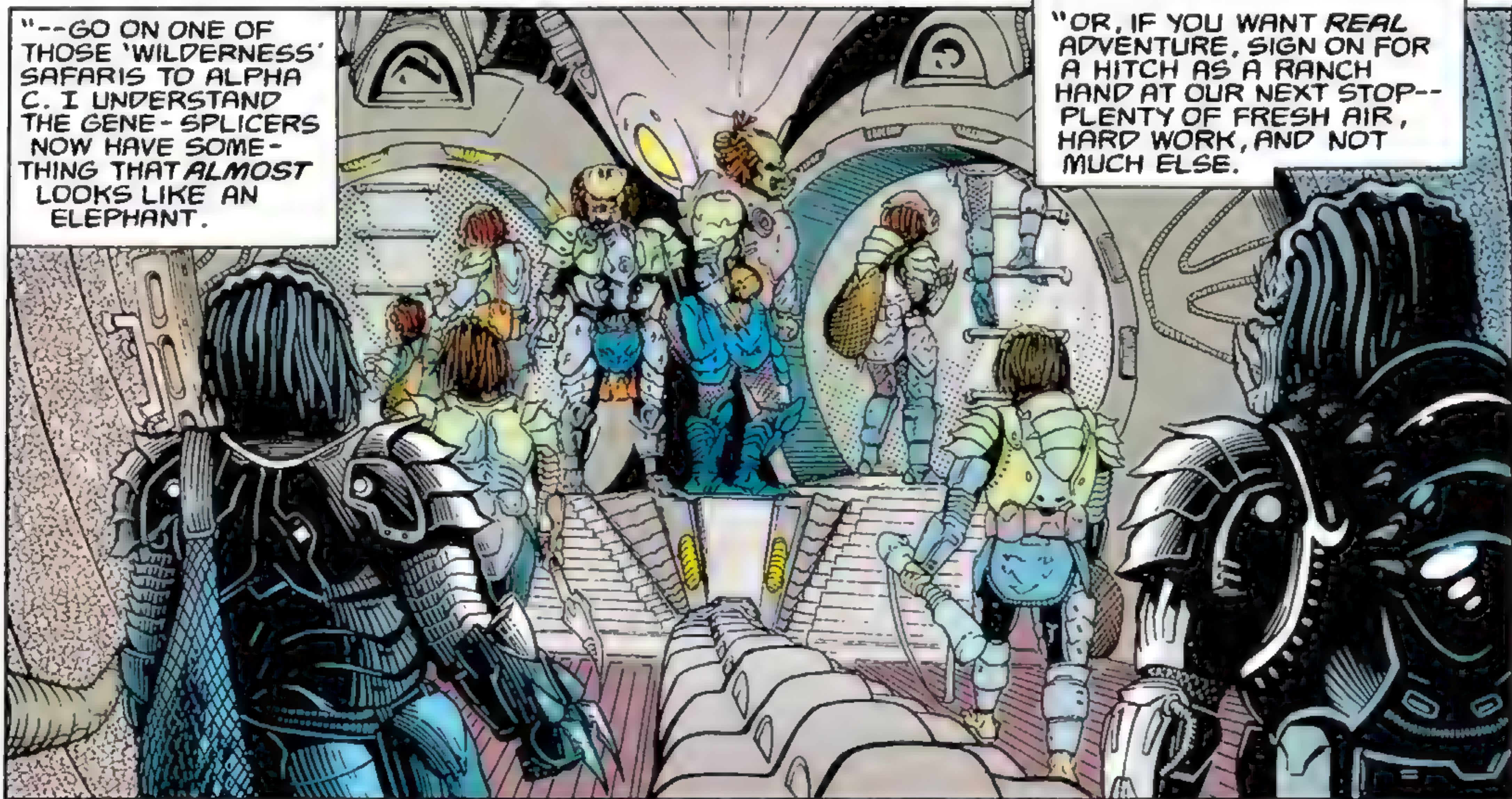


" HOW MANY GUYS WOULDN'T WANT TO TRADE THEIR BORING, EARTHSIDE JOB FOR YOURS-- A JOB MADE POSSIBLE BY TECHNOLOGY?

" BUT IF YOU WANT TO GET BACK TO NATURE, THERE ARE WAYS TO DO IT--

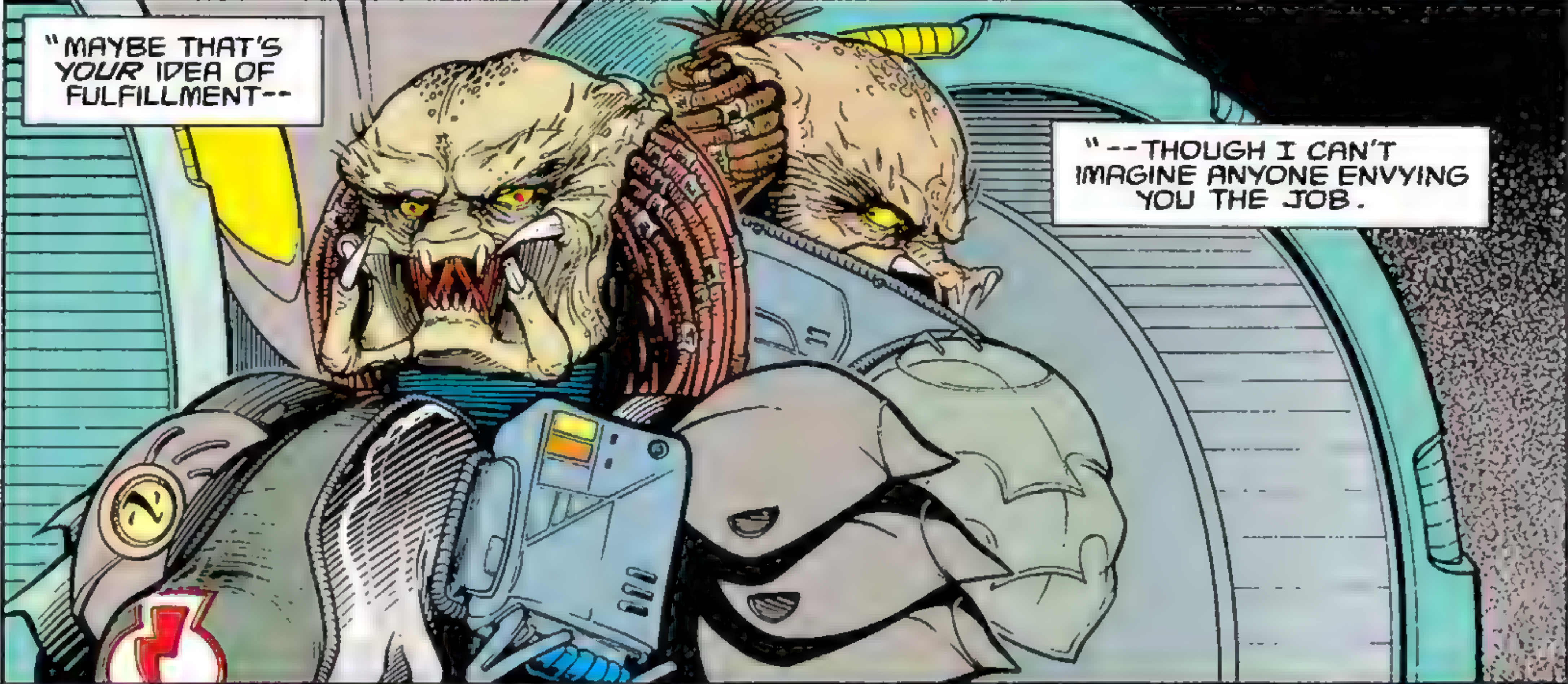


"--GO ON ONE OF THOSE 'WILDERNESS' SAFARIS TO ALPHA C. I UNDERSTAND THE GENE-SPLICERS NOW HAVE SOMETHING THAT ALMOST LOOKS LIKE AN ELEPHANT.

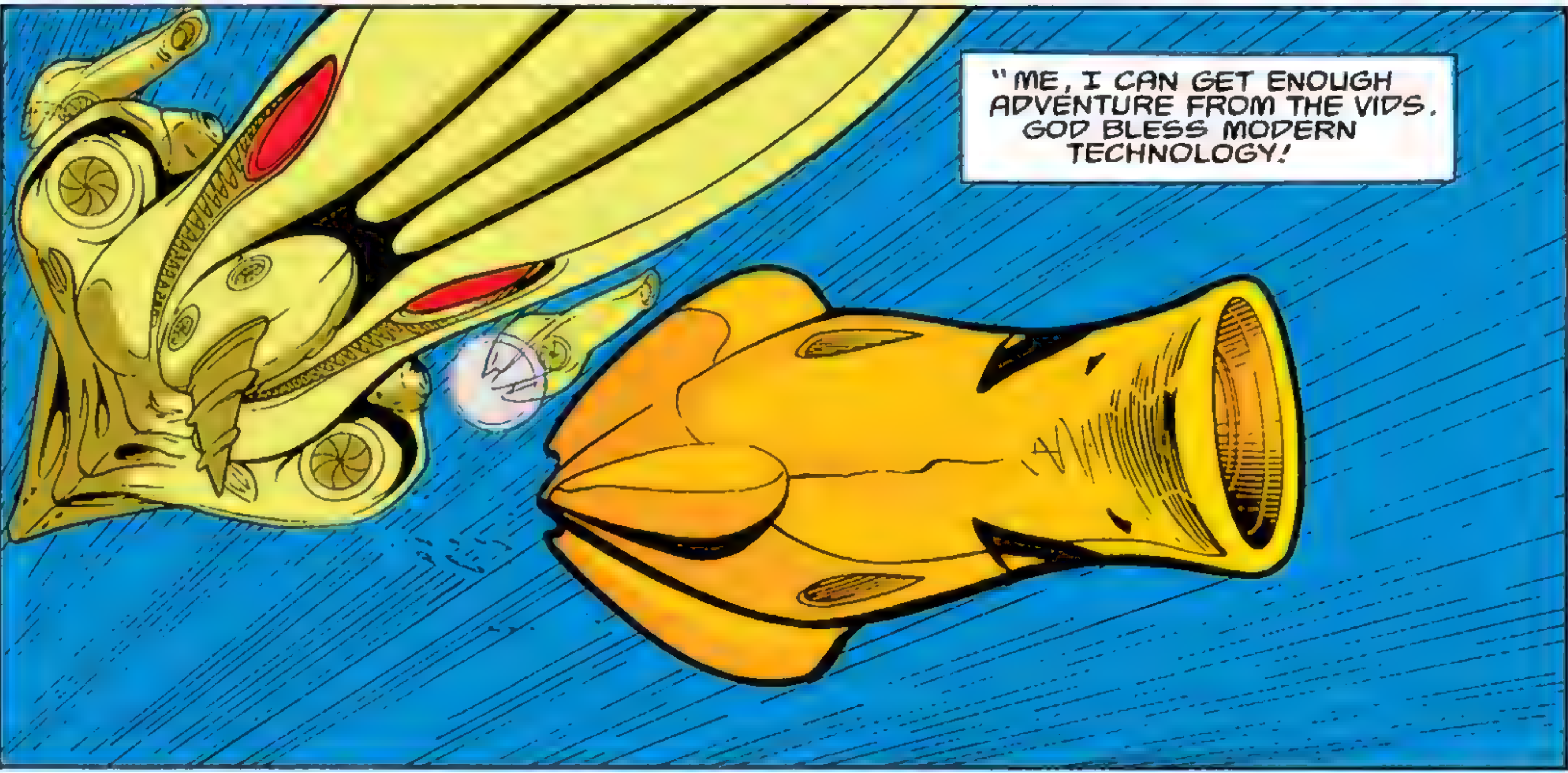


"OR, IF YOU WANT REAL ADVENTURE, SIGN ON FOR A HITCH AS A RANCH HAND AT OUR NEXT STOP-- PLENTY OF FRESH AIR, HARD WORK, AND NOT MUCH ELSE.

"MAYBE THAT'S YOUR IDEA OF FULFILLMENT--

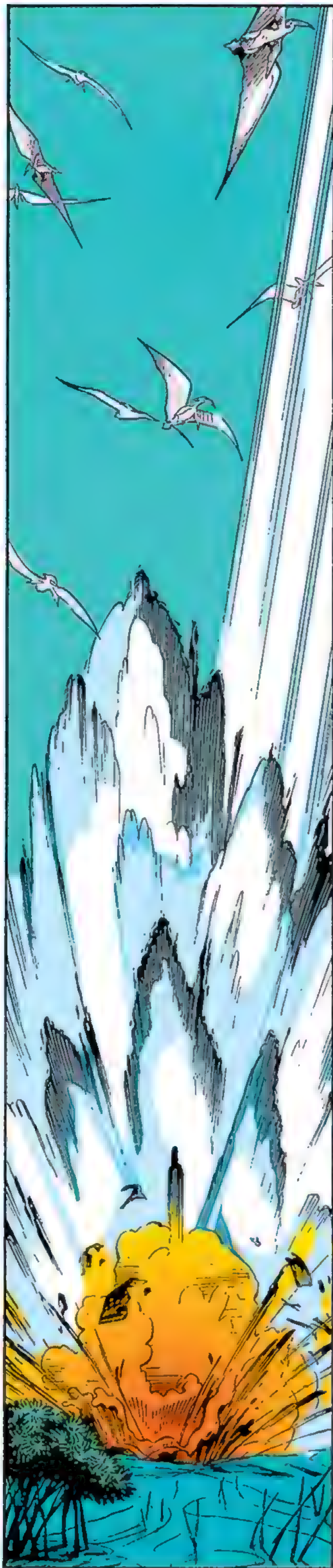


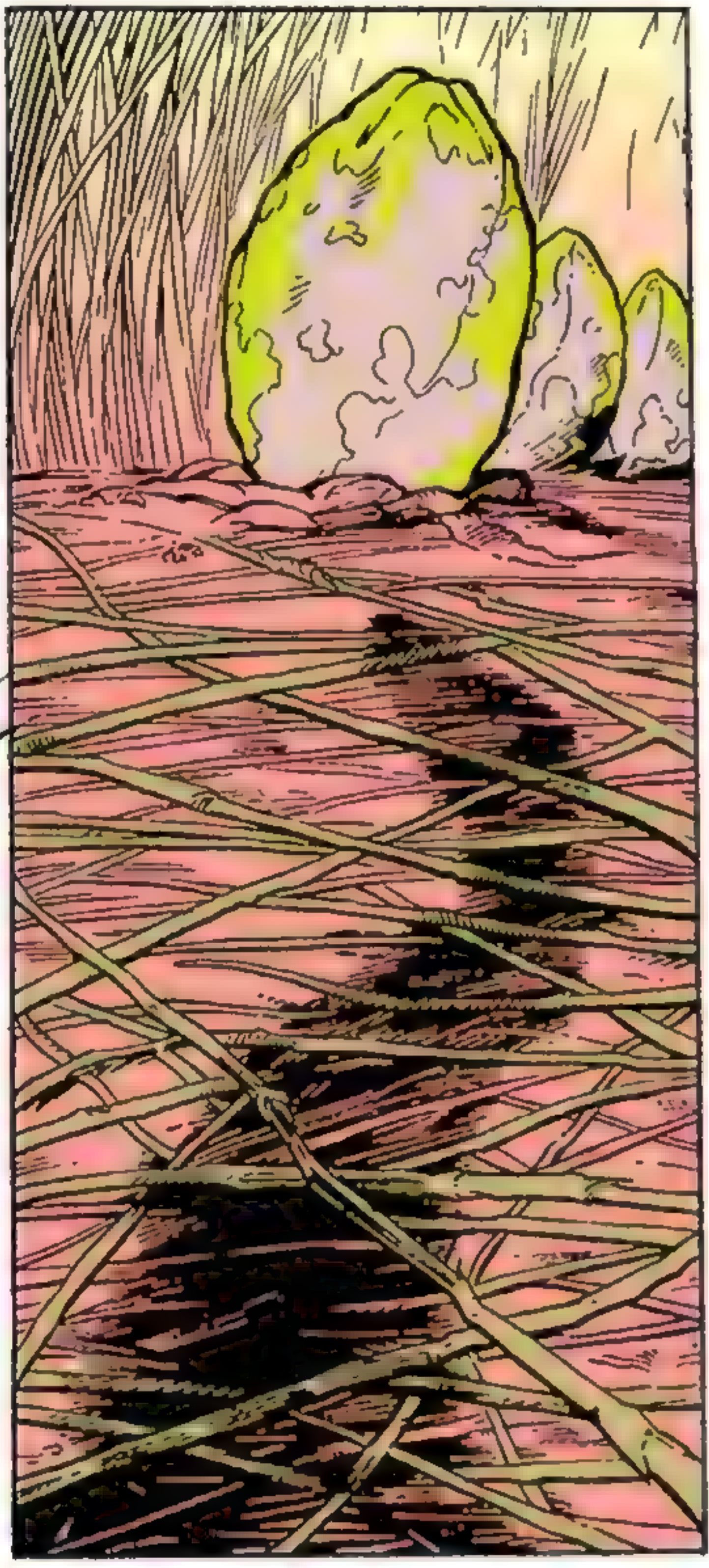
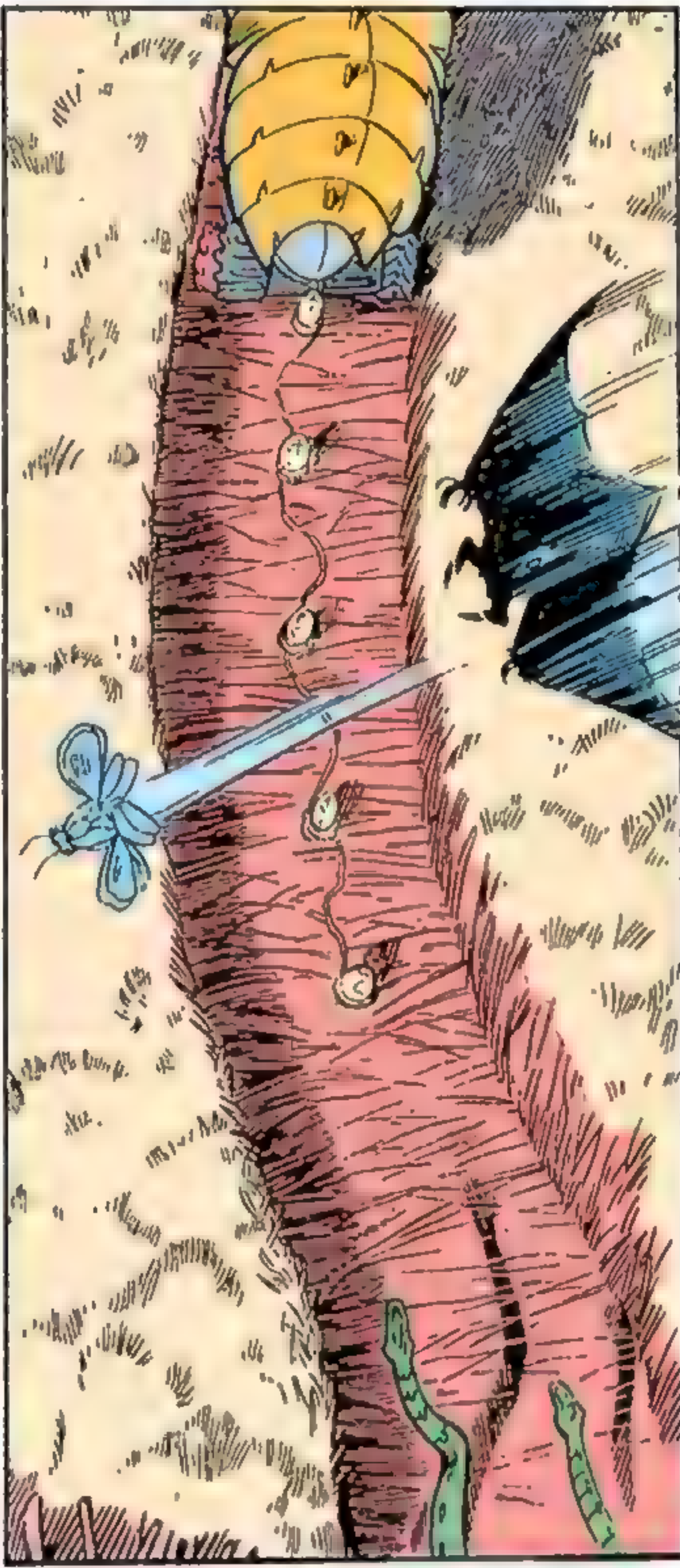
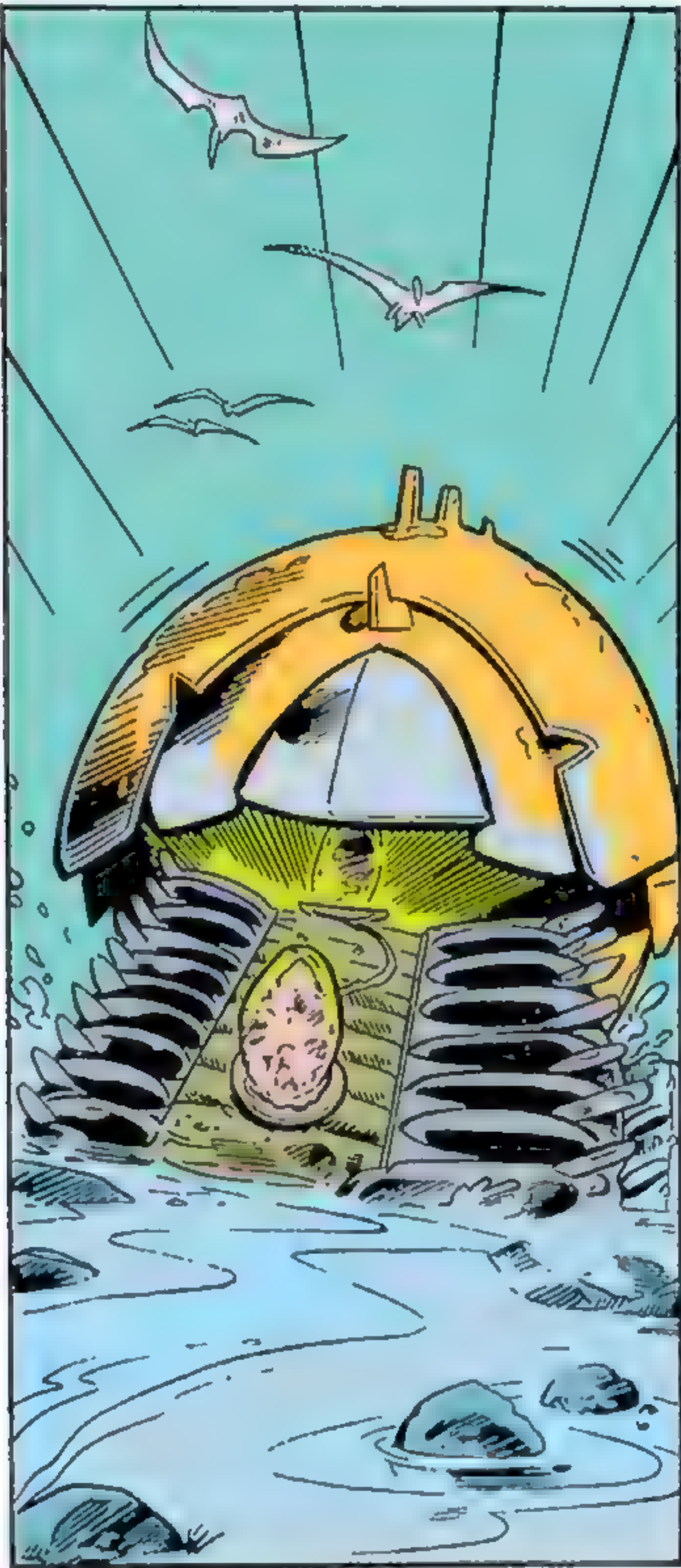
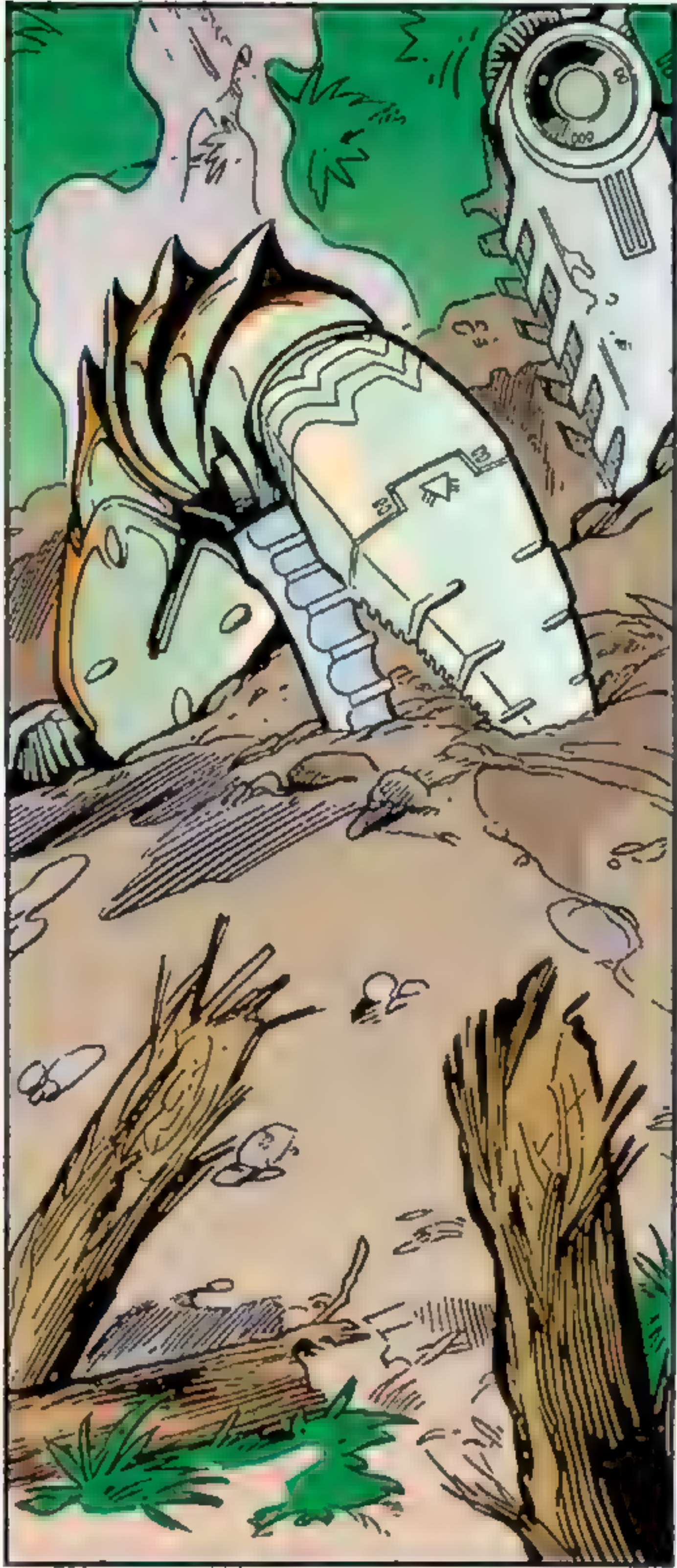
"--THOUGH I CAN'T IMAGINE ANYONE ENVYING YOU THE JOB.

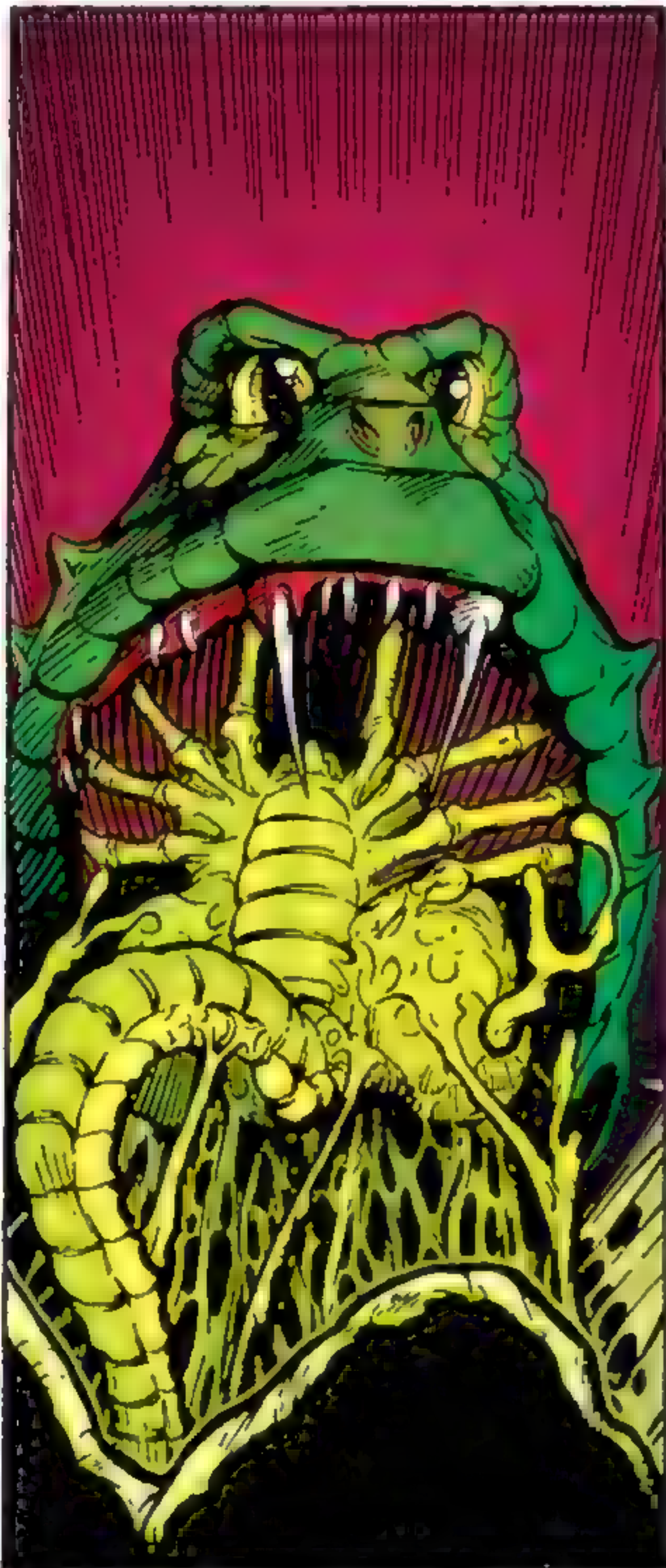
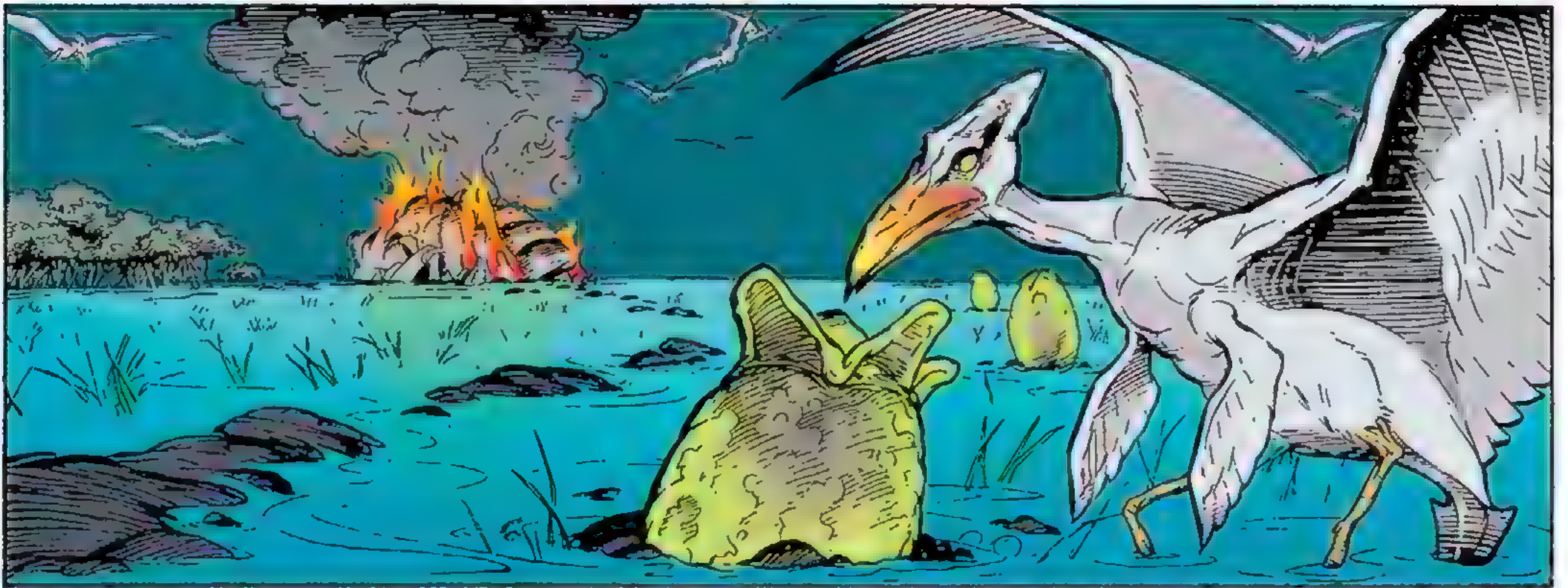
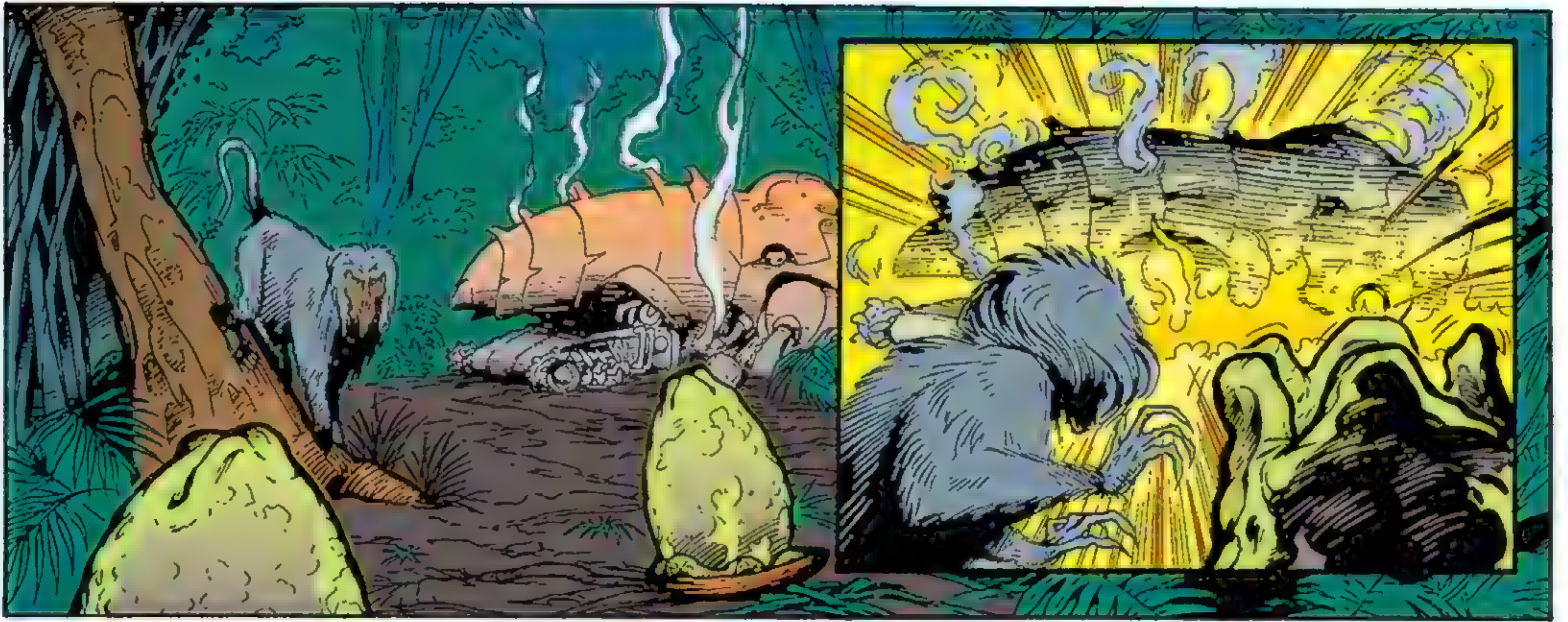


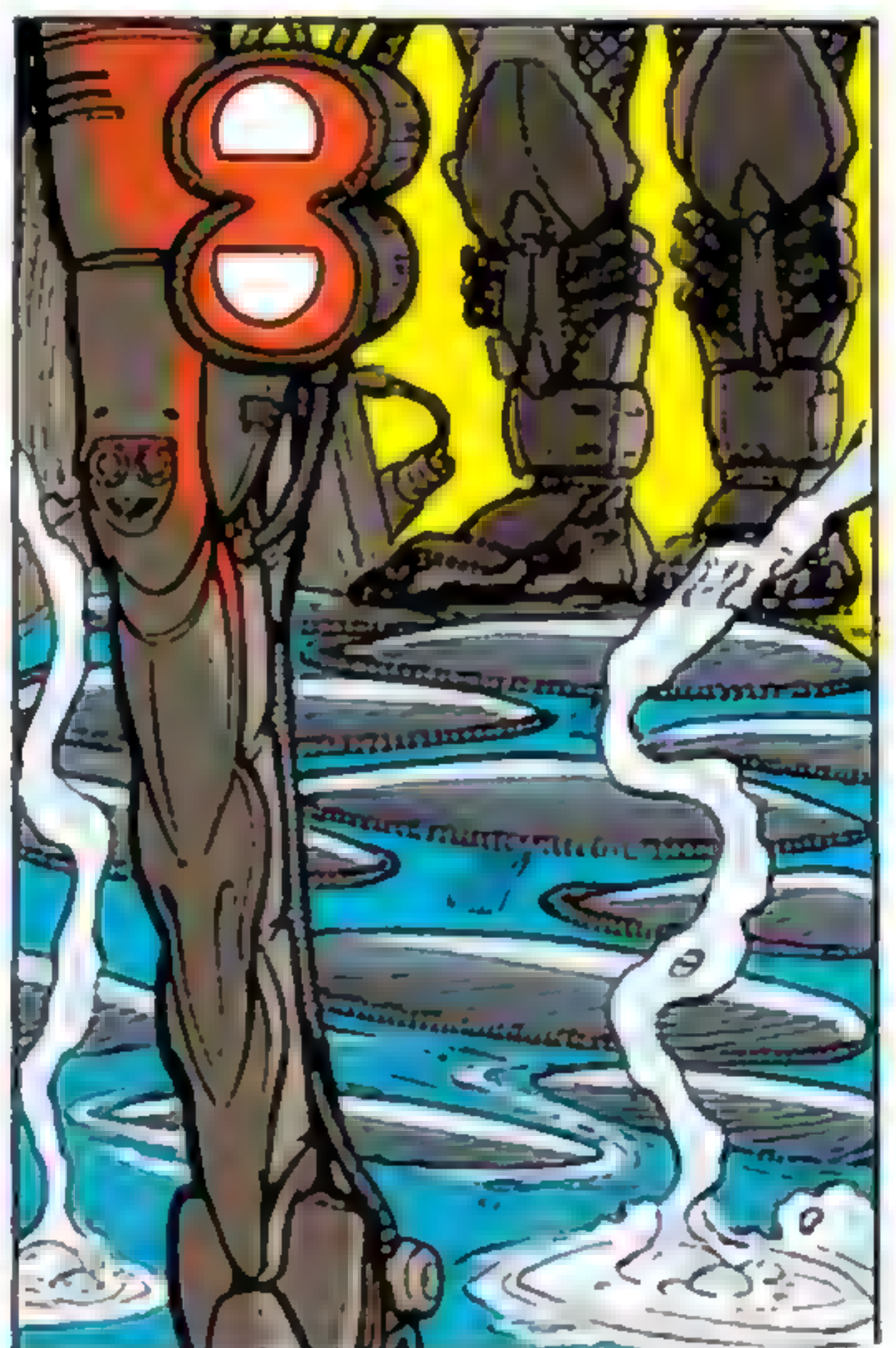
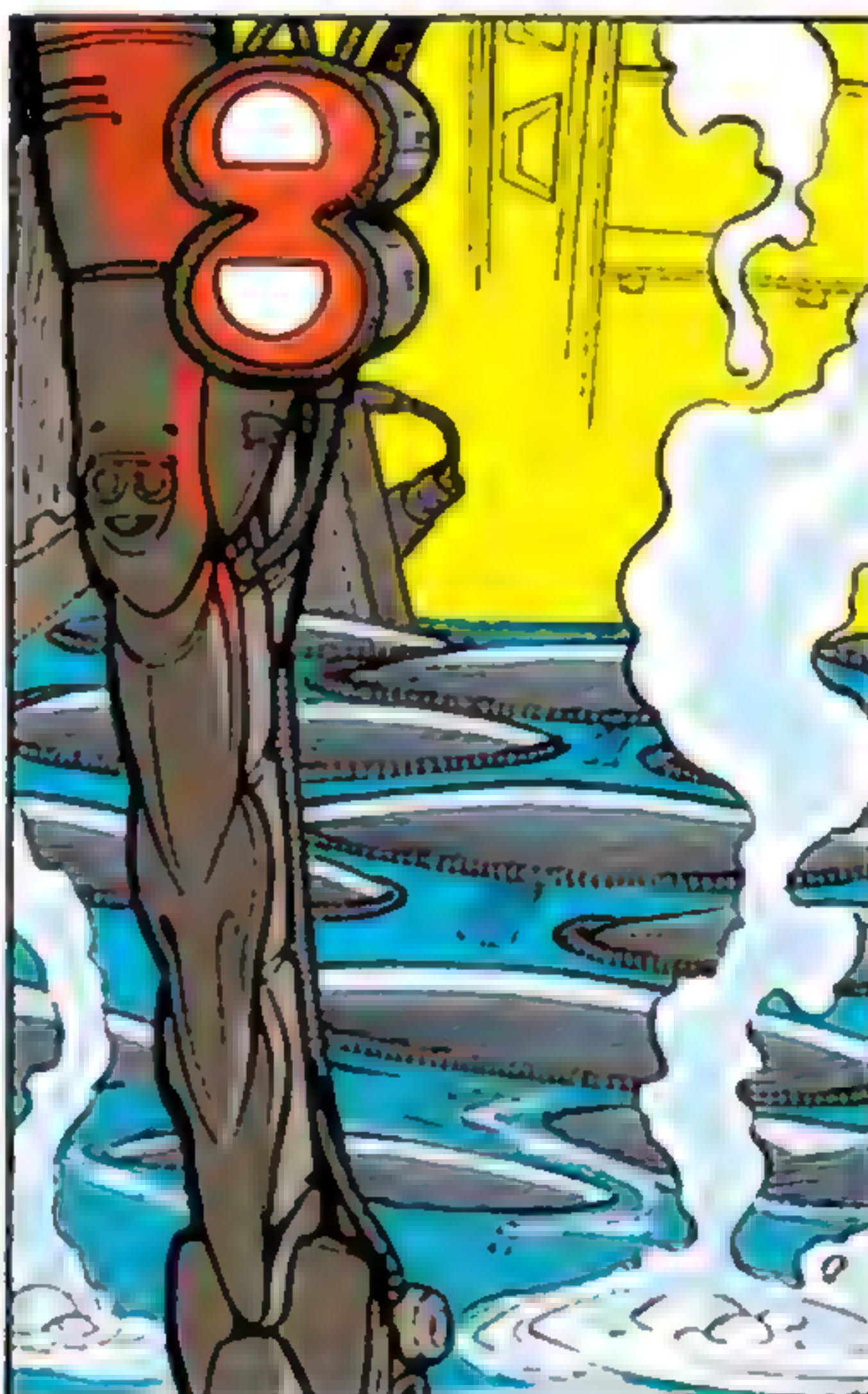
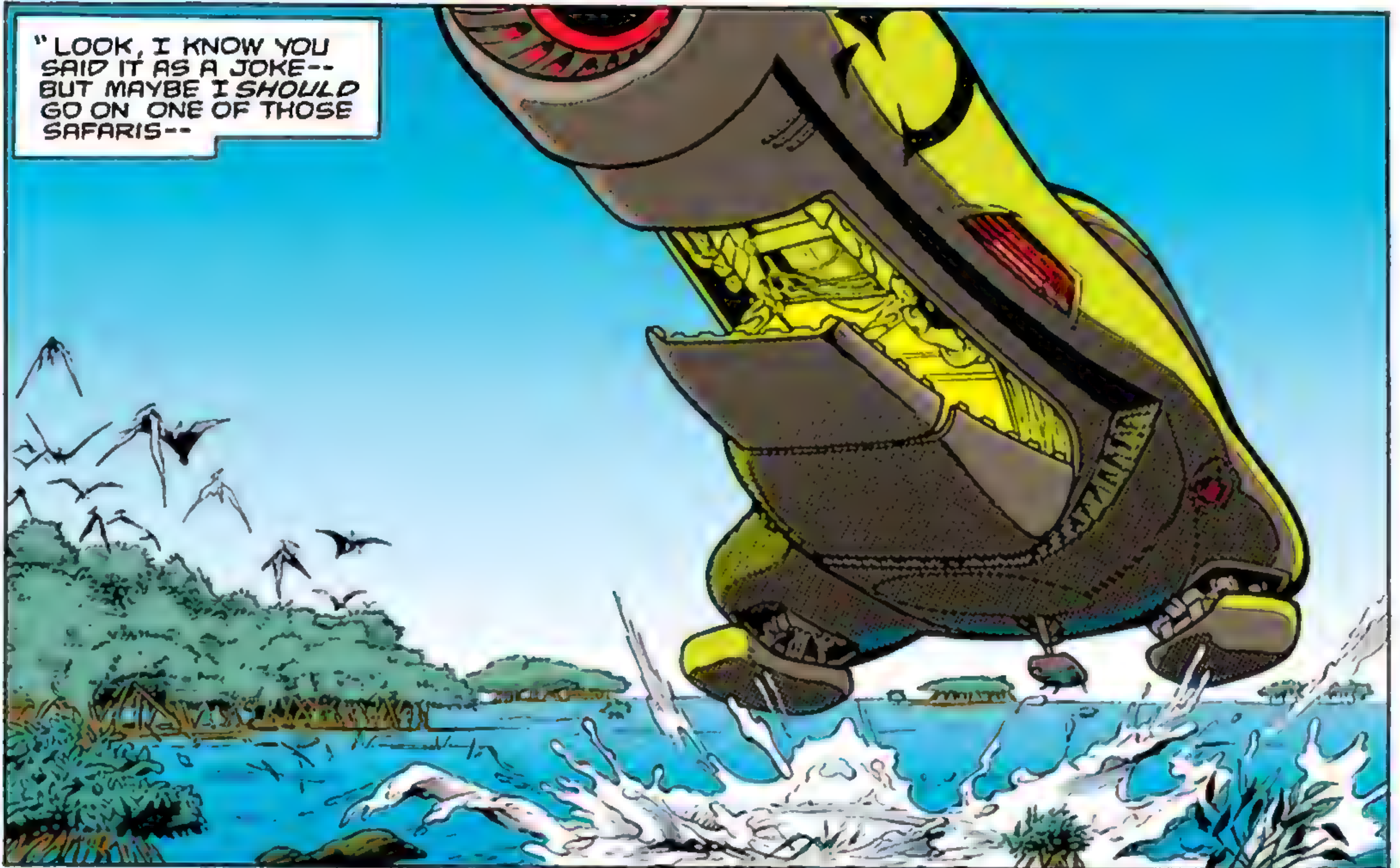
"ME, I CAN GET ENOUGH ADVENTURE FROM THE VIDS. GOD BLESS MODERN TECHNOLOGY!"









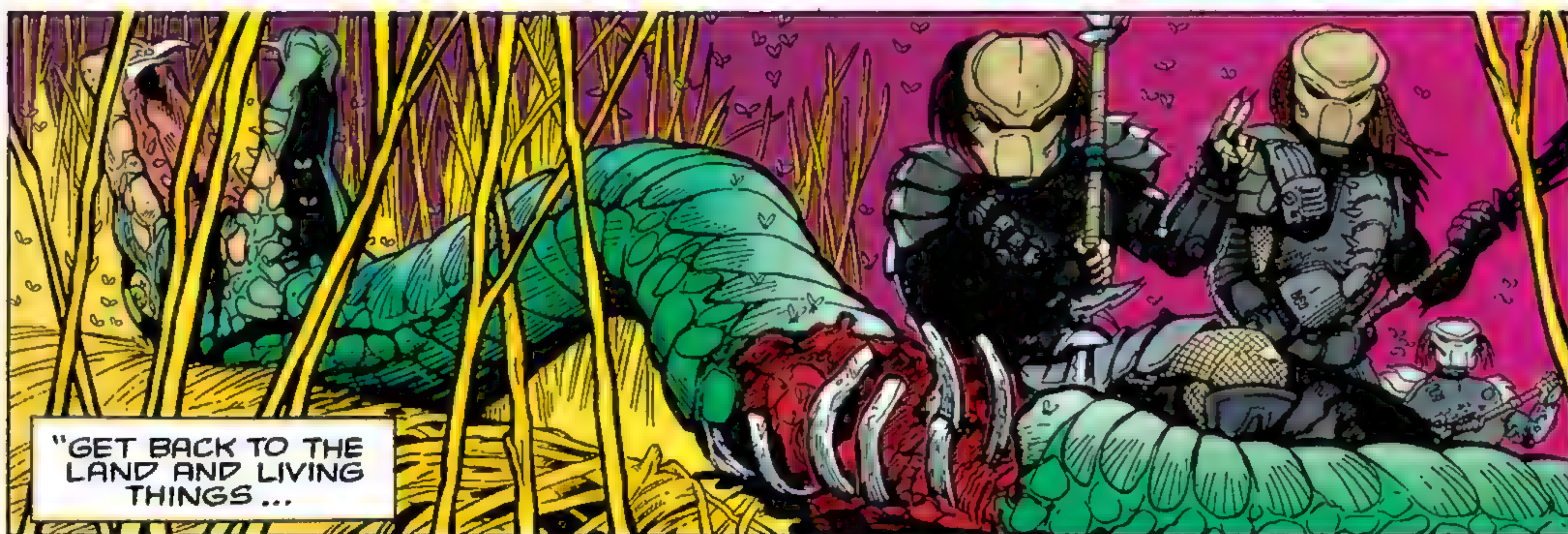




"MAYBE IT'LL TURN OUT THAT YOU'RE RIGHT, AND I WOULDN'T LIKE IT, BUT I SHOULD AT LEAST GIVE IT A TRY."



"A CHANGE OF SCENERY MIGHT BE JUST WHAT I NEED..."

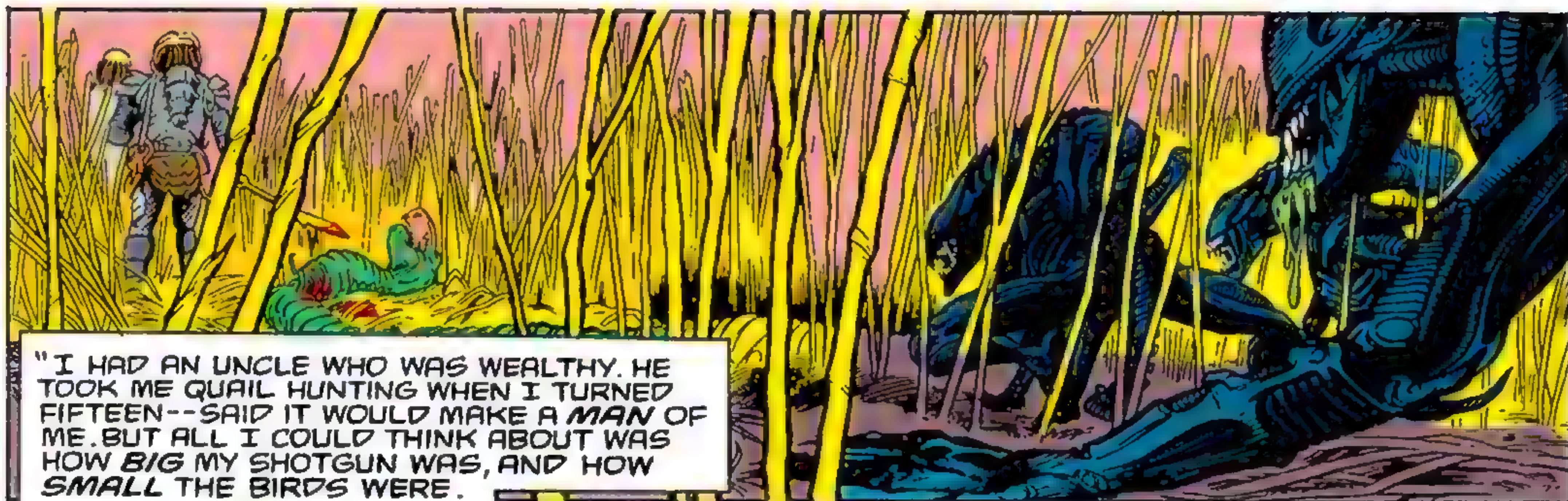


"GET BACK TO THE LAND AND LIVING THINGS ..."

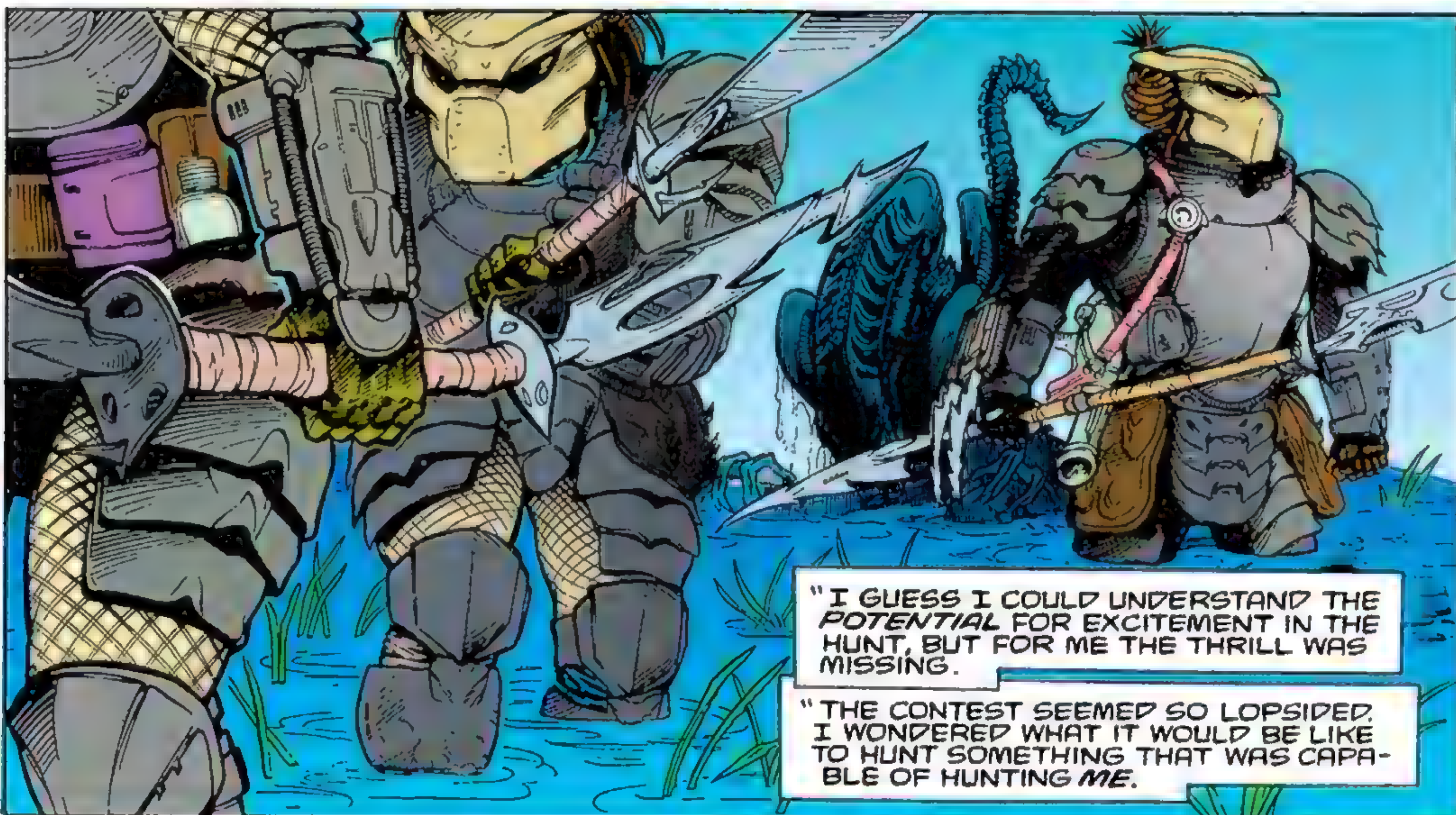


"GET SOME ADVENTURE AND UNCERTAINTY BACK INTO MY LIFE."

"DID I EVER TELL YOU THAT I WENT HUNTING ONCE?"



"I HAD AN UNCLE WHO WAS WEALTHY. HE TOOK ME QUAIL HUNTING WHEN I TURNED FIFTEEN--SAID IT WOULD MAKE A *MAN* OF ME. BUT ALL I COULD THINK ABOUT WAS HOW *BIG* MY SHOTGUN WAS, AND HOW *SMALL* THE BIRDS WERE."



"I GUESS I COULD UNDERSTAND THE *POTENTIAL* FOR EXCITEMENT IN THE HUNT, BUT FOR ME THE THRILL WAS MISSING."

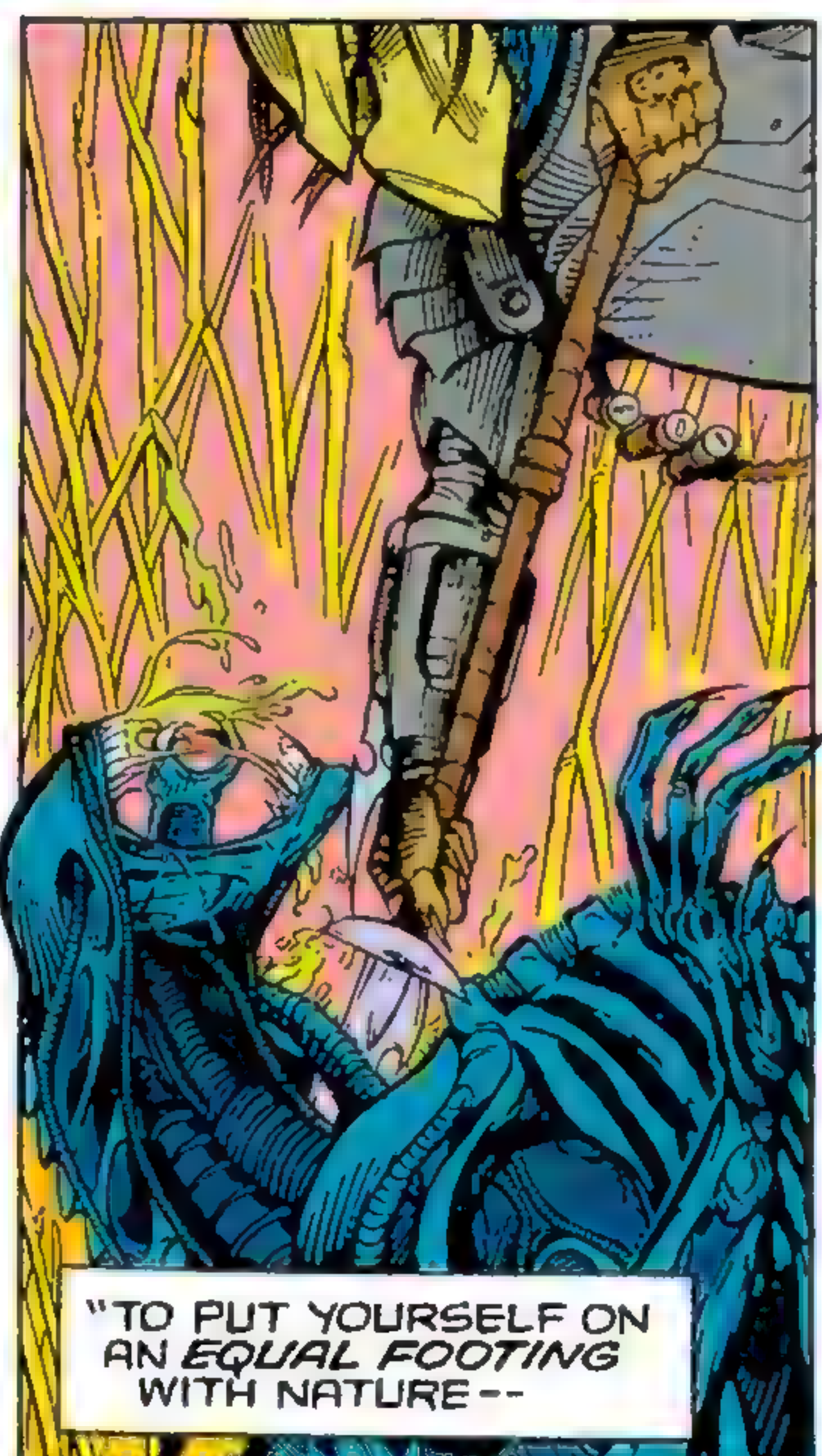
"THE CONTEST SEEMED SO LOPSIDED. I WONDERED WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO HUNT SOMETHING THAT WAS CAPABLE OF HUNTING *ME*."



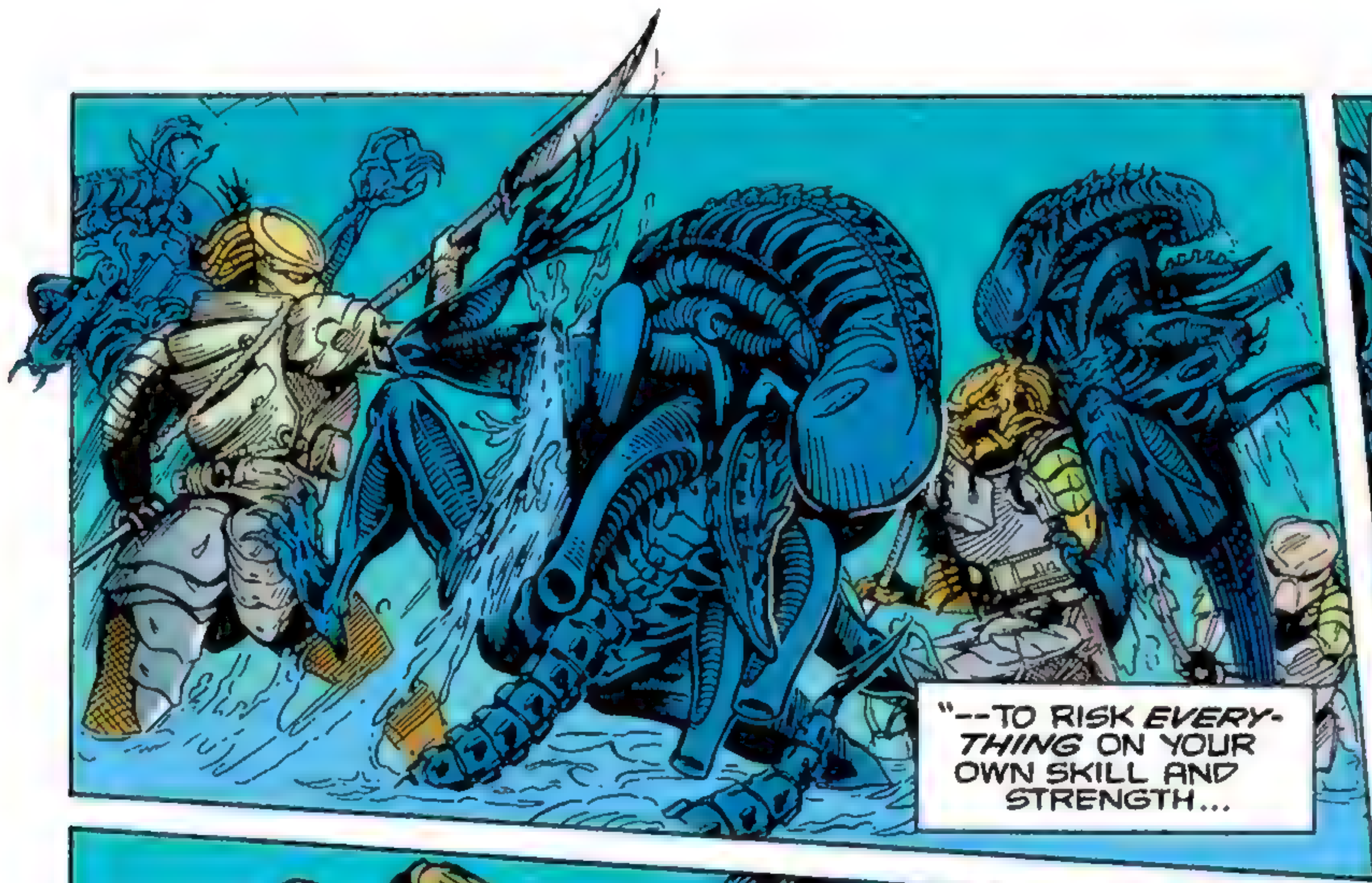
"THE CHALLENGE--"



"-- THE DANGER."



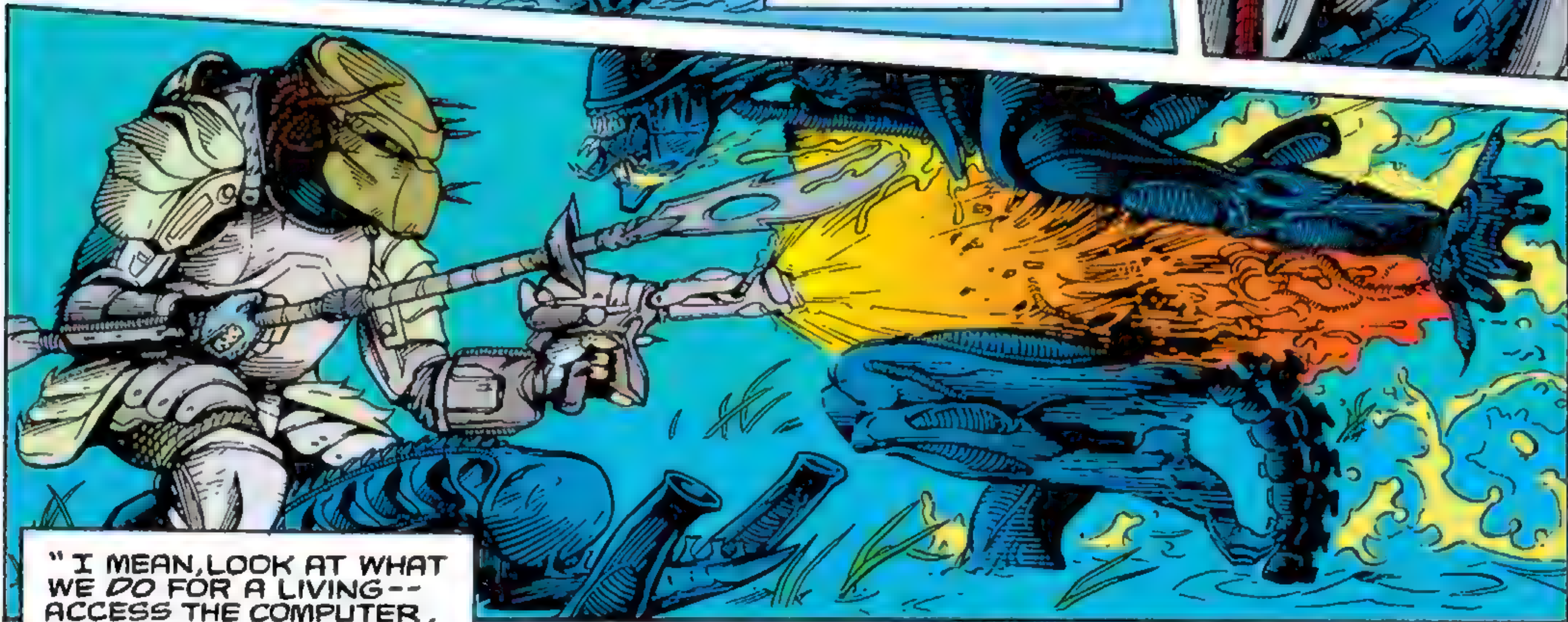
"TO PUT YOURSELF ON AN *EQUAL FOOTING* WITH NATURE--"



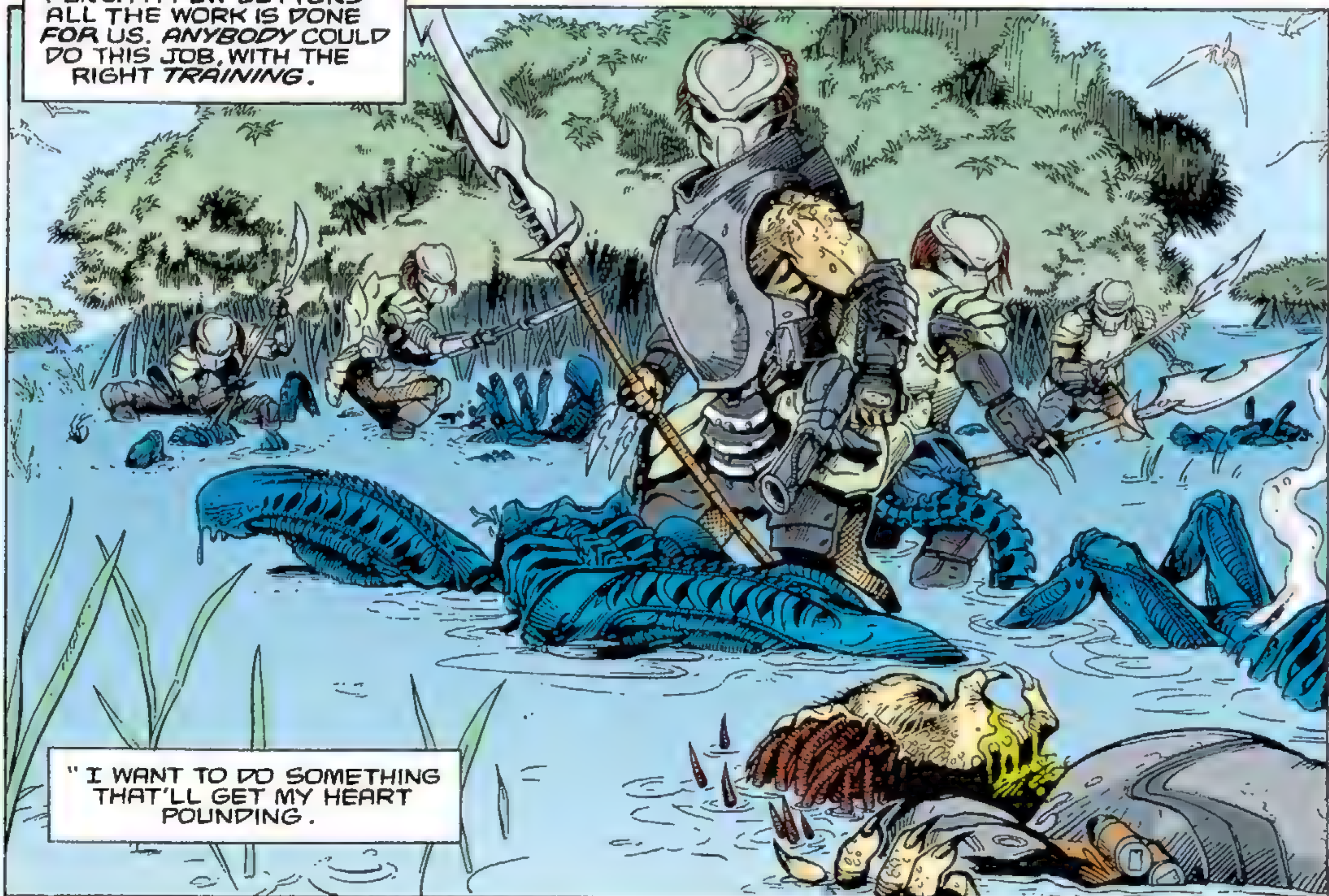
"--TO RISK EVERY-
THING ON YOUR
OWN SKILL AND
STRENGTH...



"...THAT'S GOT TO
BE THE *ULTIMATE*
THRILL!



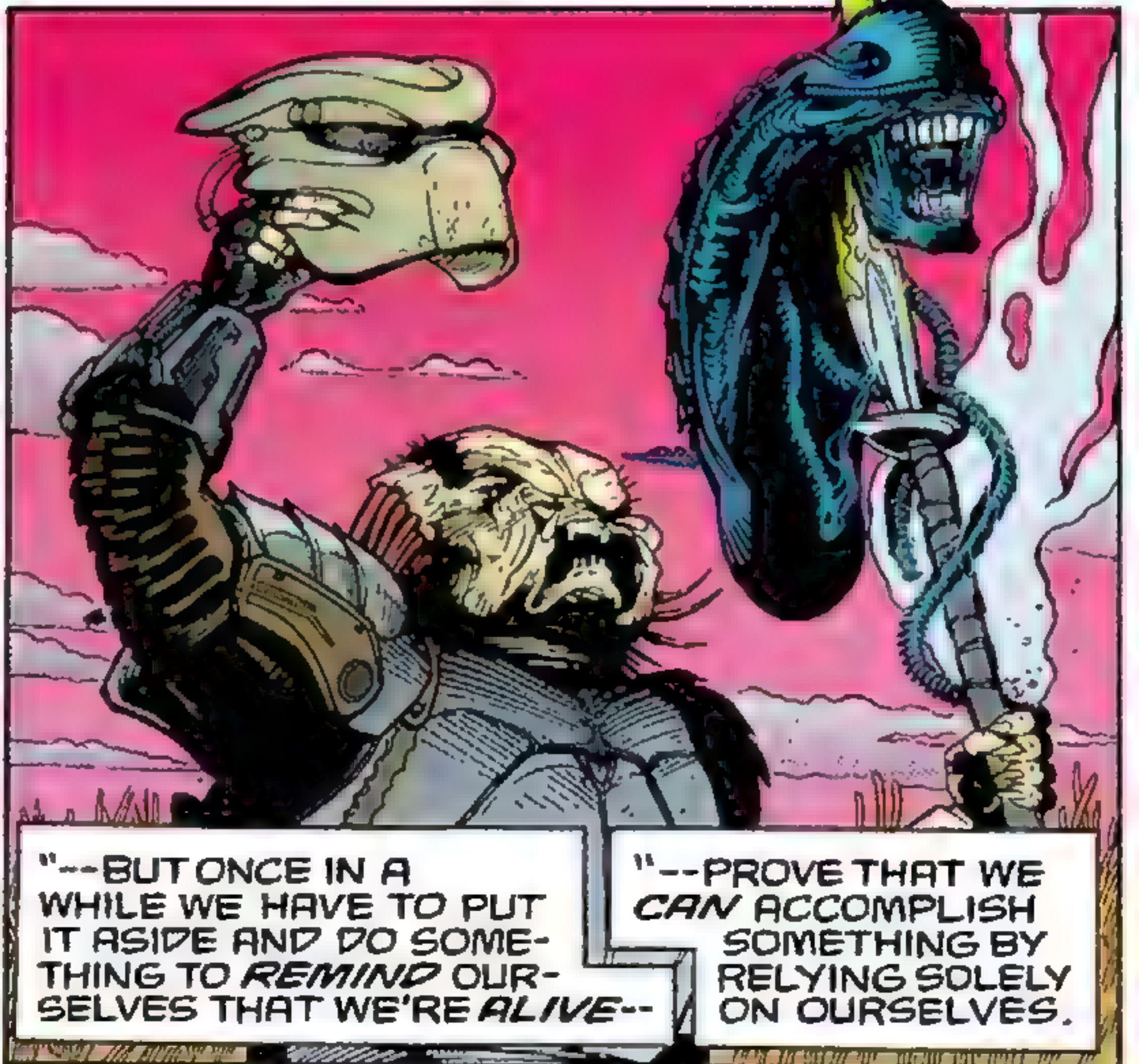
"I MEAN, LOOK AT WHAT
WE DO FOR A LIVING--
ACCESS THE COMPUTER,
PUNCH A FEW BUTTONS--
ALL THE WORK IS DONE
FOR US. ANYBODY COULD
DO THIS JOB, WITH THE
RIGHT *TRAINING*.



"I WANT TO DO SOMETHING
THAT'LL GET MY HEART
POUNDING.



"I GUESS THAT'S WHAT I MEANT BY MY ANTI-TECHNOLOGY TIRADE. IT'S NOT THAT TECHNOLOGY IS EVIL IN AND OF ITSELF--



"--BUT ONCE IN A WHILE WE HAVE TO PUT IT ASIDE AND DO SOMETHING TO REMIND OURSELVES THAT WE'RE ALIVE--

"--PROVE THAT WE CAN ACCOMPLISH SOMETHING BY RELYING SOLELY ON OURSELVES.



"I CAN'T HELP BUT THINK AN EXPERIENCE LIKE THAT WOULD CHANGE A PERSON--

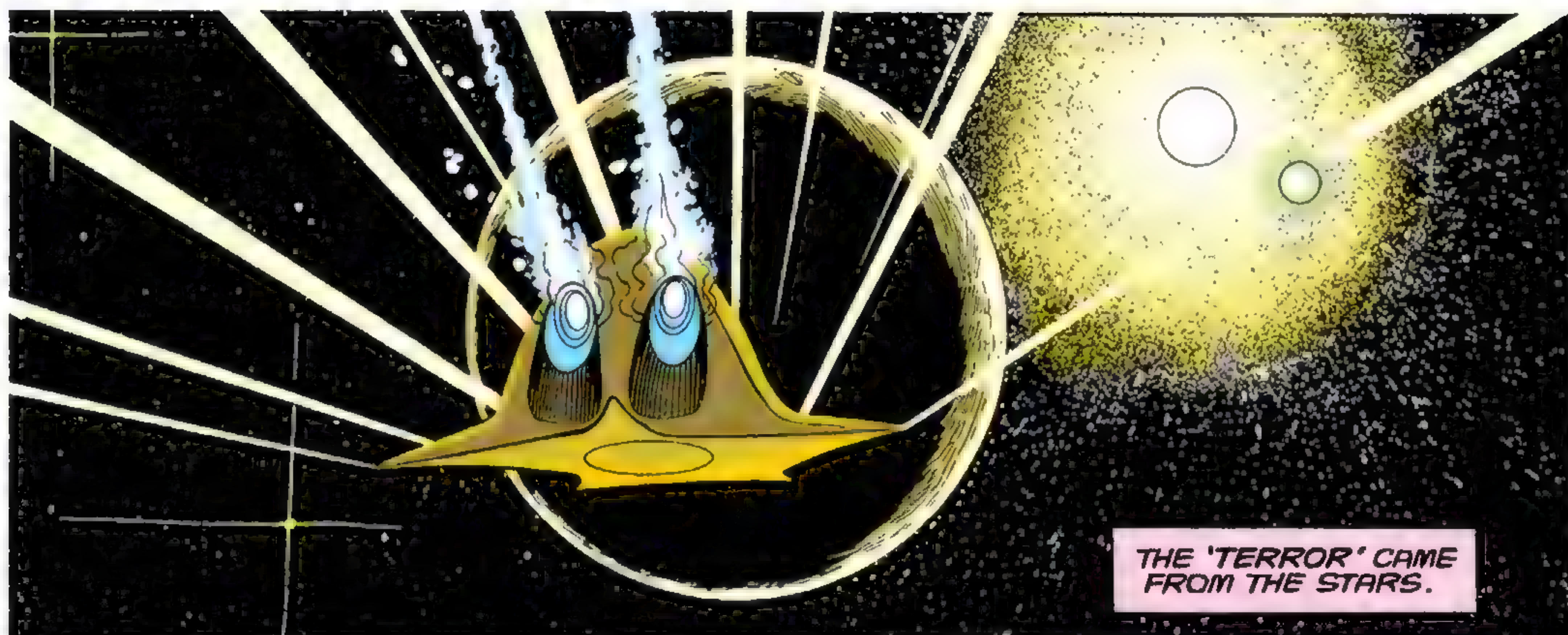
"--MAYBE NOT IN A WAY THAT OTHER PEOPLE WOULD NOTICE--

"--BUT IT WOULD BE SOMETHING YOU'D CARRY WITH YOU FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE."

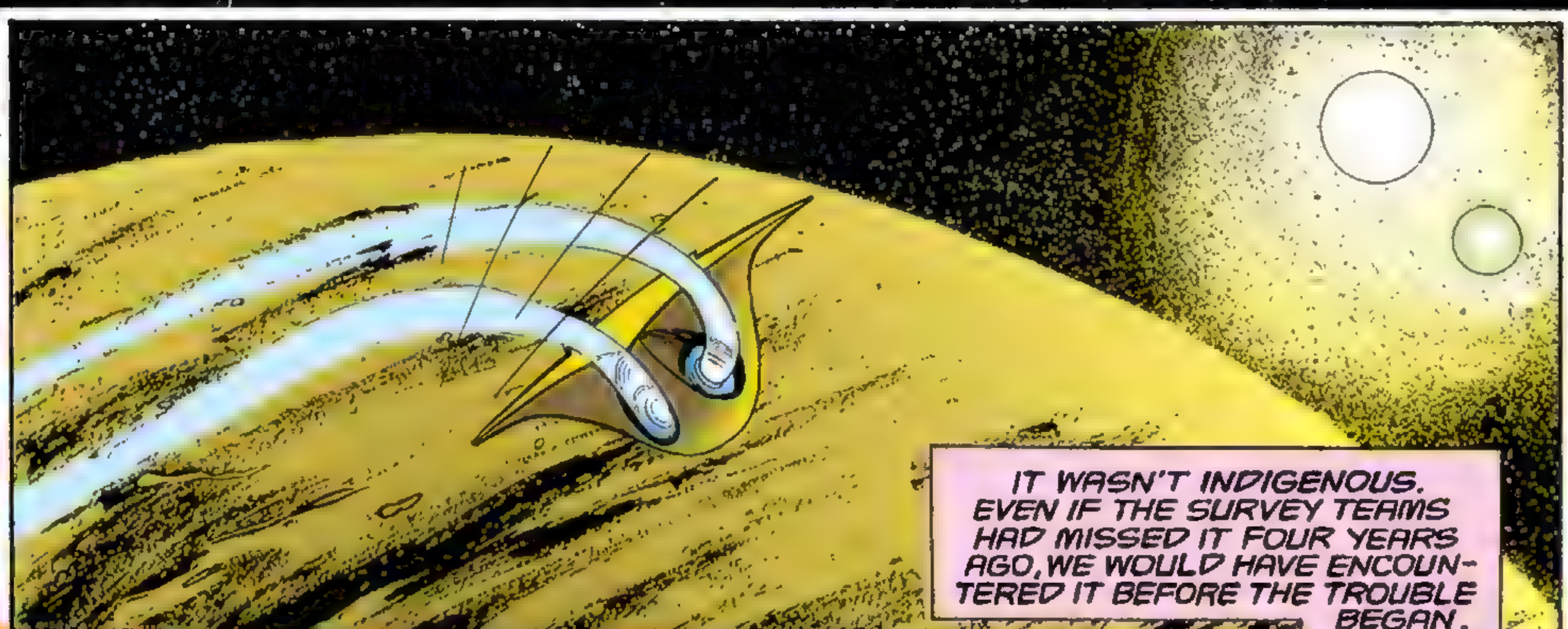


"I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, TOM. KINDA LIKE THE FIRST TIME YOU GET LAID, RIGHT? DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THAT? I WAS AT THIS PARTY, SEE, AND--"

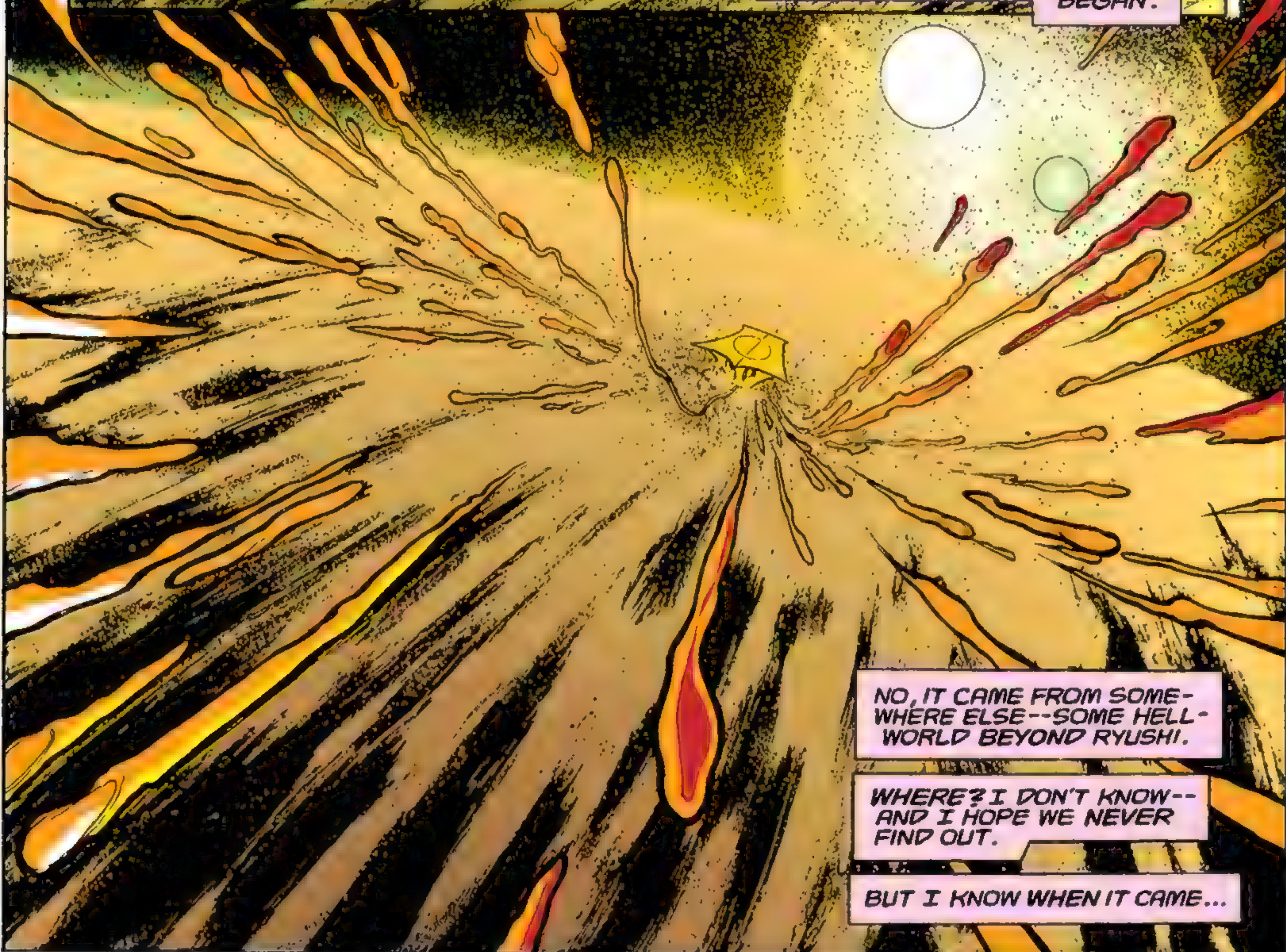
"OH, BROTHER..."



THE 'TERROR' CAME
FROM THE STARS.



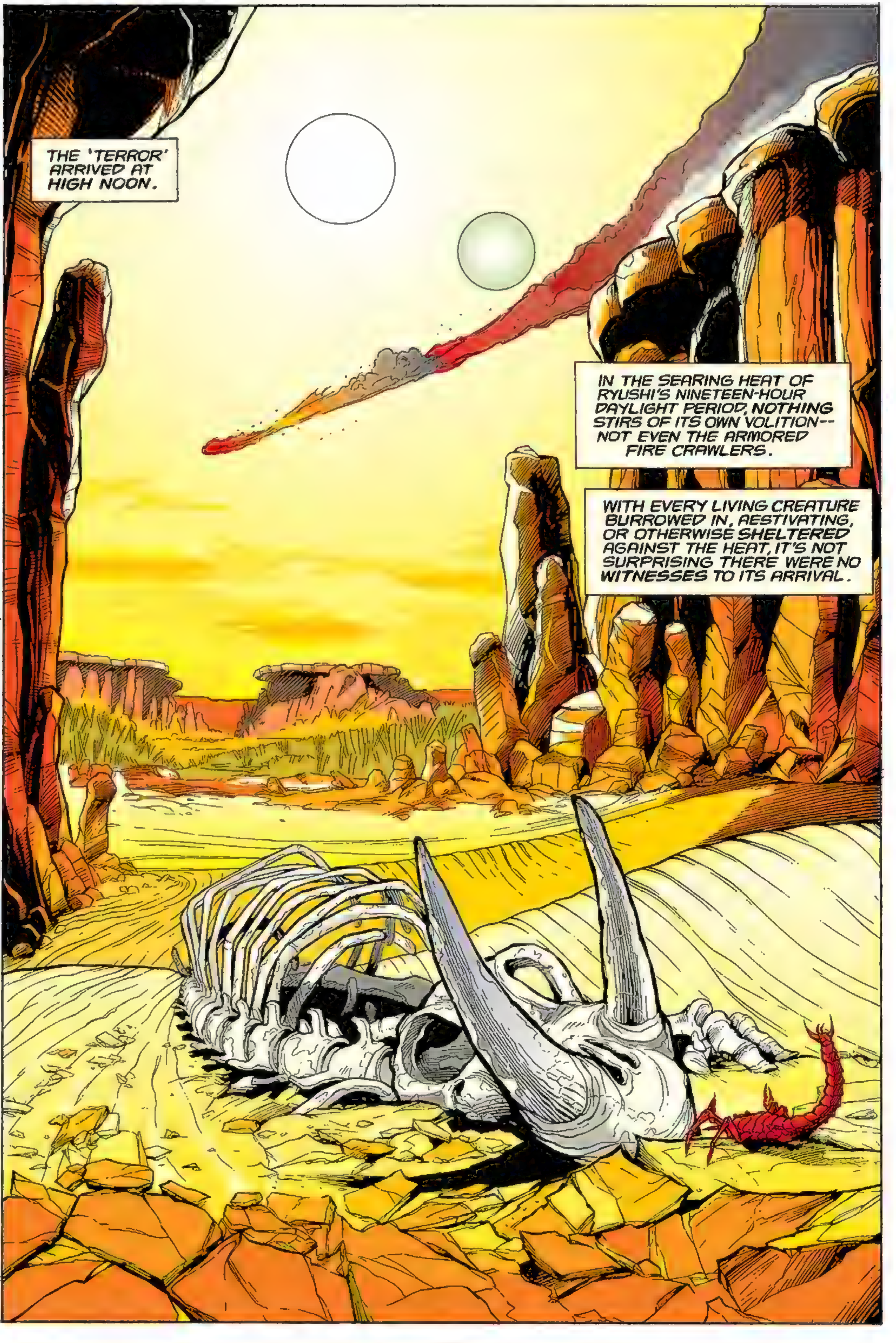
IT WASN'T INDIGENOUS.
EVEN IF THE SURVEY TEAMS
HAD MISSED IT FOUR YEARS
AGO, WE WOULD HAVE ENCOUN-
TERED IT BEFORE THE TROUBLE
BEGAN.



NO, IT CAME FROM SOME-
WHERE ELSE--SOME HELL-
WORLD BEYOND RYUSHI.

WHERE? I DON'T KNOW--
AND I HOPE WE NEVER
FIND OUT.

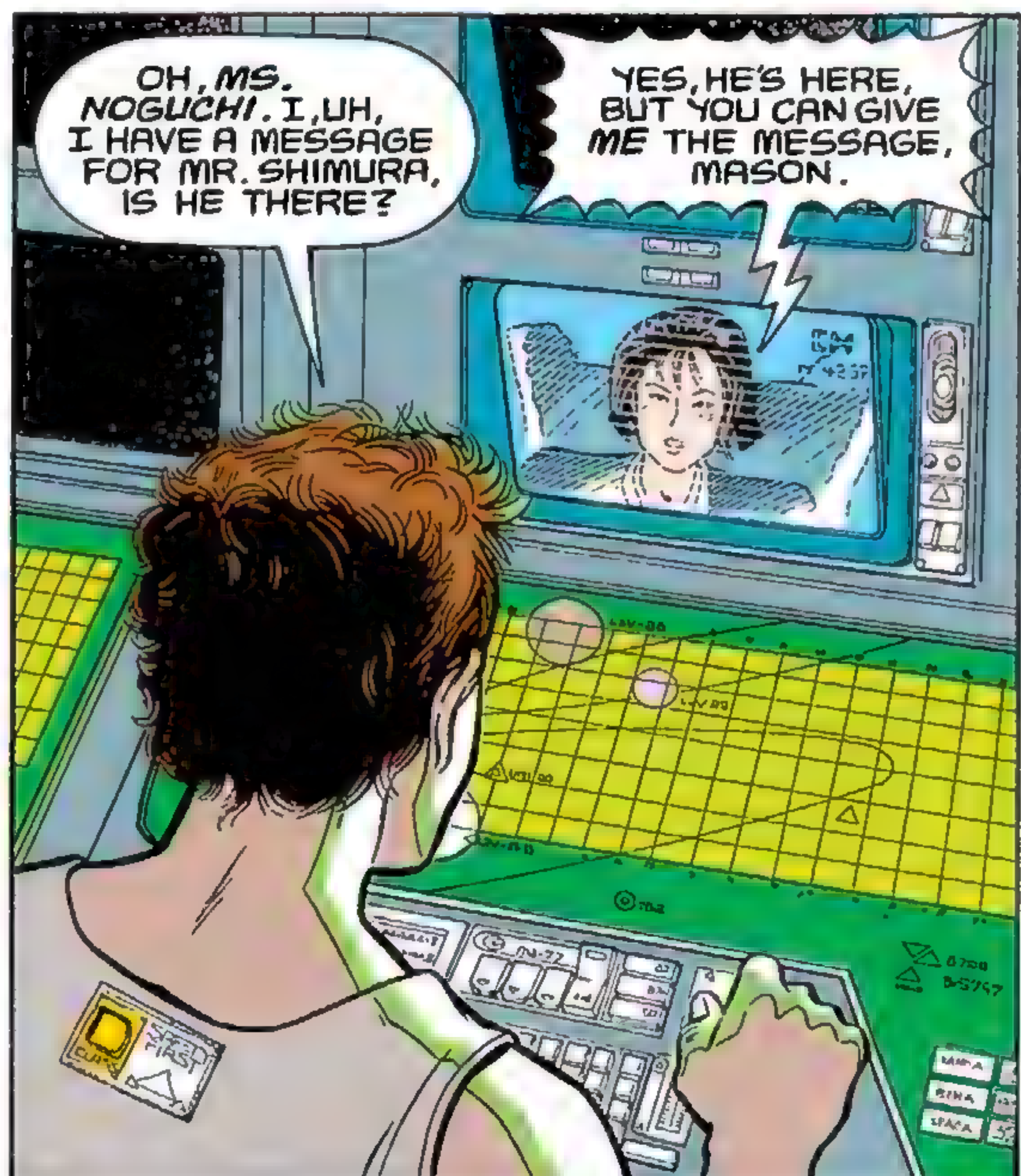
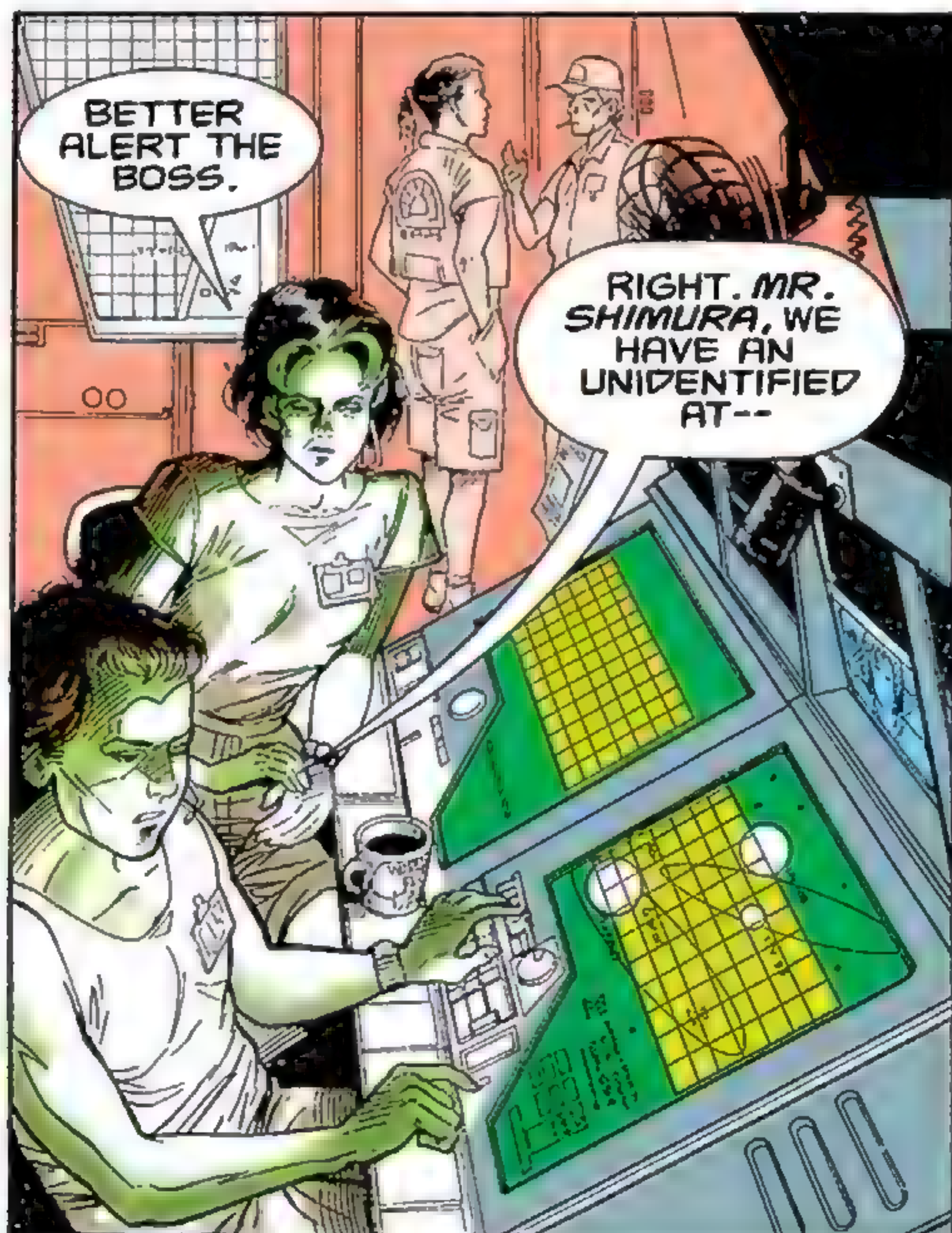
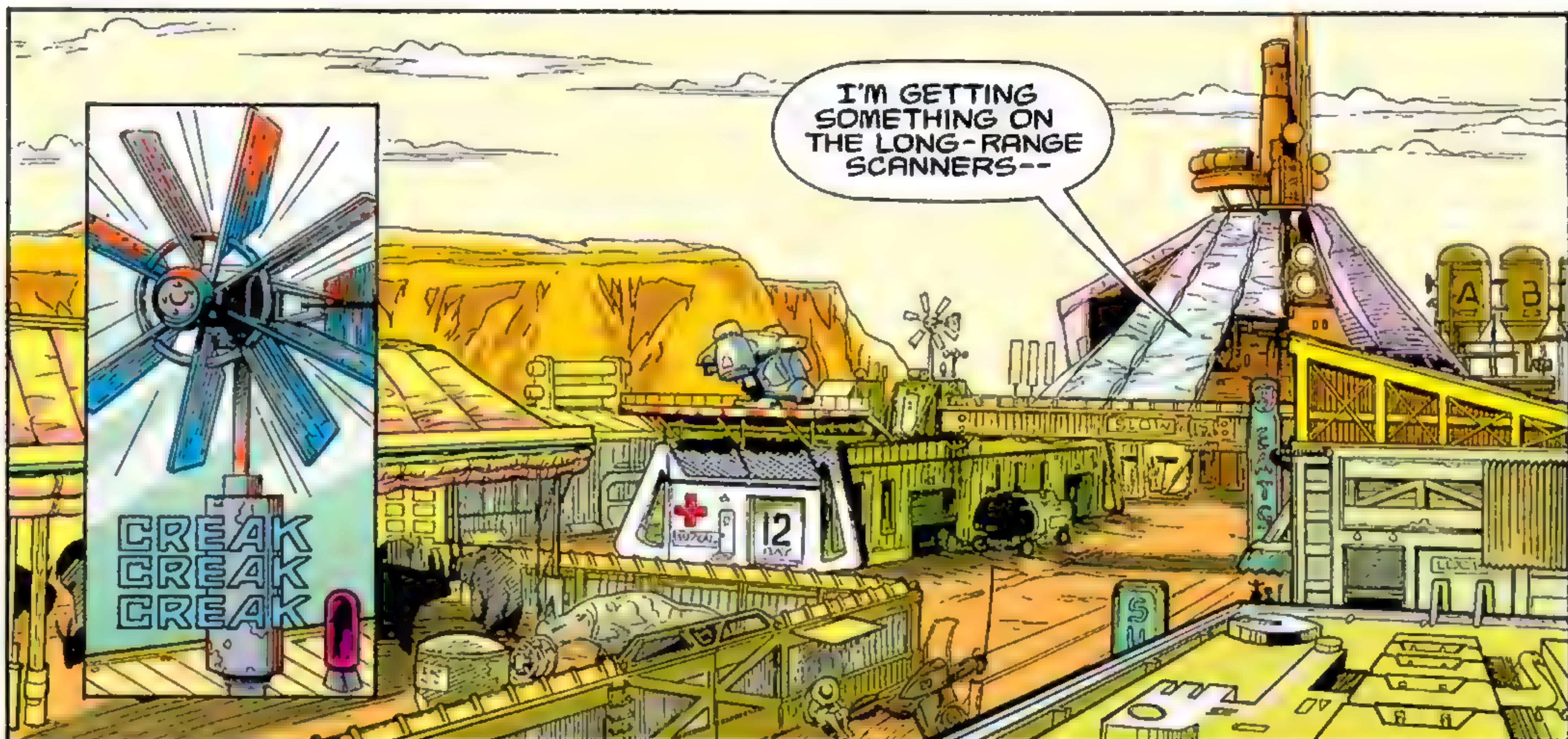
BUT I KNOW WHEN IT CAME...

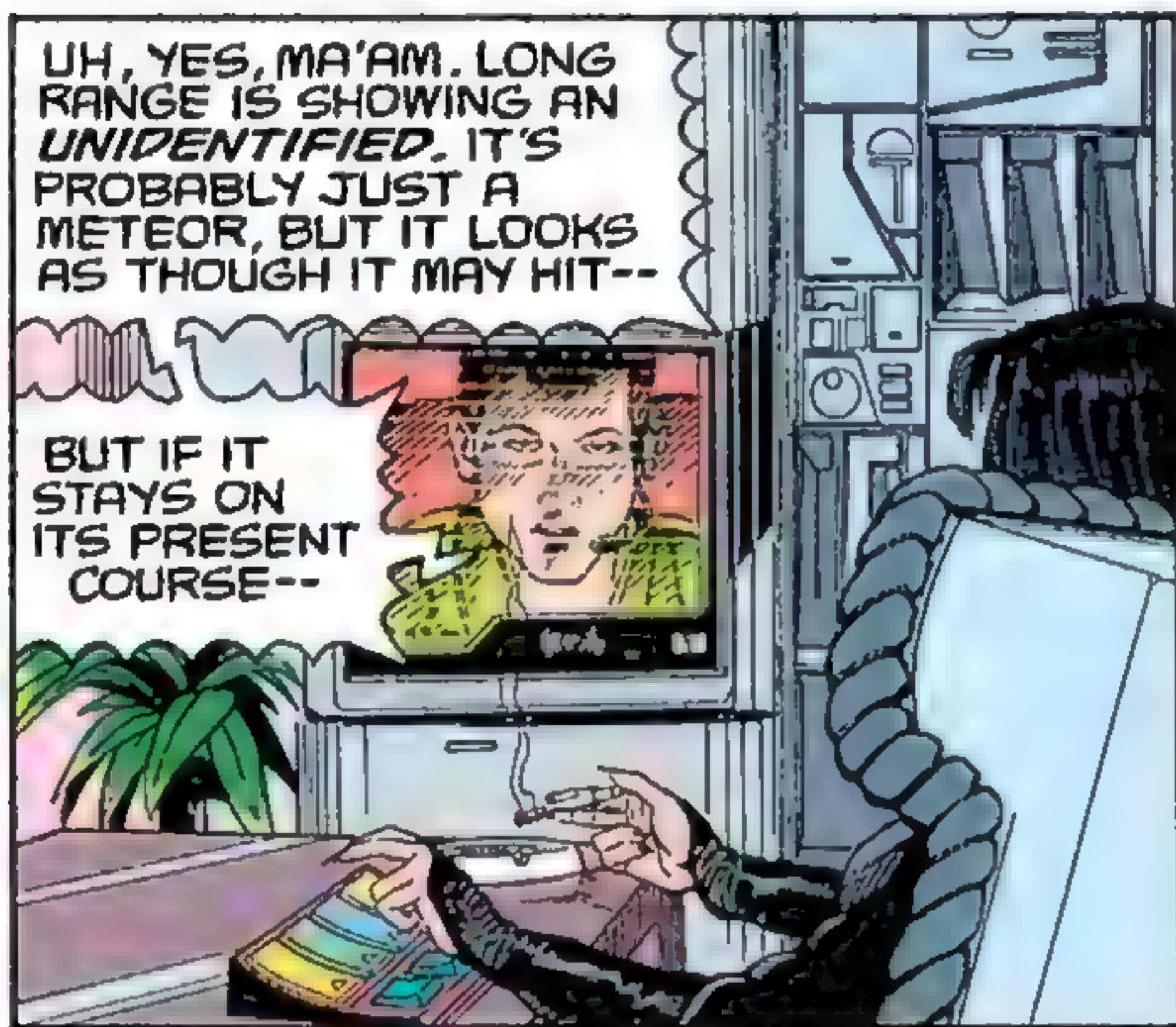


THE 'TERROR'
ARRIVED AT
HIGH NOON.

IN THE SEARING HEAT OF
RYUSHI'S NINETEEN-HOUR
DAYLIGHT PERIOD, NOTHING
STIRS OF ITS OWN VOLITION--
NOT EVEN THE ARMORED
FIRE CRAWLERS.

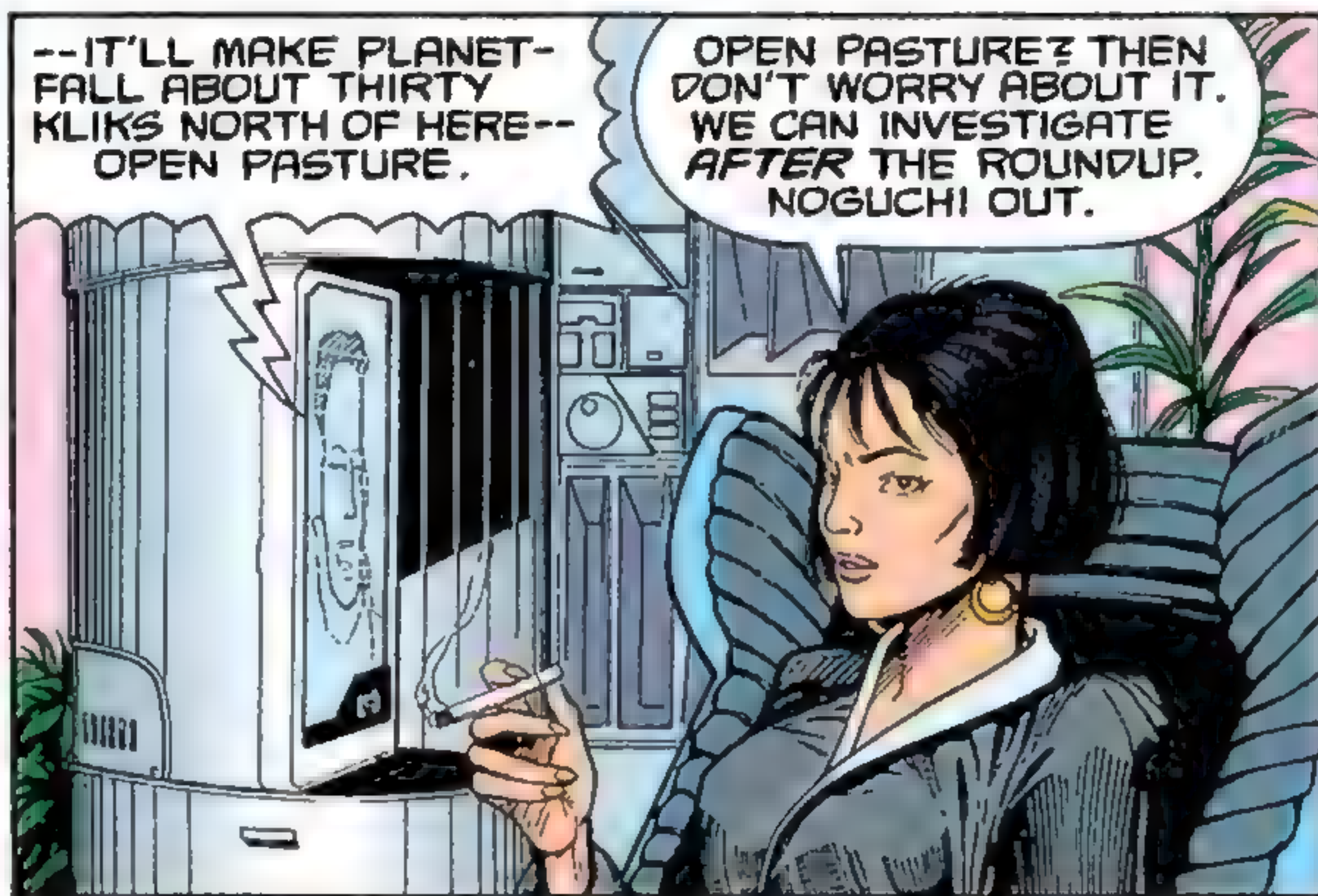
WITH EVERY LIVING CREATURE
BURROWED IN, AESTIVATING,
OR OTHERWISE SHELTERED
AGAINST THE HEAT, IT'S NOT
SURPRISING THERE WERE NO
WITNESSES TO ITS ARRIVAL.





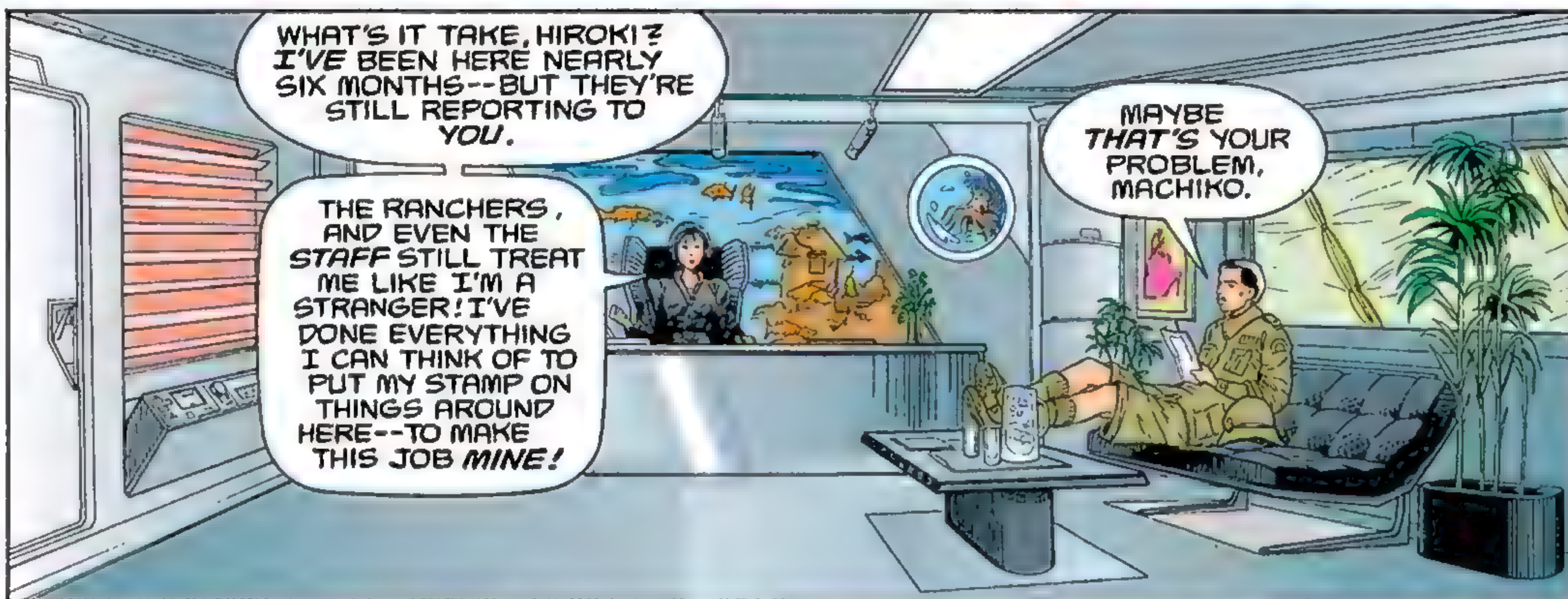
UH, YES, MA'AM. LONG RANGE IS SHOWING AN UNIDENTIFIED. IT'S PROBABLY JUST A METEOR, BUT IT LOOKS AS THOUGH IT MAY HIT--

BUT IF IT STAYS ON ITS PRESENT COURSE--



--IT'LL MAKE PLANET-FALL ABOUT THIRTY KLIKS NORTH OF HERE-- OPEN PASTURE.

OPEN PASTURE? THEN DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. WE CAN INVESTIGATE AFTER THE ROUNDUP. NOGUCHI OUT.



WHAT'S IT TAKE, HIROKI? I'VE BEEN HERE NEARLY SIX MONTHS--BUT THEY'RE STILL REPORTING TO YOU.

THE RANCHERS, AND EVEN THE STAFF STILL TREAT ME LIKE I'M A STRANGER! I'VE DONE EVERYTHING I CAN THINK OF TO PUT MY STAMP ON THINGS AROUND HERE--TO MAKE THIS JOB MINE!

MAYBE THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM, MACHIKO.



YOU'RE TRYING TO ADAPT THE JOB TO YOU, RATHER THAN ADAPTING YOURSELF TO IT.

THIS IS A VERY NICE OFFICE YOU'VE BUILT FOR YOURSELF, BUT YOU CAN'T RUN AN OPERATION LIKE THIS AND HIDE FROM IT AT THE SAME TIME.



WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY, HIROKI?

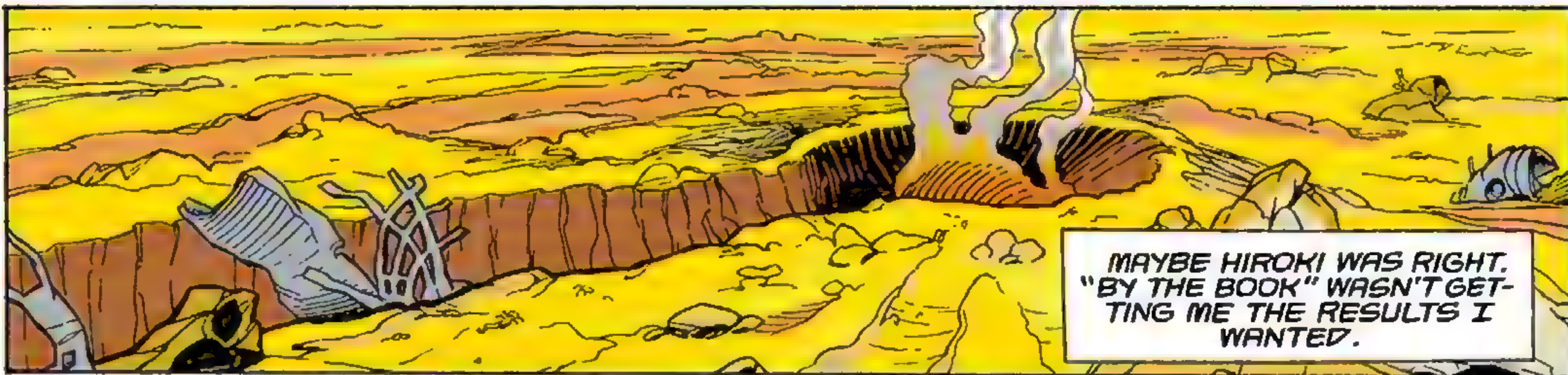
LOOK, I'LL BE AROUND FOR ANOTHER WEEK OR SO--AFTER THAT YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN. IN THE MEAN-TIME, I'LL DO WHATEVER I CAN TO HELP YOU.



HIROKI...

DON'T FORGET THAT THESE ARE HUMAN BEINGS YOU'RE DEALING WITH. TREAT THEM AS SUCH. AND IT WOULDN'T HURT FOR YOU TO LOOSEN UP SOME, EITHER.

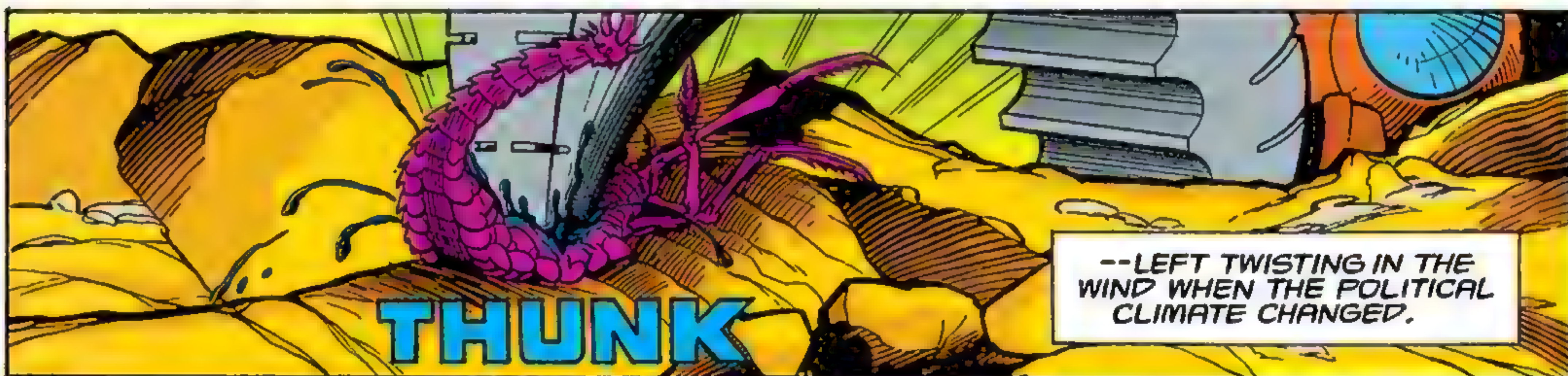
GET OUT OF YOUR OFFICE ONCE IN AWHILE. GET YOUR HANDS DIRTY. GET SOME RHYNTH-SHIT BETWEEN YOUR TOES.



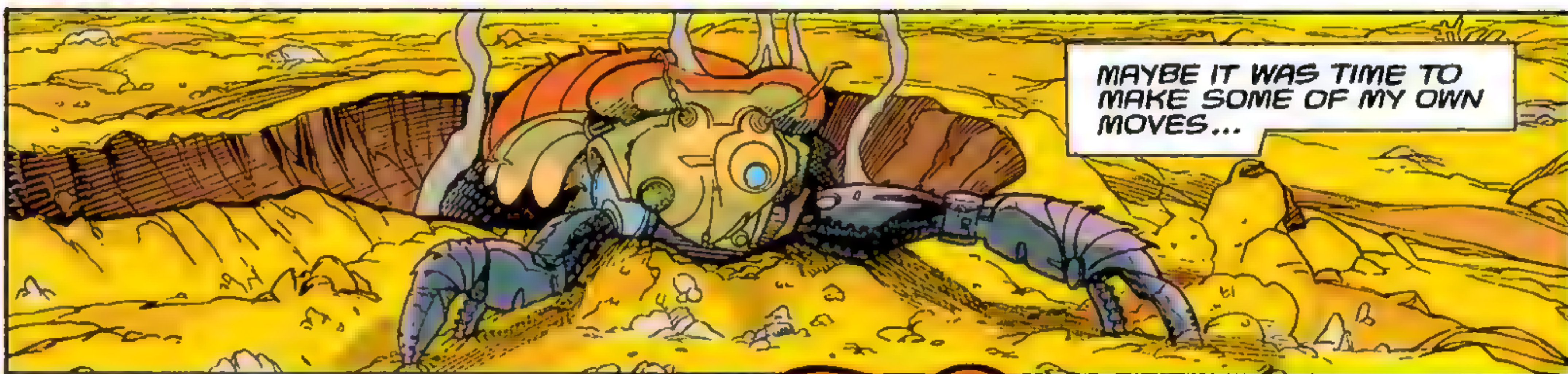
MAYBE HIROKI WAS RIGHT.
"BY THE BOOK" WASN'T GET-
TING ME THE RESULTS I
WANTED.



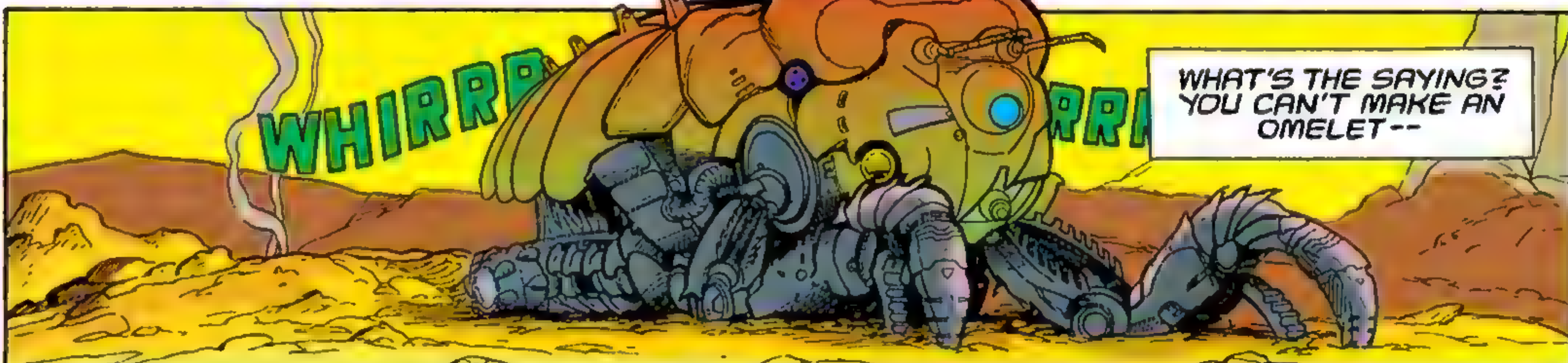
AND I'D SEEN PLENTY OF
OTHER EXECS WHO HAD TRIED
TO MAKE A CAREER OUT OF
KEEPING A LOW PROFILE--



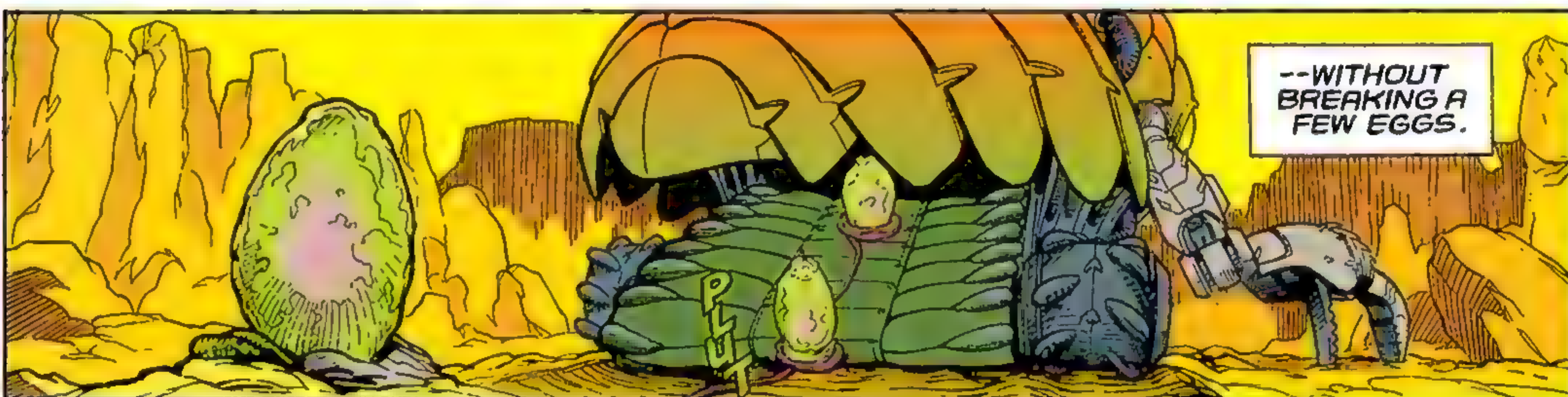
--LEFT TWISTING IN THE
WIND WHEN THE POLITICAL
CLIMATE CHANGED.



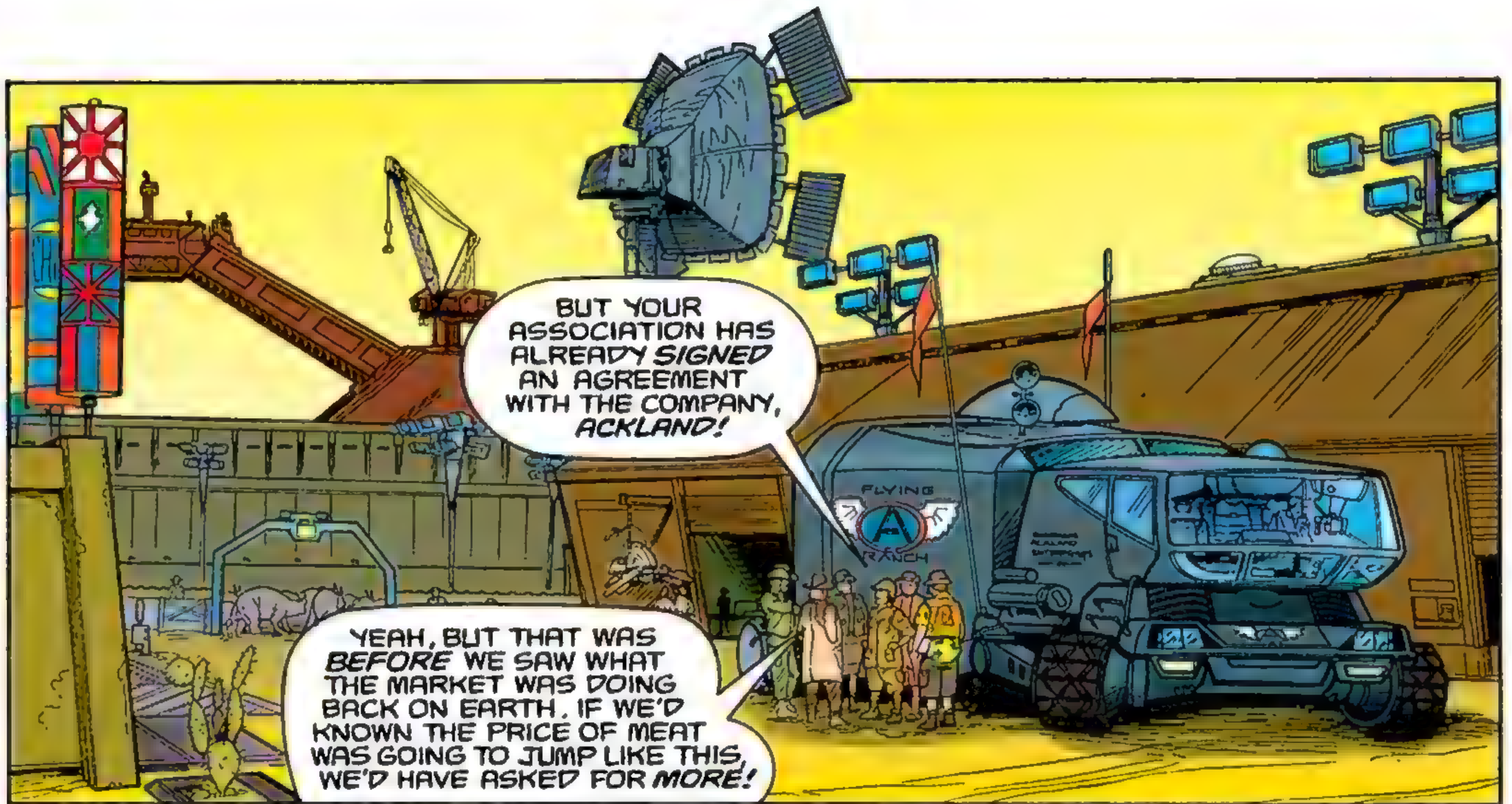
MAYBE IT WAS TIME TO
MAKE SOME OF MY OWN
MOVES...



WHAT'S THE SAYING?
YOU CAN'T MAKE AN
OMELET--



--WITHOUT
BREAKING A
FEW EGGS.



BUT YOUR ASSOCIATION HAS ALREADY SIGNED AN AGREEMENT WITH THE COMPANY, ACKLAND!

YEAH, BUT THAT WAS BEFORE WE SAW WHAT THE MARKET WAS DOING BACK ON EARTH. IF WE'D KNOWN THE PRICE OF MEAT WAS GOING TO JUMP LIKE THIS, WE'D HAVE ASKED FOR MORE!

THAT'S ALL PART OF THE GAMBLE OF BEING IN BUSINESS. THE PRICE COULD JUST AS EASILY HAVE DROPPED.

IF THE BOTTOM HAD FALLEN OUT OF THE MARKET, WOULD YOU HAVE OFFERED TO TAKE LESS?

THAT'S NOT THE POINT, HIROKI! THE COMPANY'S MAKING A KILLING FROM OUR SWEAT AND WE'RE GETTING SCREWED-- RIGHT, ACKLAND?

THAT'S THE WAY THE RANCHERS ASSOCIATION SEES IT.

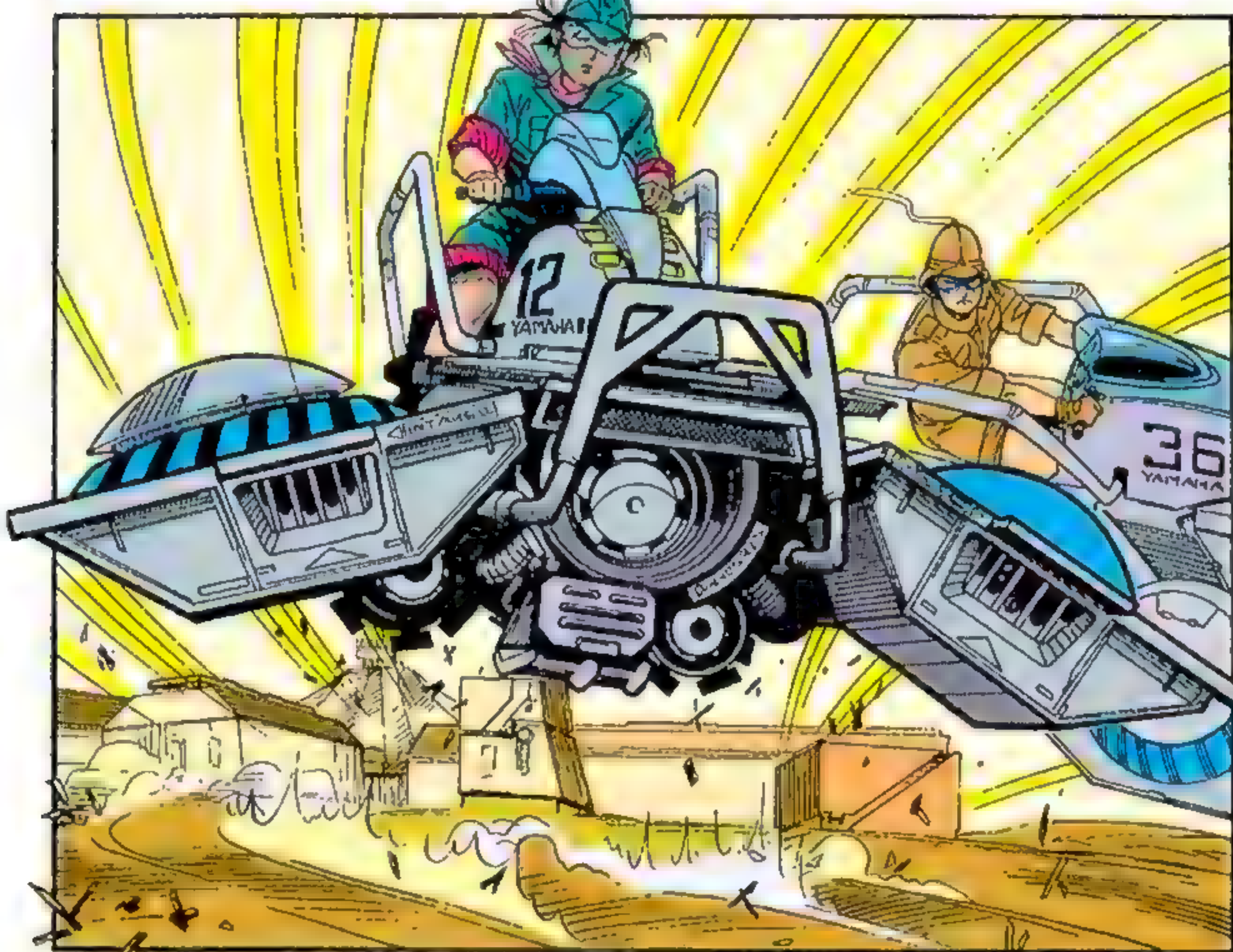
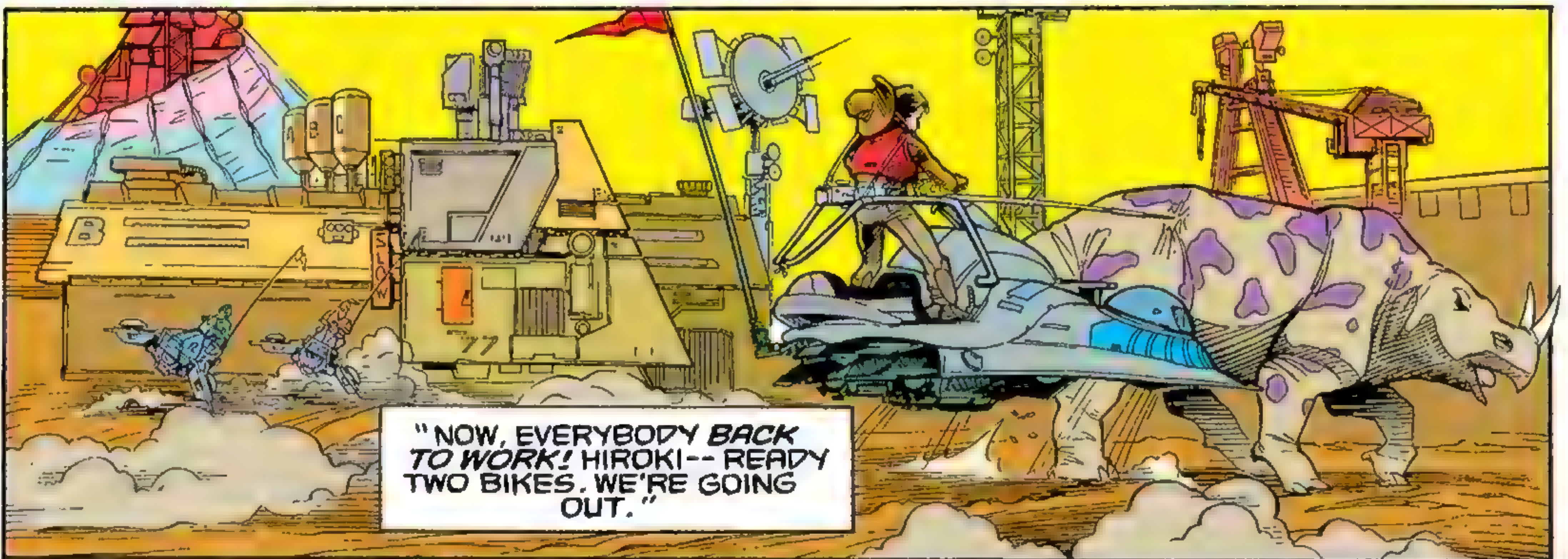
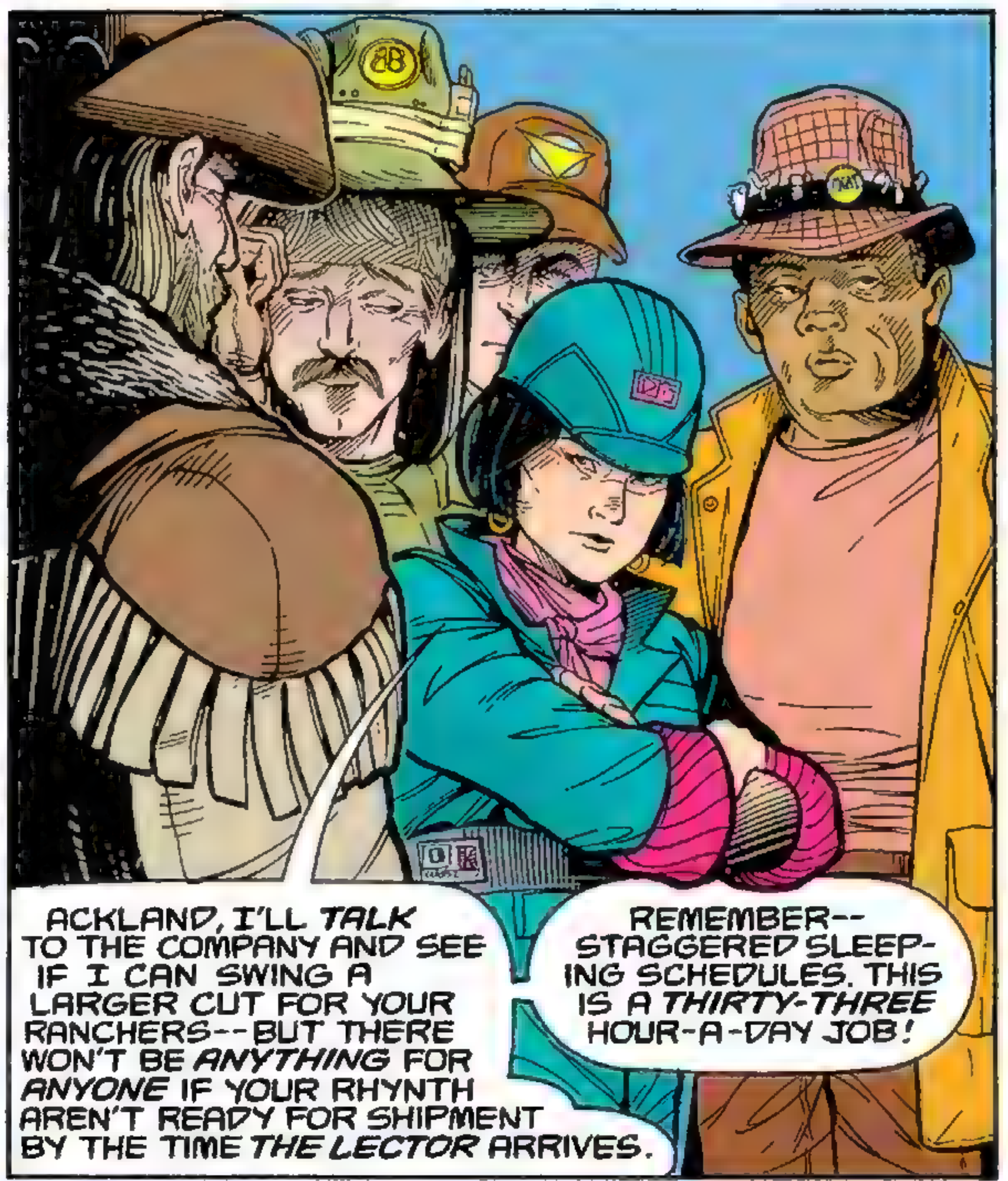
I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY I'M DISCUSSING THIS WITH YOU--MS. NOGUCHI IS IN CHARGE NOW. YOU SHOULD BE TALKING TO HER--

THAT BITCH? SHE DOESN'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT US.

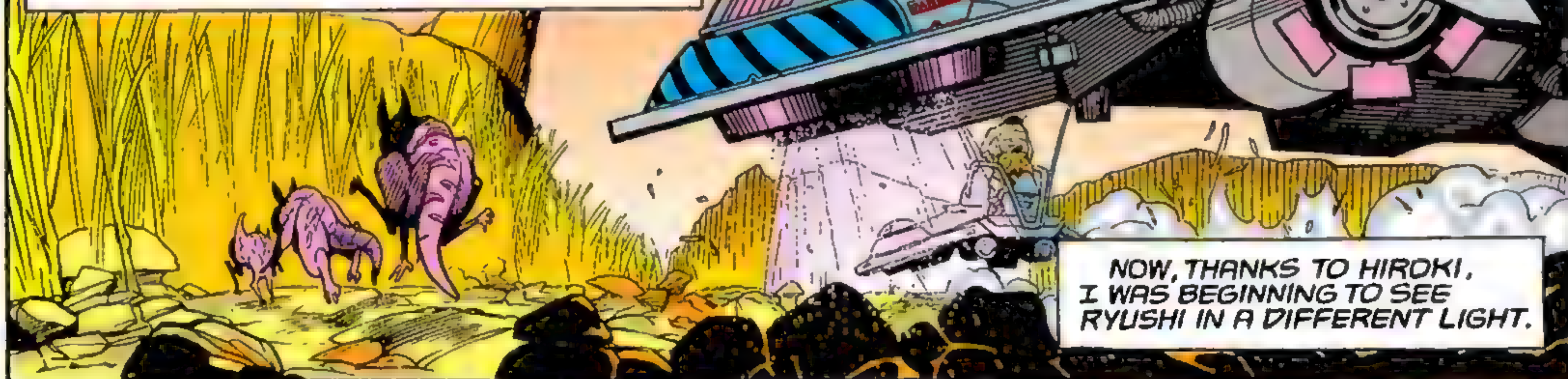
MAYBE IF SHE GOT LAID ONCE IN A WHILE, SHE WOULDN'T ACT LIKE SHE HAD A BUG UP HER ASS!

I'D TAKE A PIECE OF THAT ACTION--

YOU KIDDIN'? PROBABLY FREEZE YOUR DICK OFF-- UHH ...

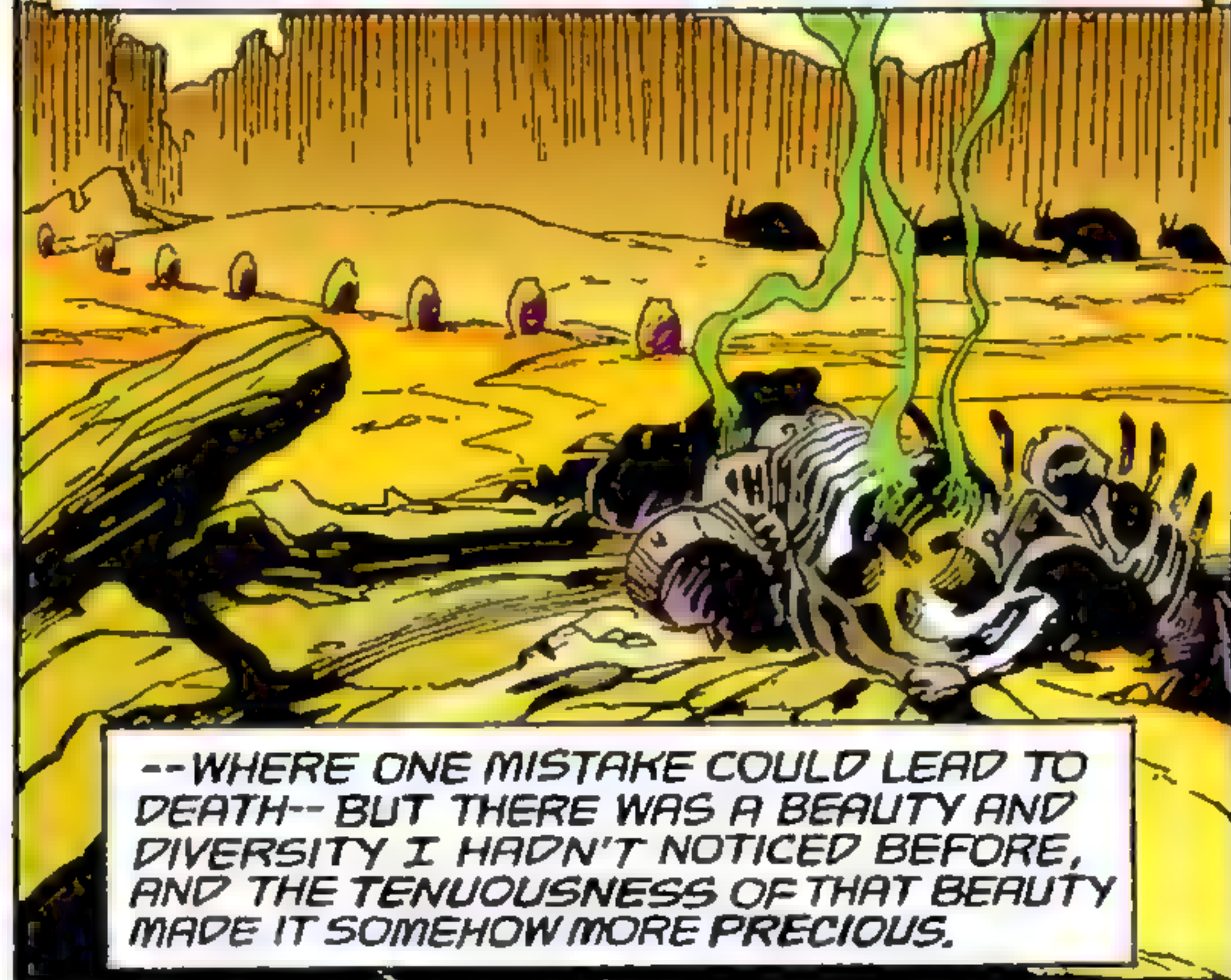


THE RIDE THAT DAY WAS THE LONGEST I'D SPENT OUTDOORS SINCE ARRIVING ON RYUSHI. I'D ALWAYS THOUGHT OF THE PLANET AS NOTHING MORE THAN DESERT-- ONE SQUARE METER OF IT LOOKING JUST LIKE ANY OTHER SQUARE METER.

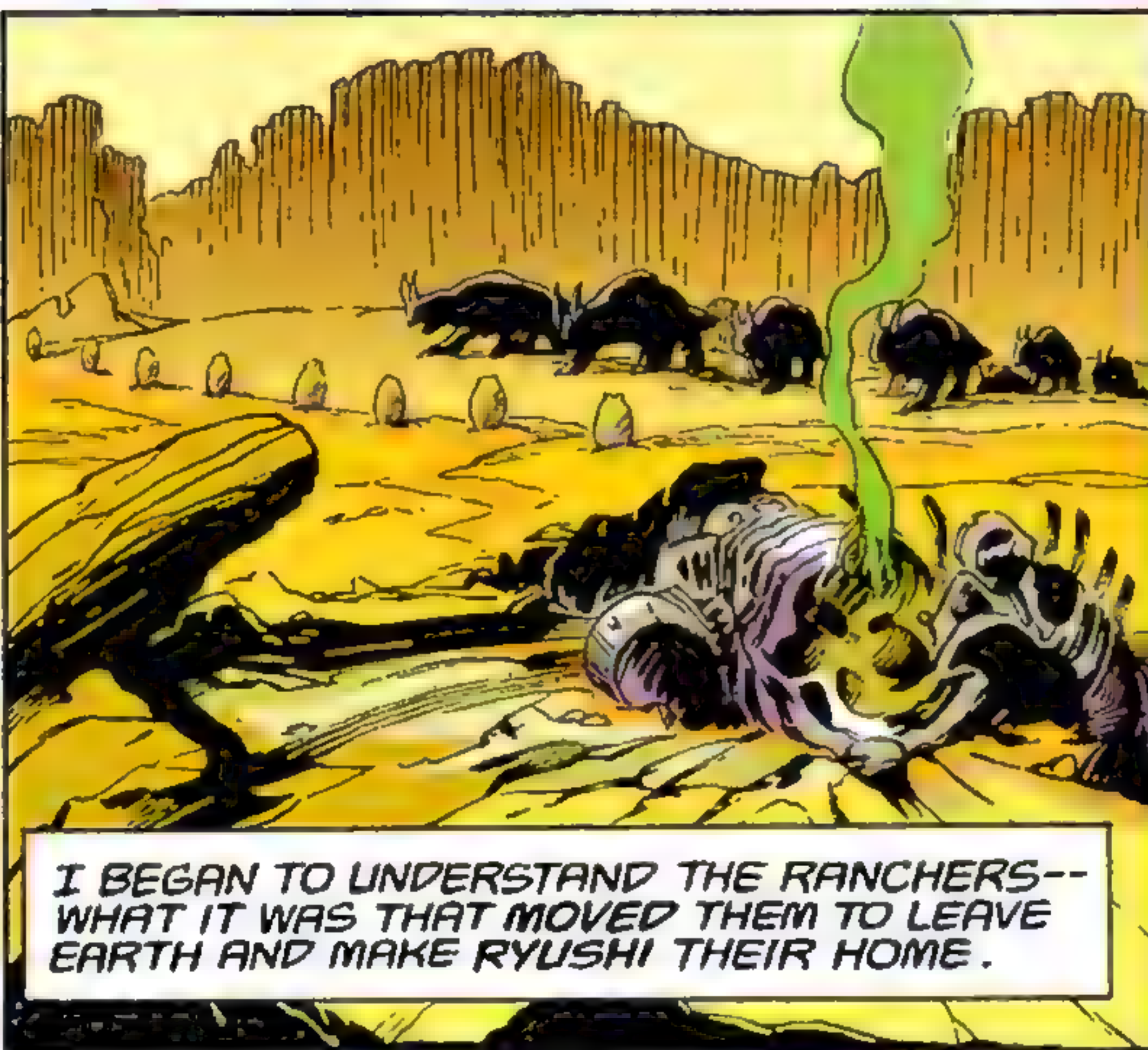


NOW, THANKS TO HIROKI, I WAS BEGINNING TO SEE RYUSHI IN A DIFFERENT LIGHT.

IT WAS STILL A HARSH, UNFORGIVING WORLD--



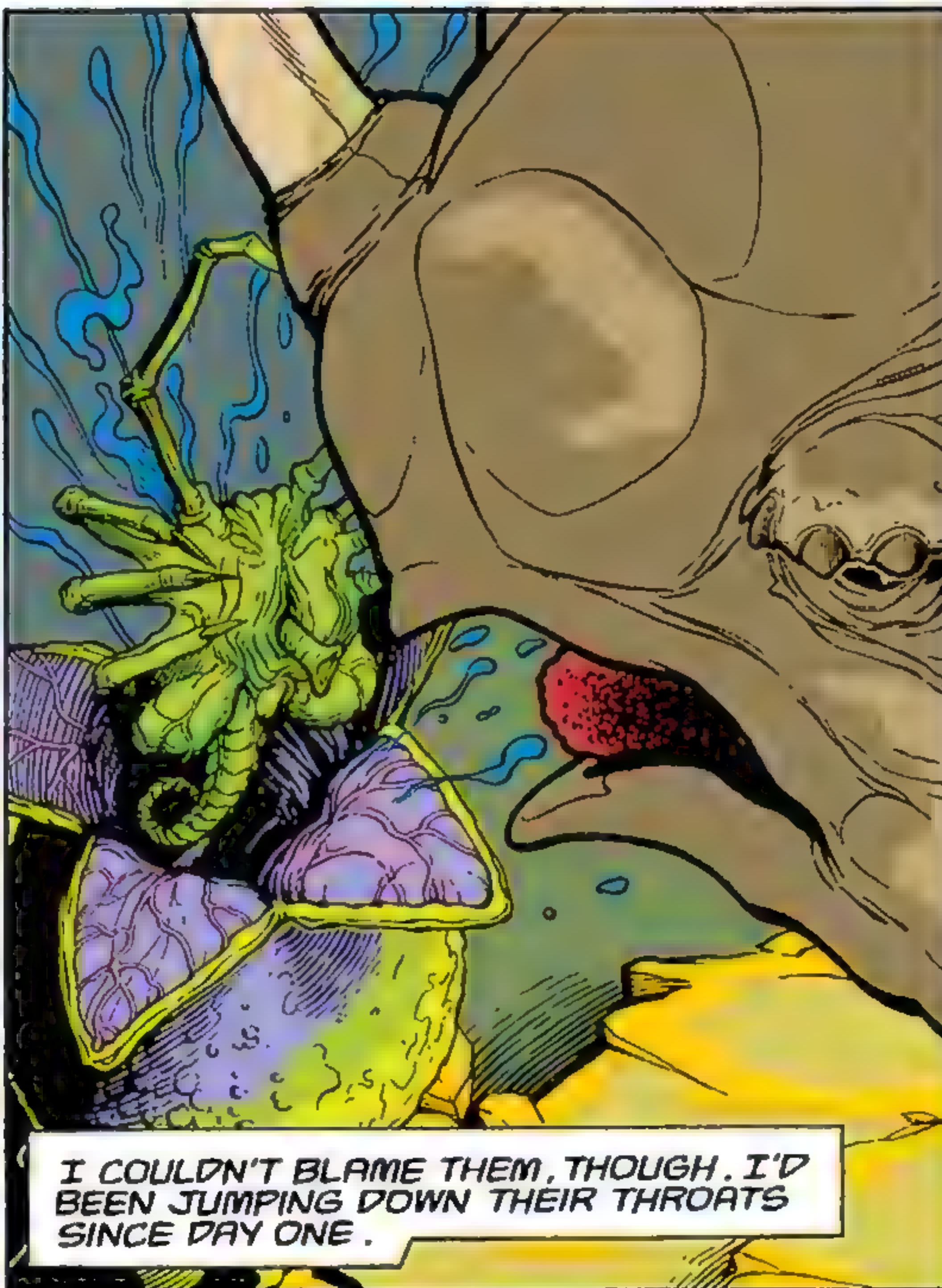
--WHERE ONE MISTAKE COULD LEAD TO DEATH-- BUT THERE WAS A BEAUTY AND DIVERSITY I HADN'T NOTICED BEFORE, AND THE TENUOUSNESS OF THAT BEAUTY MADE IT SOMEHOW MORE PRECIOUS.



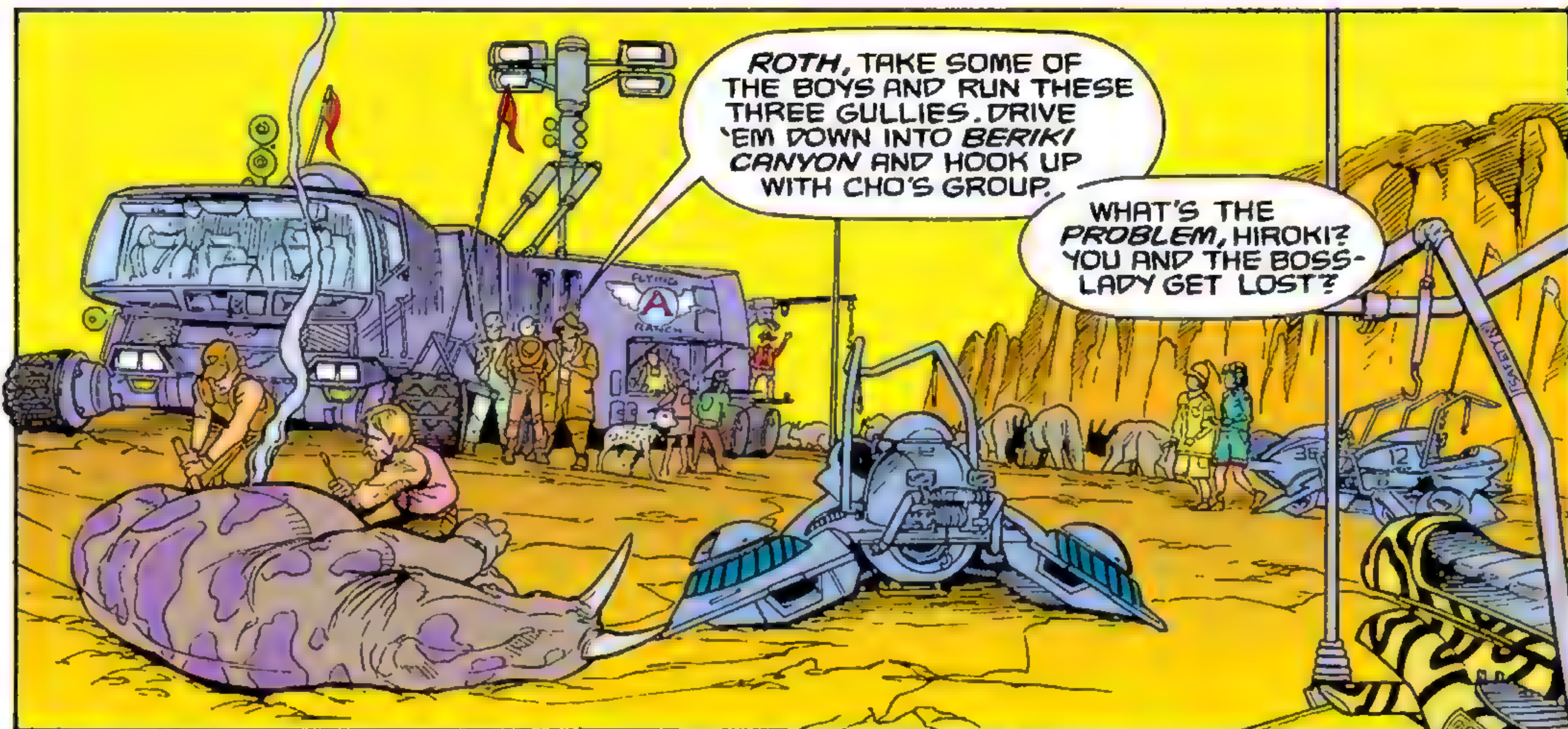
I BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND THE RANCHERS-- WHAT IT WAS THAT MOVED THEM TO LEAVE EARTH AND MAKE RYUSHI THEIR HOME.

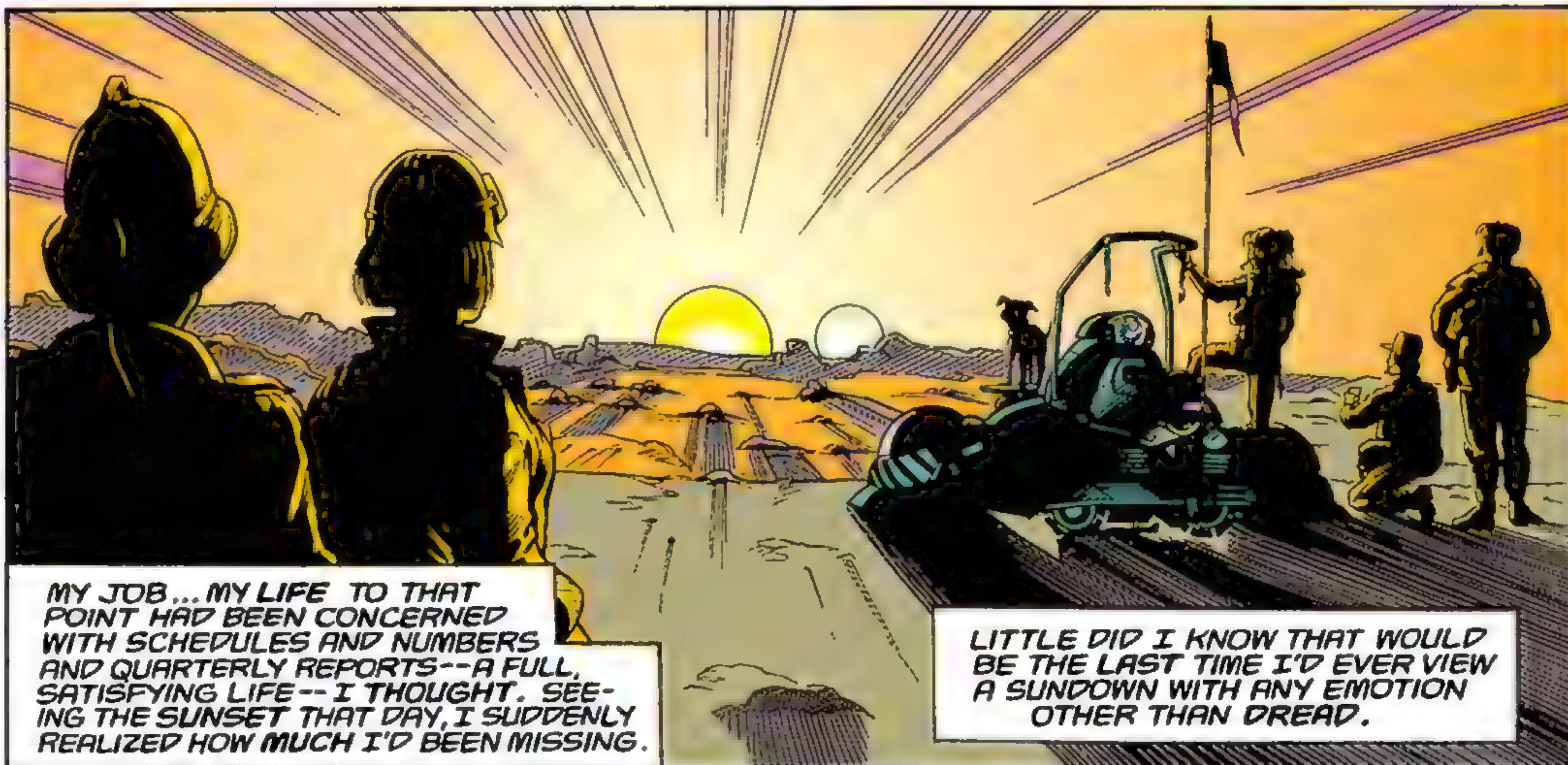


UNFORTUNATELY, IT WAS TOO LATE FOR THIS NEW UNDERSTANDING TO CHANGE MY STANDING WITH THE RANCHERS.



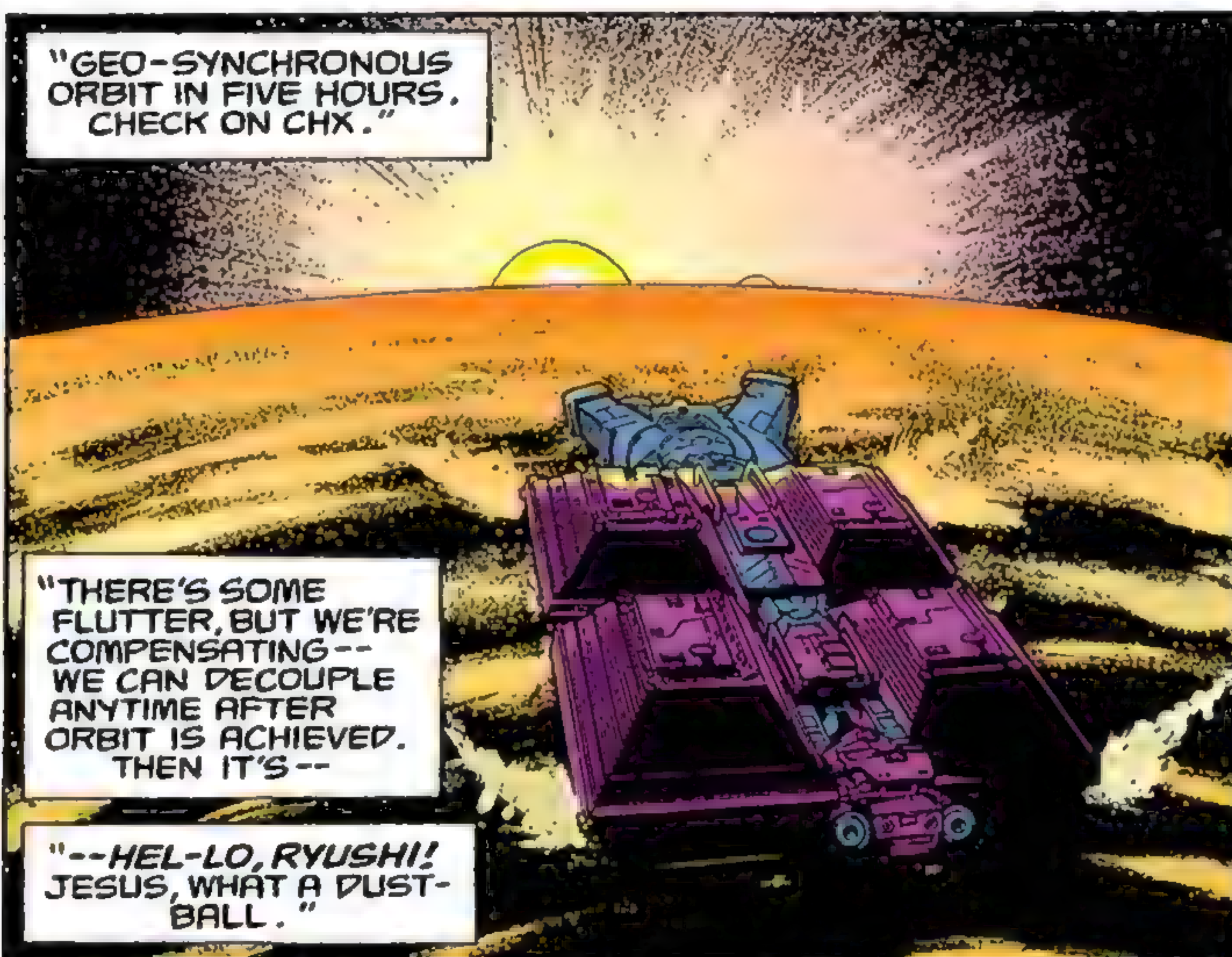
I COULDN'T BLAME THEM, THOUGH. I'D BEEN JUMPING DOWN THEIR THROATS SINCE DAY ONE.





MY JOB... MY LIFE TO THAT POINT HAD BEEN CONCERNED WITH SCHEDULES AND NUMBERS AND QUARTERLY REPORTS--A FULL, SATISFYING LIFE-- I THOUGHT. SEEING THE SUNSET THAT DAY, I SUDDENLY REALIZED HOW MUCH I'D BEEN MISSING.

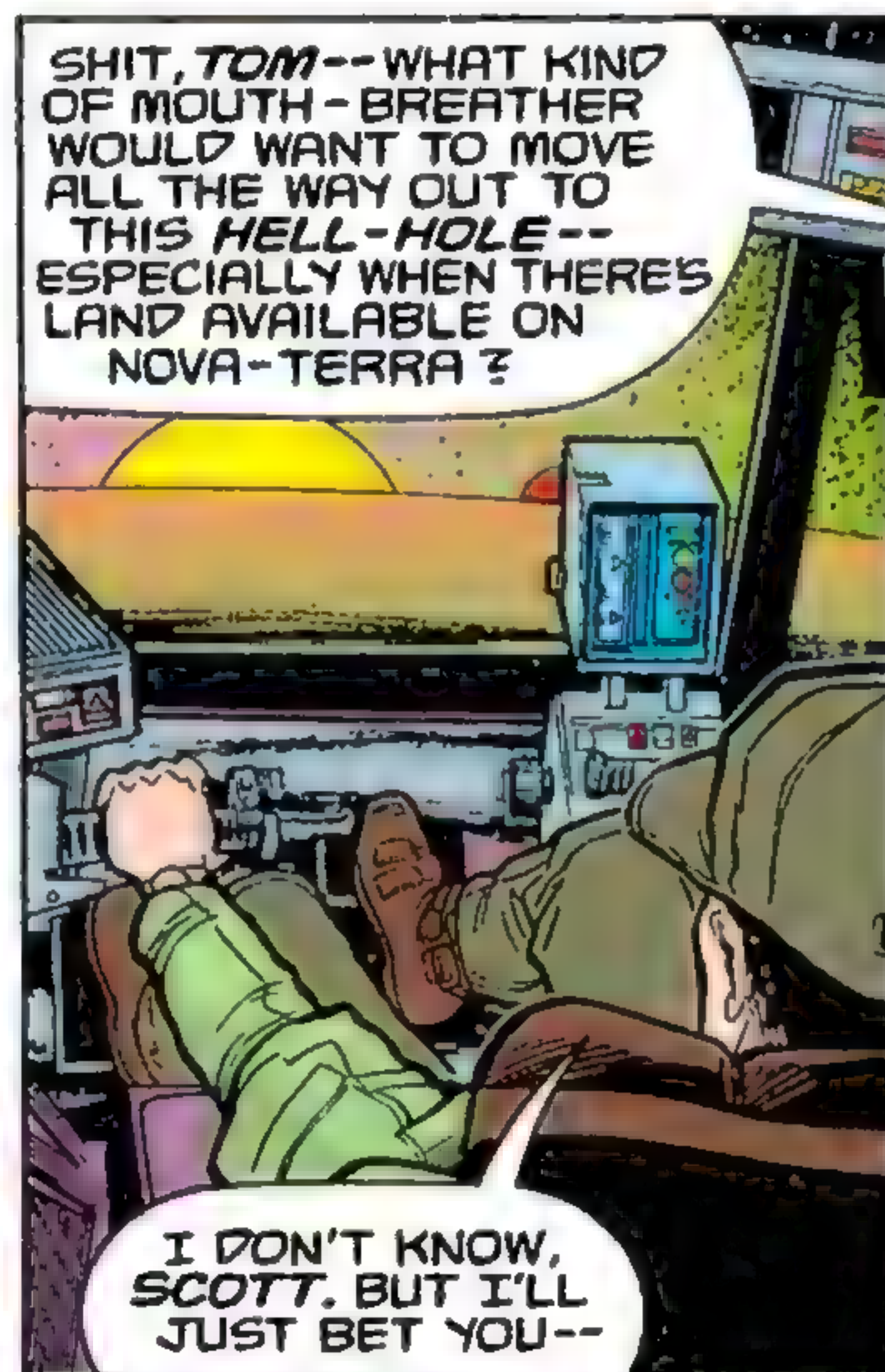
LITTLE DID I KNOW THAT WOULD BE THE LAST TIME I'D EVER VIEW A SUNDOWN WITH ANY EMOTION OTHER THAN DREAD.



"GEO-SYNCHRONOUS ORBIT IN FIVE HOURS. CHECK ON CHX."

"THERE'S SOME FLUTTER, BUT WE'RE COMPENSATING-- WE CAN DECOUPLE ANYTIME AFTER ORBIT IS ACHIEVED. THEN IT'S--"

"--HEL-LO, RYUSHI! JESUS, WHAT A DUST-BALL."



SHIT, TOM-- WHAT KIND OF MOUTH-BREATHER WOULD WANT TO MOVE ALL THE WAY OUT TO THIS HELL-HOLE-- ESPECIALLY WHEN THERE'S LAND AVAILABLE ON NOVA-TERRA?

I DON'T KNOW, SCOTT. BUT I'LL JUST BET YOU--



"--RYUSHI IS SOMEBODY'S IDEA OF PARADISE."



HERE SHE COMES!
NOW IT'S REALLY
GONNA HIT THE
FAN...



THIS MESSAGE
JUST ARRIVED
FOR YOU, MS.
NOGUCHI--

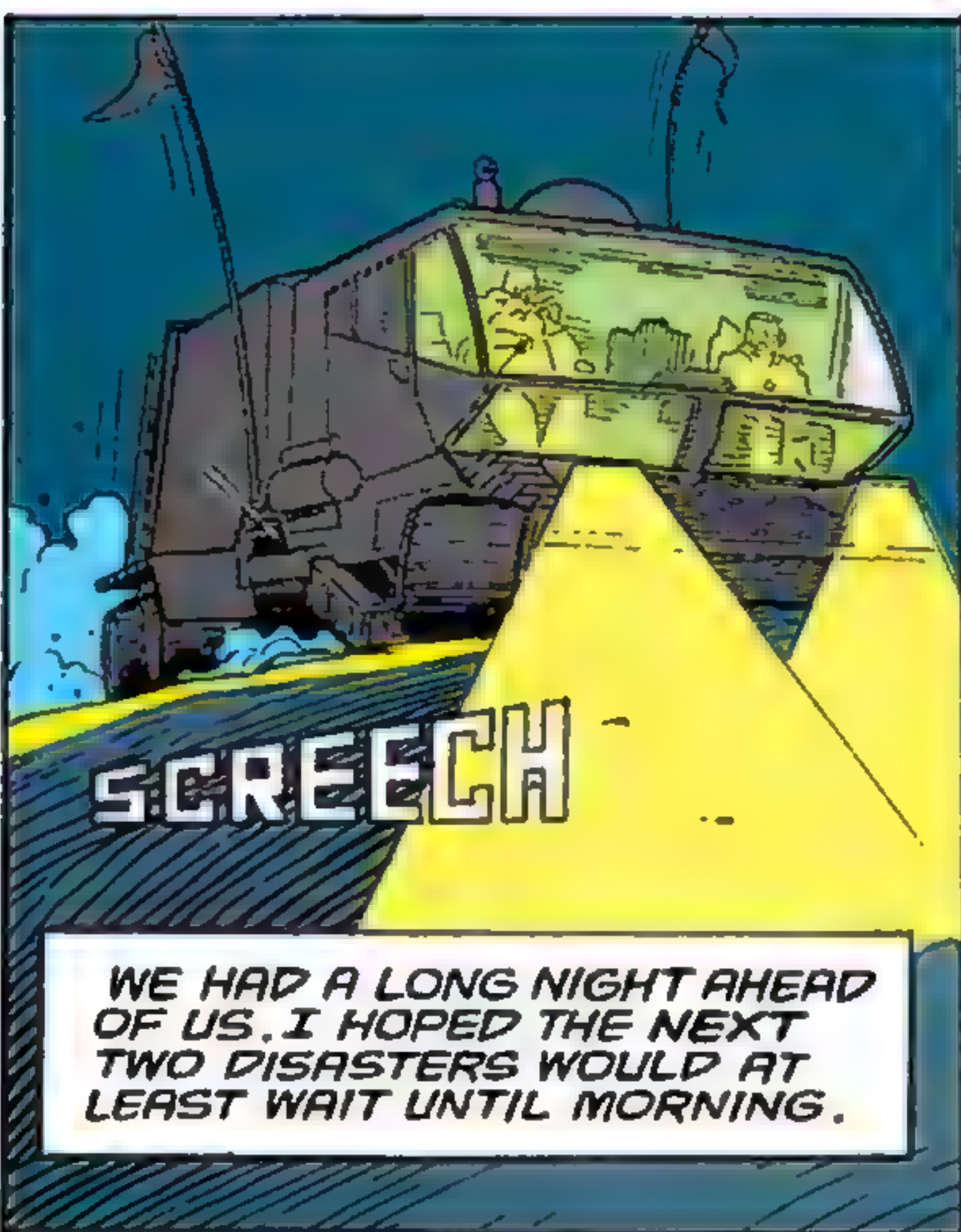
IT'S FROM
THE SHUTTLE
MASUKO-
MARU--



"E.T.A. SEVEN STANDARD
EARTH DAYS...SHIGERU
CHIGUSA ON BOARD--
COMING TO INSPECT THE
OPERATION PERSONALLY..."?

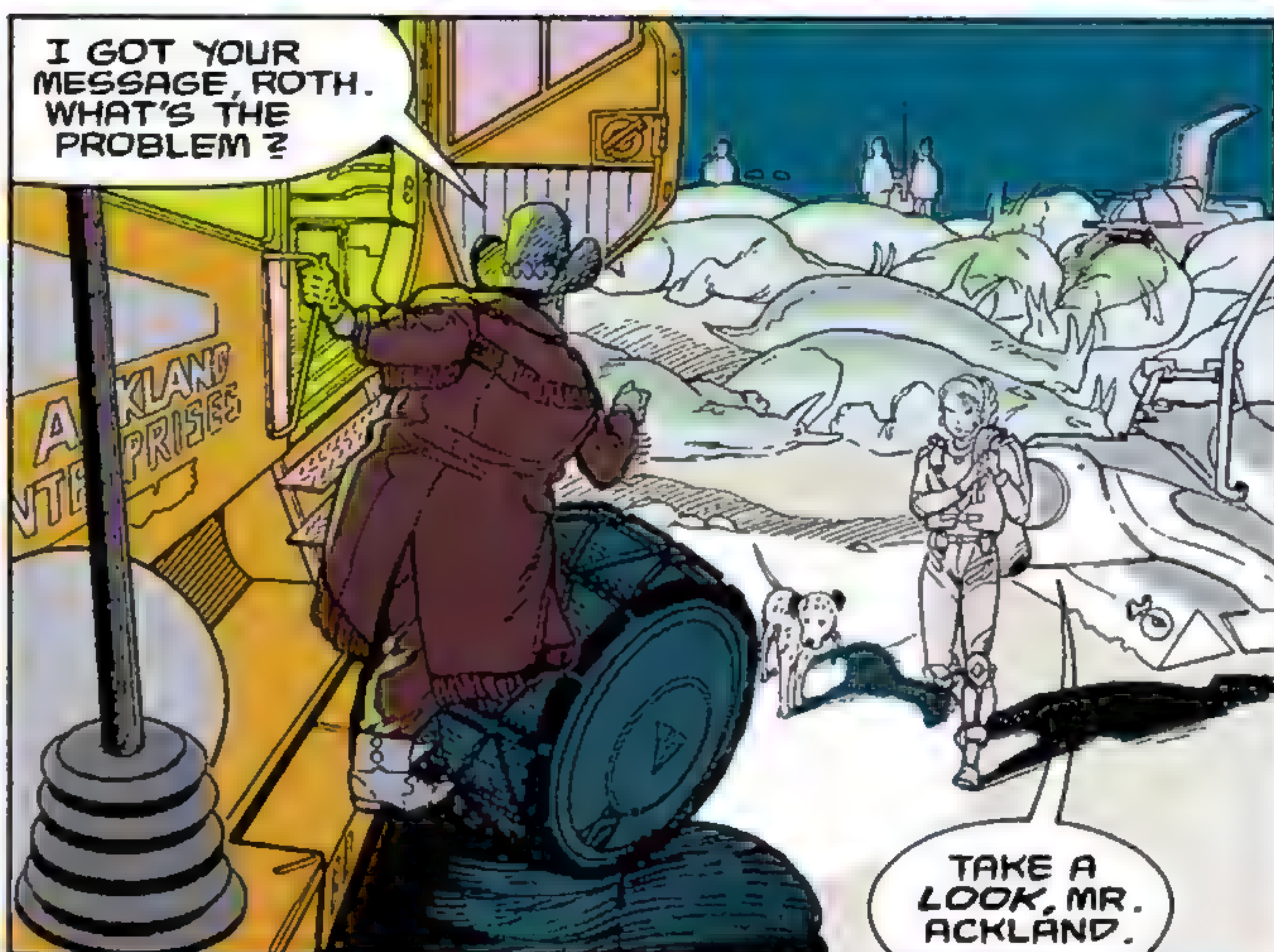
MR.
CHIGUSA'S
SON...
COMING
HERE...
?

THEY SAY THAT TROUBLE
COMES IN THREES--



SCREECH

WE HAD A LONG NIGHT AHEAD
OF US. I HOPED THE NEXT
TWO DISASTERS WOULD AT
LEAST WAIT UNTIL MORNING.



I GOT YOUR
MESSAGE, ROTH.
WHAT'S THE
PROBLEM?

TAKE A
LOOK, MR.
ACKLAND.



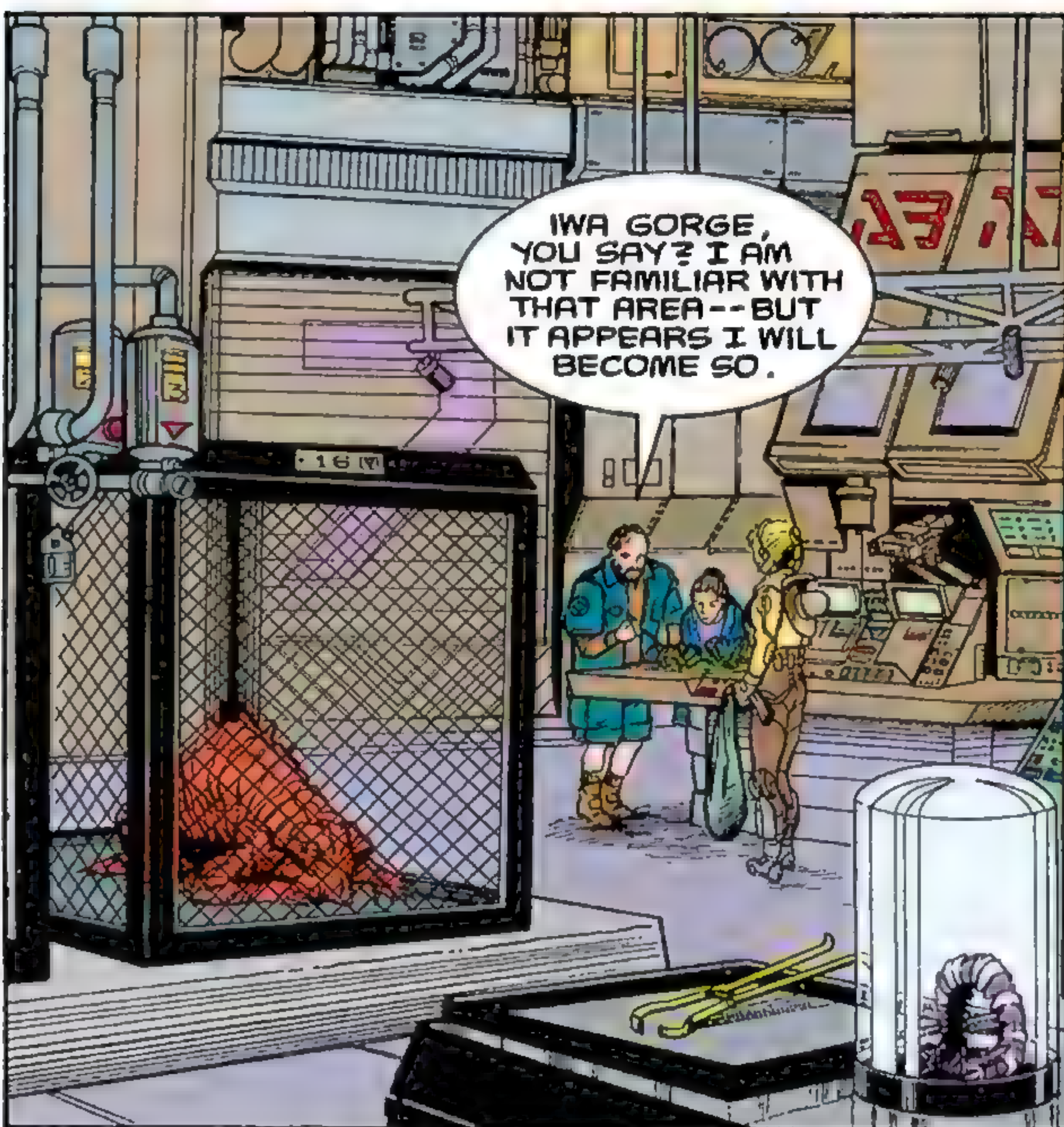
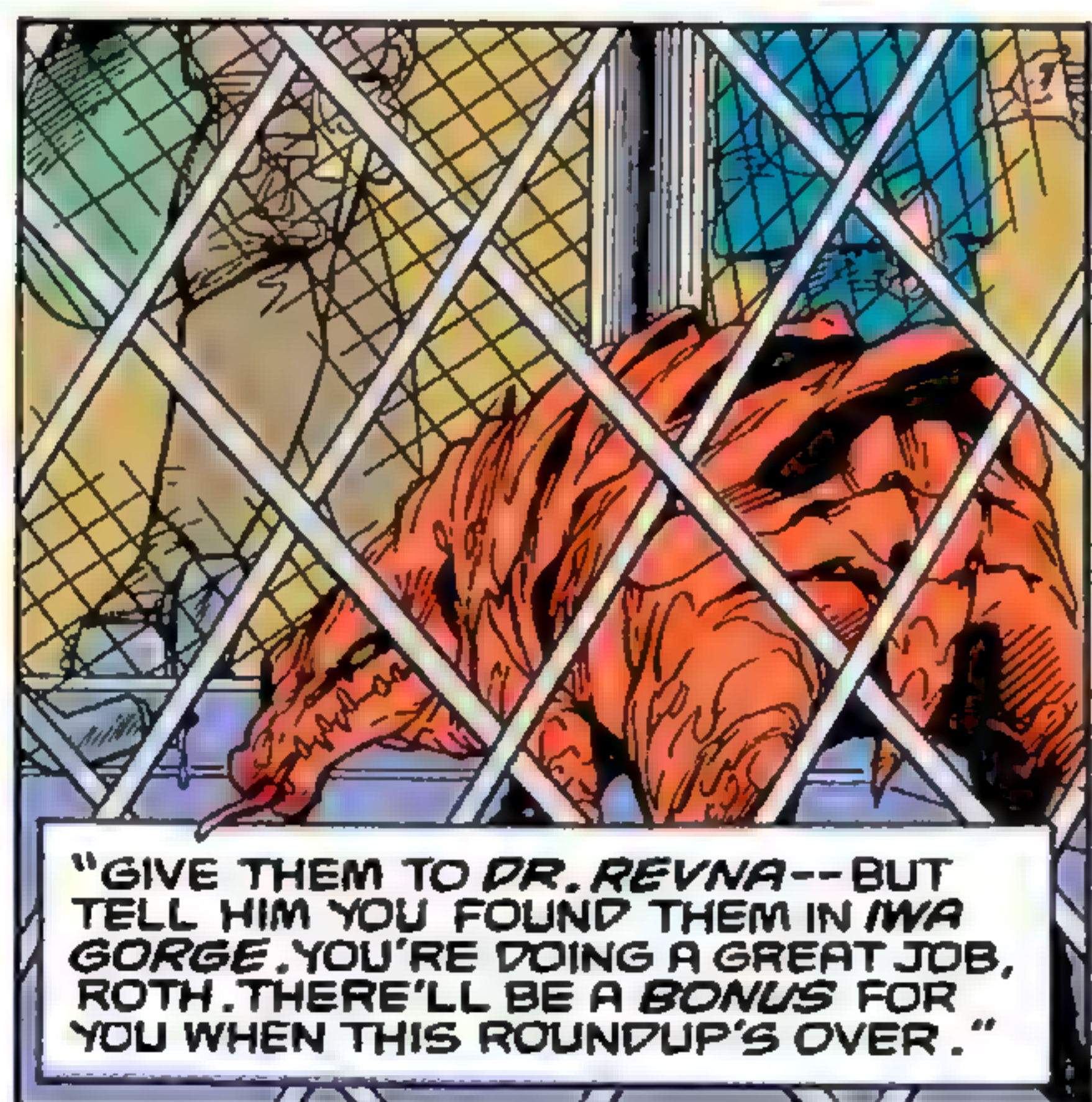
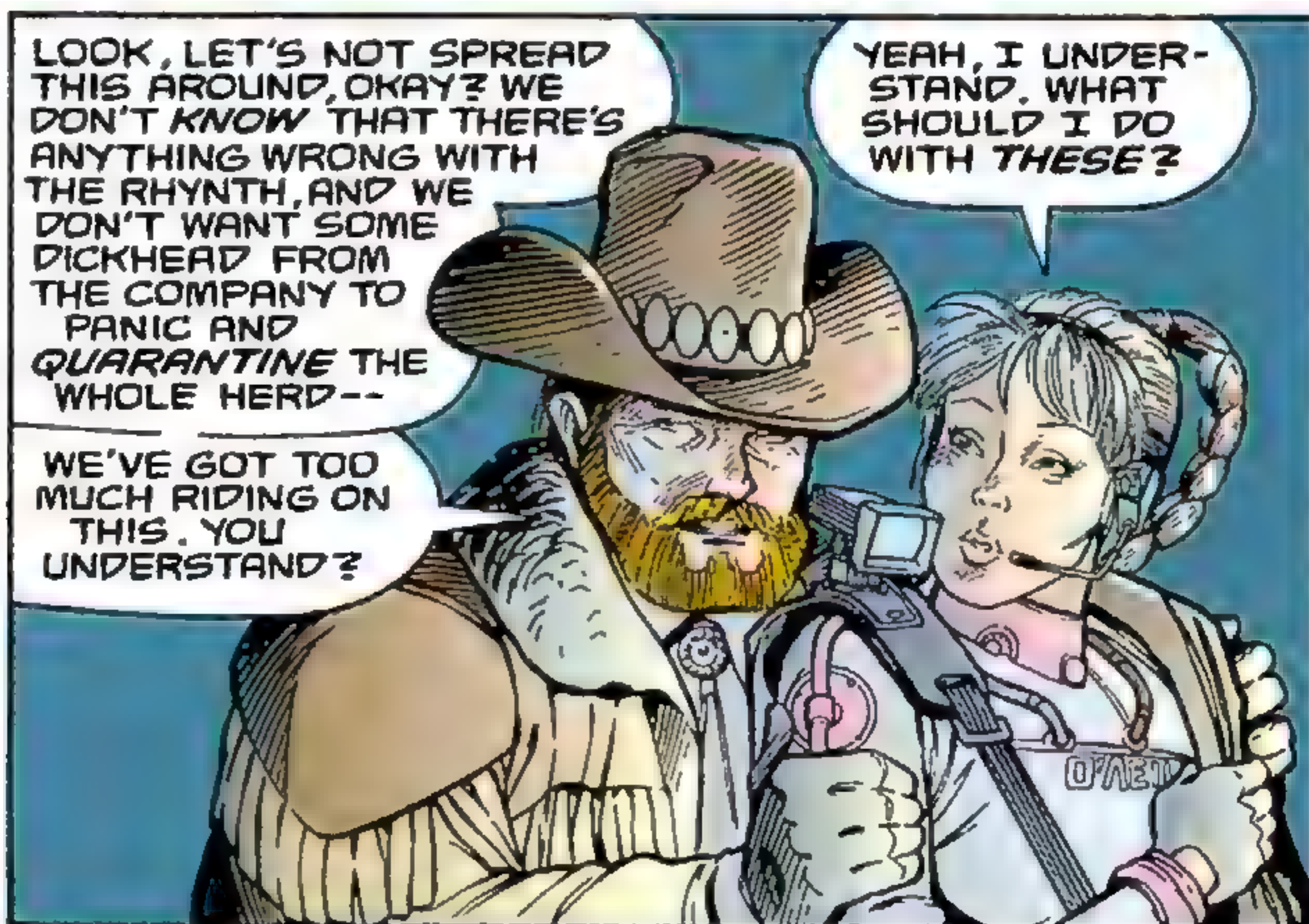
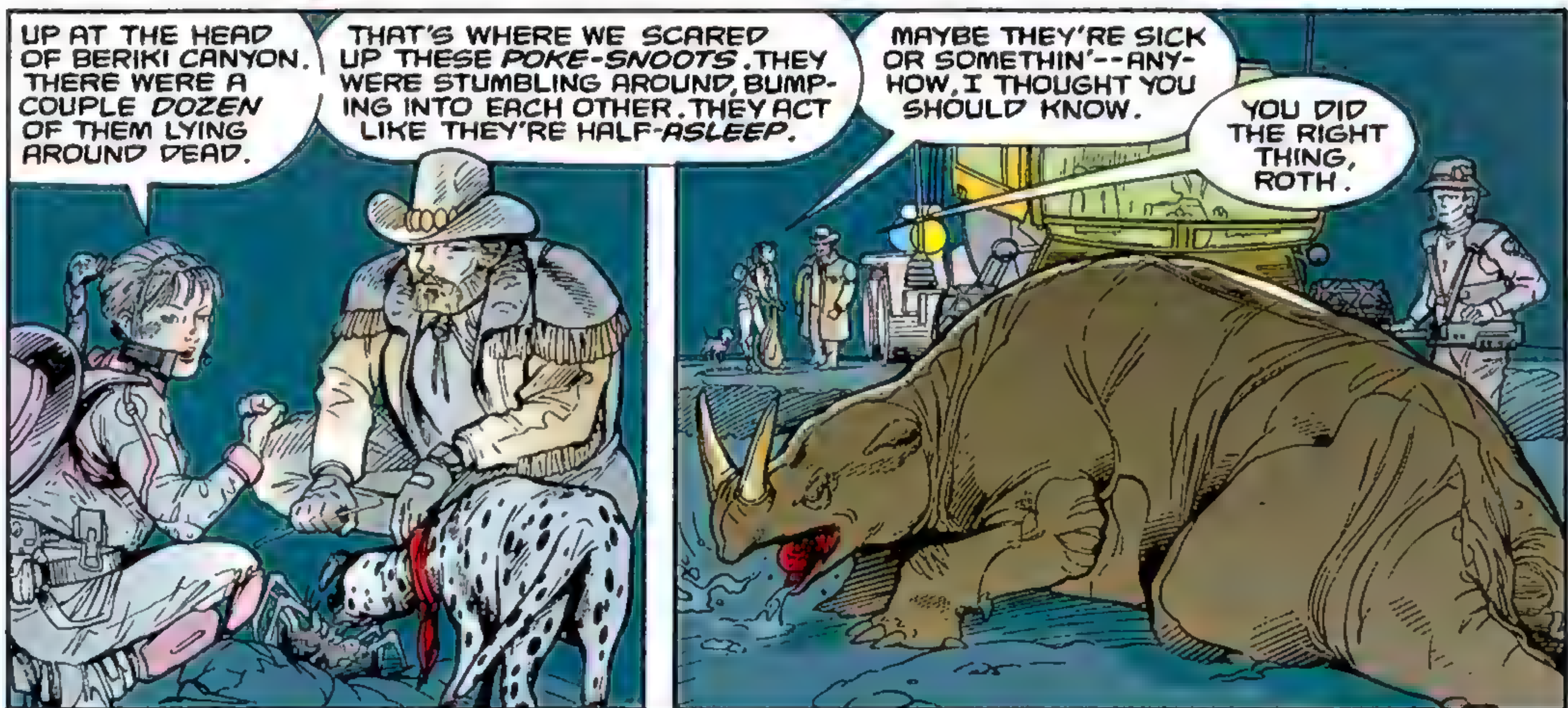
IT WAS A VAIN HOPE. THE 'TERROR'
WAS ALREADY IN OUR MIDST--
WE JUST DIDN'T KNOW IT YET.

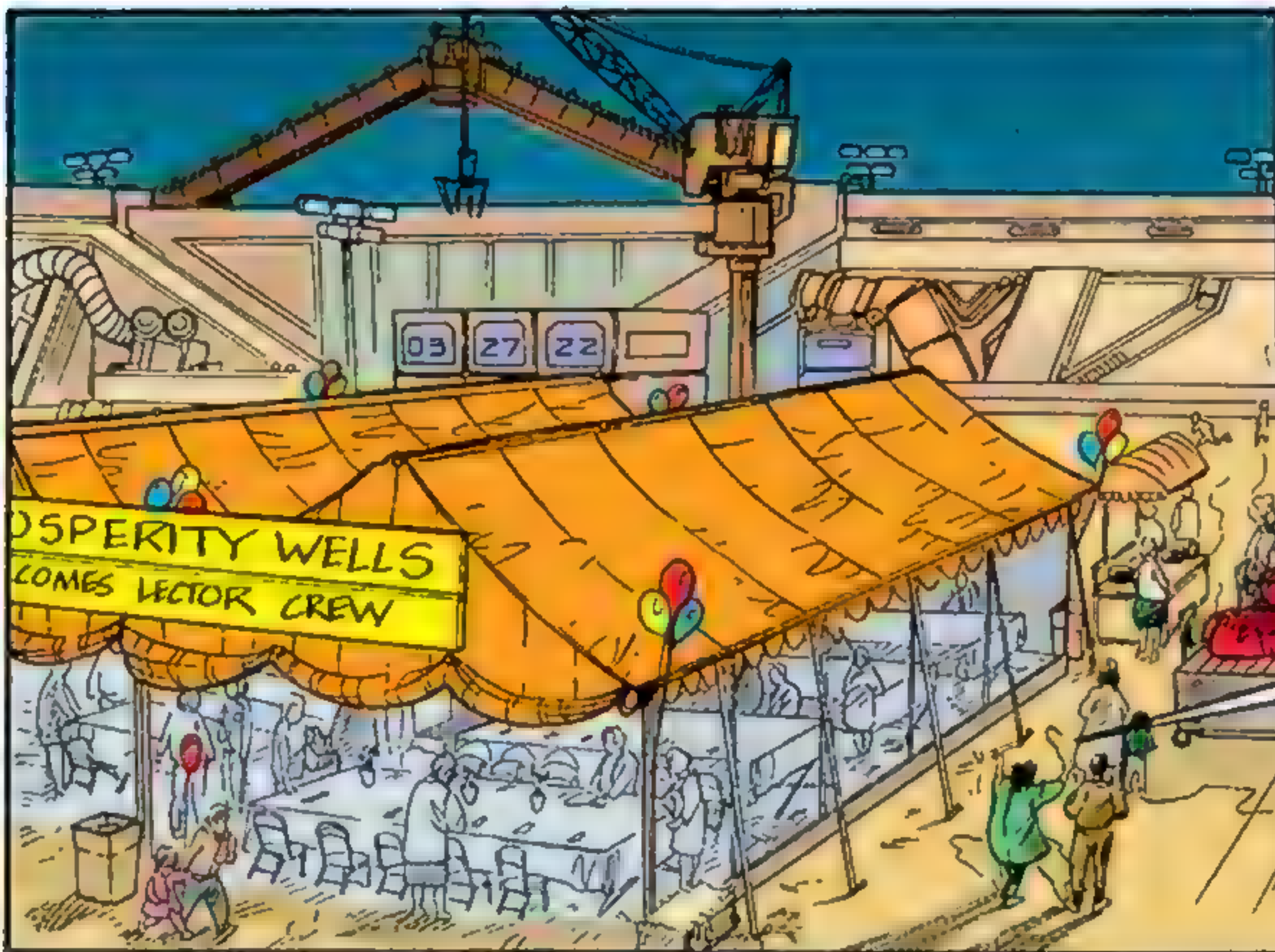
CHRIST!
WHAT THE
HELL IS
IT?



BESIDES UGLIER THAN
SHIT? I WAS HOPING
YOU COULD TELL ME.

I'VE NEVER SEEN
ANYTHING LIKE
THESE THINGS. WHERE'D
YOU FIND THEM?



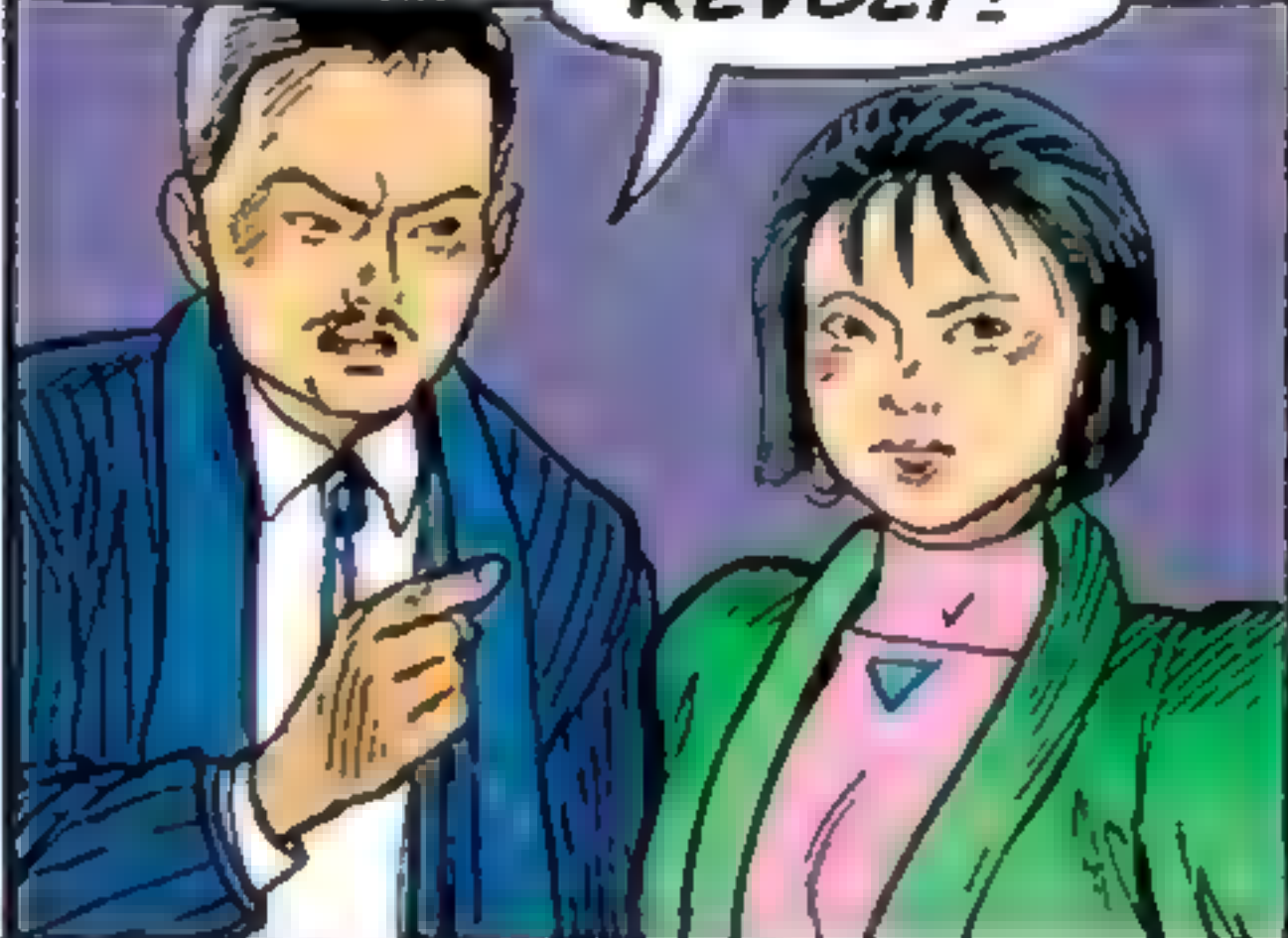


I BEAMED A MESSAGE TO THE HOME OFFICE EXPRESSING MY PLEASURE AT THE NEWS OF SHIGERU CHIGUSA'S VISIT AND MY REQUEST FOR A BETTER PRICE FOR THE RANCHERS-- SUPPORTING IT WITH A NEW, STEPPED-UP SCHEDULE FOR THE HARVEST. THEN I GRABBED SIX HOURS OF SLEEP BEFORE GOING OUT TO MAKE SURE WE COULD KEEP MY PROMISE.

A PARTY?!
IS THIS REALLY
NECESSARY?

I TOLD YOU--YOU CAN'T RUN PEOPLE LIKE MACHINES. YOU THINK THE PAST THREE YEARS ON THIS ROCK HAVE BEEN EASY FOR THESE FOLKS? THIS IS THEIR FIRST ROUNDUP-- EVERYTHING THEY'VE BEEN WORKING FOR!

IF THEY WANT TO CELEBRATE THEIR ACCOMPLISHMENT, LET THEM! OTHERWISE, SHIGERU CHIGUSA WILL ARRIVE JUST IN TIME TO WITNESS A FULL-SCALE REVOLT!

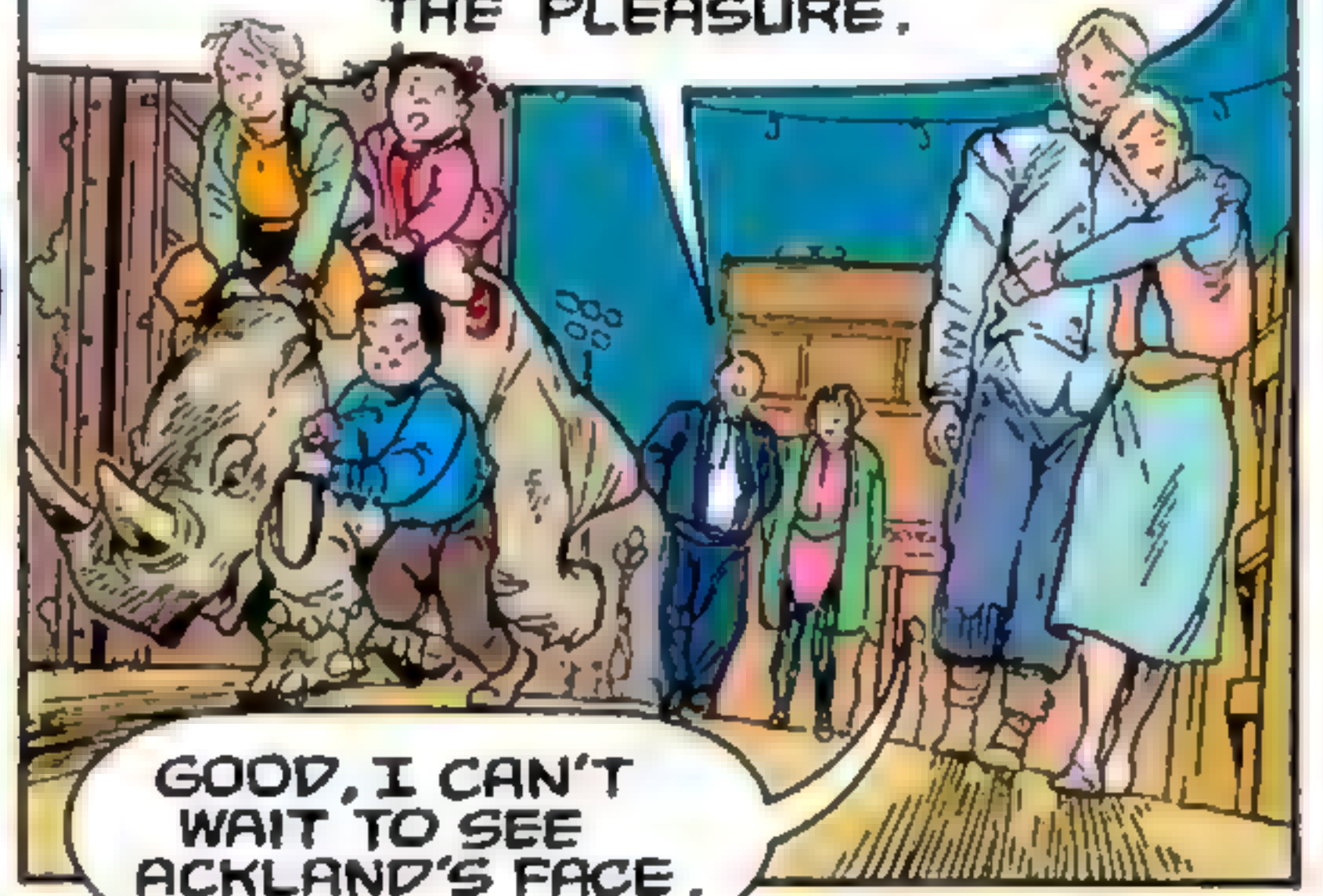


YOU'RE
RIGHT--AGAIN,
HIROKI.

COME ON, LET'S
GO GREET THE
SHIP--IT'S DUE
ANY MINUTE.

IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE NOT TO GET CAUGHT UP IN THE EXCITEMENT OF THE MOMENT. CHILDREN WERE LAUGHING... HUSBANDS AND WIVES WERE ACTING LIKE YOUNG LOVERS... SOMEONE FED MUSIC OVER THE PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM.

OH, THE HOME OFFICE CALLED-- THEY APPROVED THE PRICE HIKE FOR THE RANCHERS. I HAVEN'T TOLD ANYONE-- I FIGURED YOU'D WANT THE PLEASURE.



GOOD, I CAN'T
WAIT TO SEE
ACKLAND'S FACE.

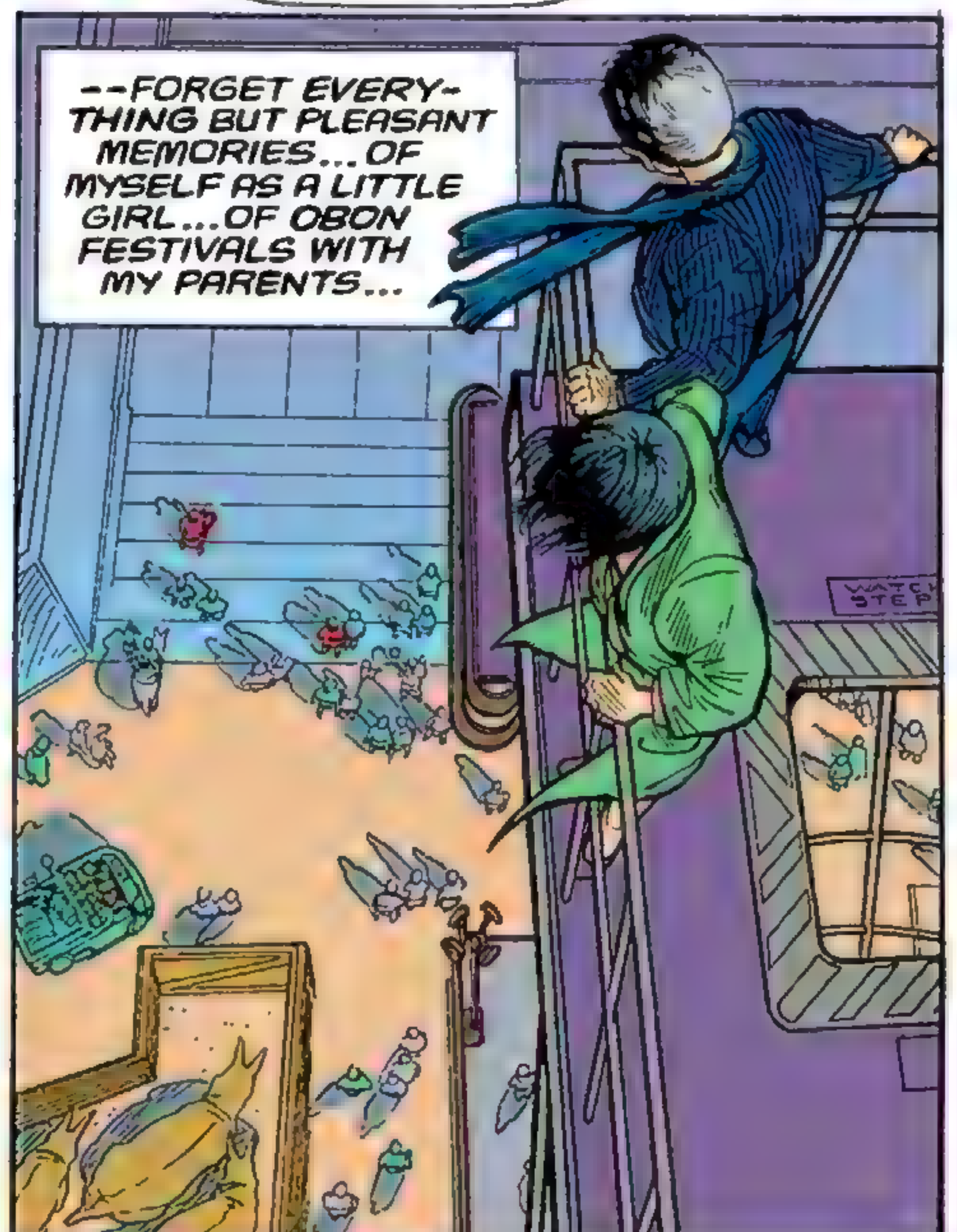
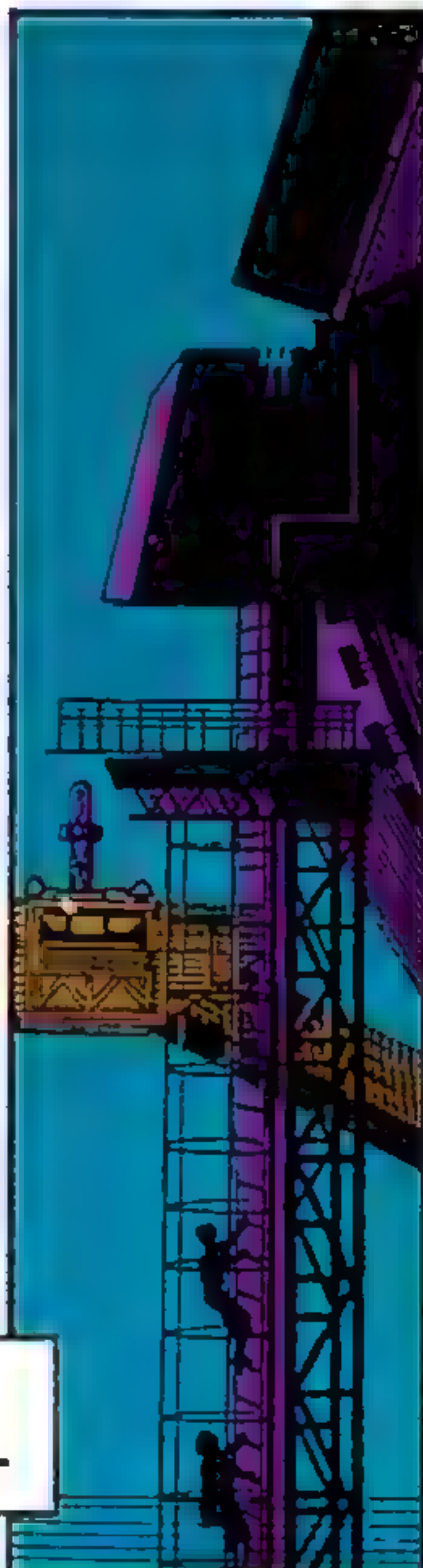


UP HERE, THE
ANTENNA TOWER
IS THE ONLY
PLACE TO WATCH
A LANDING.

CAN IT
SUPPORT
BOTH
OF US?

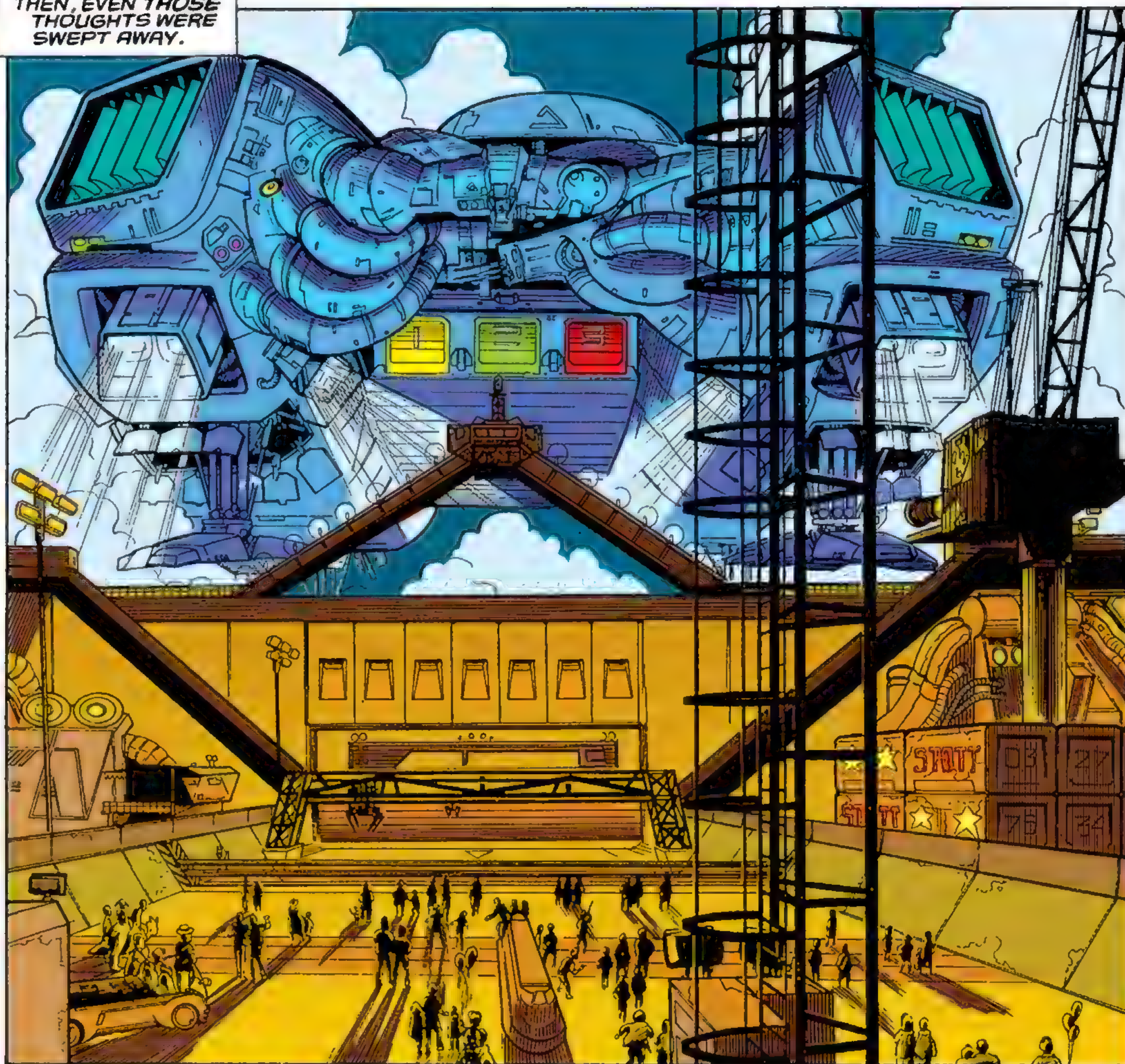
LET'S
FIND
OUT.

FOR A MOMENT I
WAS ABLE TO
FORGET MY JOB--



--FORGET EVERY-
THING BUT PLEASANT
MEMORIES... OF
MYSELF AS A LITTLE
GIRL... OF OBON
FESTIVALS WITH
MY PARENTS...

THEN, EVEN THOSE
THOUGHTS WERE
SWEEP AWAY.



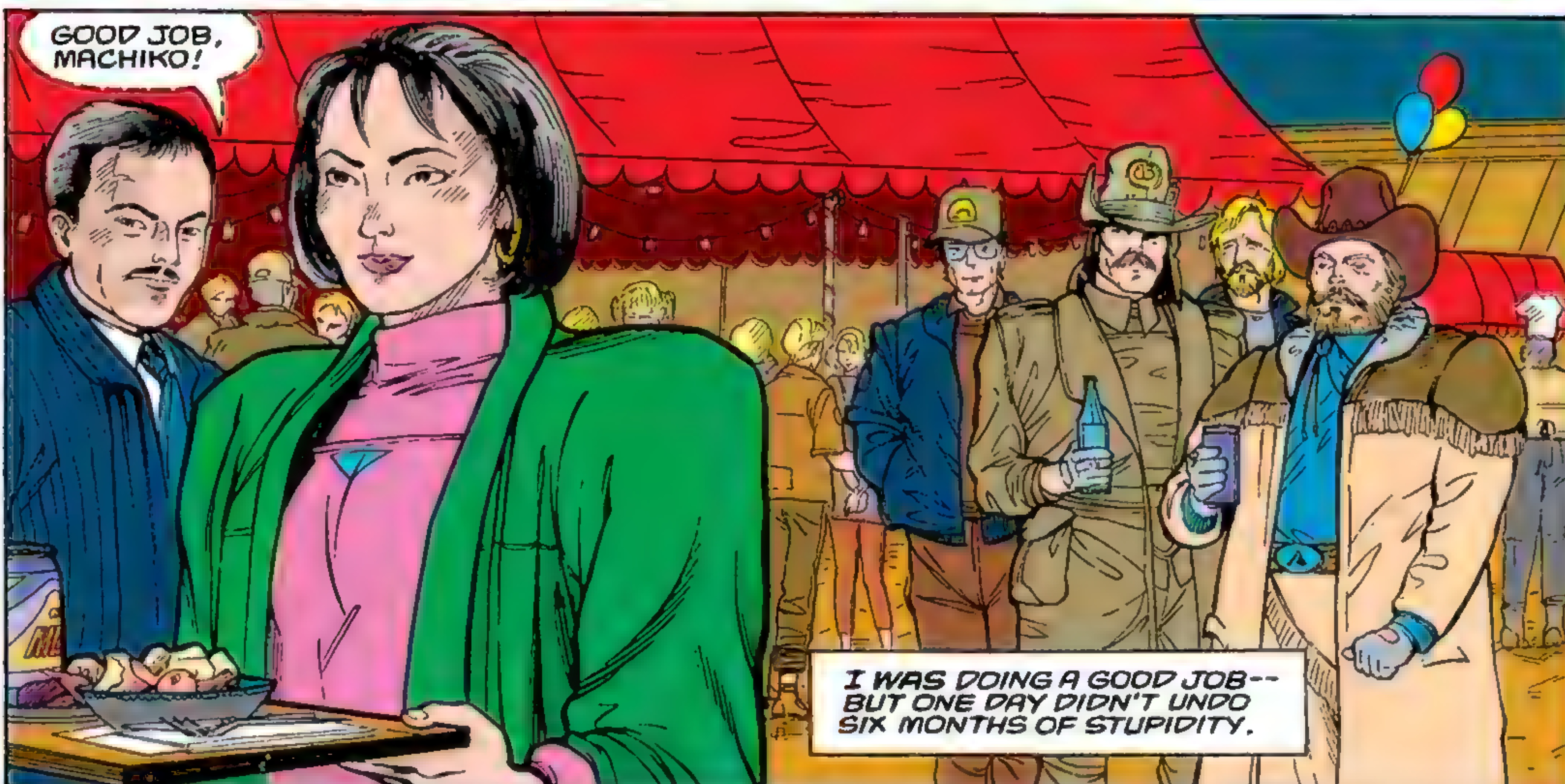
THE LECTOR'S CREW
WERE GREETED LIKE
CELEBRITIES... OR
HEROES. NEW ARRIVALS
ON RYUSHI WERE A
RARITY.

ACKLAND'S THE NAME--
I'M HEAD OF THE LOCAL
RANCHERS ASSOCIATION.
I HOPE YOU AND YOUR
CREW ARE READY TO
PARTY, CAPTAIN--?

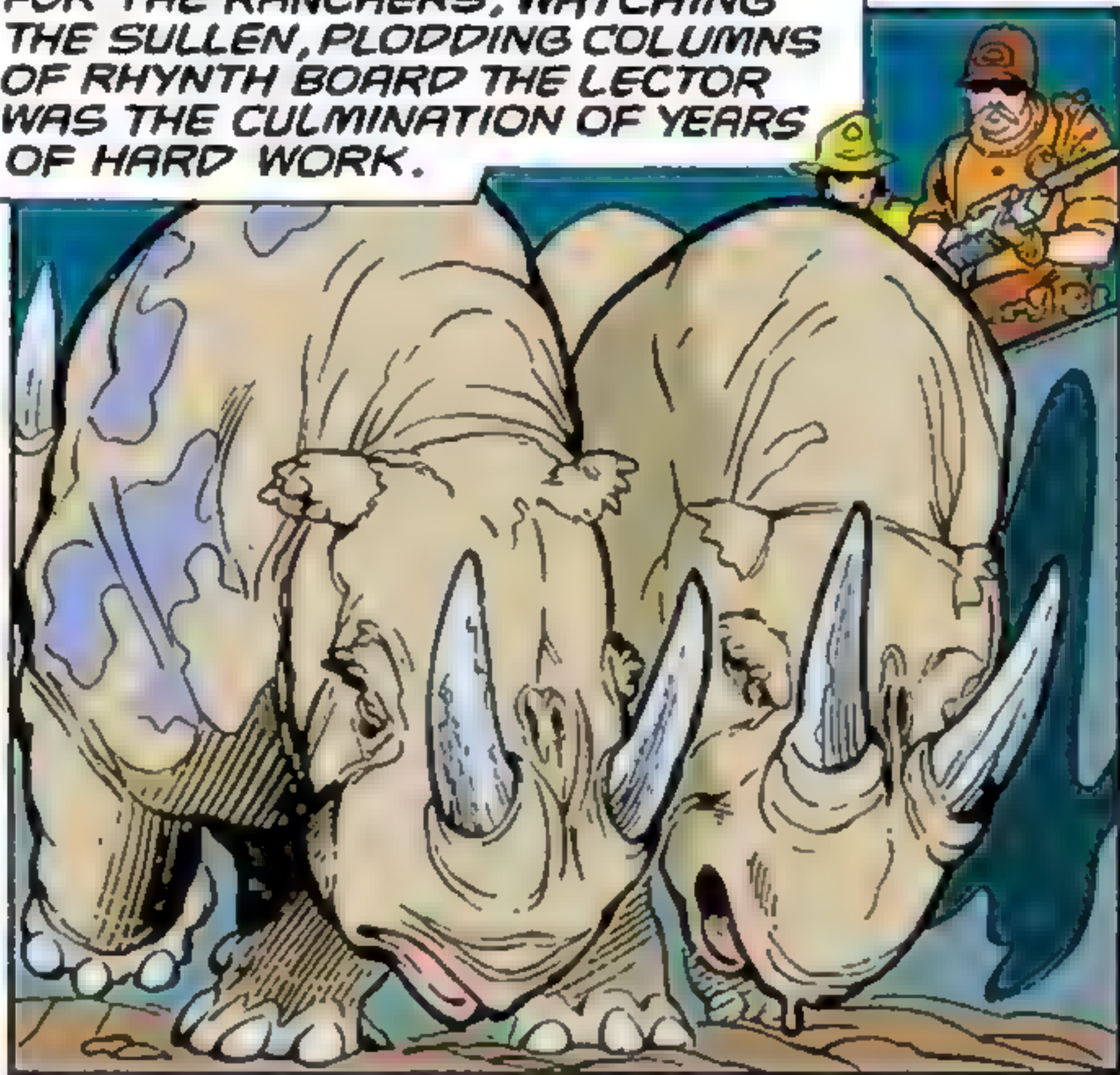
STRANDBERG-- BUT
JUST CALL ME TOM.
THIS IS MY CO-PILOT,
SCOTT CONOVER--

CAN I HAVE
EVERYONE'S
ATTENTION?

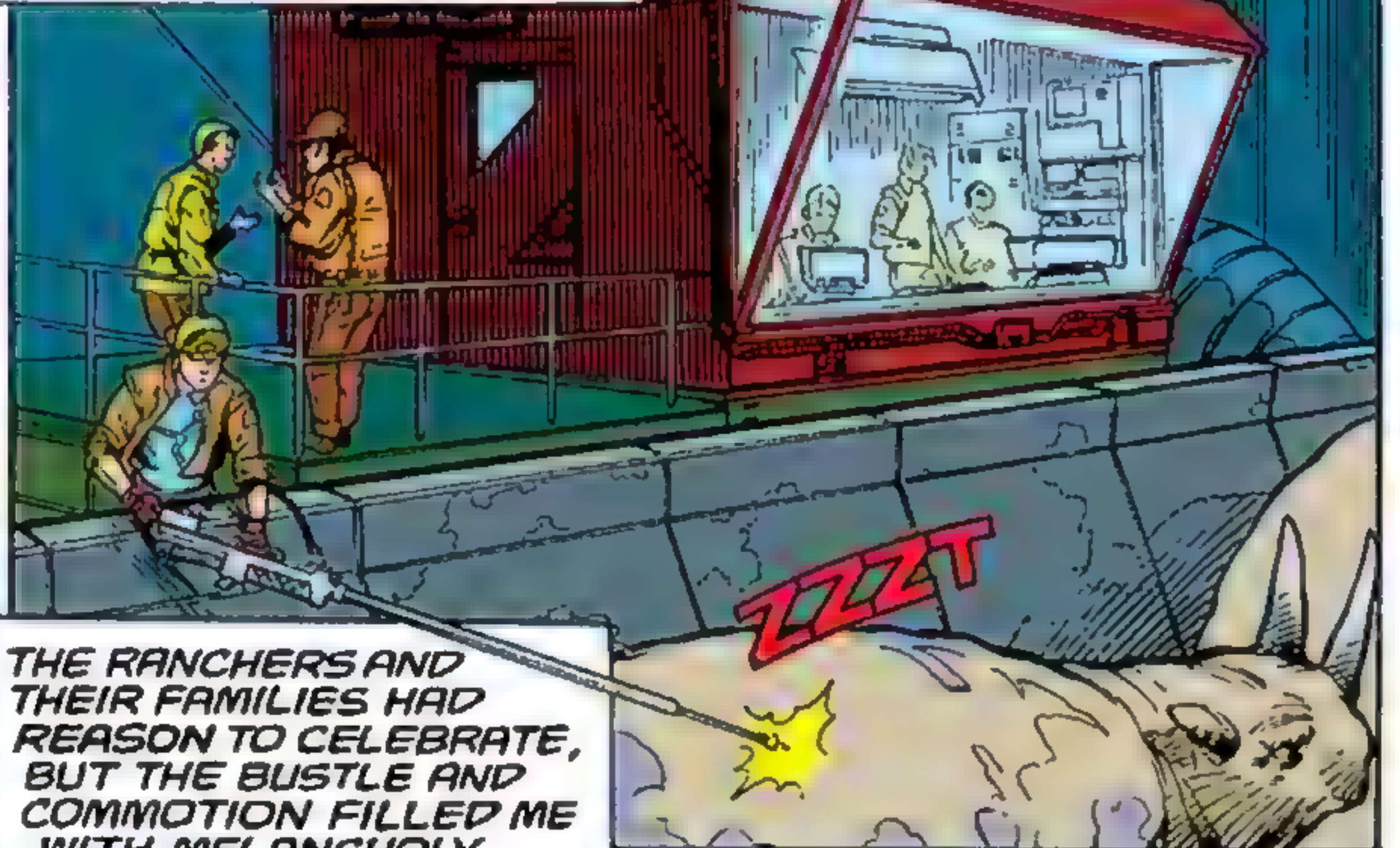




FOR THE RANCHERS, WATCHING THE SULEN, PLODDING COLUMNS OF RHYNTH BOARD THE LECTOR WAS THE CULMINATION OF YEARS OF HARD WORK.

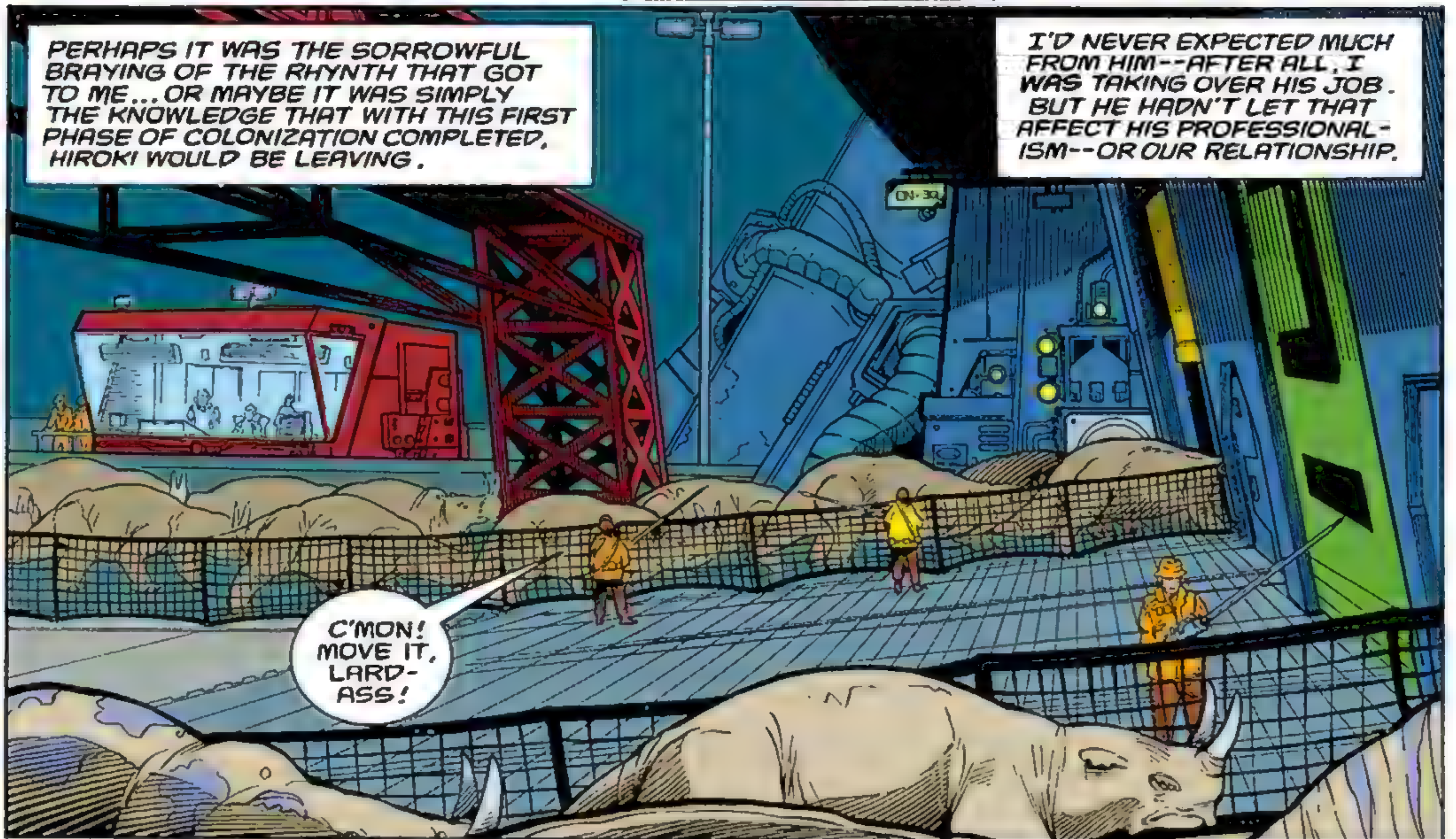


EVERY LUMBERING STEP, EVERY NERVOUS SNORT, MEANT MORE CREDITS IN THEIR ACCOUNT...



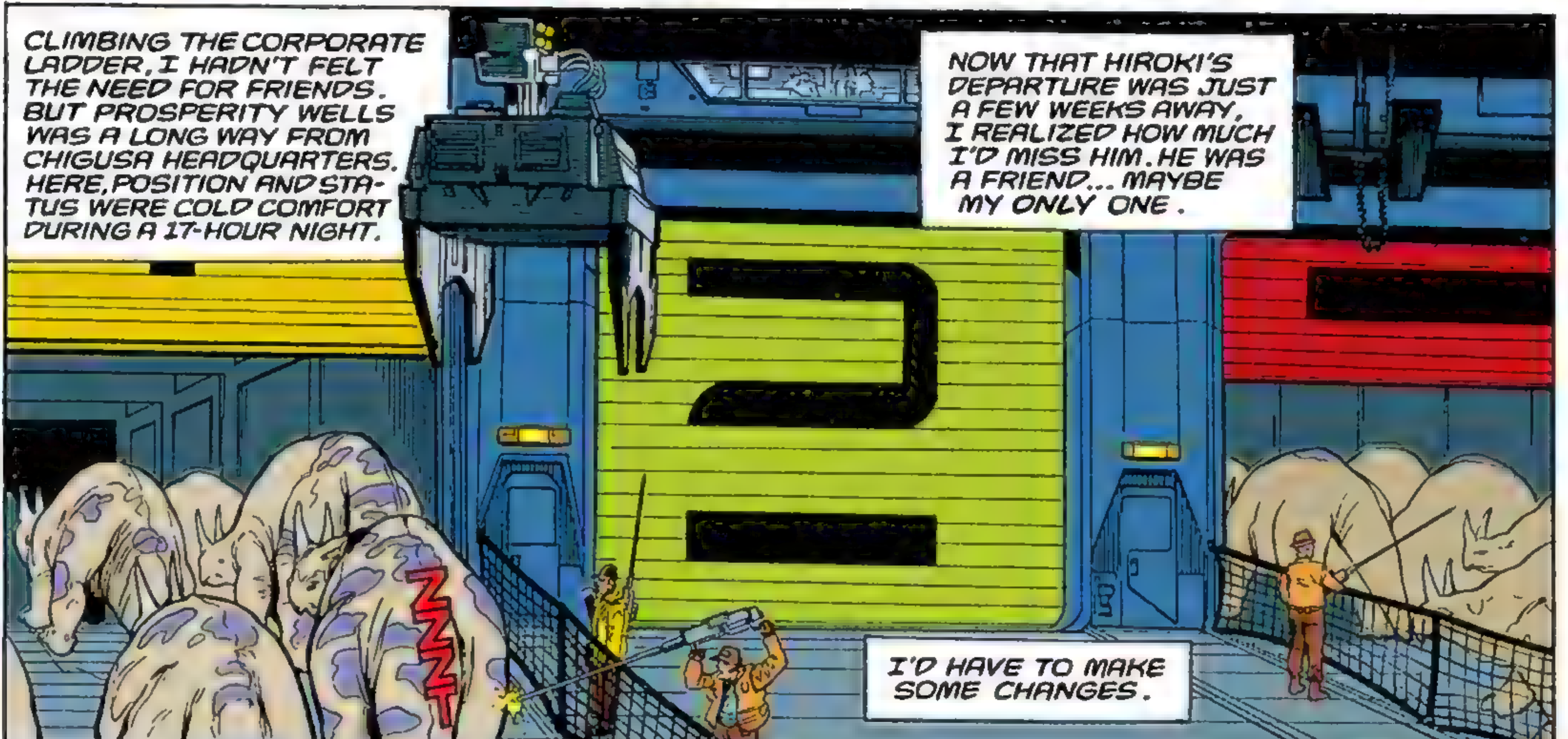
THE RANCHERS AND THEIR FAMILIES HAD REASON TO CELEBRATE, BUT THE BUSTLE AND COMMOTION FILLED ME WITH MELANCHOLY.

PERHAPS IT WAS THE SORROWFUL BRAYING OF THE RHYNTH THAT GOT TO ME... OR MAYBE IT WAS SIMPLY THE KNOWLEDGE THAT WITH THIS FIRST PHASE OF COLONIZATION COMPLETED, HIROKI WOULD BE LEAVING.



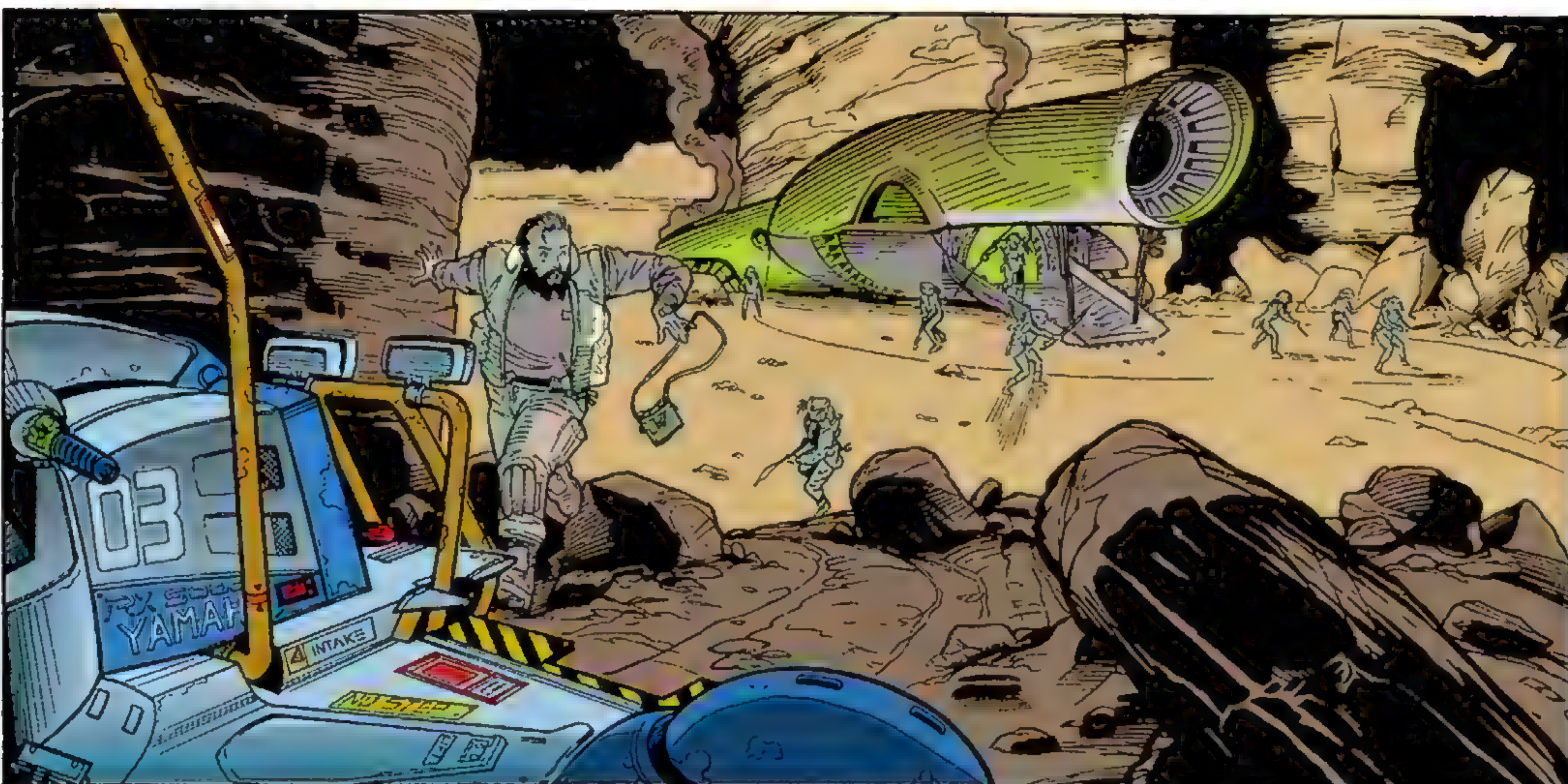
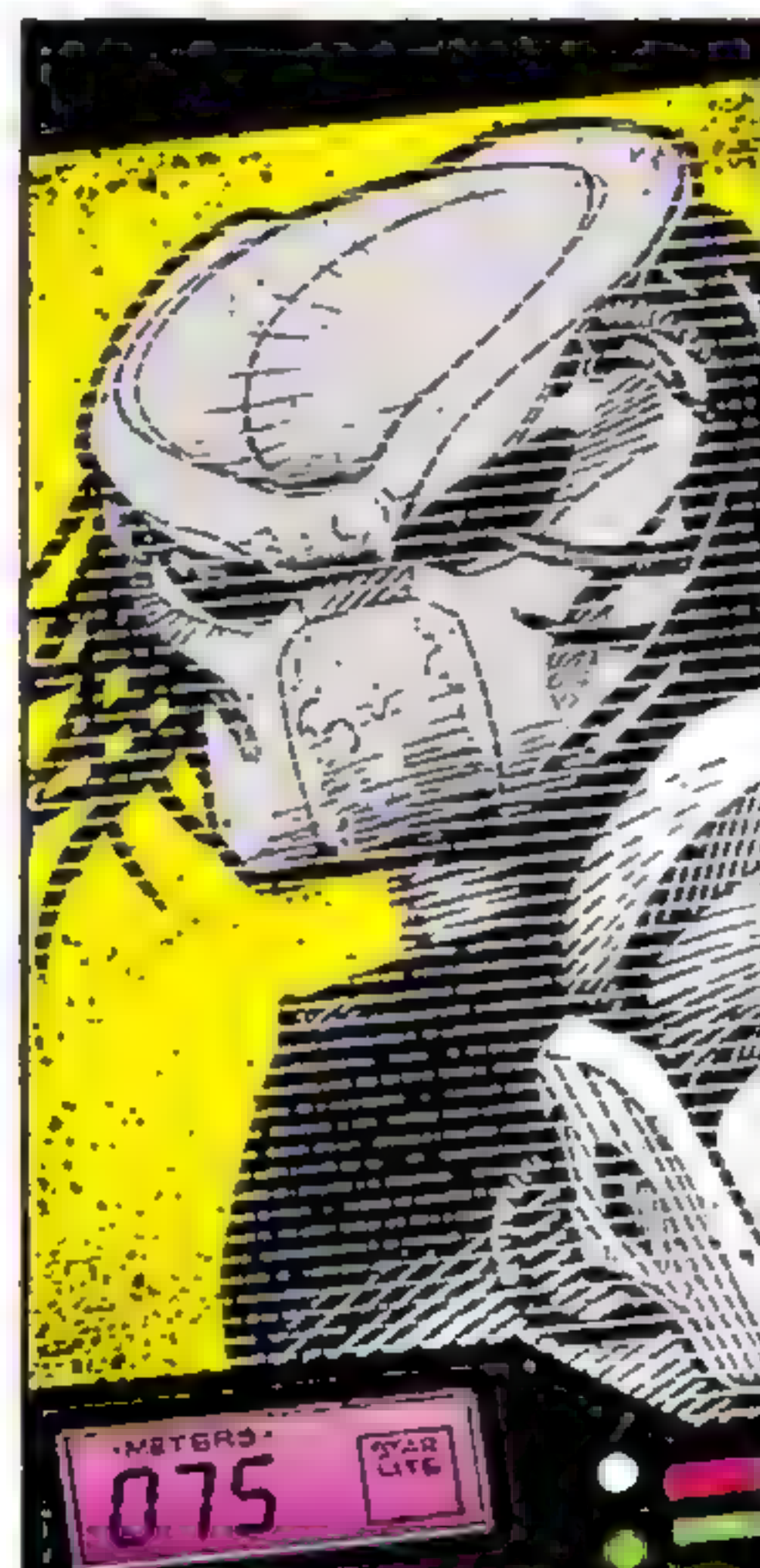
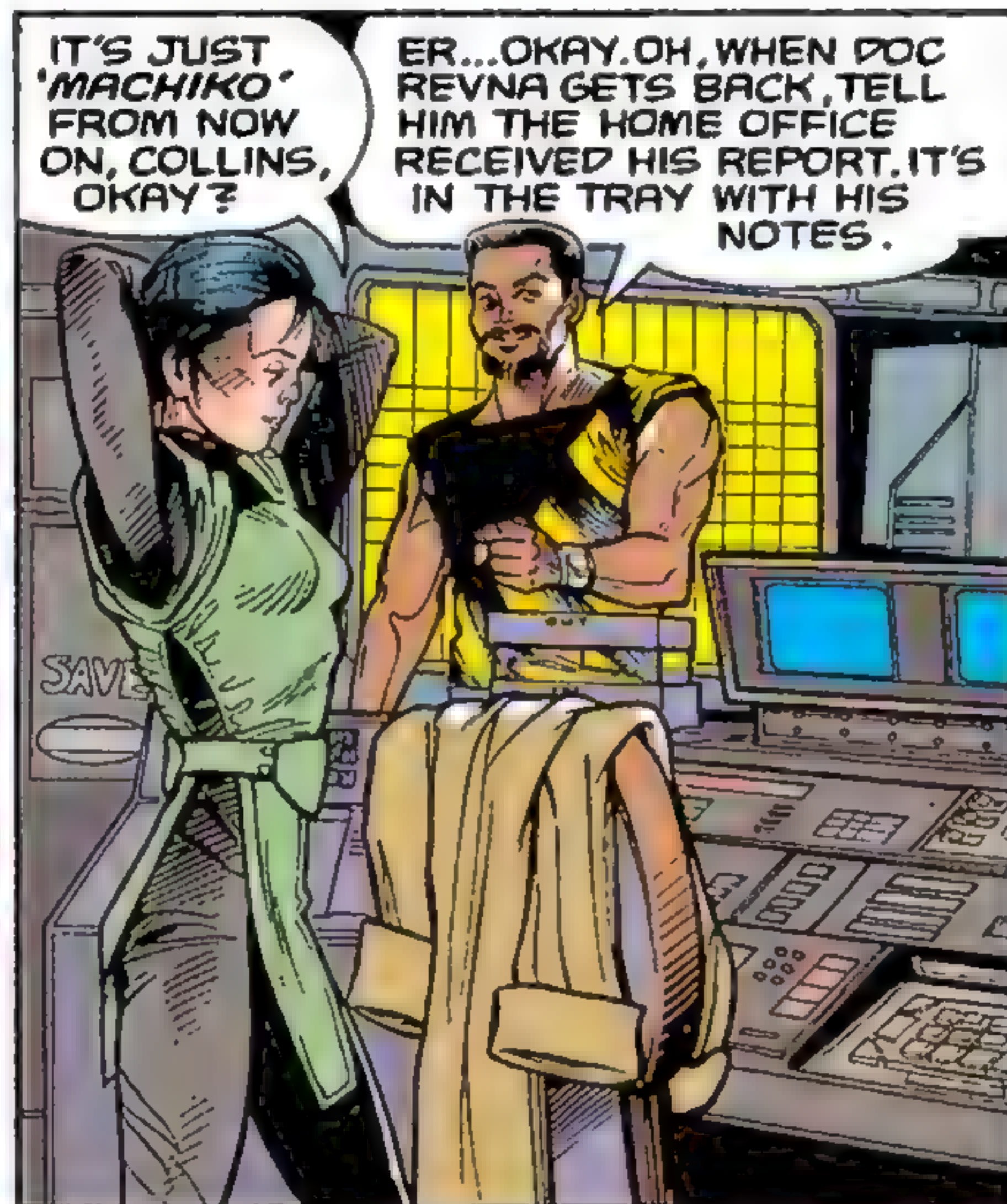
I'D NEVER EXPECTED MUCH FROM HIM--AFTER ALL, I WAS TAKING OVER HIS JOB. BUT HE HADN'T LET THAT AFFECT HIS PROFESSIONALISM--OR OUR RELATIONSHIP.

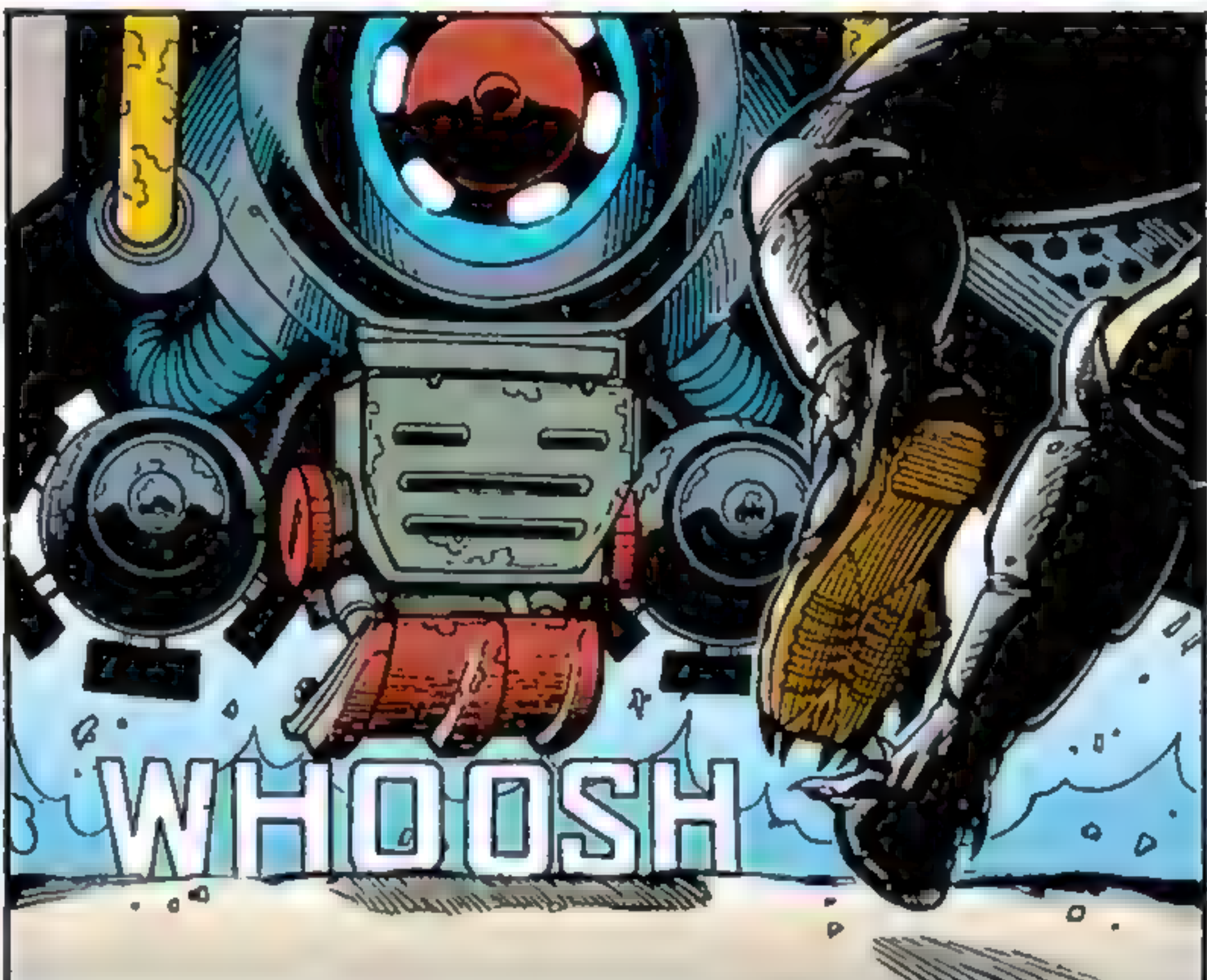
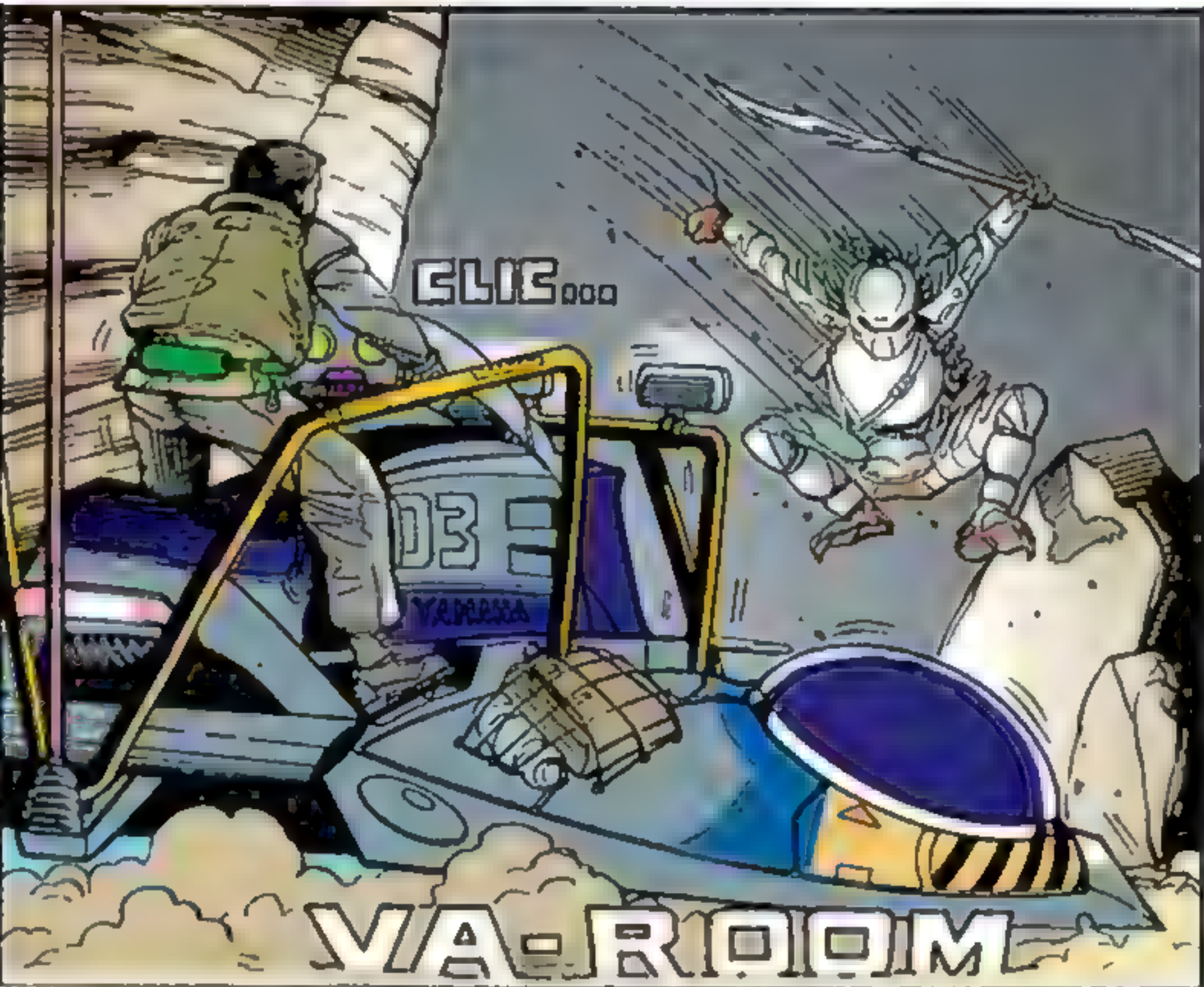
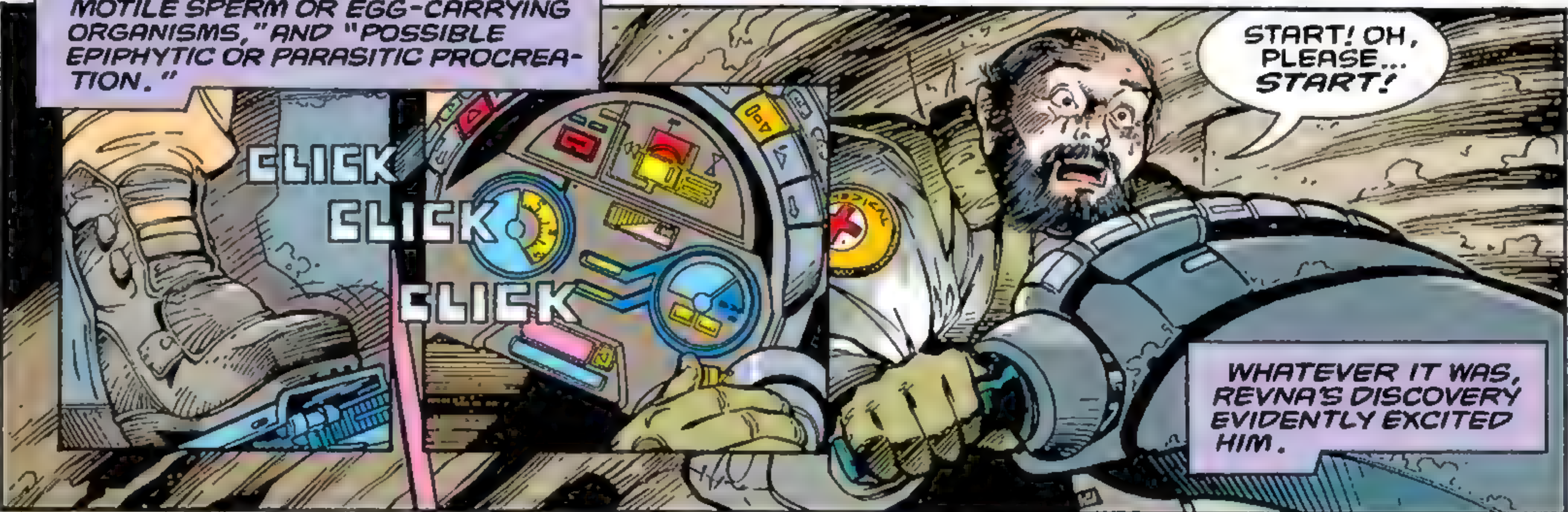
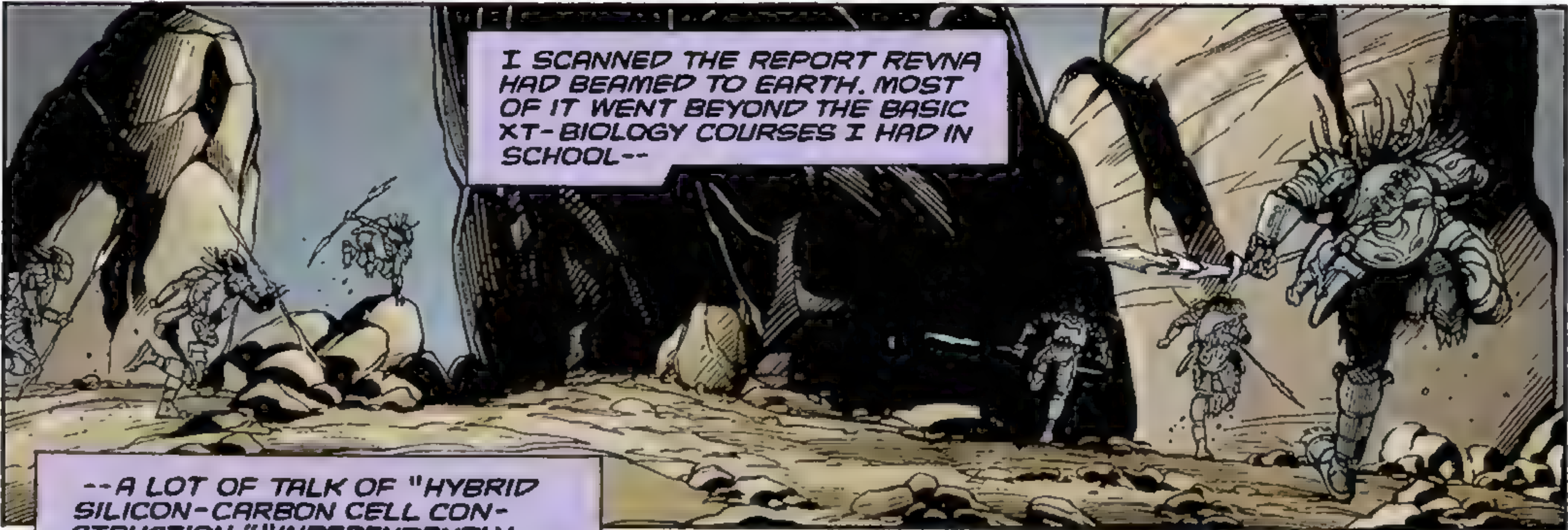
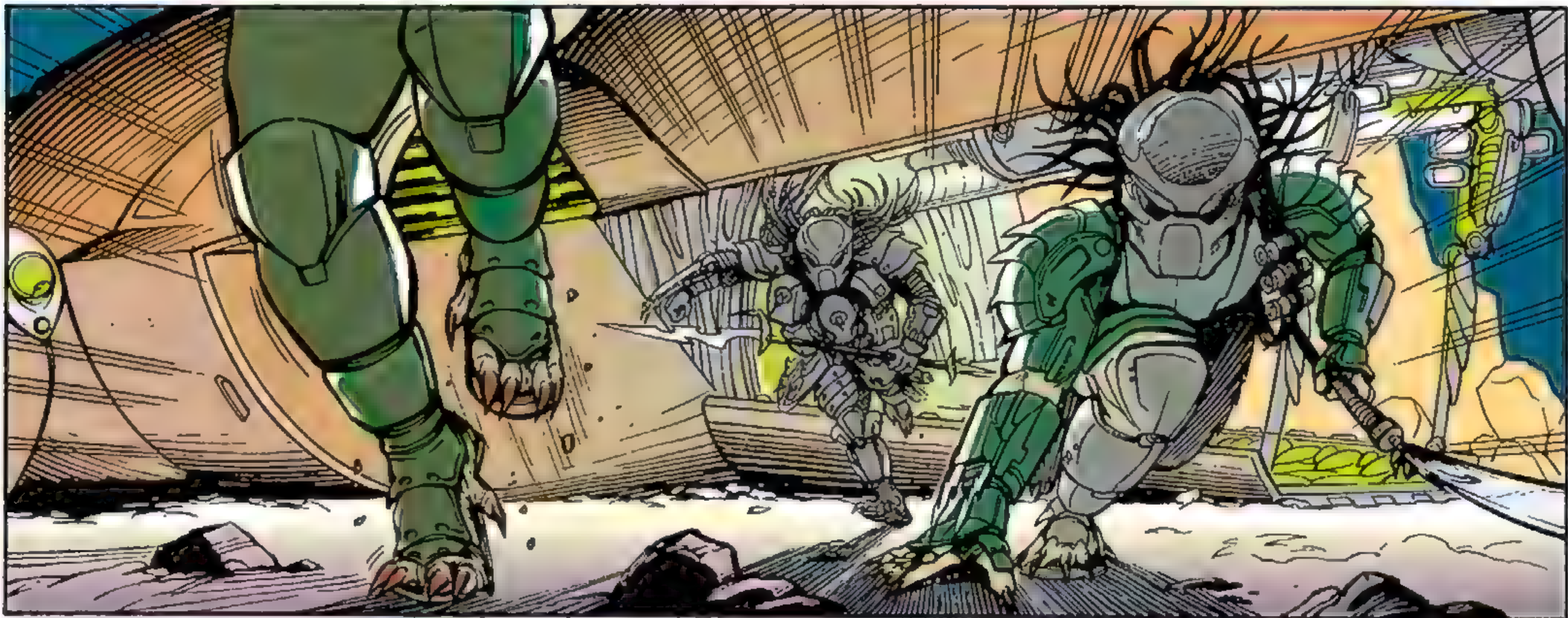
CLIMBING THE CORPORATE LADDER, I HADN'T FELT THE NEED FOR FRIENDS. BUT PROSPERITY WELLS WAS A LONG WAY FROM CHIGUSA HEADQUARTERS. HERE, POSITION AND STATUS WERE COLD COMFORT DURING A 17-HOUR NIGHT.

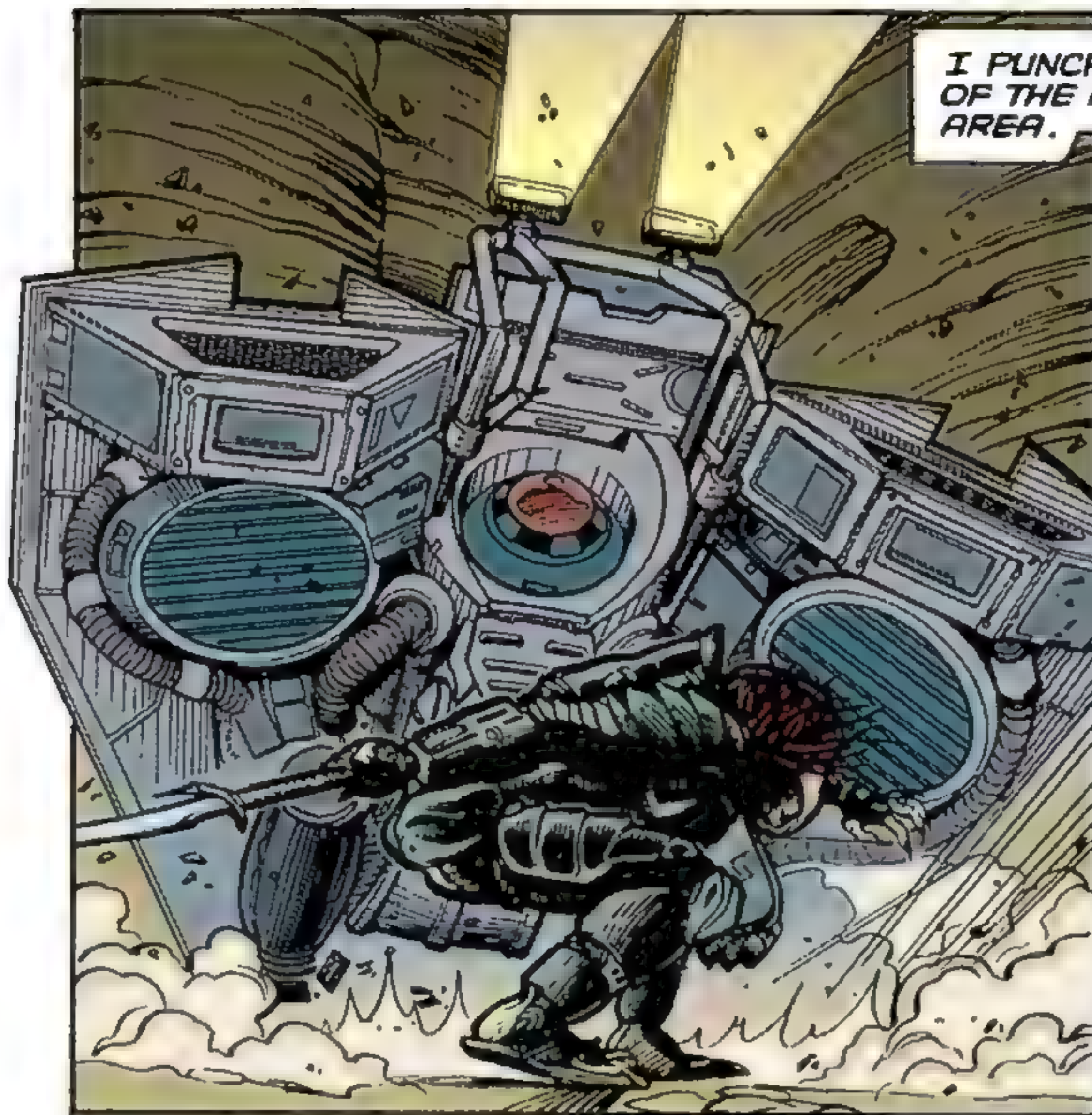


NOW THAT HIROKI'S DEPARTURE WAS JUST A FEW WEEKS AWAY, I REALIZED HOW MUCH I'D MISS HIM. HE WAS A FRIEND... MAYBE MY ONLY ONE.

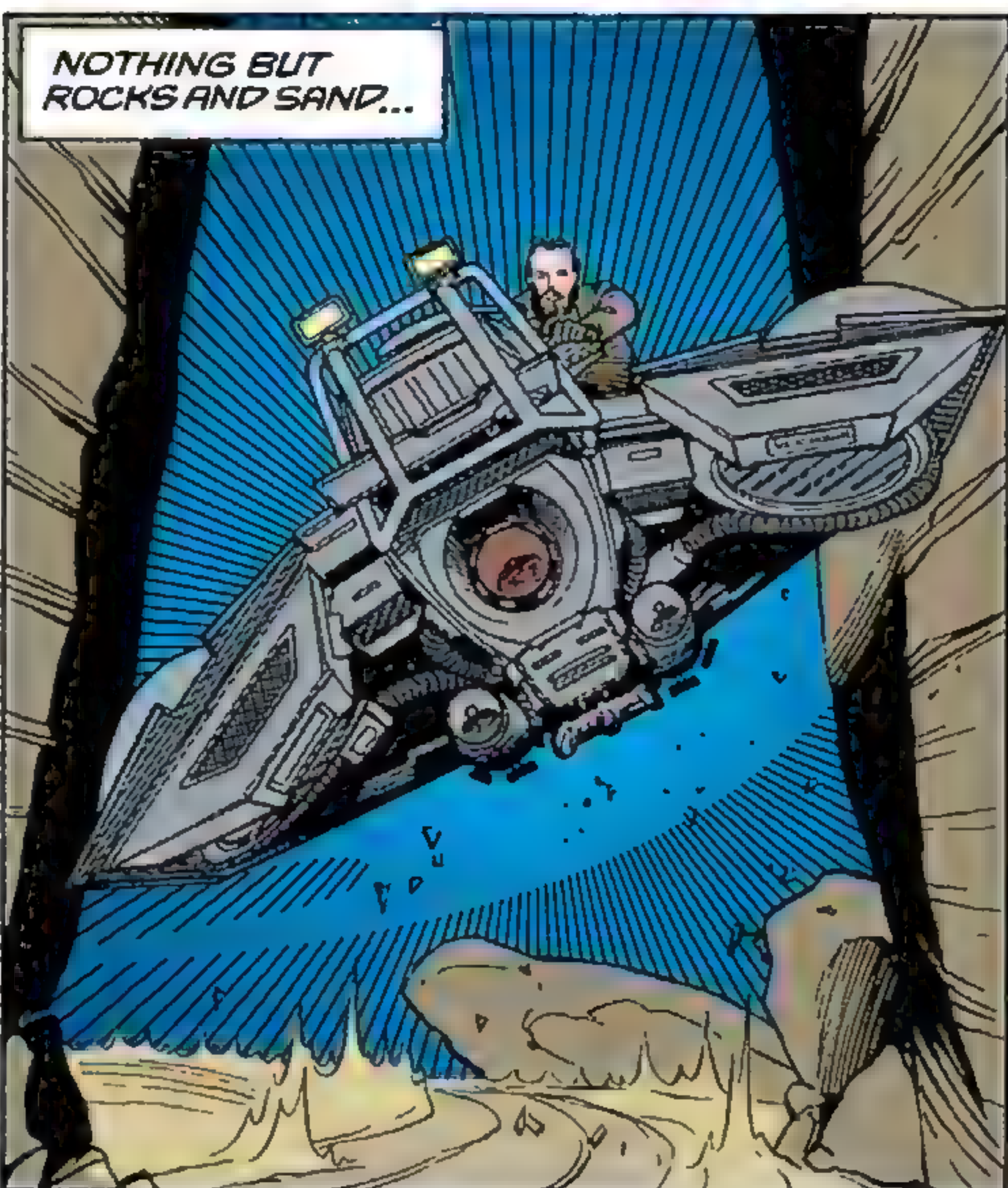
I'D HAVE TO MAKE SOME CHANGES.



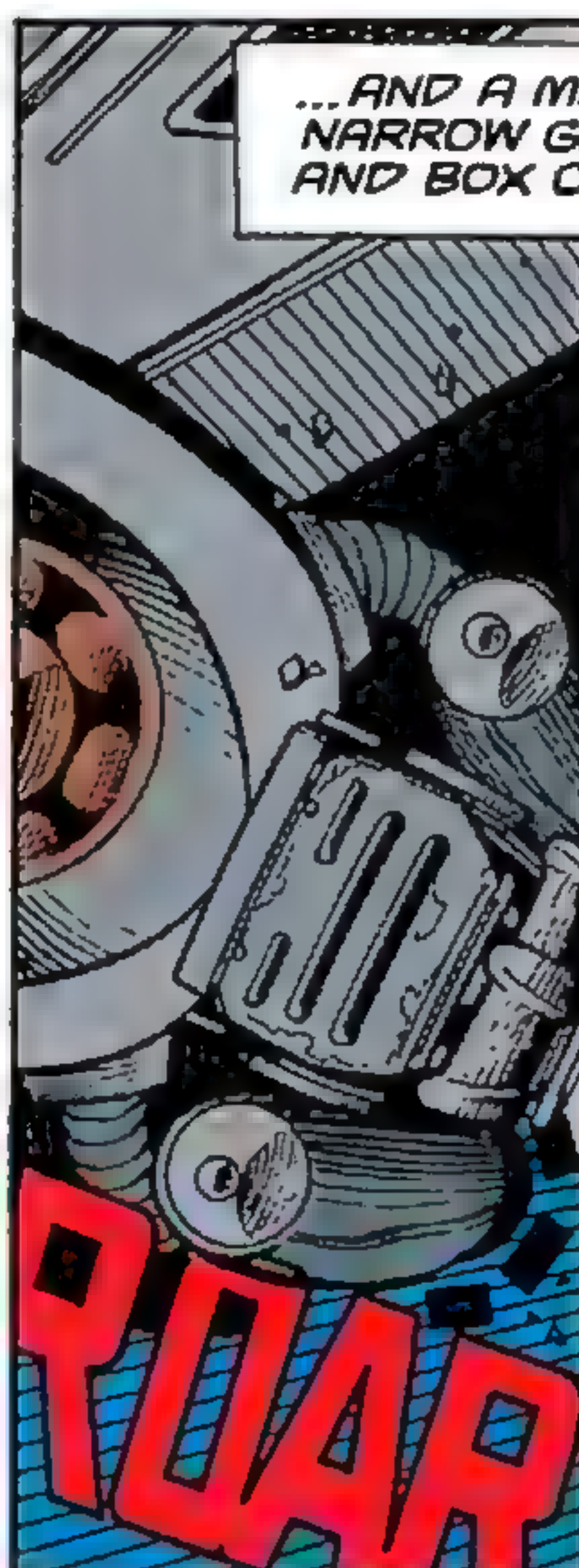




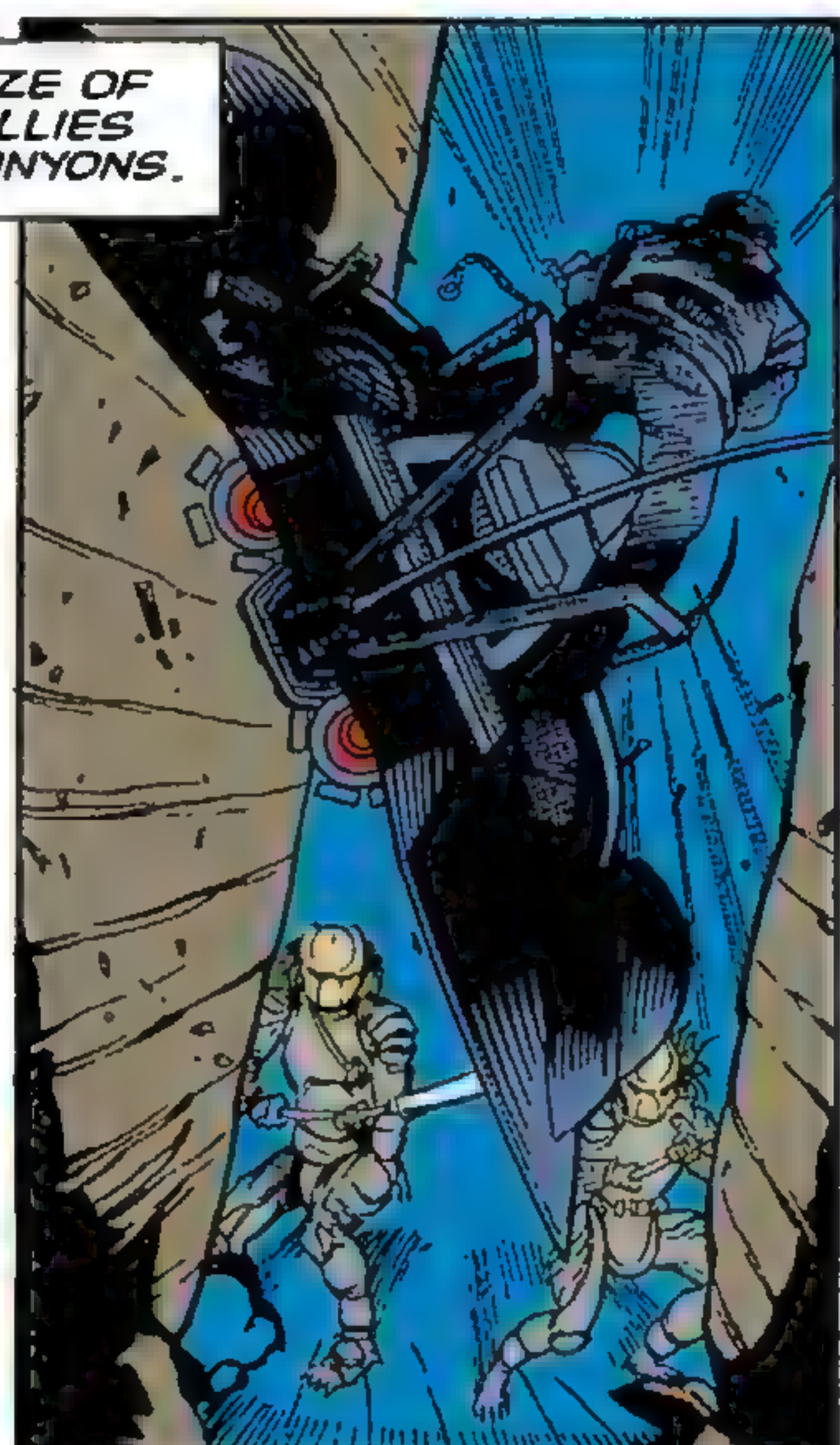
I PUNCHED UP A MAP
OF THE IWA GORGE
AREA.

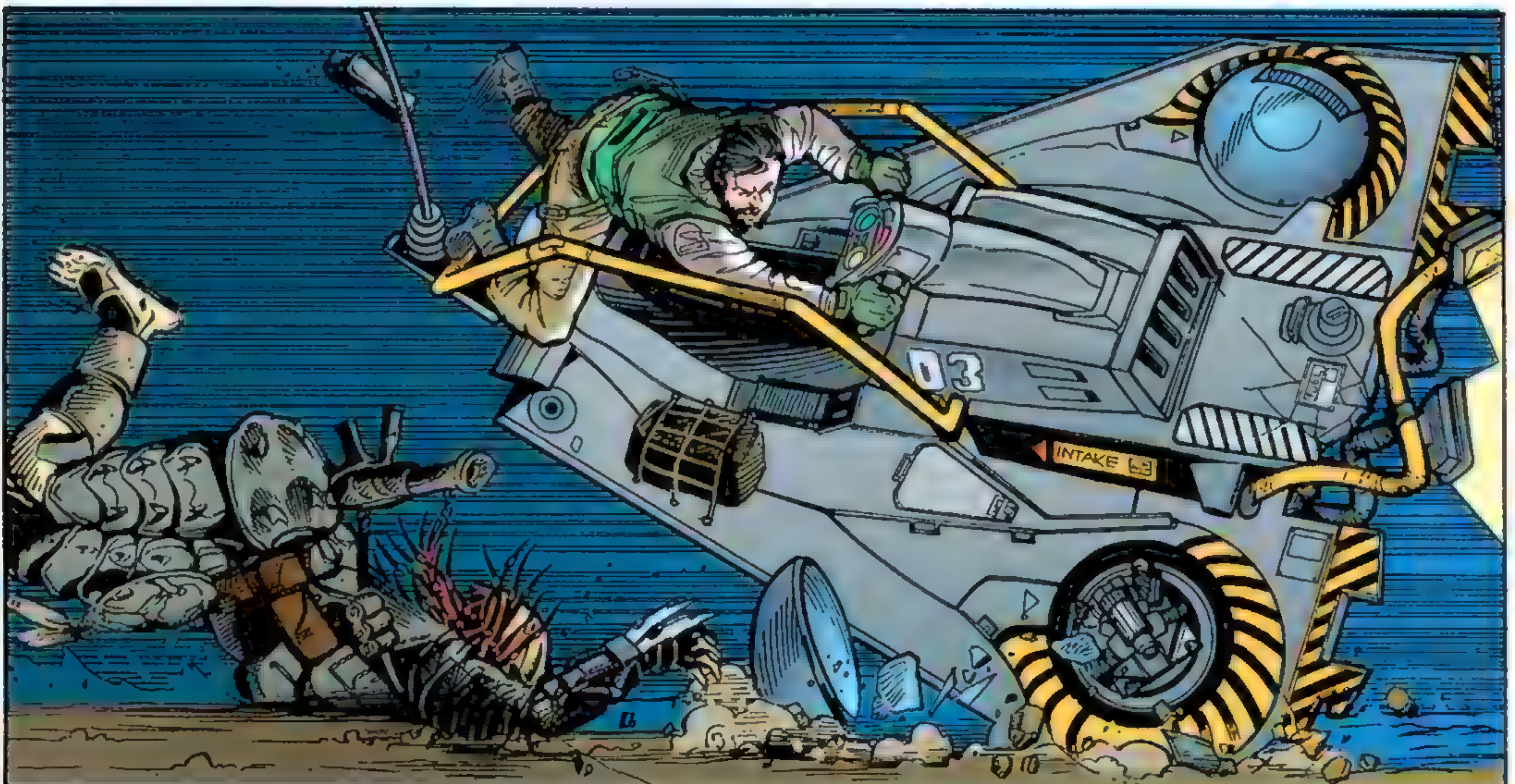
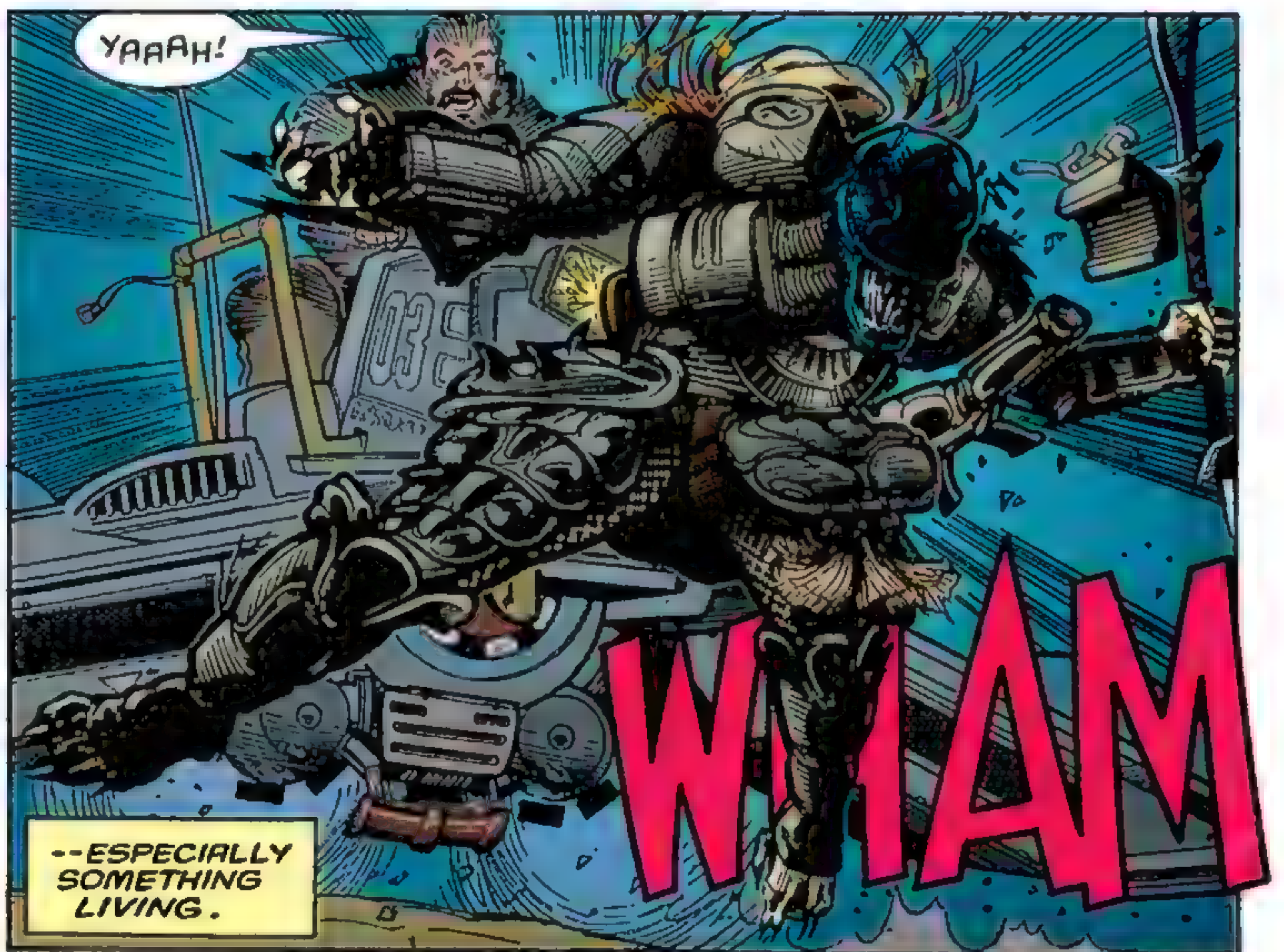
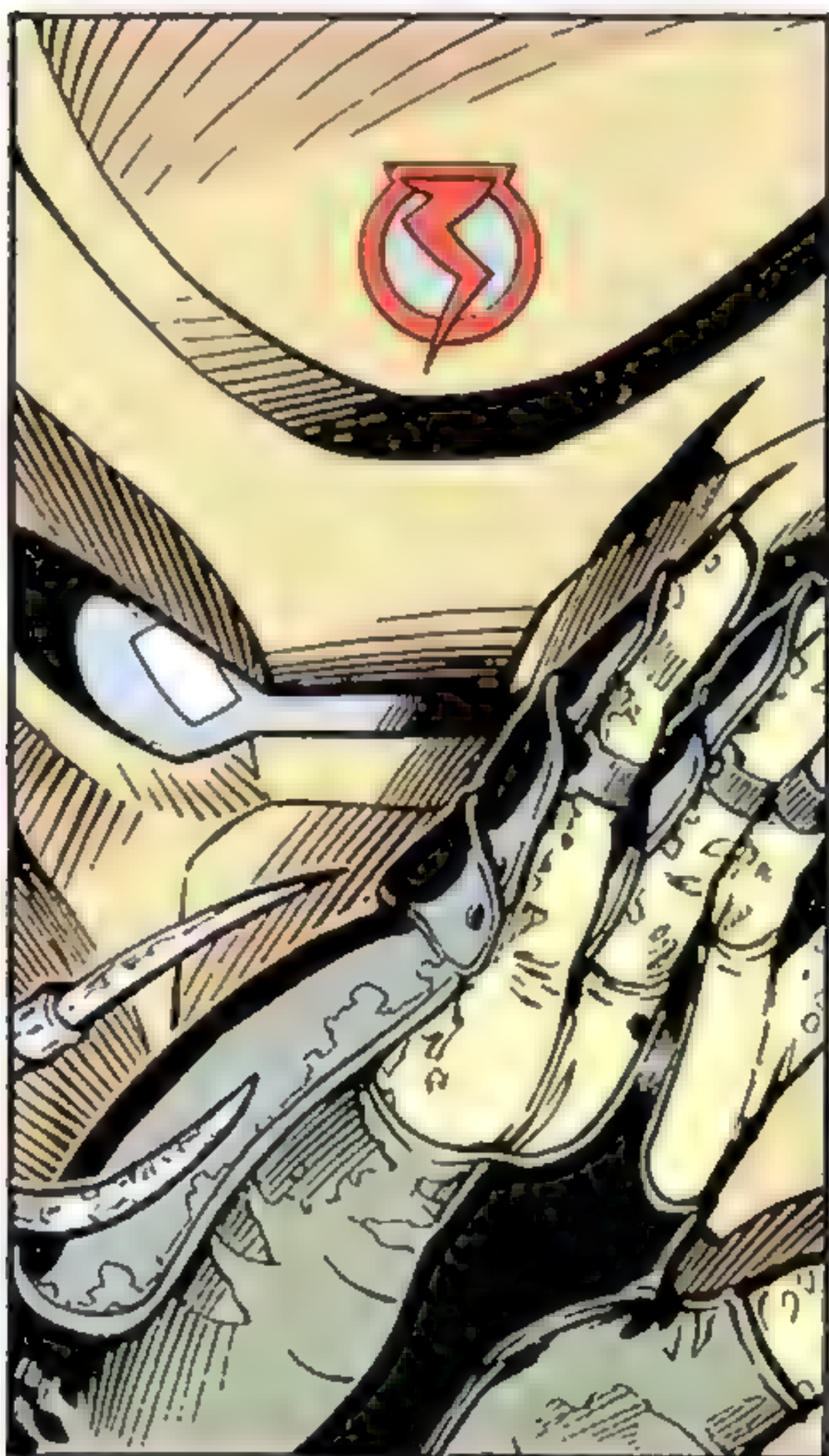
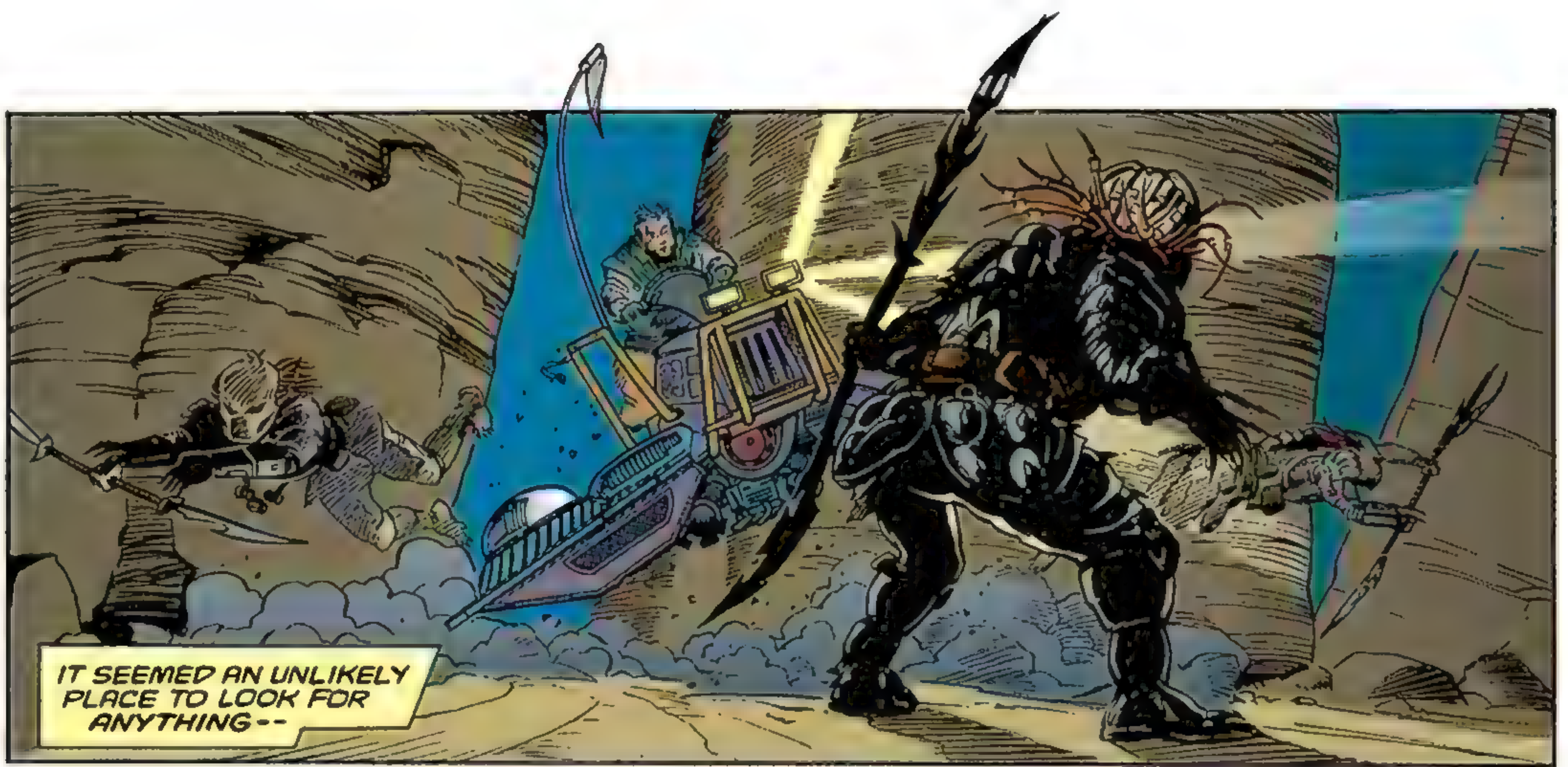


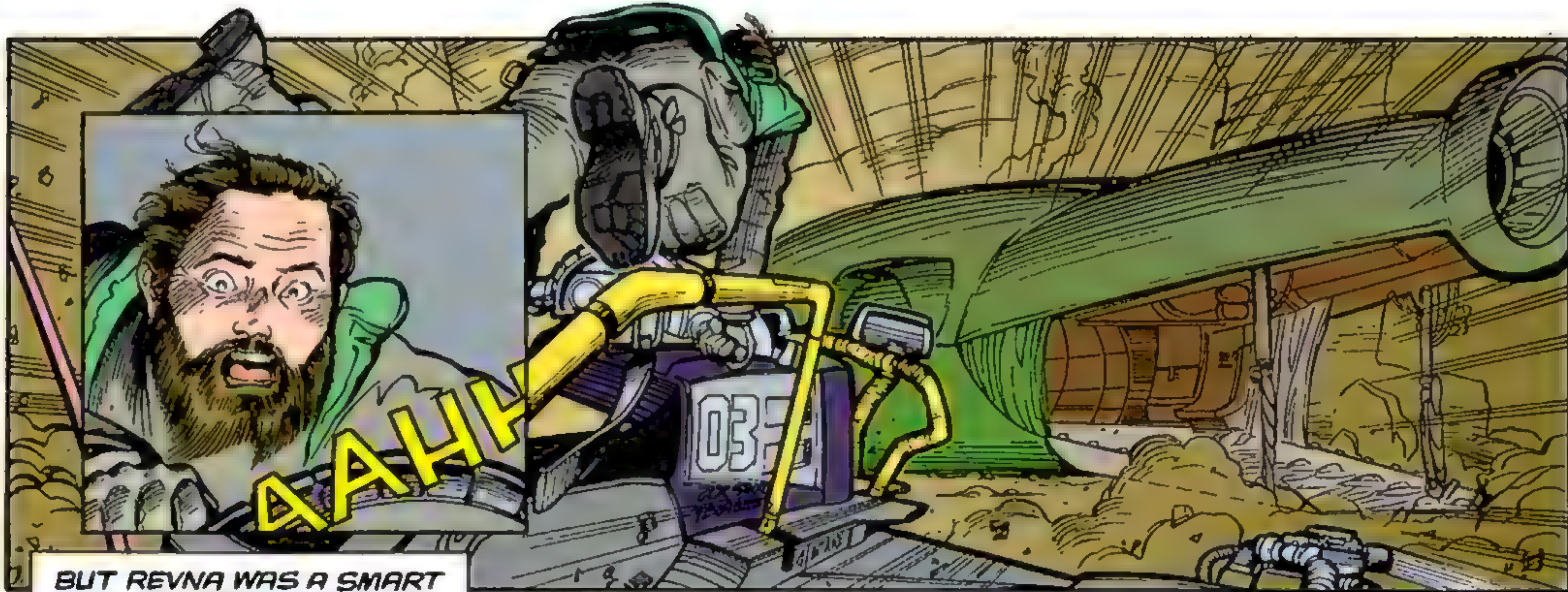
NOTHING BUT
ROCKS AND SAND...



...AND A MAZE OF
NARROW GULLIES
AND BOX CANYONS.



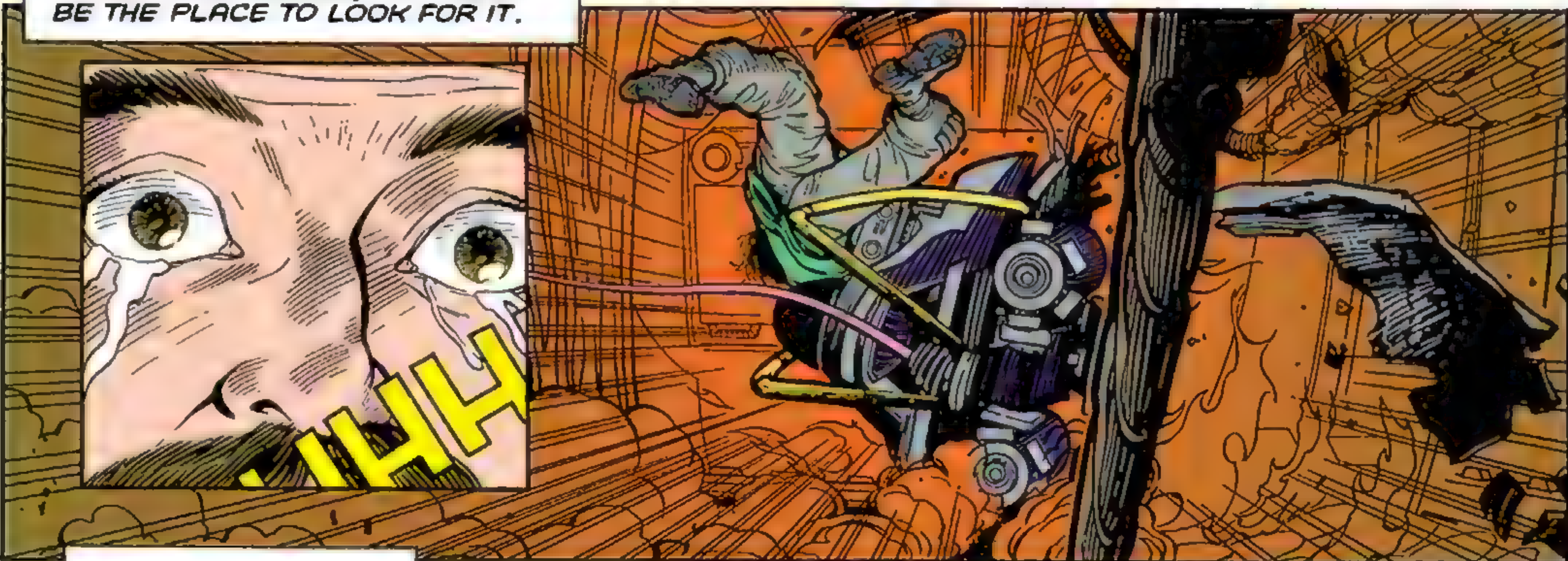




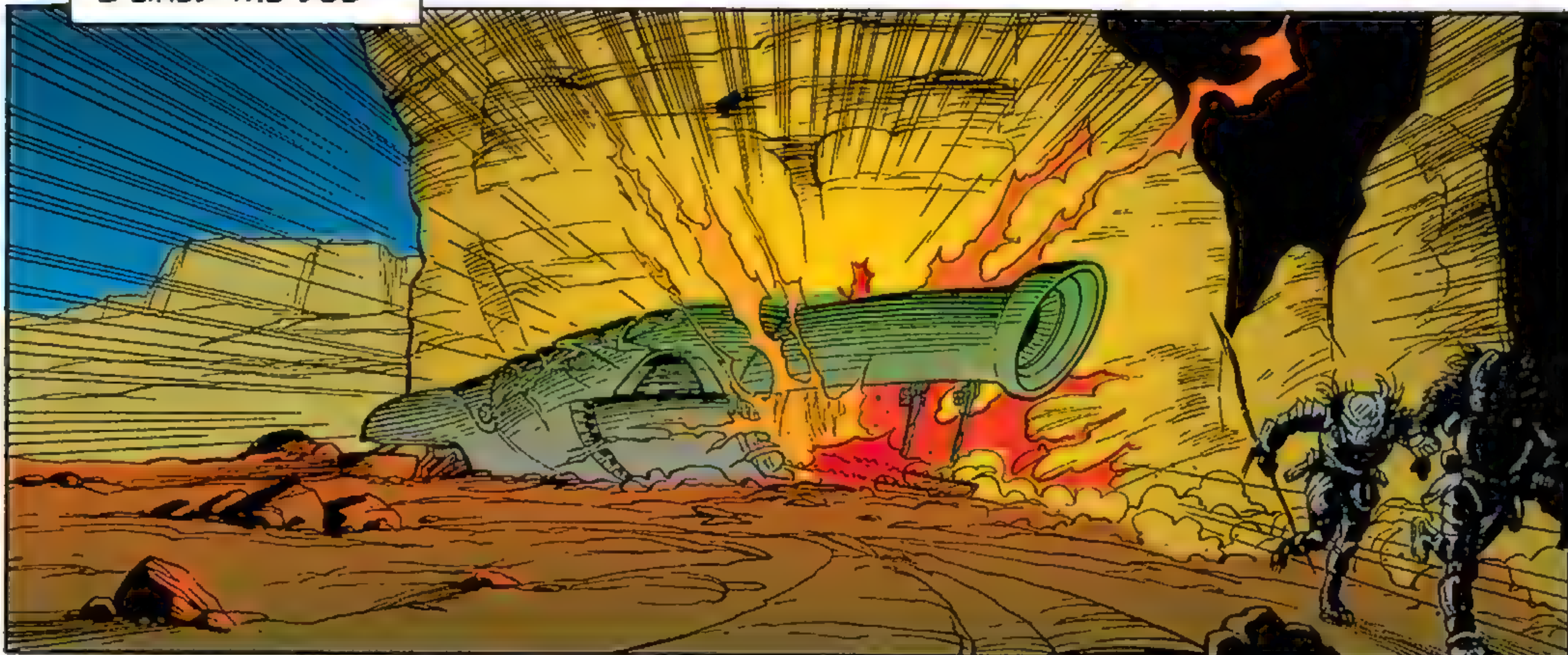
BUT REVNA WAS A SMART
MAN--PROBABLY SMARTER
THAN ANYONE ELSE ON
RYUSHI--



-- IF HE WAS LOOKING FOR SOME-
THING IN IWA GORGE, THAT MUST
BE THE PLACE TO LOOK FOR IT.

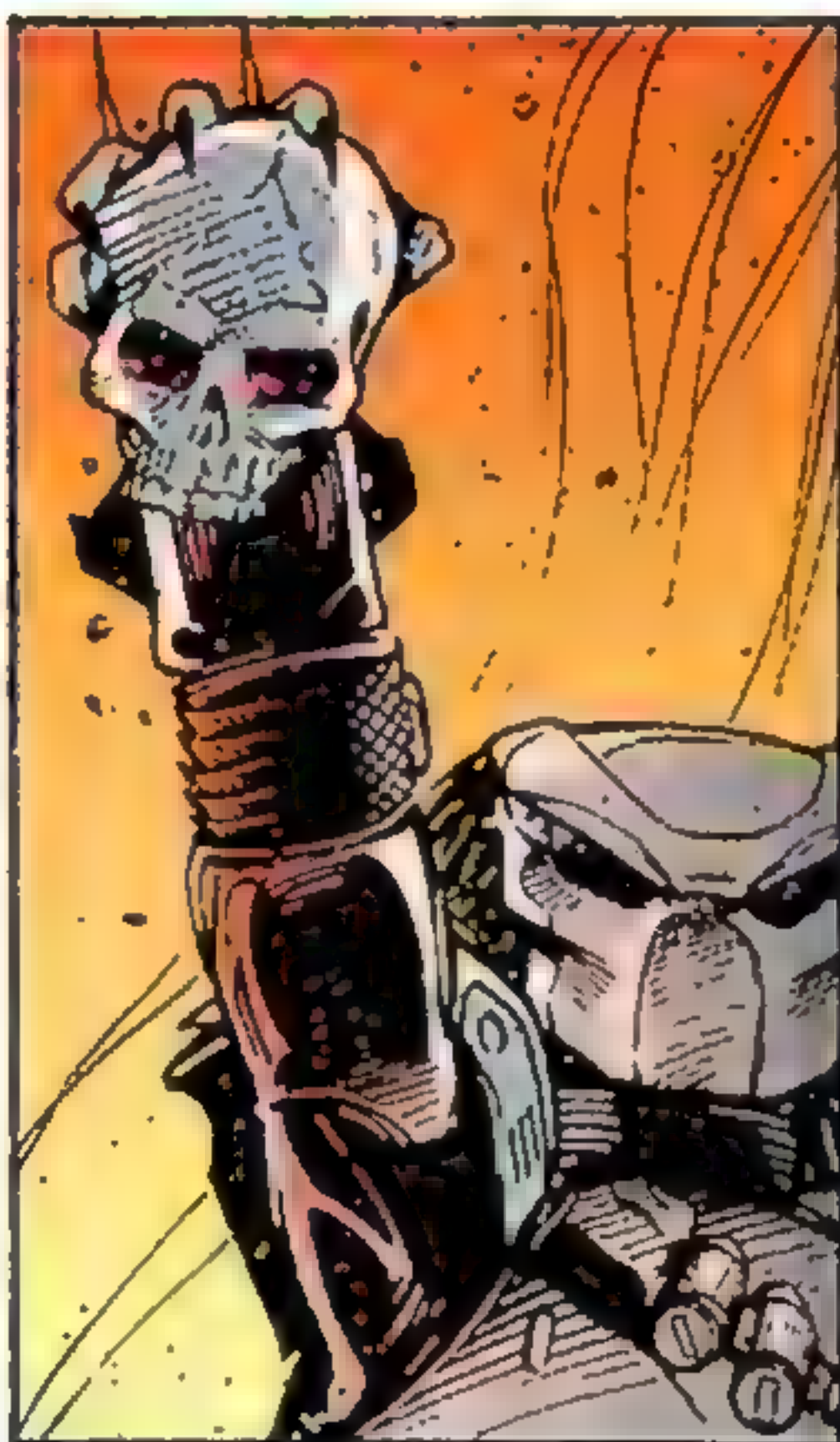
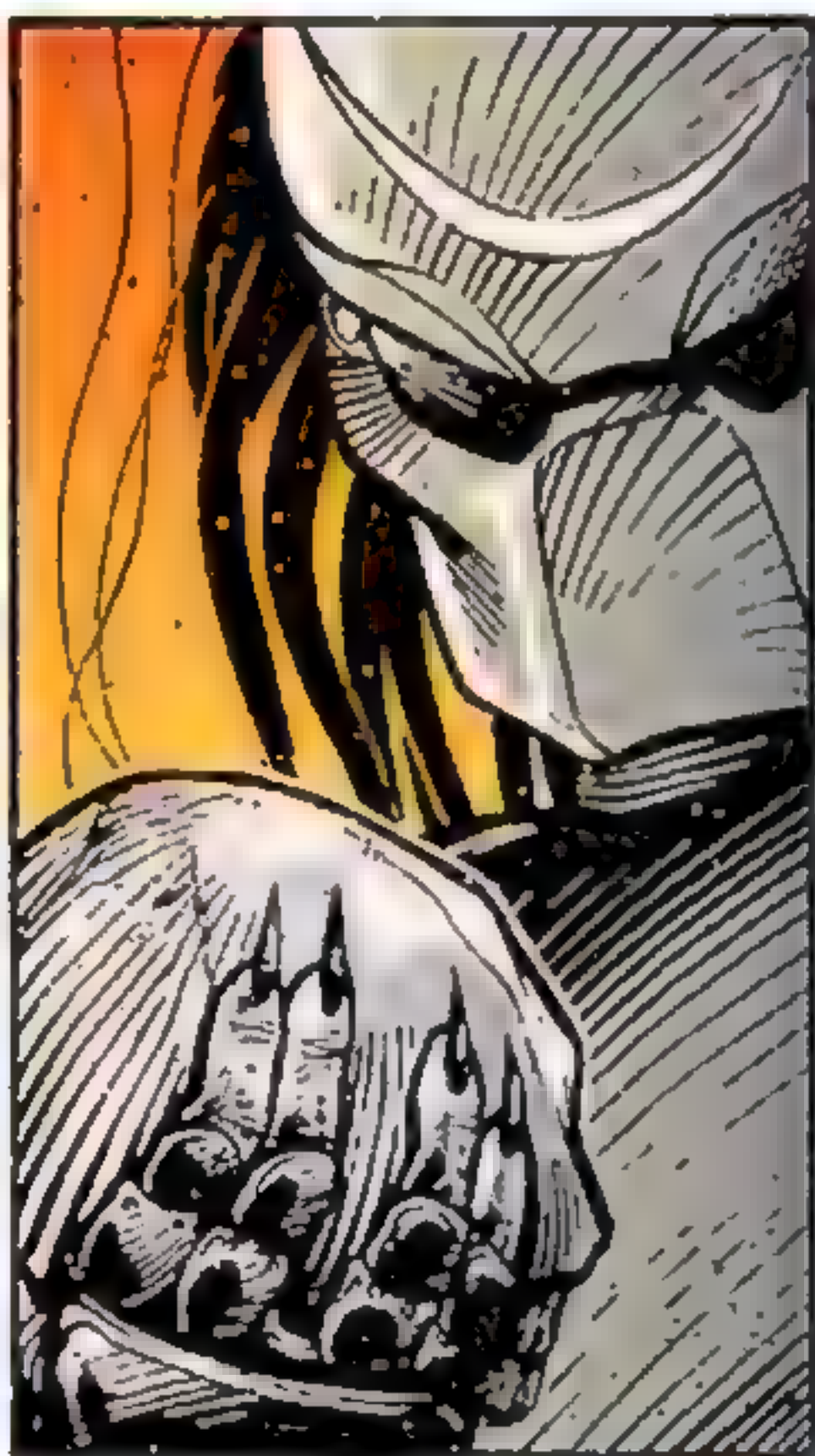
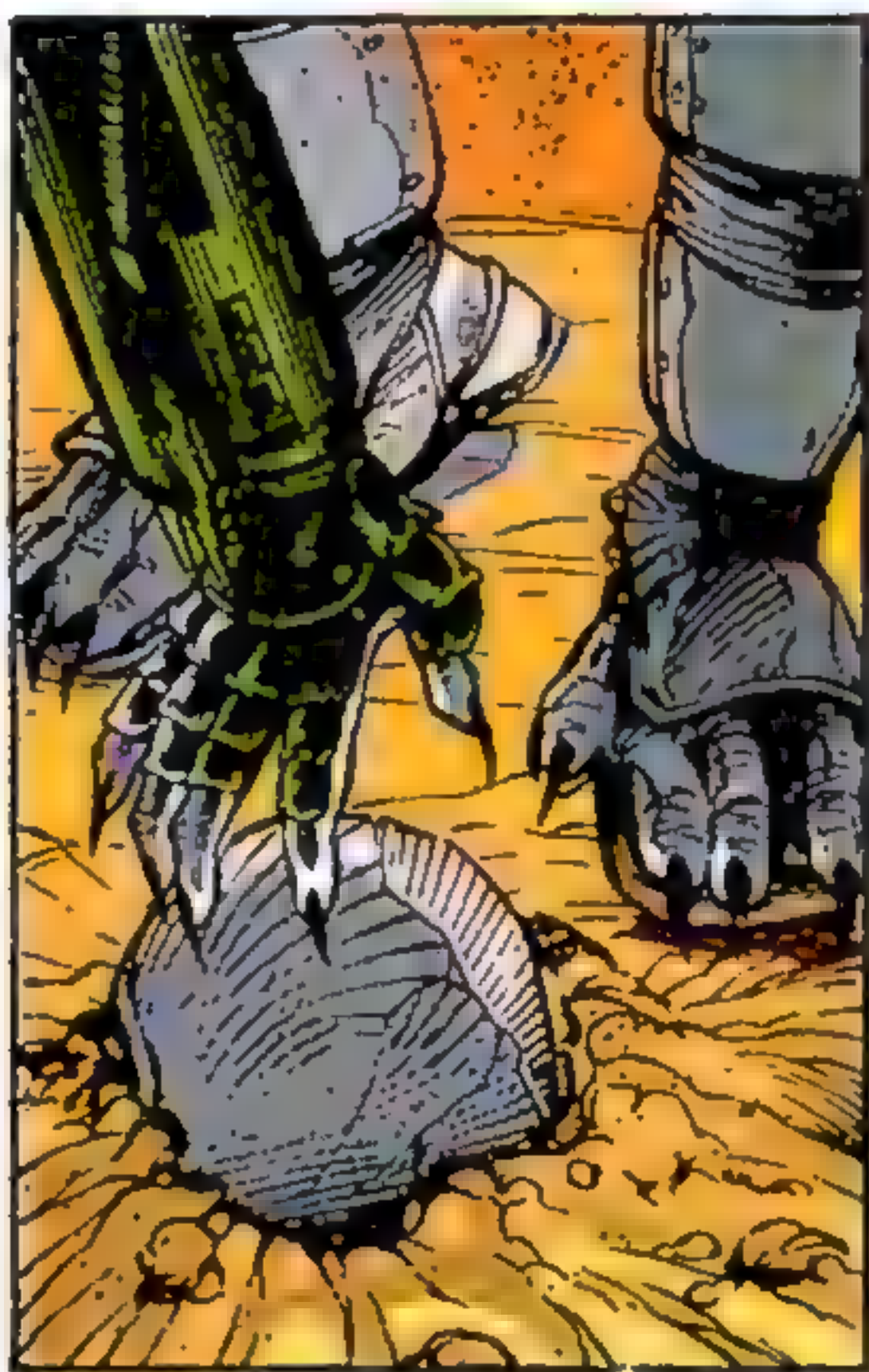
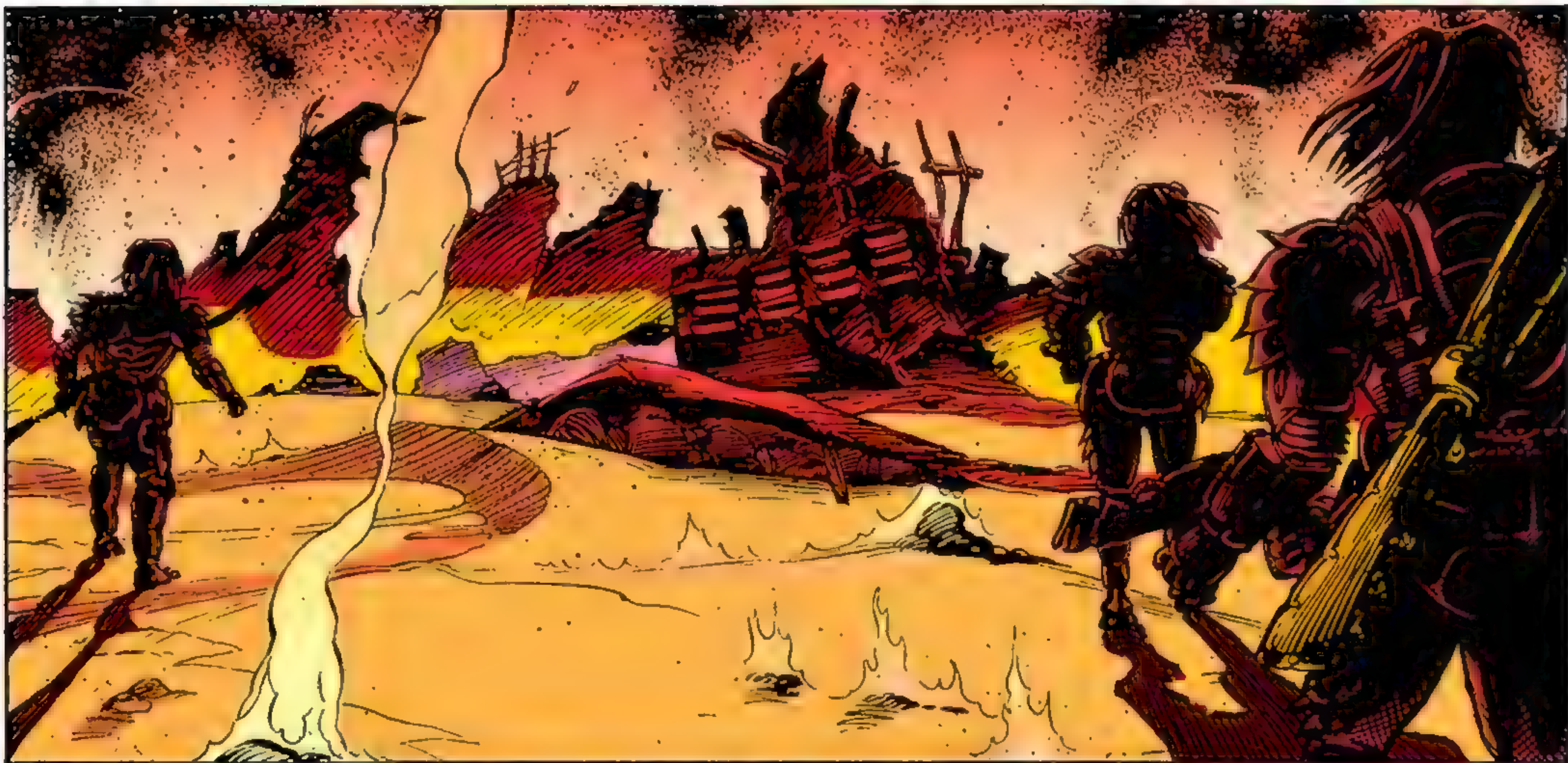


I LIKED THE DOC--



-- I HOPED HE WOULD
FIND WHAT HE WAS
LOOKING FOR.

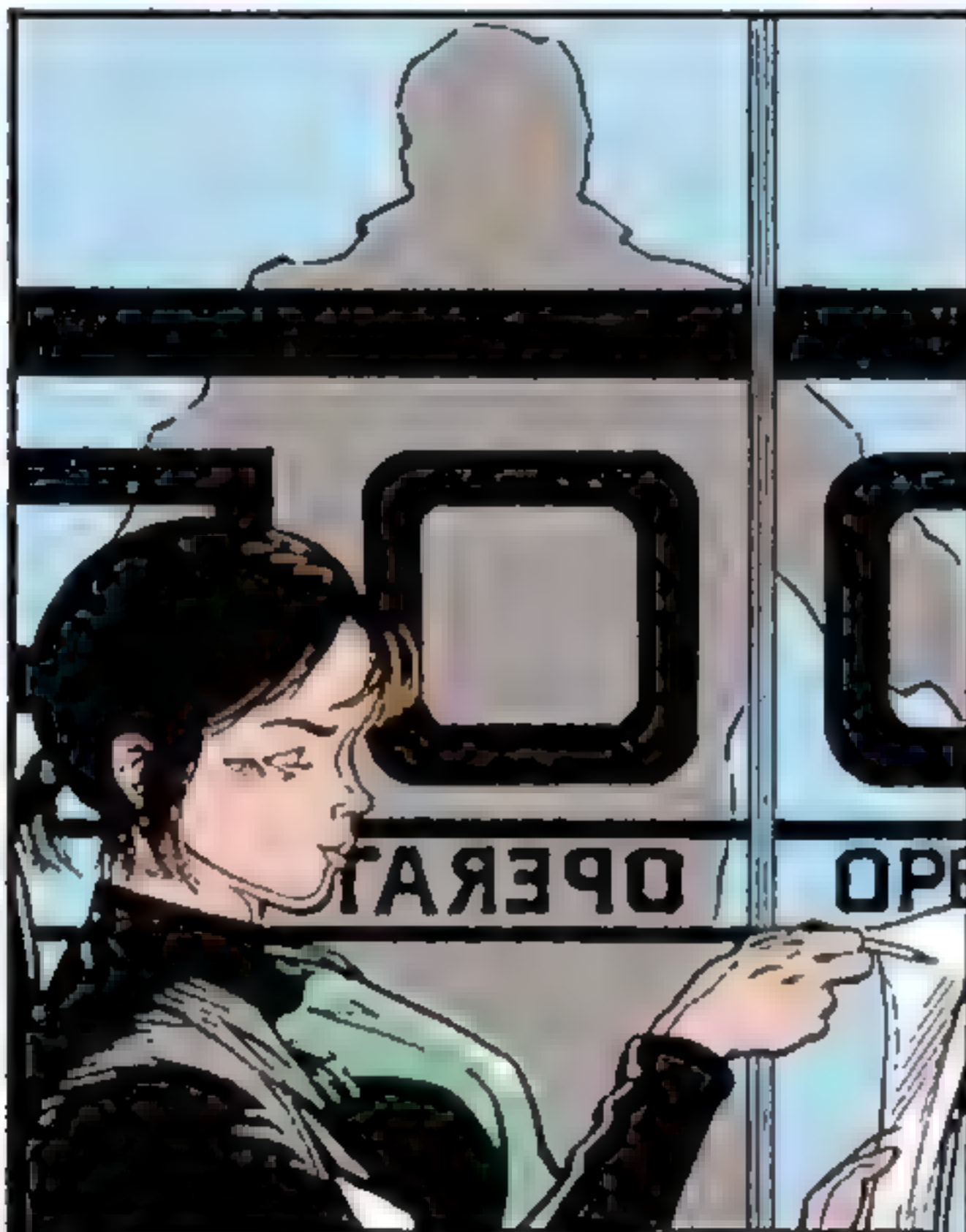




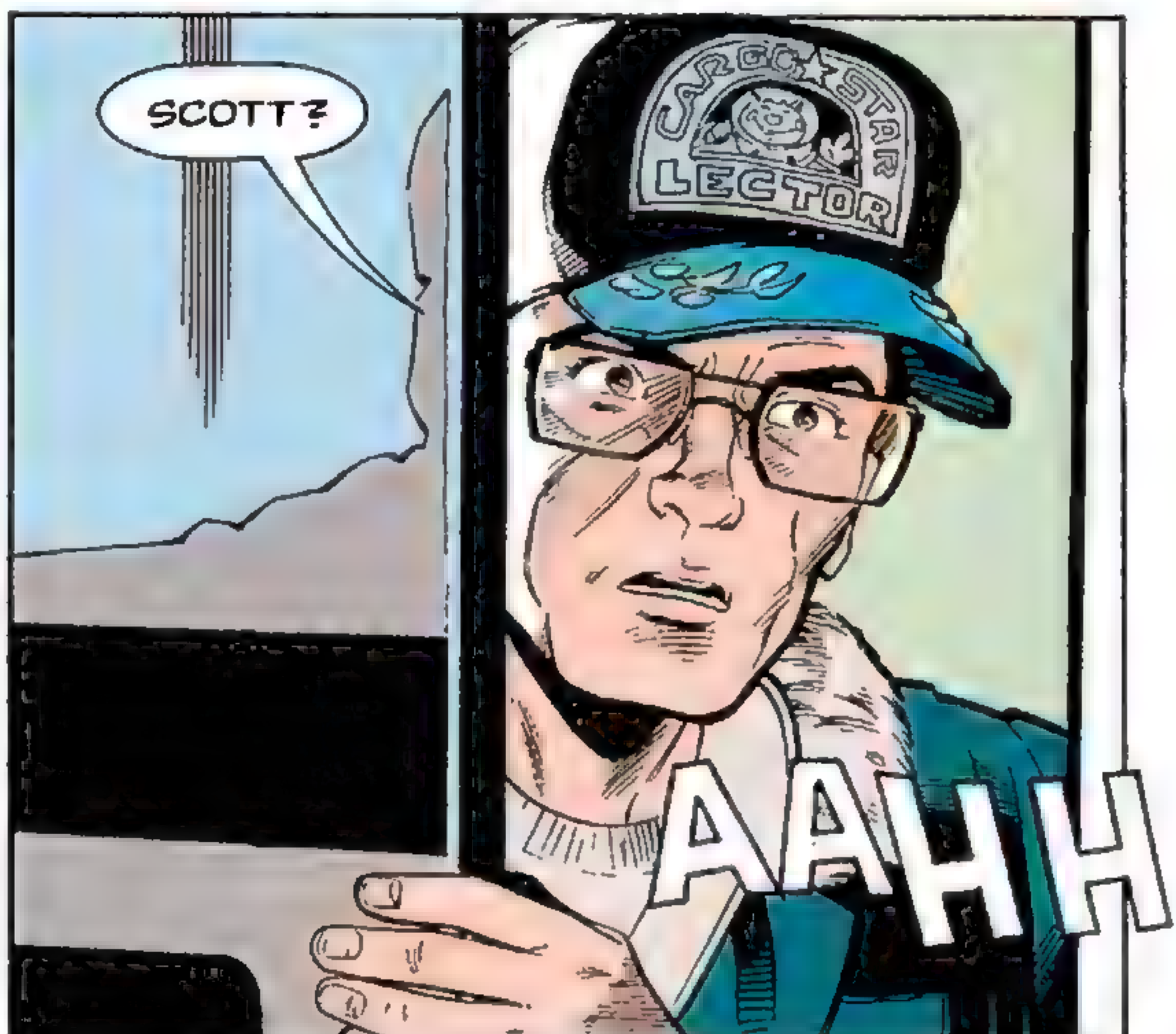
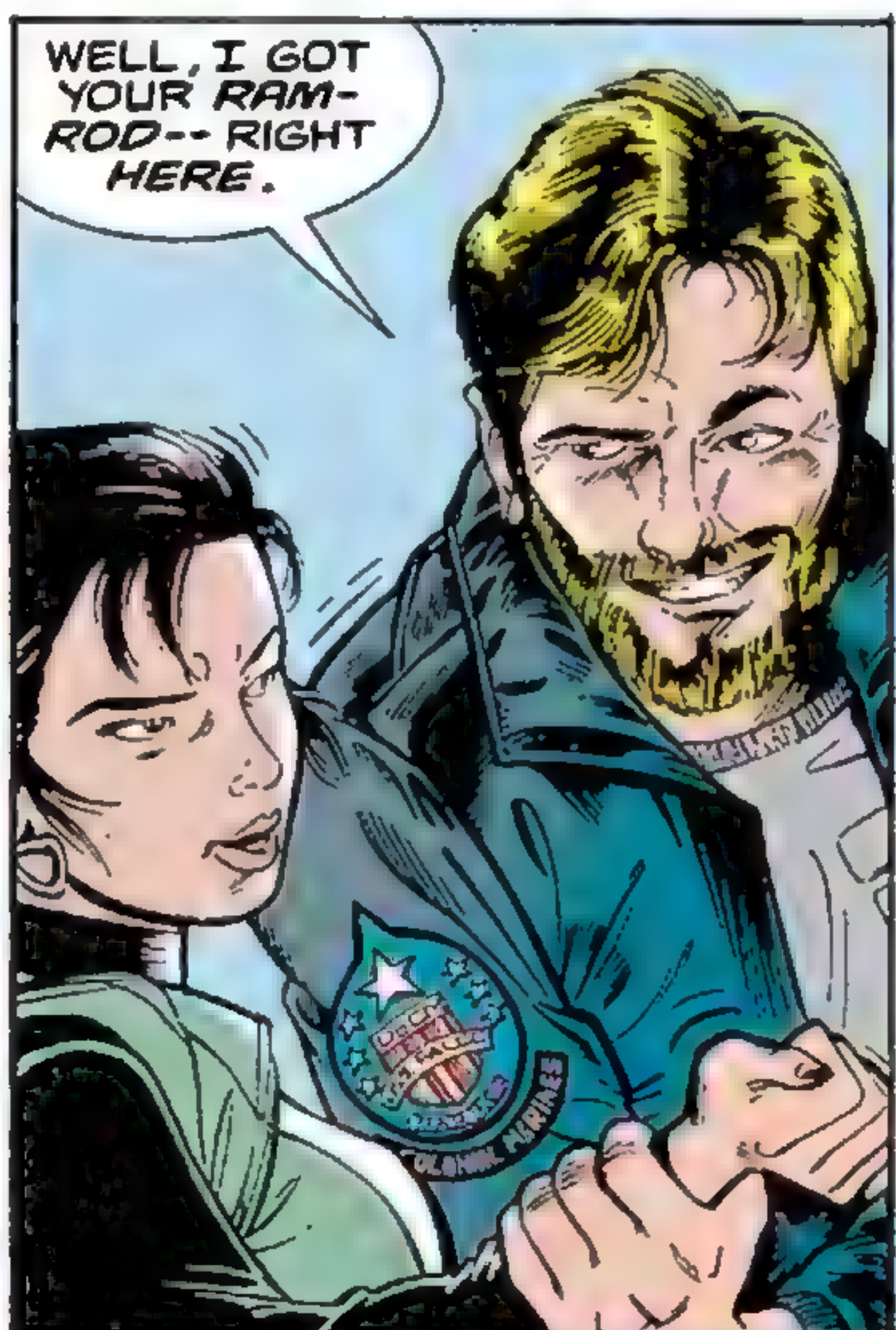
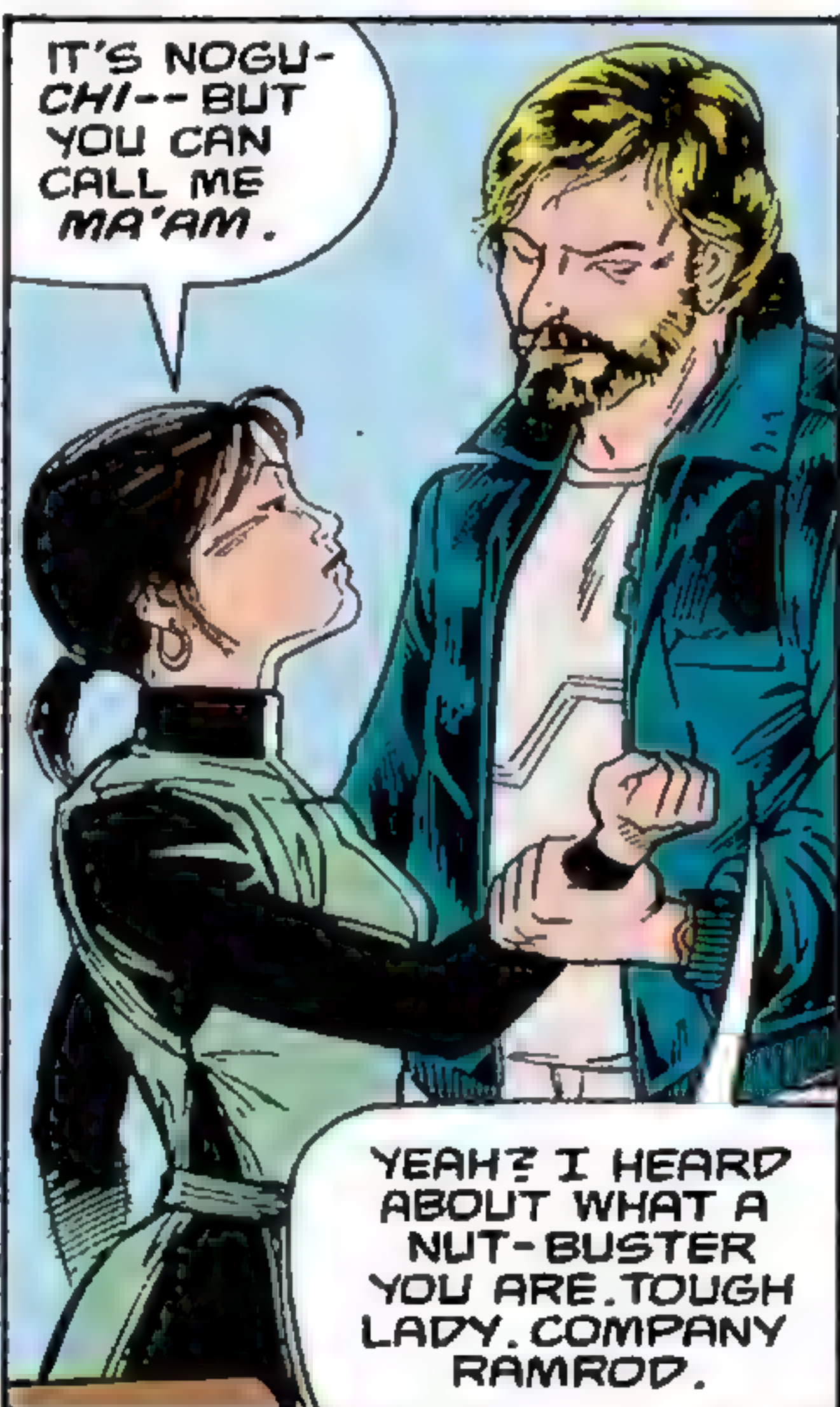
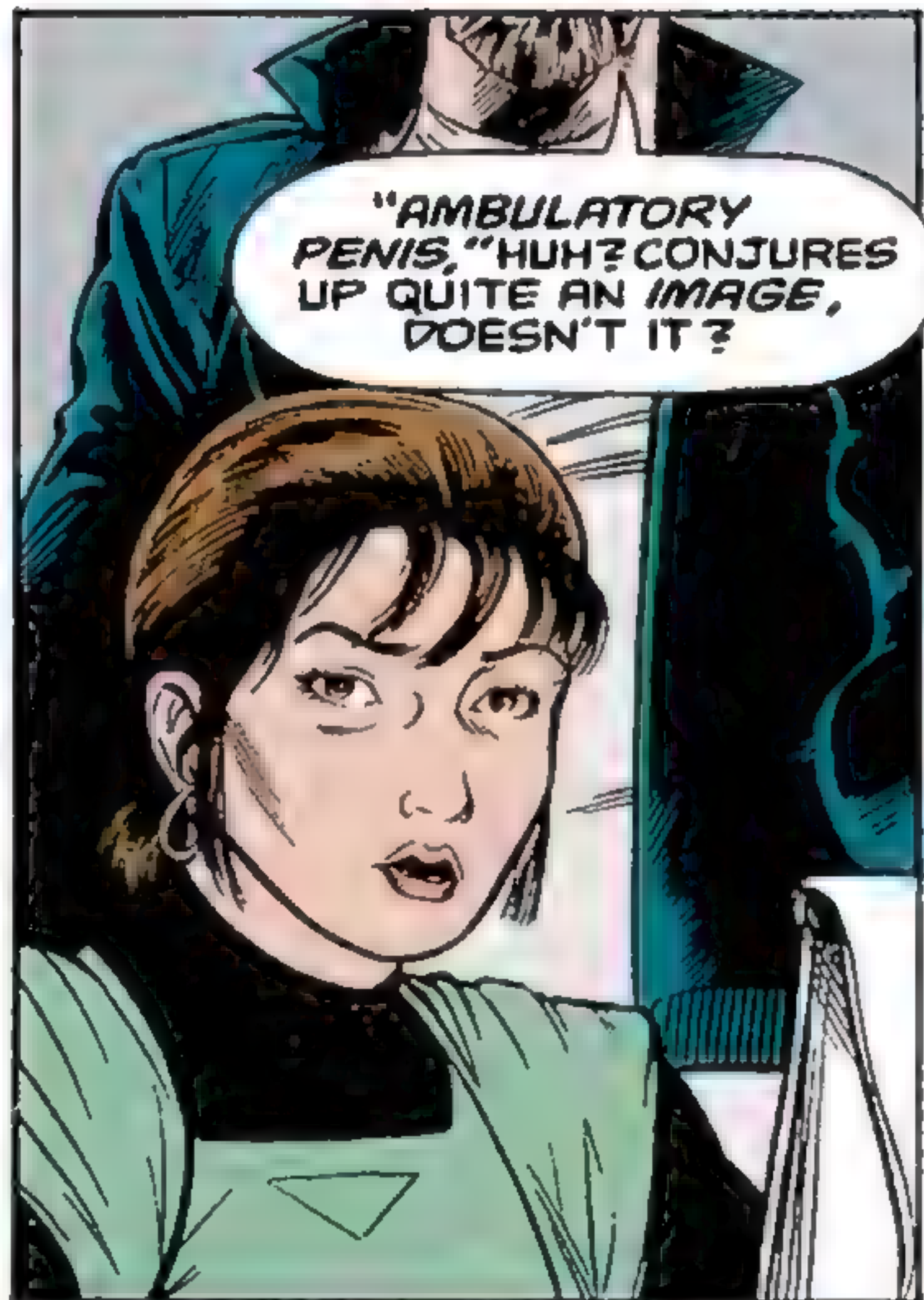
The disparity in ratio between the smooth-backed specimens and the single carcass with dorsal spines notwithstanding, I believe the differences between the two types represent --

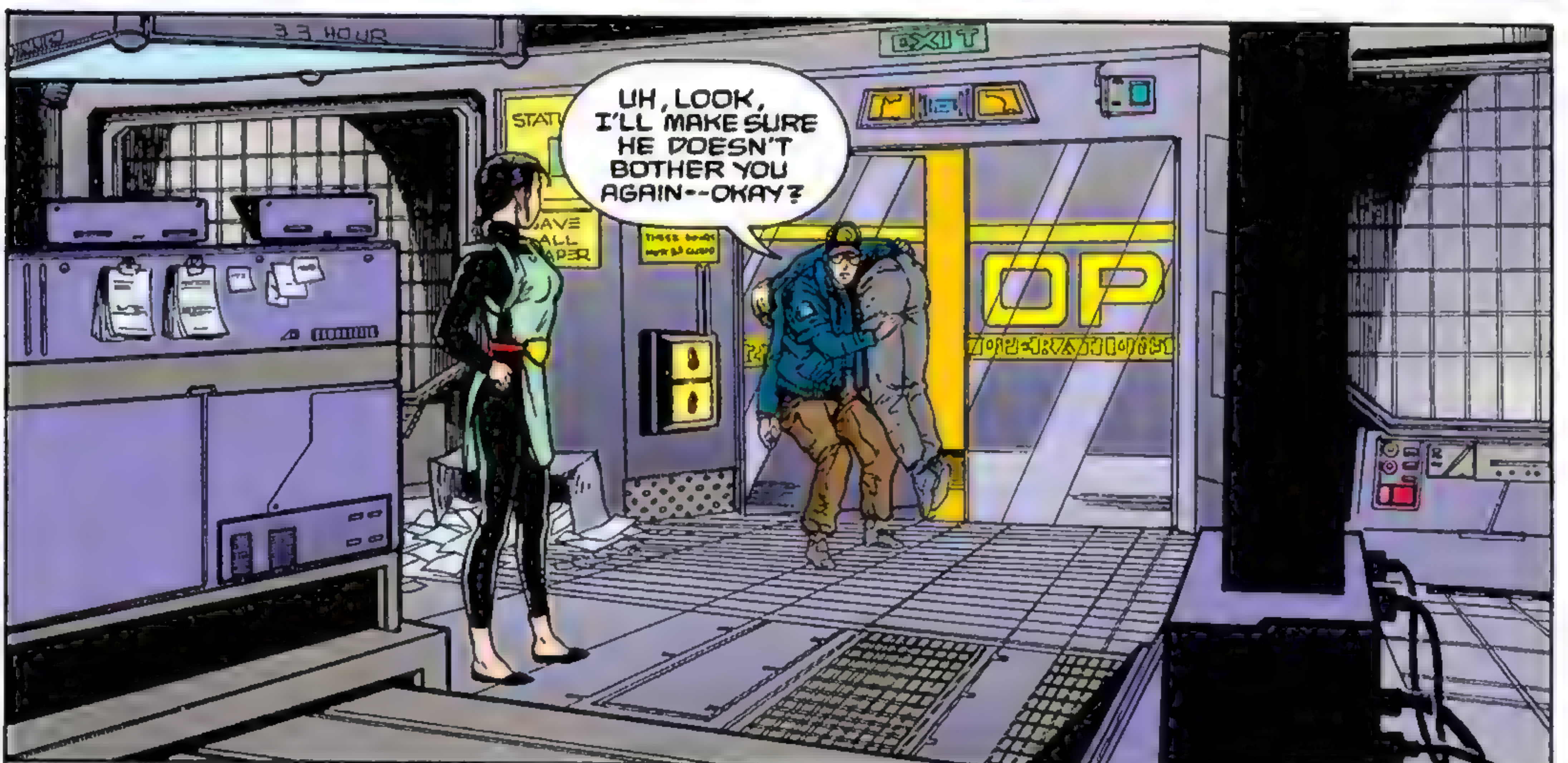
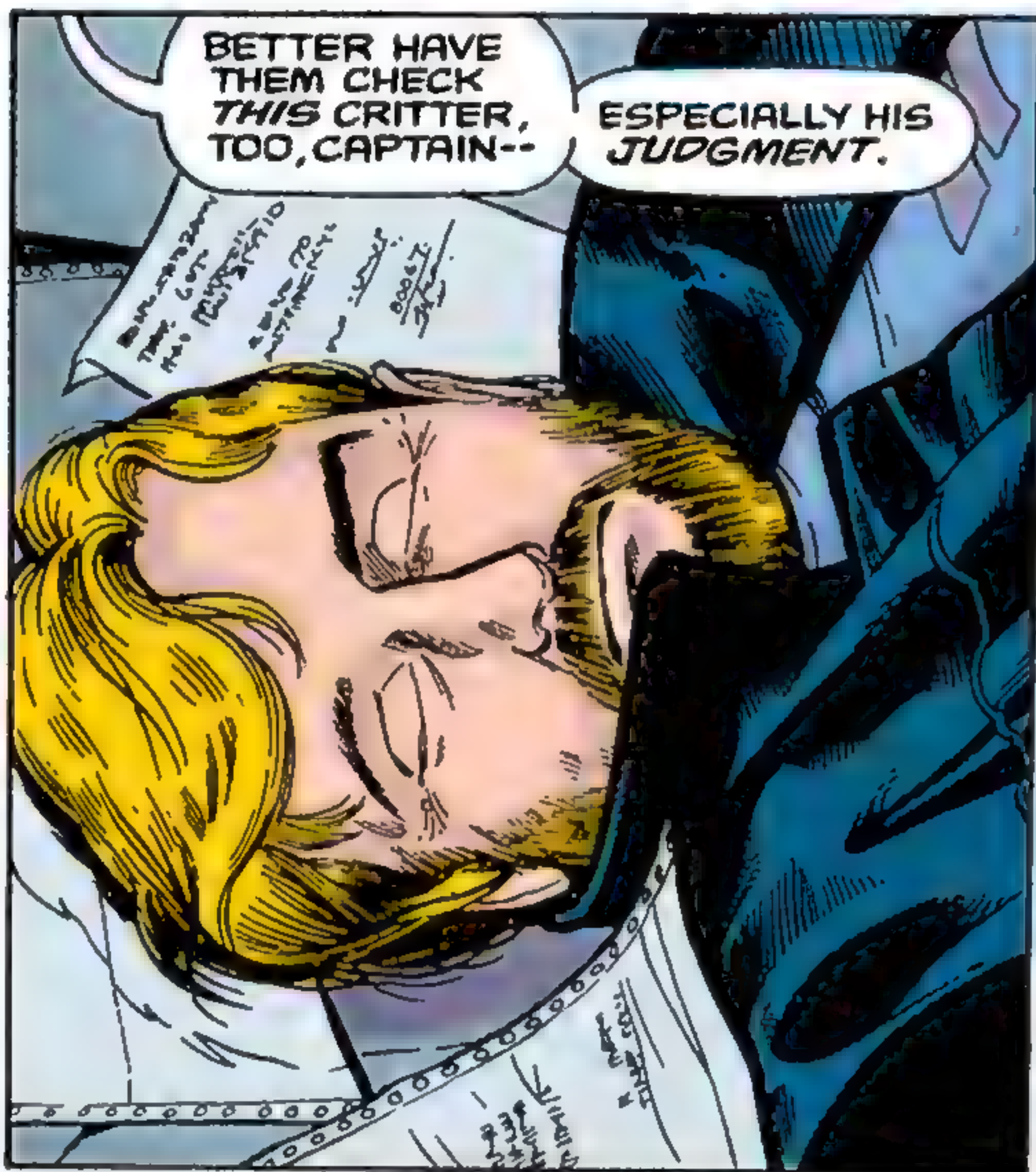
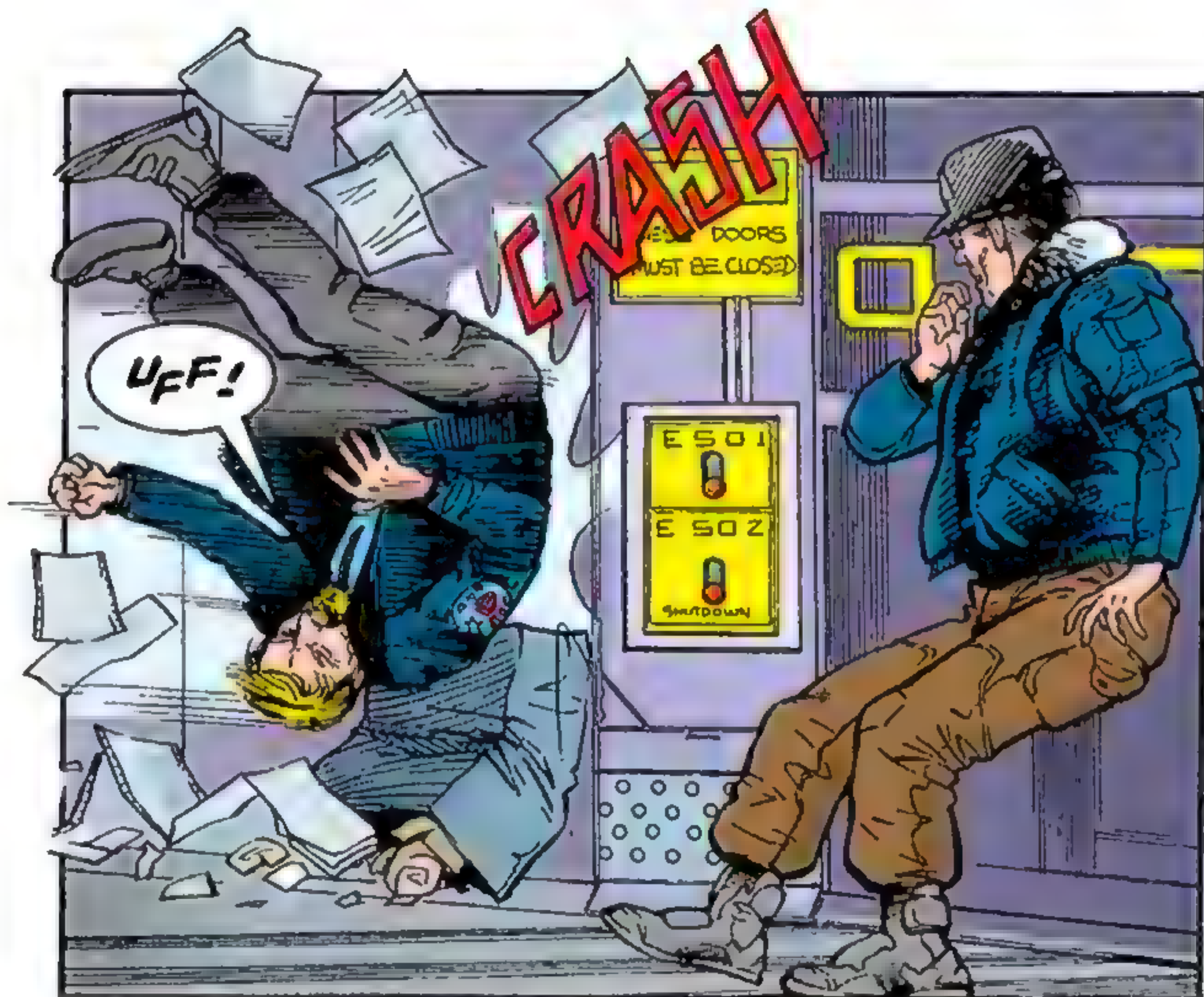


-- sexual indicators—not of the specimens themselves—but of the zygote or "egg" that each carries. As stated above, none of the specimens is equipped for independent life --



-- their sole purpose seems to be nothing more than that of a living delivery vehicle—an "ambulatory penis," if you will. While it is risky to postulate too much from such a tiny sam-





LEAPWAVE® TRANSMISSION (code 8825/L-02903)

TO:

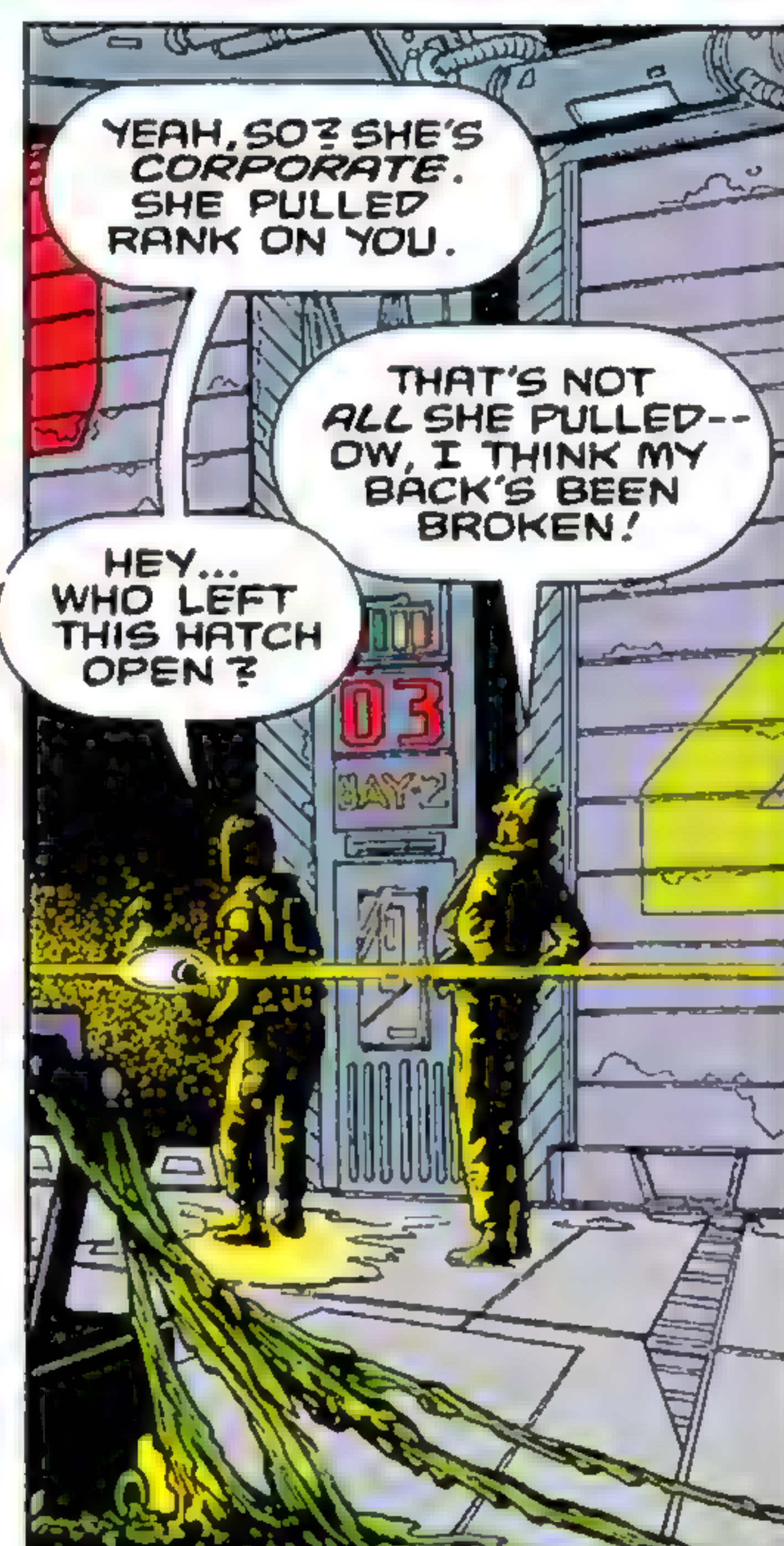
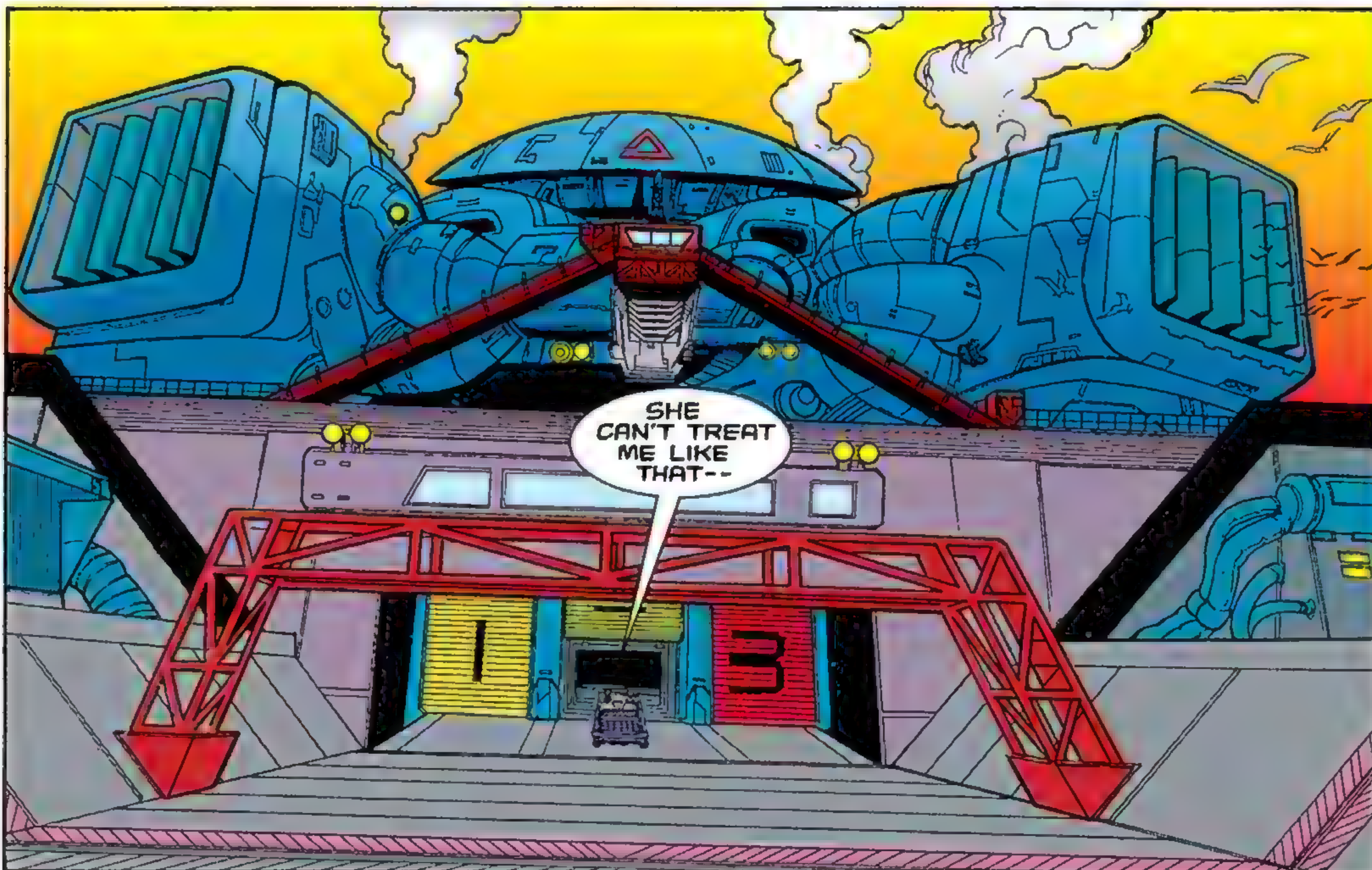
FROM:

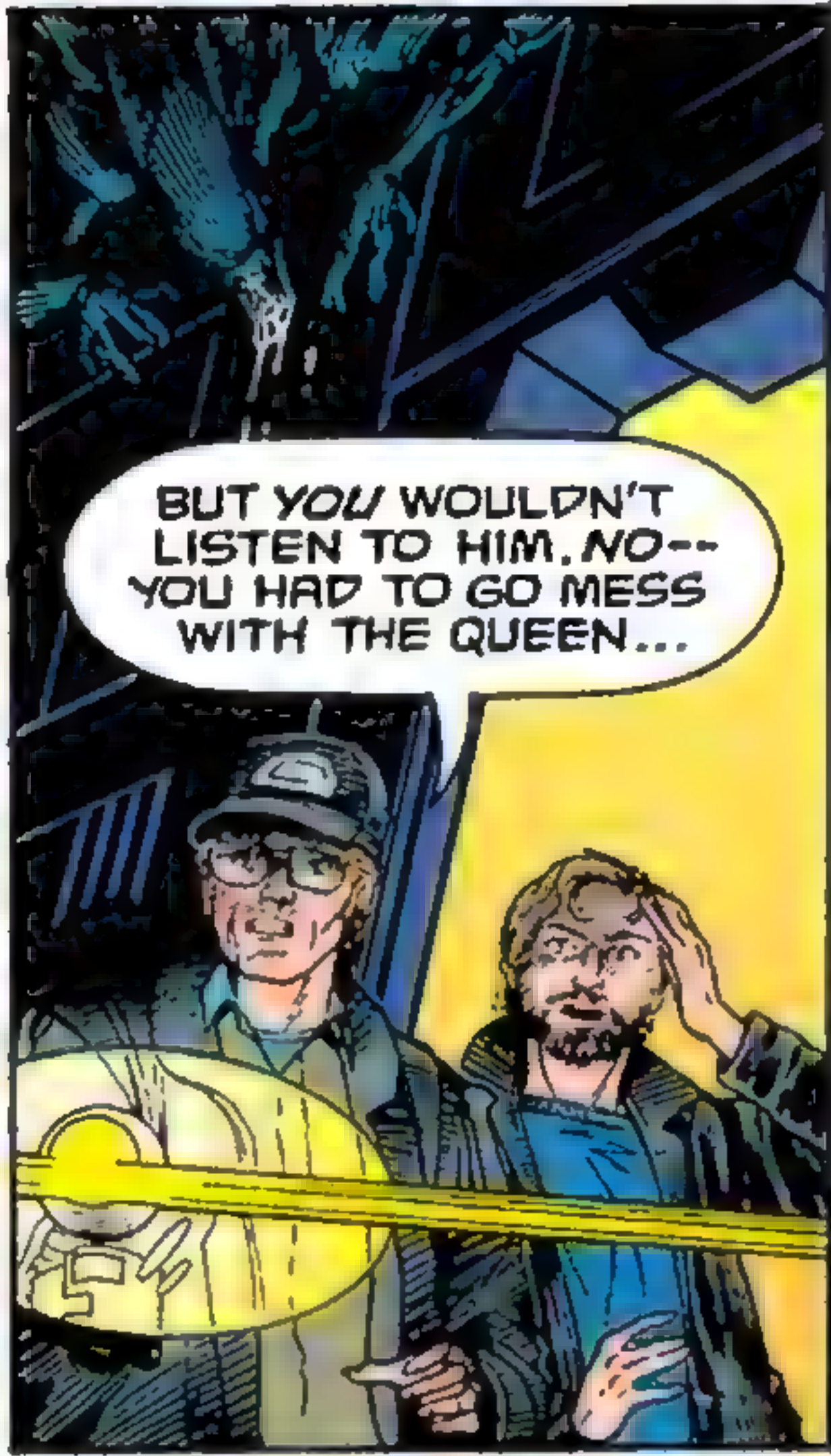
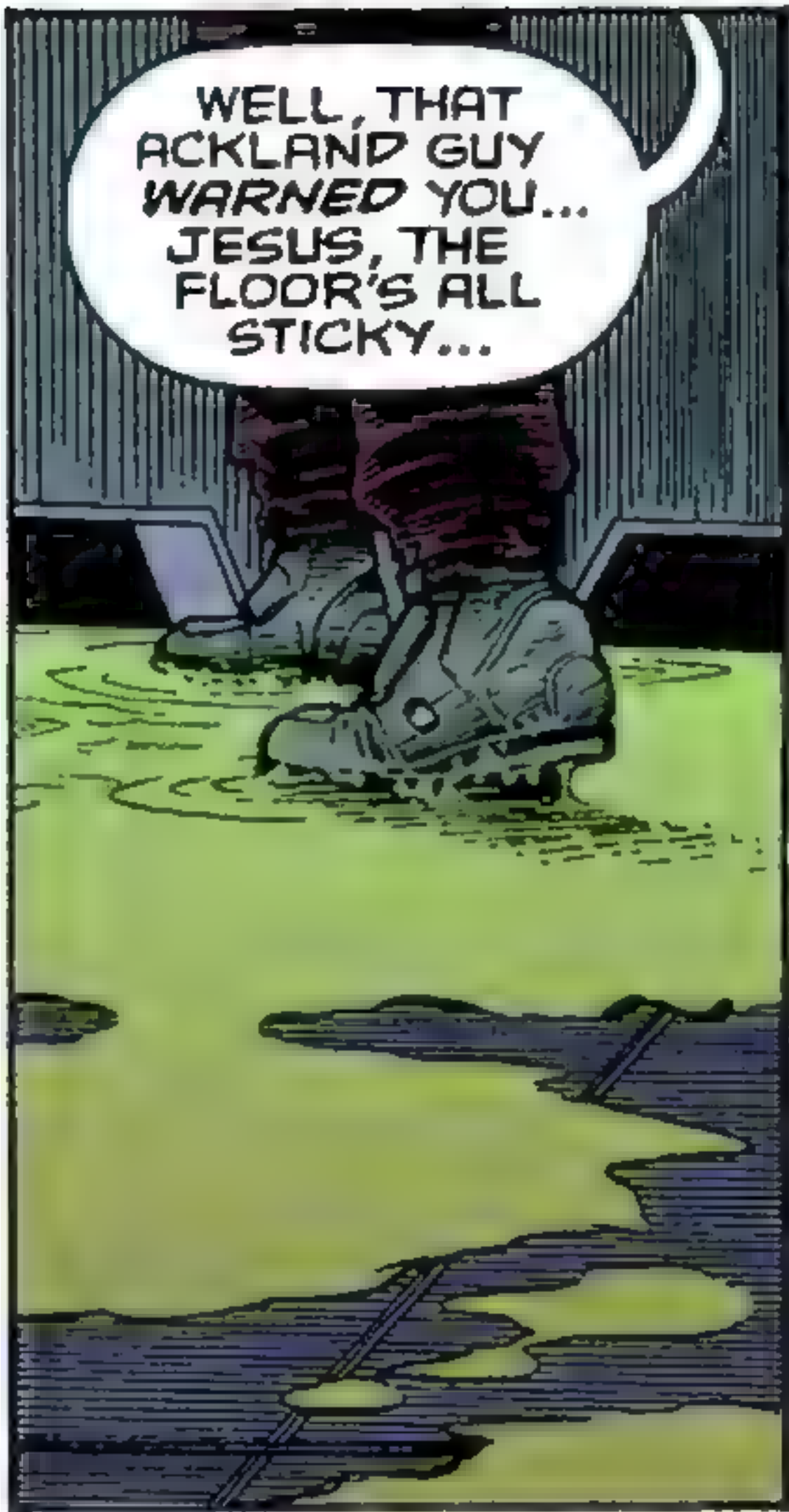
RE:

Dr. Chen,

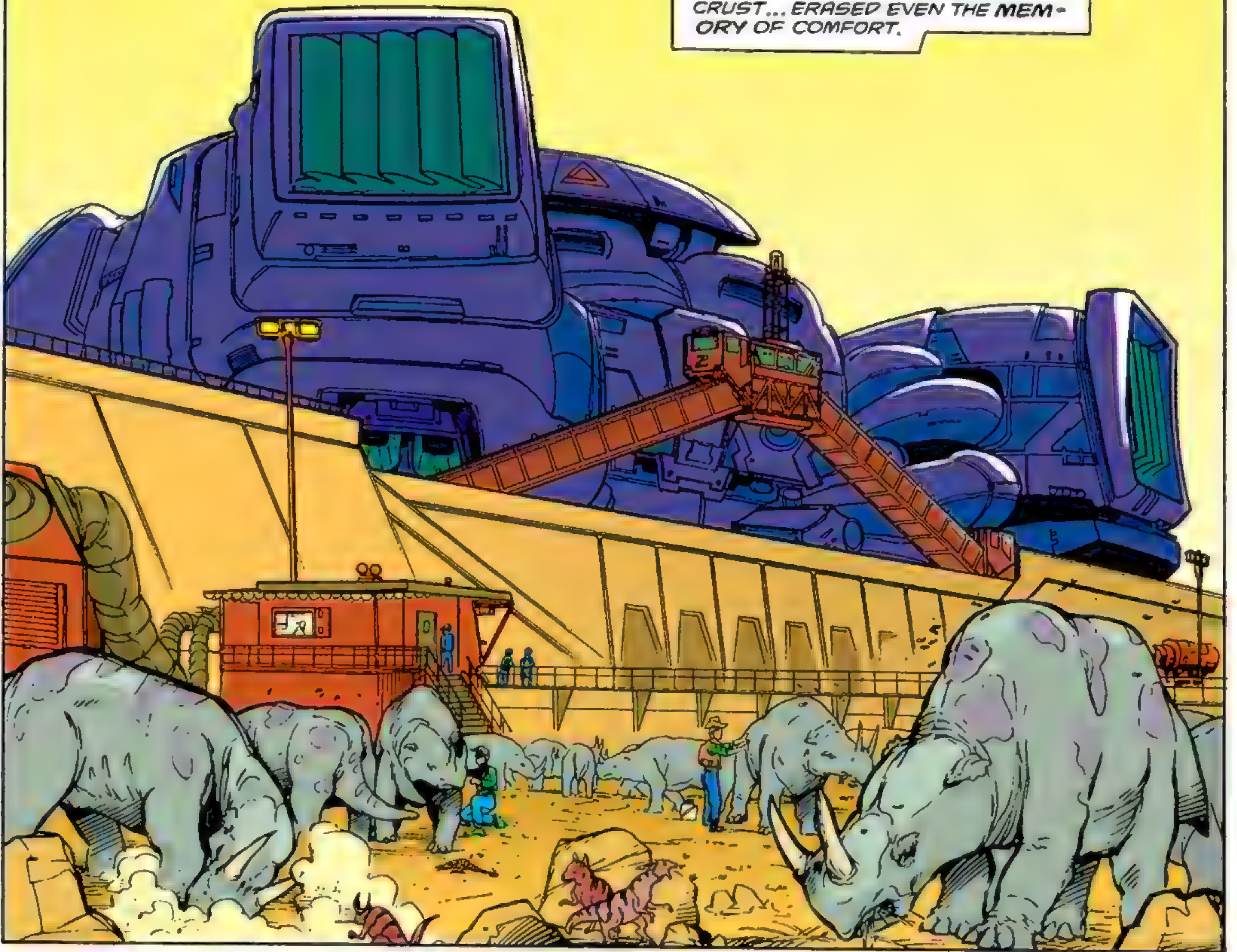
continued

page 2 of 8

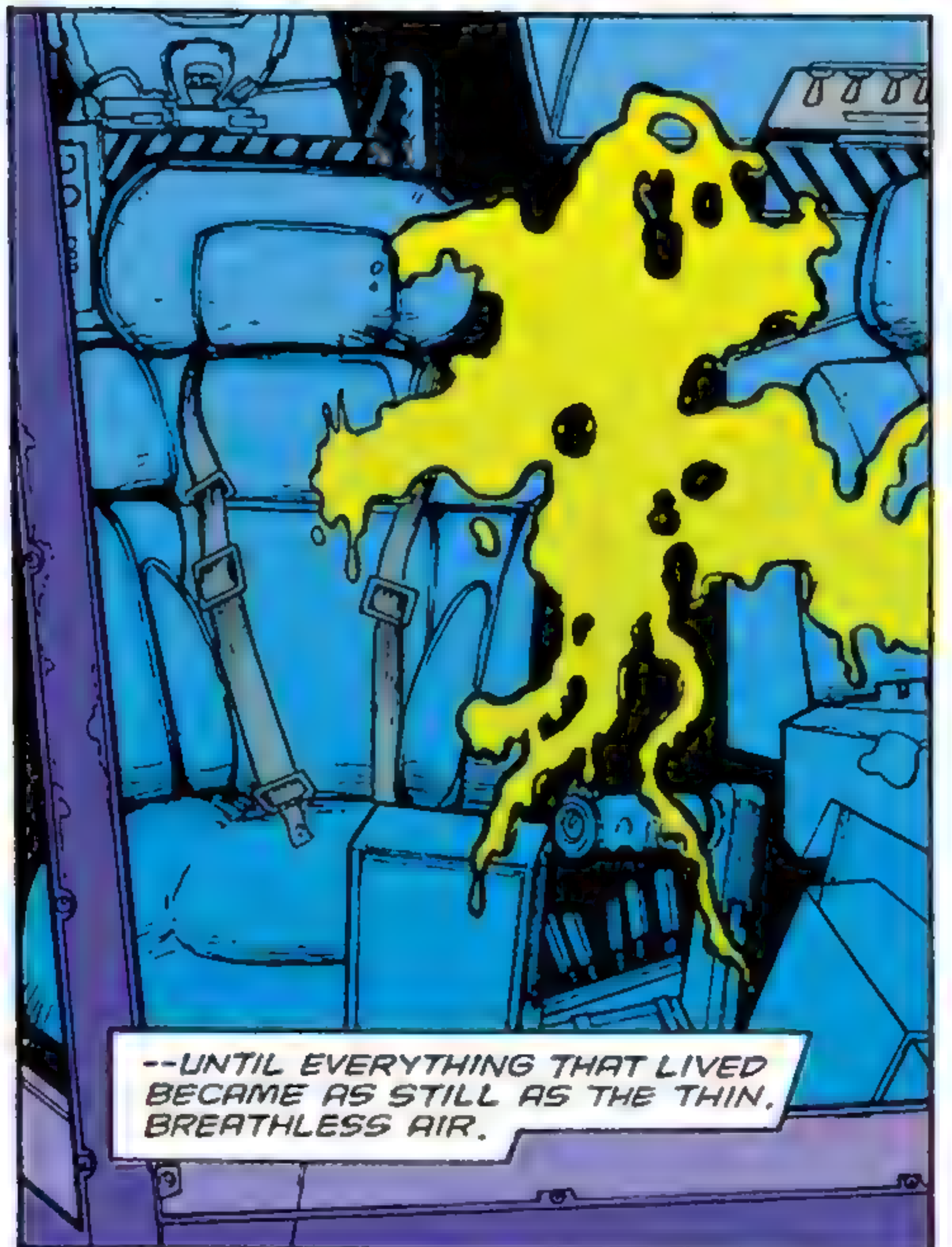




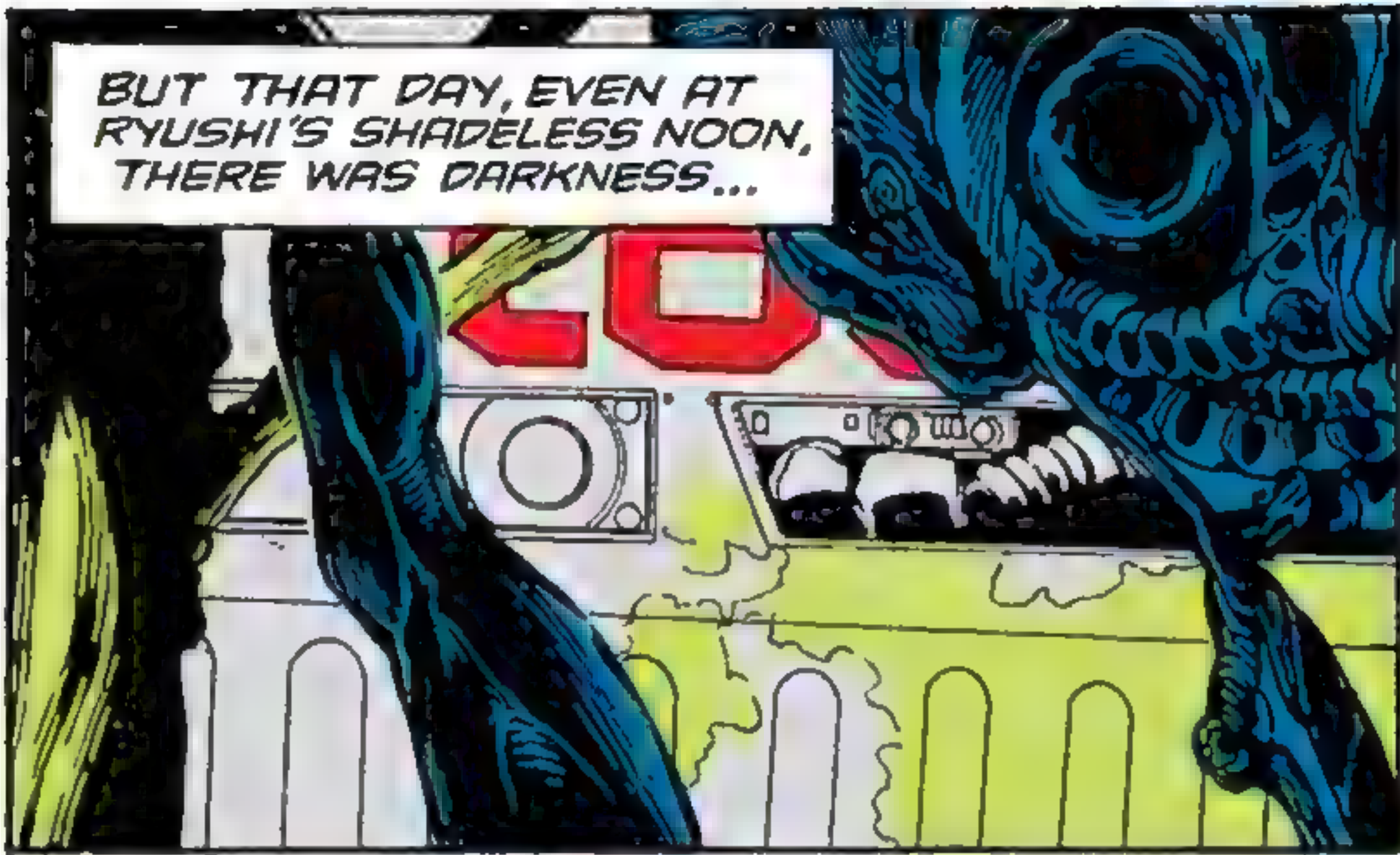
DOUBLE SUNS BLAZED UPON
PROSPERITY WELLS... BANISHED
THE SHADOWS... DRIED MEN'S
SWEAT TO A CHAFING, SALTY
CRUST... ERASED EVEN THE MEM-
ORY OF COMFORT.



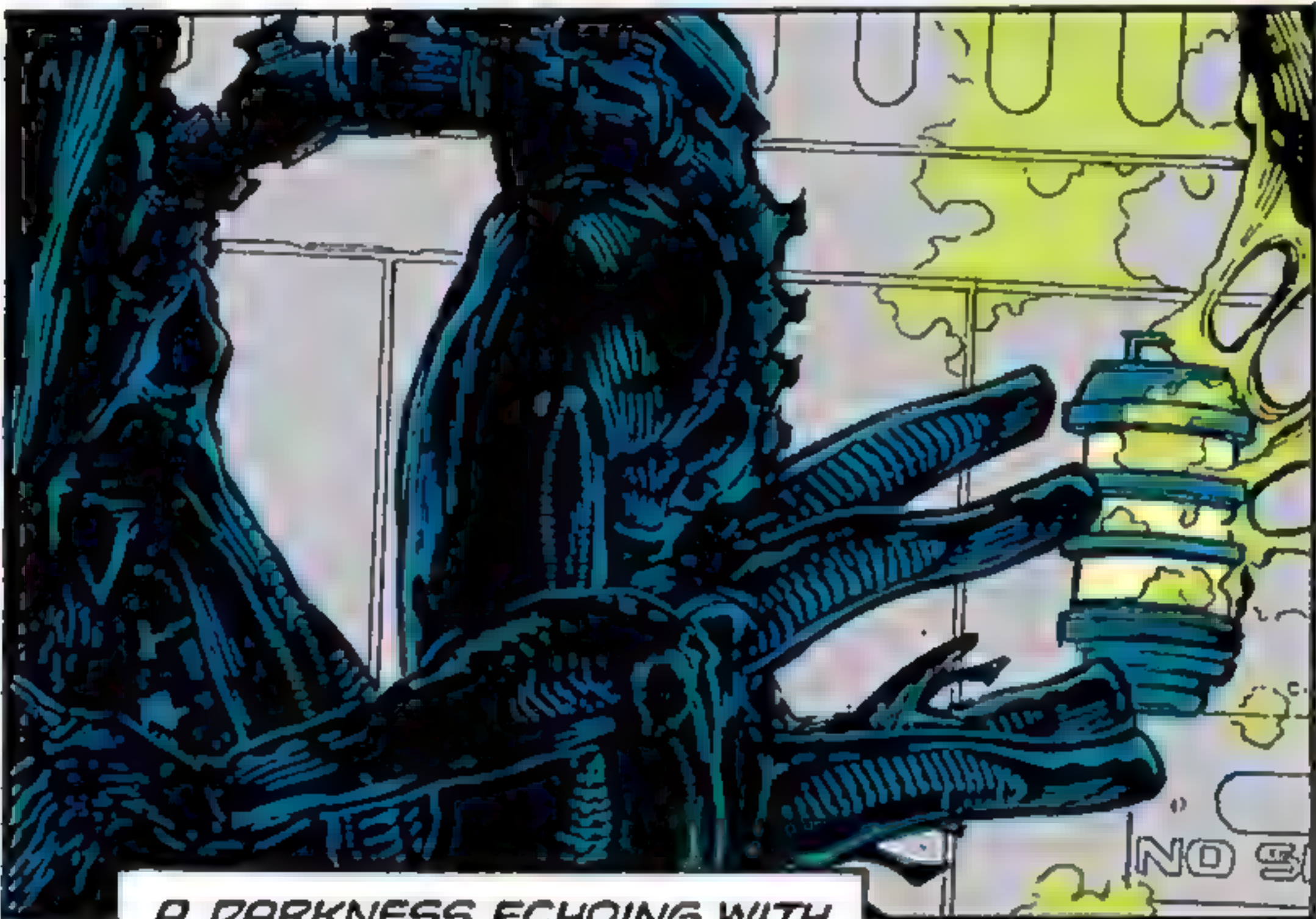
AS "BIG" CYGNI AND "LITTLE" CYGNI
CREPT TOWARD THEIR ZENITHS,
ACTIVITY ON THE GROUND SLOWED--



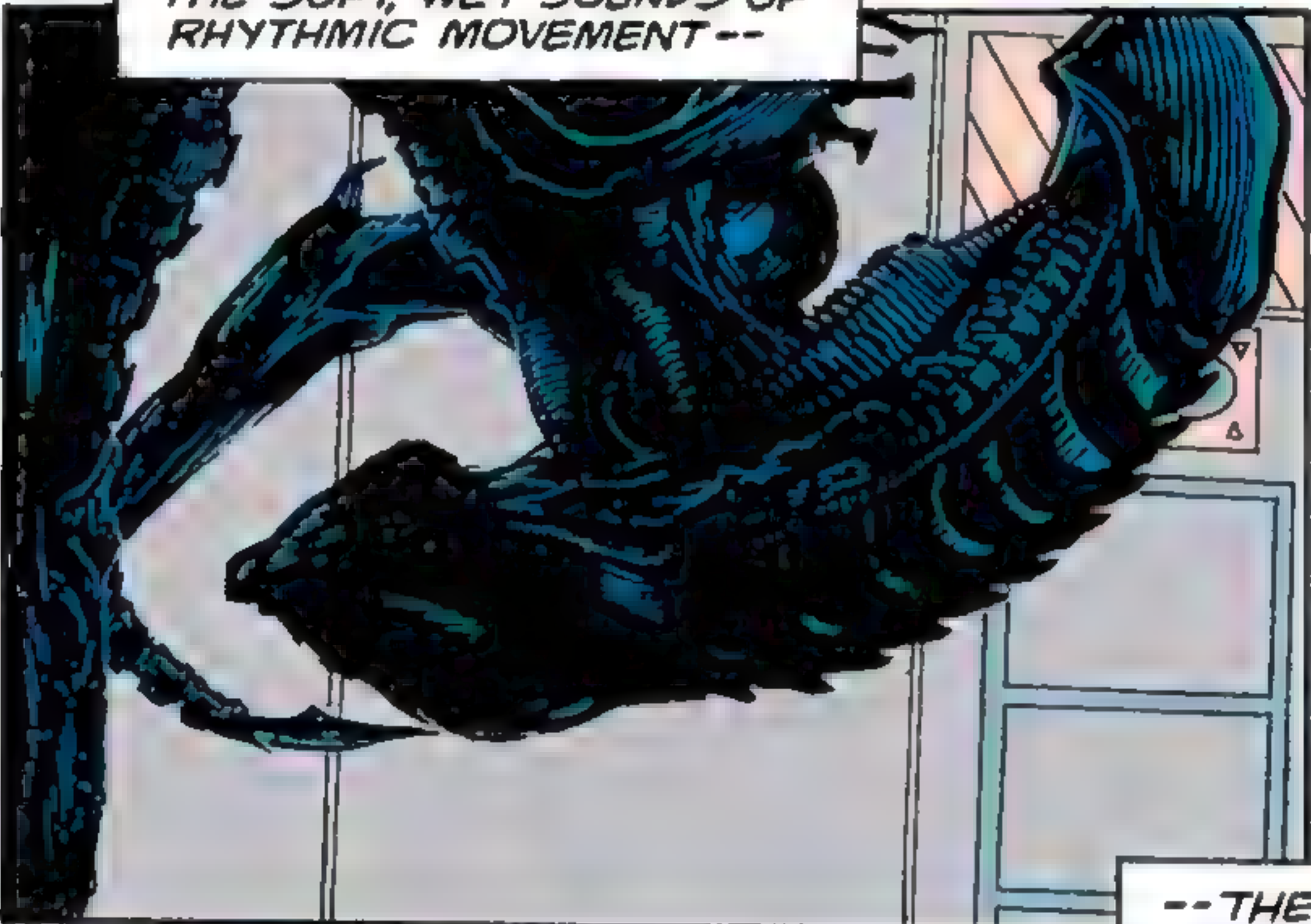
--UNTIL EVERYTHING THAT LIVED
BECAME AS STILL AS THE THIN,
BREATHLESS AIR.



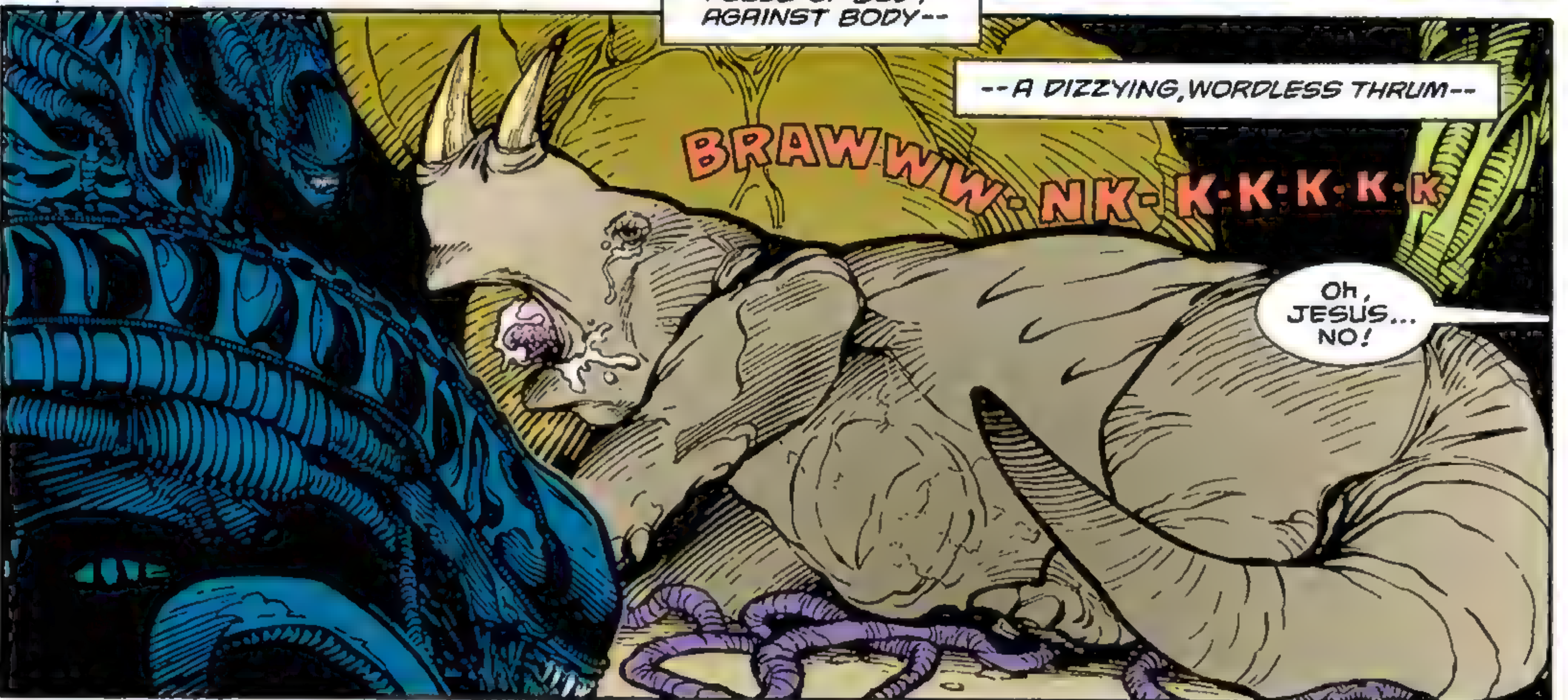
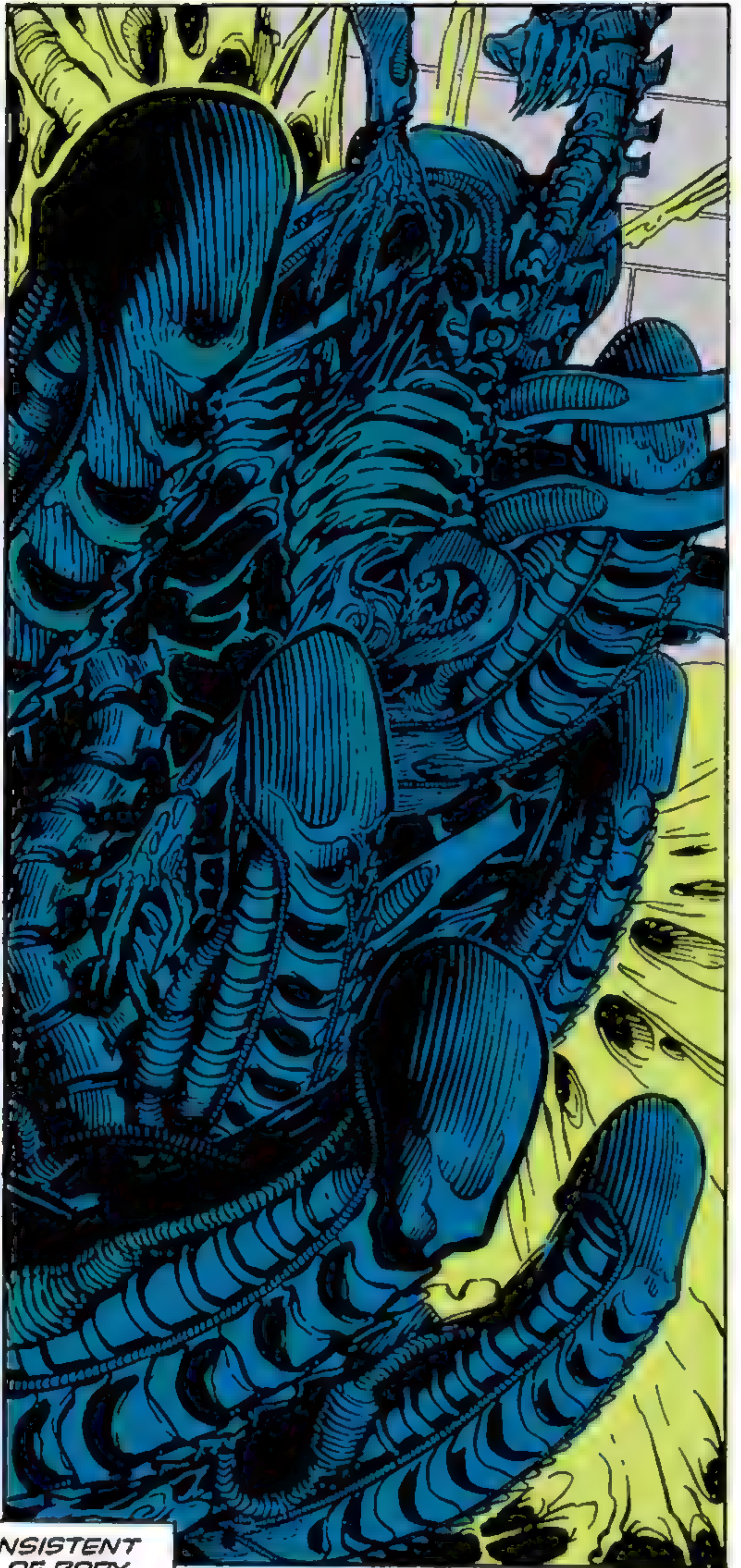
BUT THAT DAY, EVEN AT
RYUSHI'S SHADELESS NOON,
THERE WAS DARKNESS...



A DARKNESS ECHOING WITH
THE SOFT, WET SOUNDS OF
RHYTHMIC MOVEMENT--



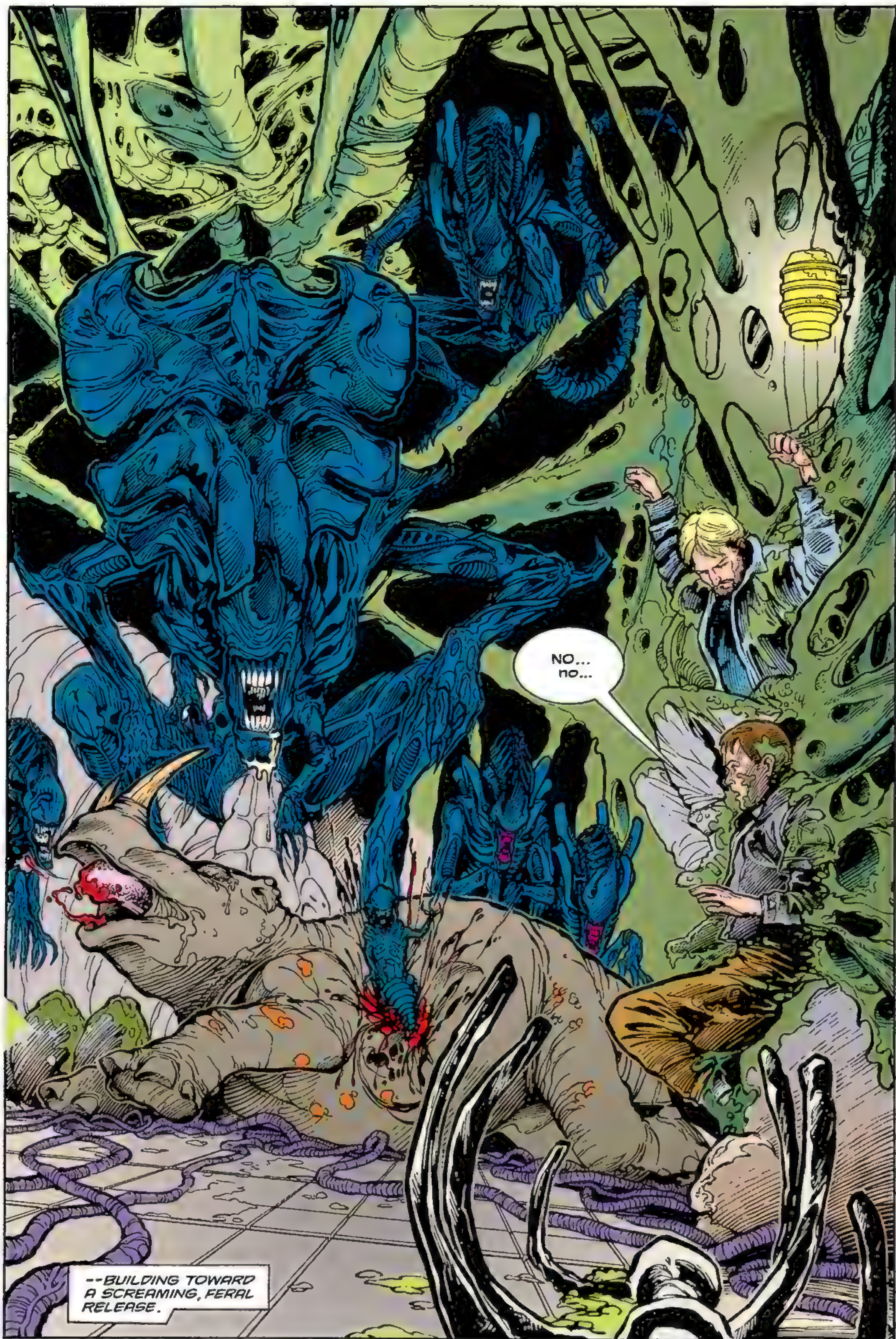
--THE INSISTENT
PULSE OF BODY
AGAINST BODY--

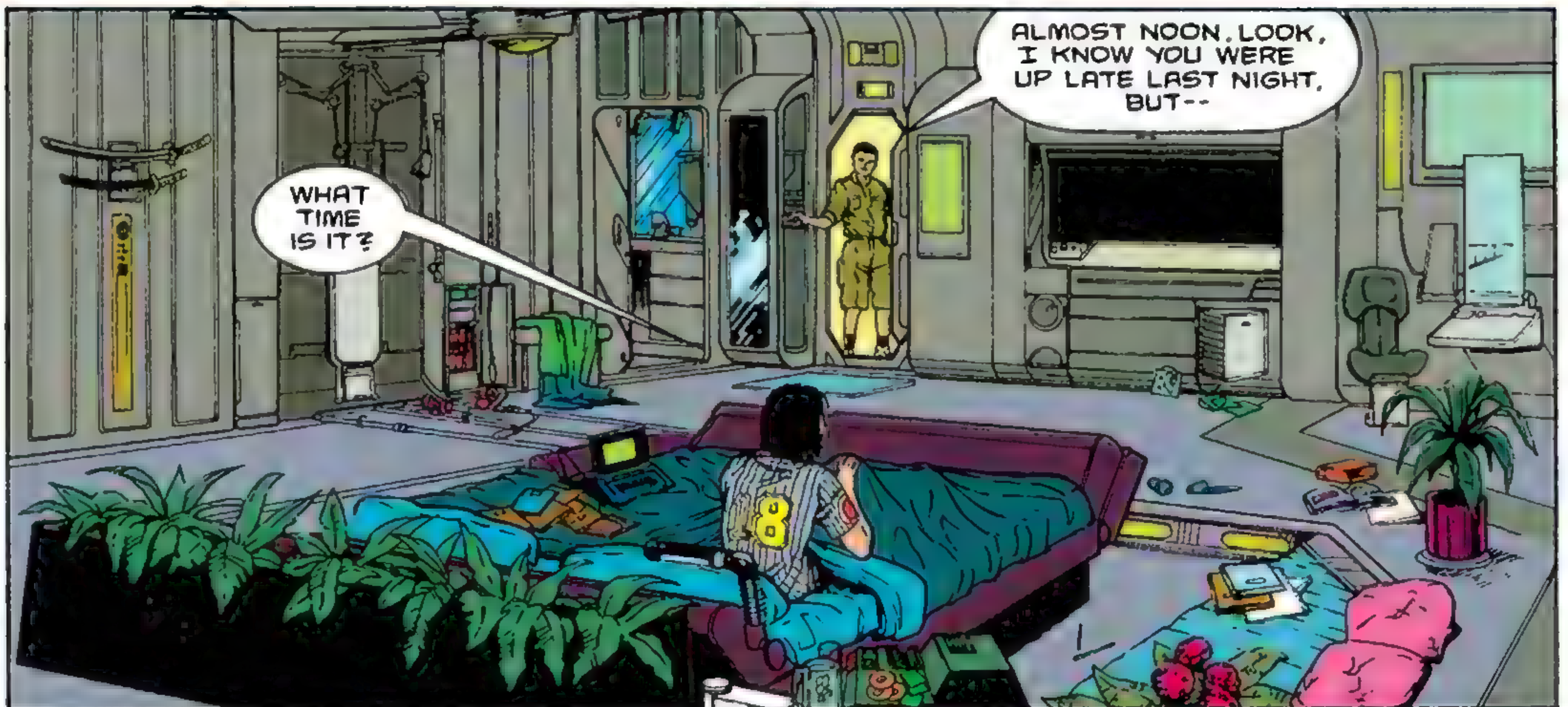


BRAWWW-NK-K-K-K-K-K

--A DIZZYING, WORDLESS THRUM--

Oh,
JESUS...
NO!





DRS. KESAR & MIRIAM REVNA, MD, DVM, DE MEDICAL

OFFICE ENTRANCE

MAY 12

Mrs. DOC WANTED TO CHECK OUT A HOVER BIKE AND GO LOOKING FOR HIM ON HER OWN, BUT I THOUGHT--

--WHY RISK HAVING **BOTH** OF THEM LOST OUT THERE?

RIGHT.

Oh, Ms. NOGUCHI-- DID THEY FIND MY KESAR?

NOT YET, Dr. REVNA, BUT WE'VE GOT OUR BEST PEOPLE OUT LOOKING FOR HIM.

IS THERE ANYTHING YOU CAN THINK OF THAT MIGHT HELP US LOCATE YOUR HUSBAND? SOMETHING YOU MIGHT NOT HAVE THOUGHT WAS IMPORTANT BEFORE?

NO--NO, I DON'T THINK SO. KESAR WAS ON HIS WAY UP TO IWA GORGE--

--TO LOOK FOR MORE OF THESE. THEY'RE VIRTUALLY UNCLASSIFIABLE. THEIR STRUCTURE BEARS CHARACTERISTICS OF BOTH CARBON-BASED AND SILICON-BASED LIFE FORMS--

YES. I READ YOUR REPORT. HOW DID HE KNOW TO LOOK ALL THE WAY UP IN IWA GORGE?

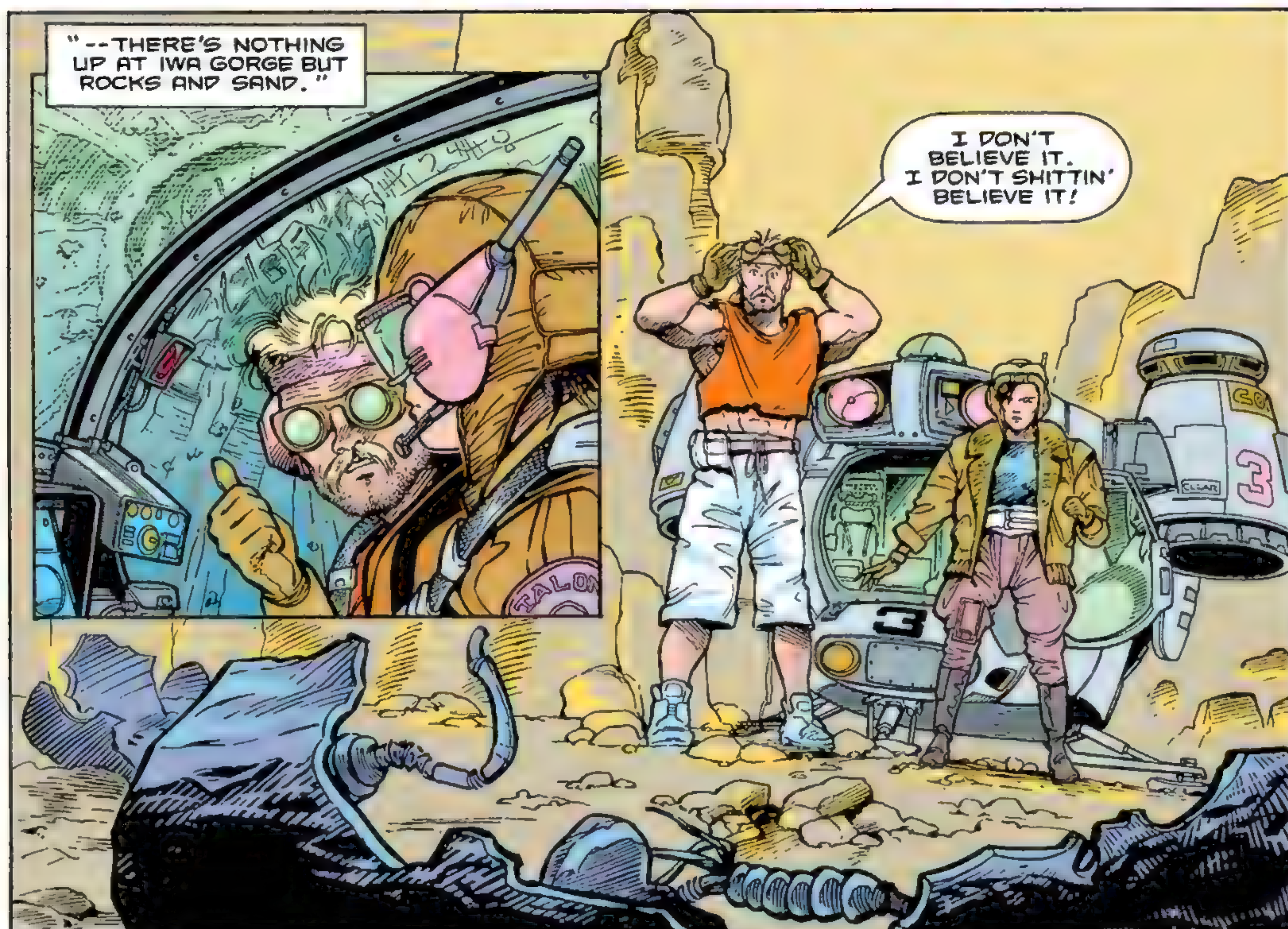
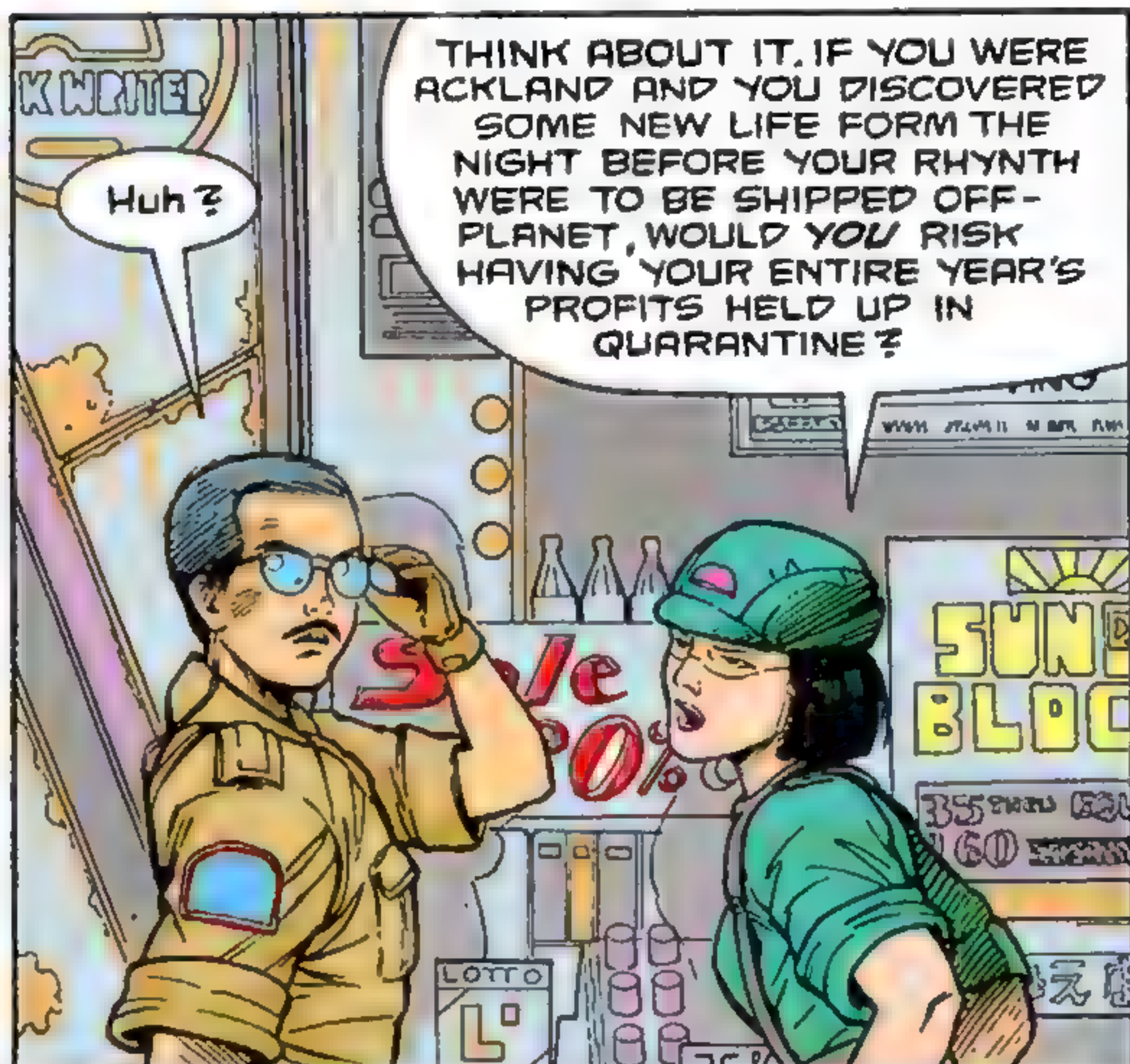
THAT'S WHERE SHE SAID SHE FOUND THEM.

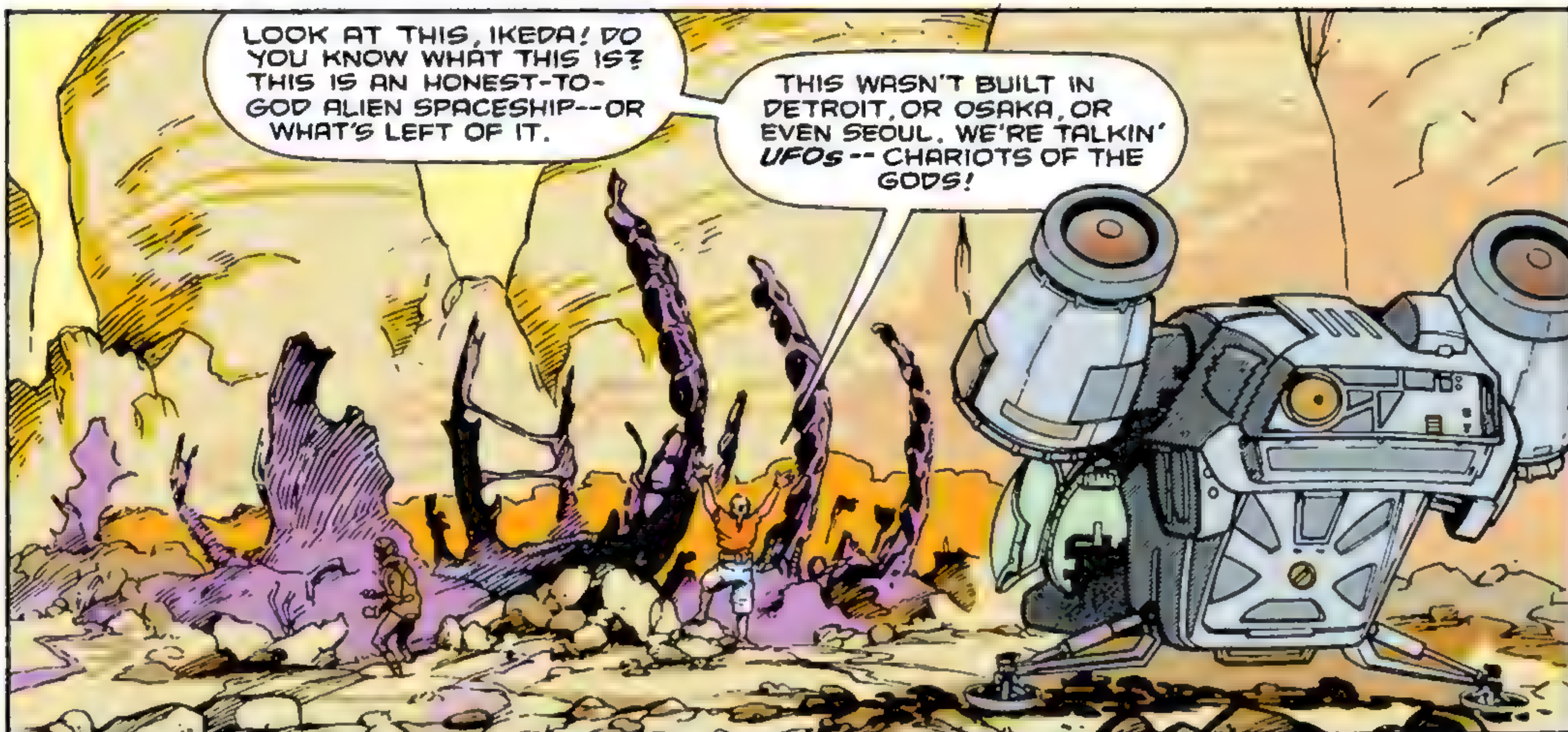
"SHE"?

YES... WHAT'S HER NAME? THE YOUNG WOMAN WHO WORKS FOR FLYING "A"... ROTH.

WHAT WOULD ROTH BE DOING ALL THE WAY UP IN IWA GORGE? ACKLAND DOESN'T HAVE ANY HERDS WITHIN TWENTY KLIKS OF THERE.

THOSE THINGS WEREN'T FOUND IN IWA GORGE.





LOOK AT THIS, IKEDA! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS? THIS IS AN HONEST-TO-GOD ALIEN SPACESHIP--OR WHAT'S LEFT OF IT.

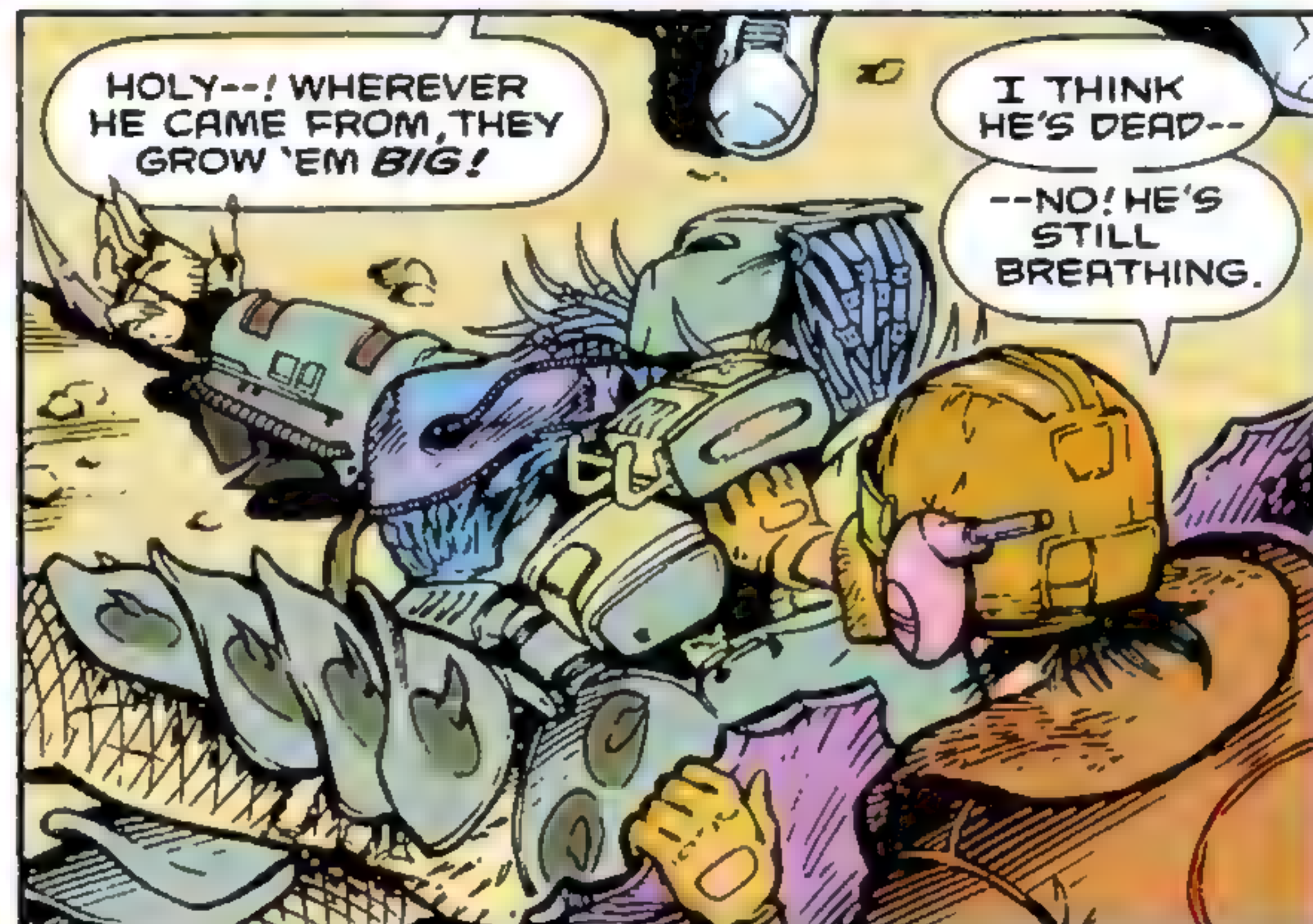
THIS WASN'T BUILT IN DETROIT, OR OSAKA, OR EVEN SEOUL. WE'RE TALKIN' *UFOS*-- CHARIOTS OF THE GODS!



THINK OF THE NEW INFORMATION! IF WE CAN FIGURE OUT WHAT MADE THIS THING TICK--

WHY NOT JUST ASK *HIM*?

WHA--?



HOLY--! WHEREVER HE CAME FROM, THEY GROW 'EM *BIG*!

I THINK HE'S DEAD--

--NO! HE'S STILL BREATHING.



THIS IS TOO SHITTIN' UNBELIEVABLE! I MEAN--

CAN IT, SPANNER. HELP ME GET HIM INTO THE COPTER.



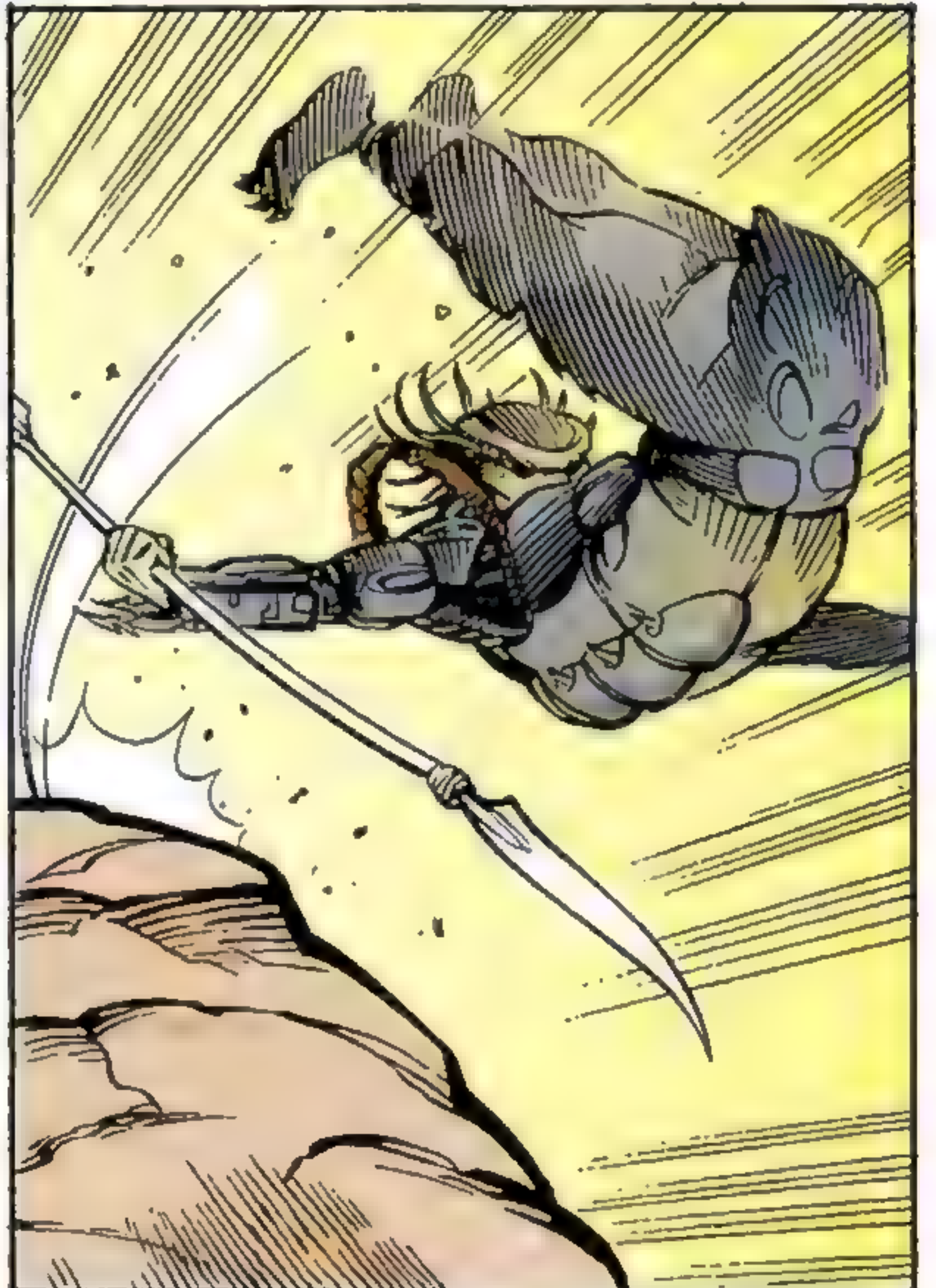
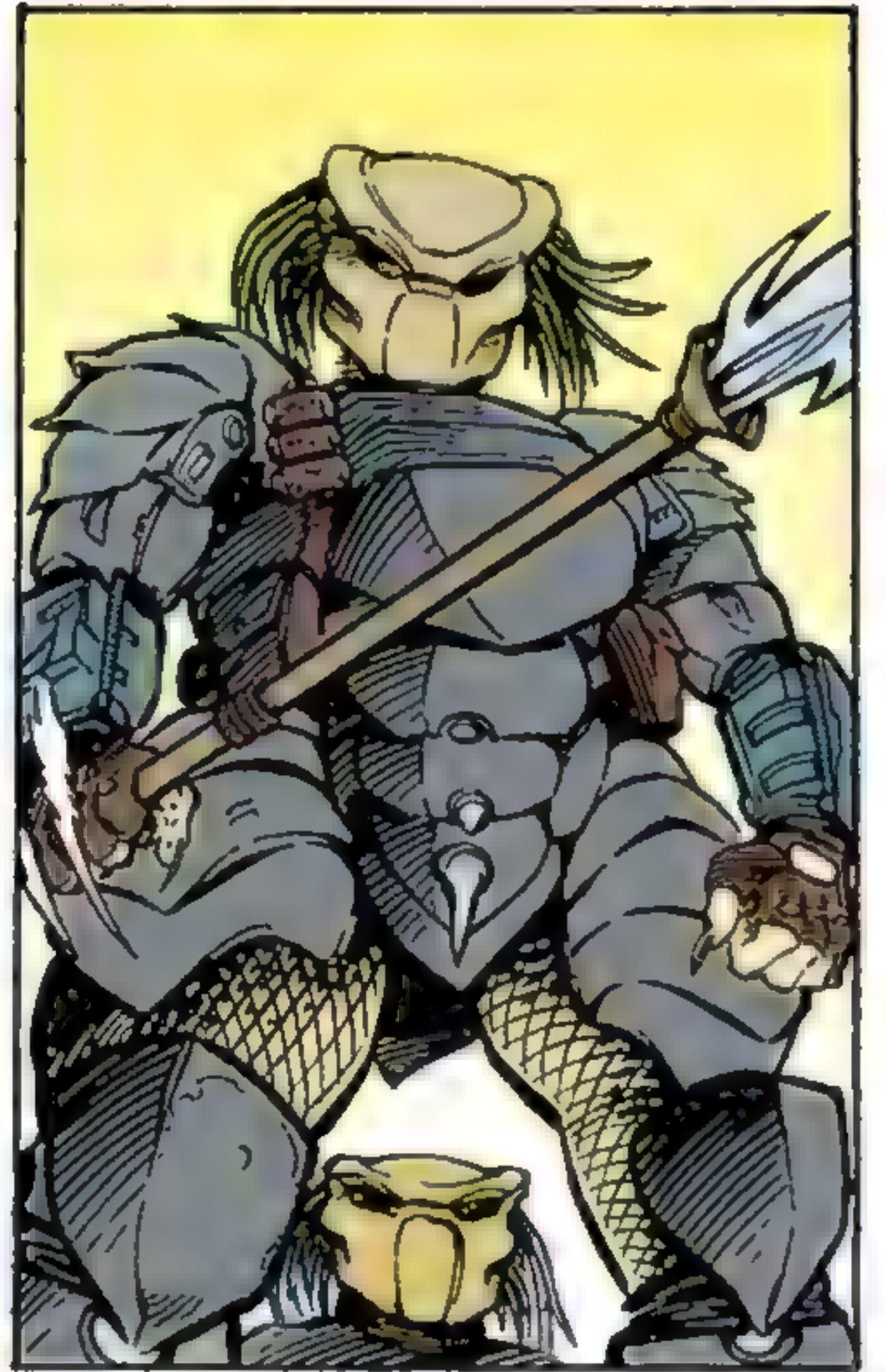
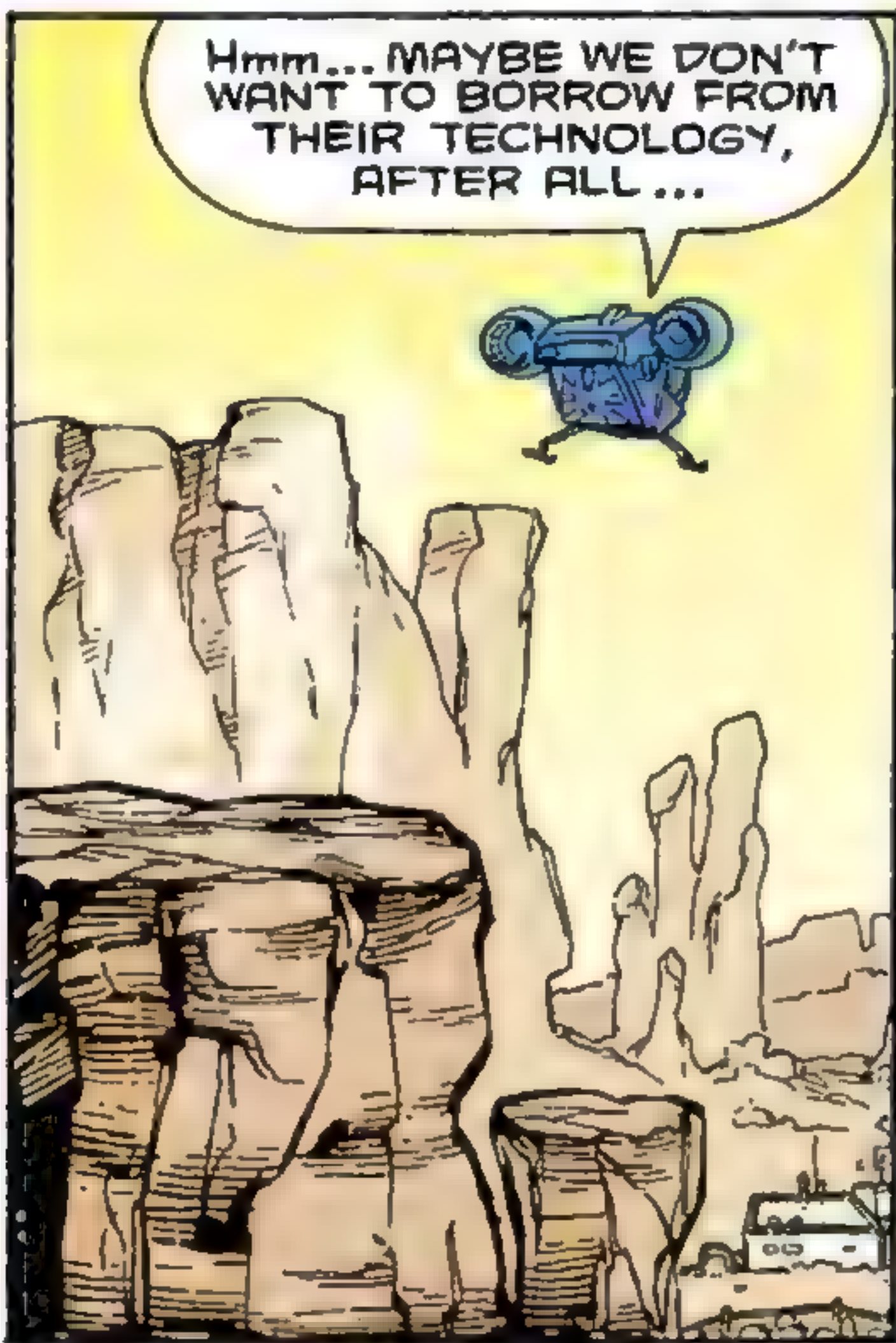
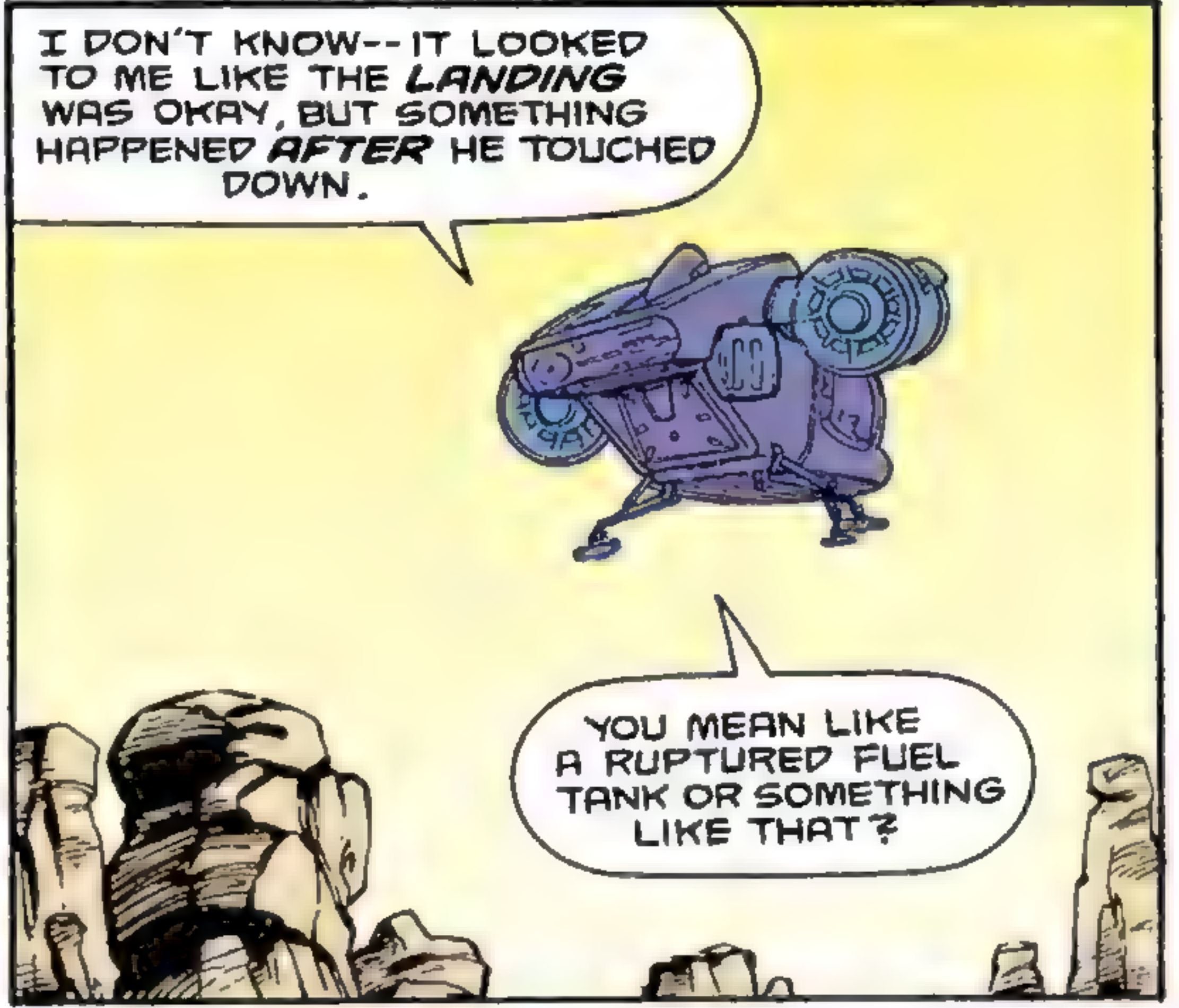
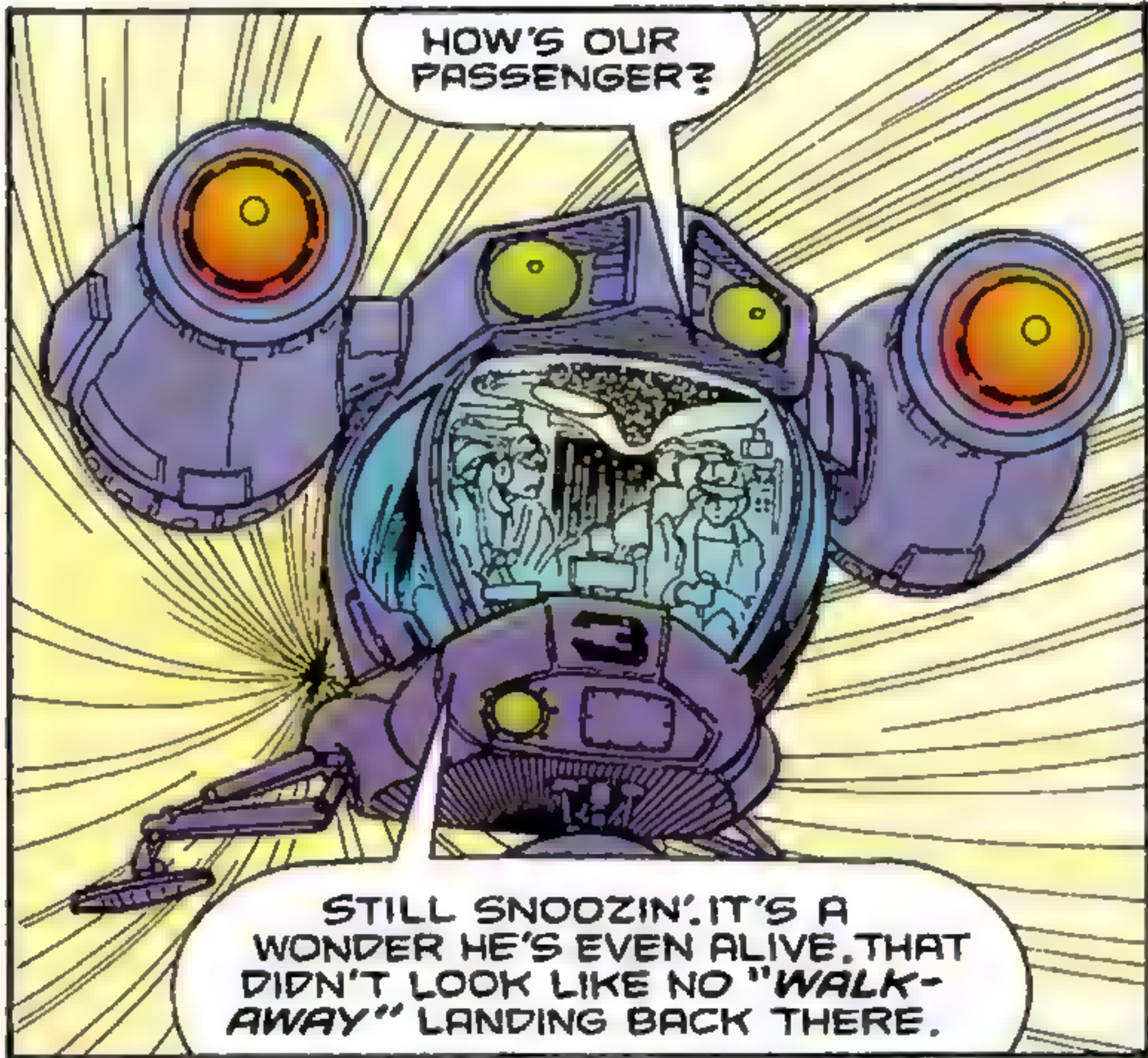
SAY AGAIN, COPTER-1-- YOU FOUND *WHAT*?

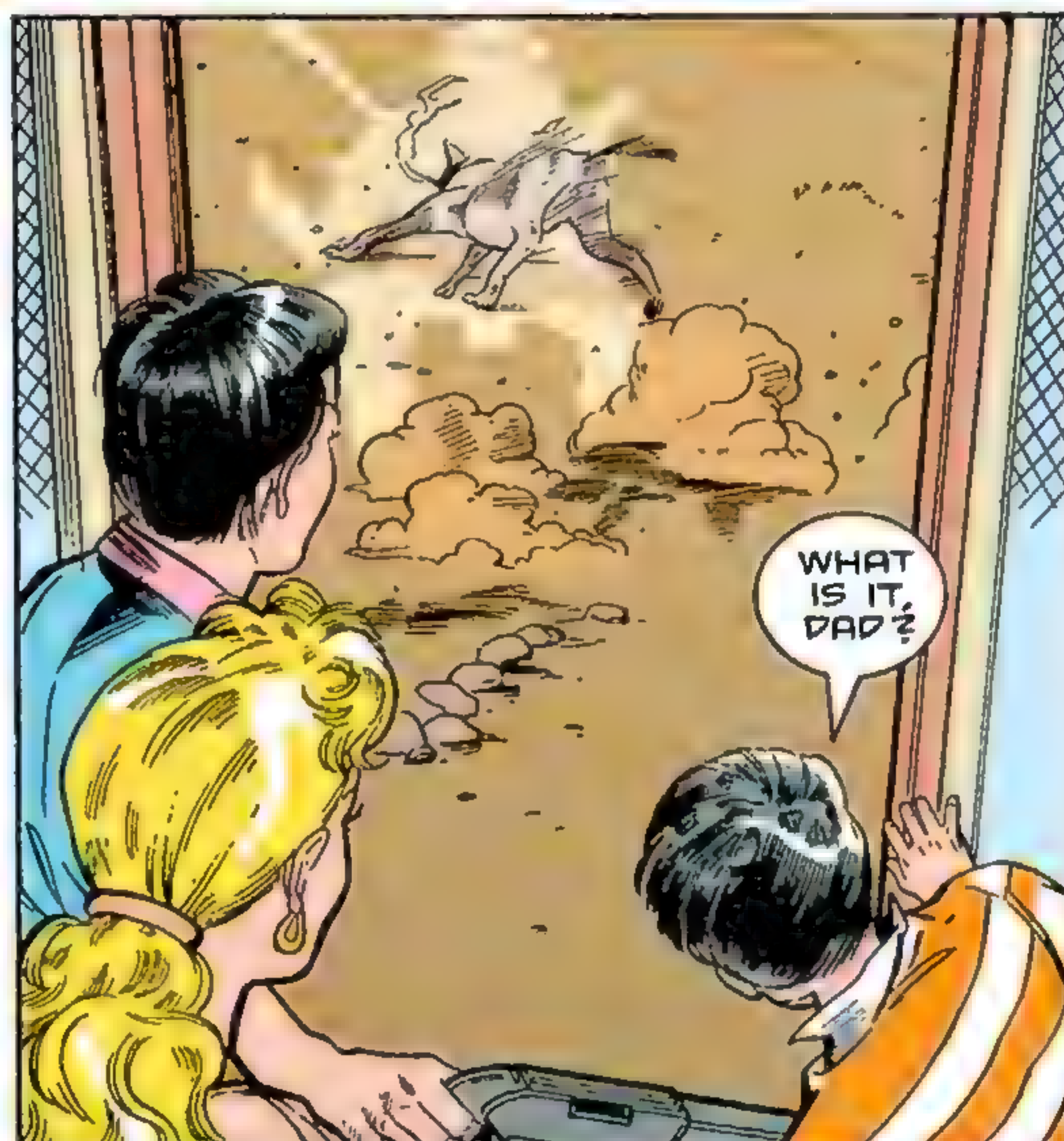
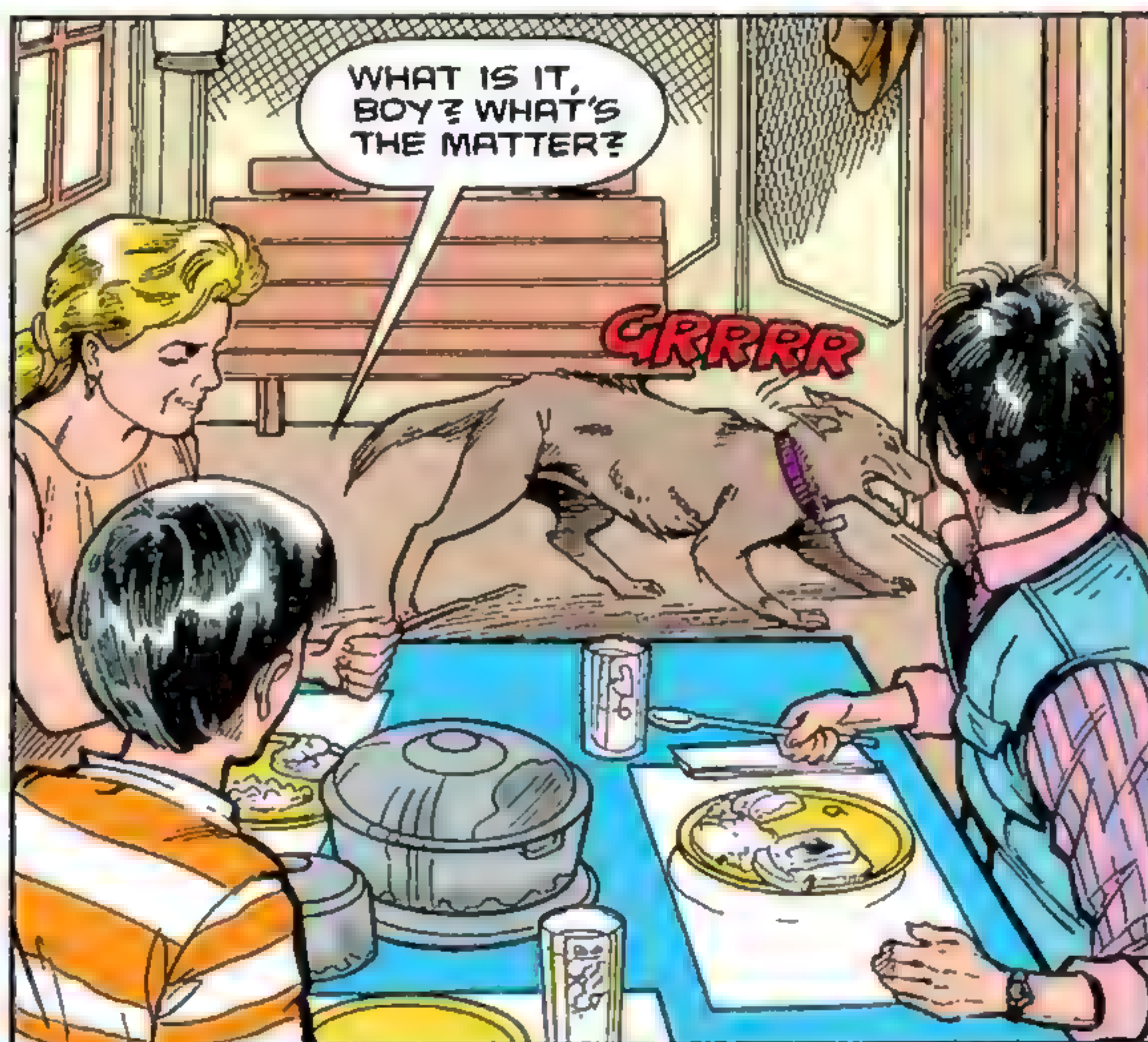
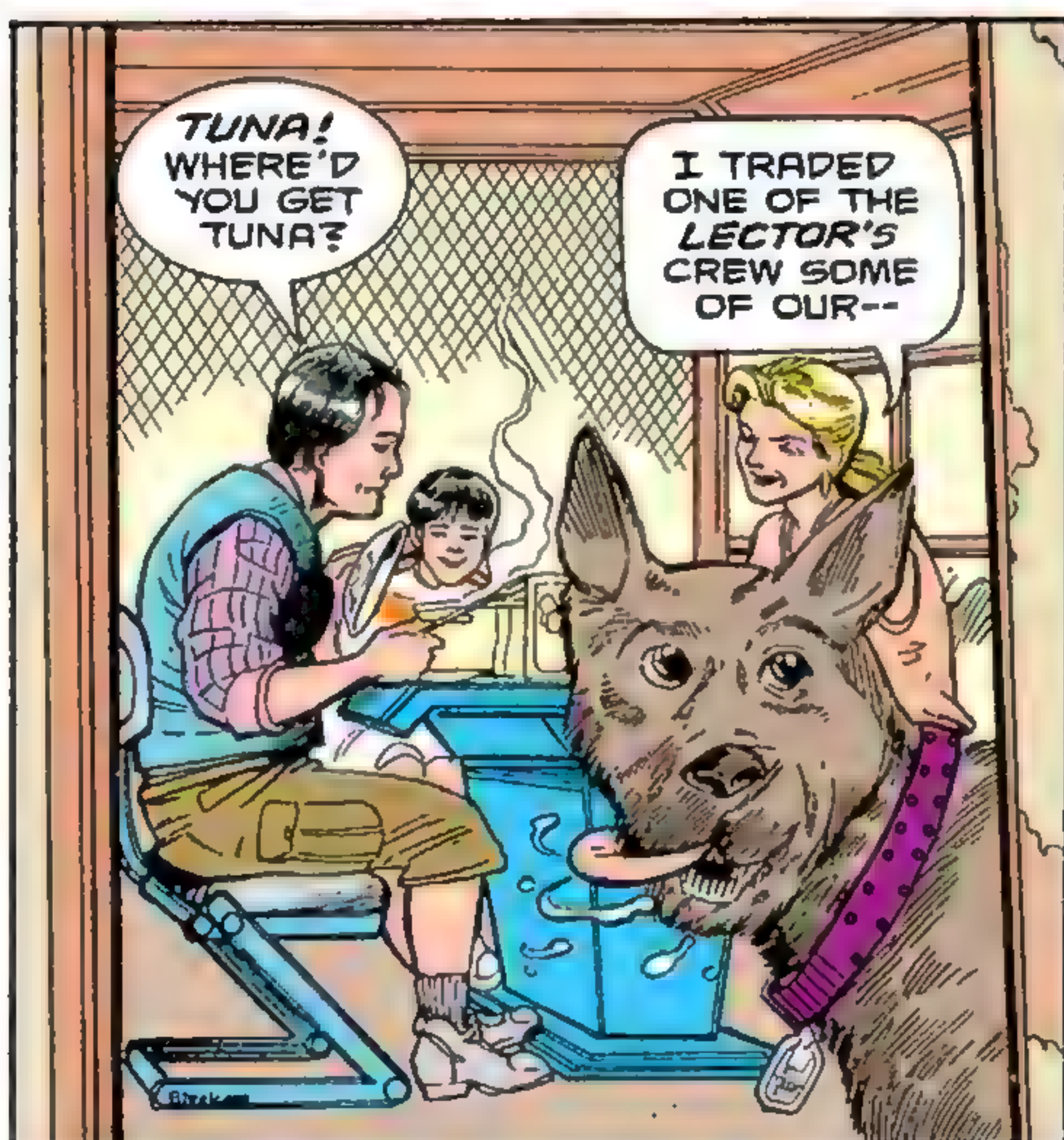
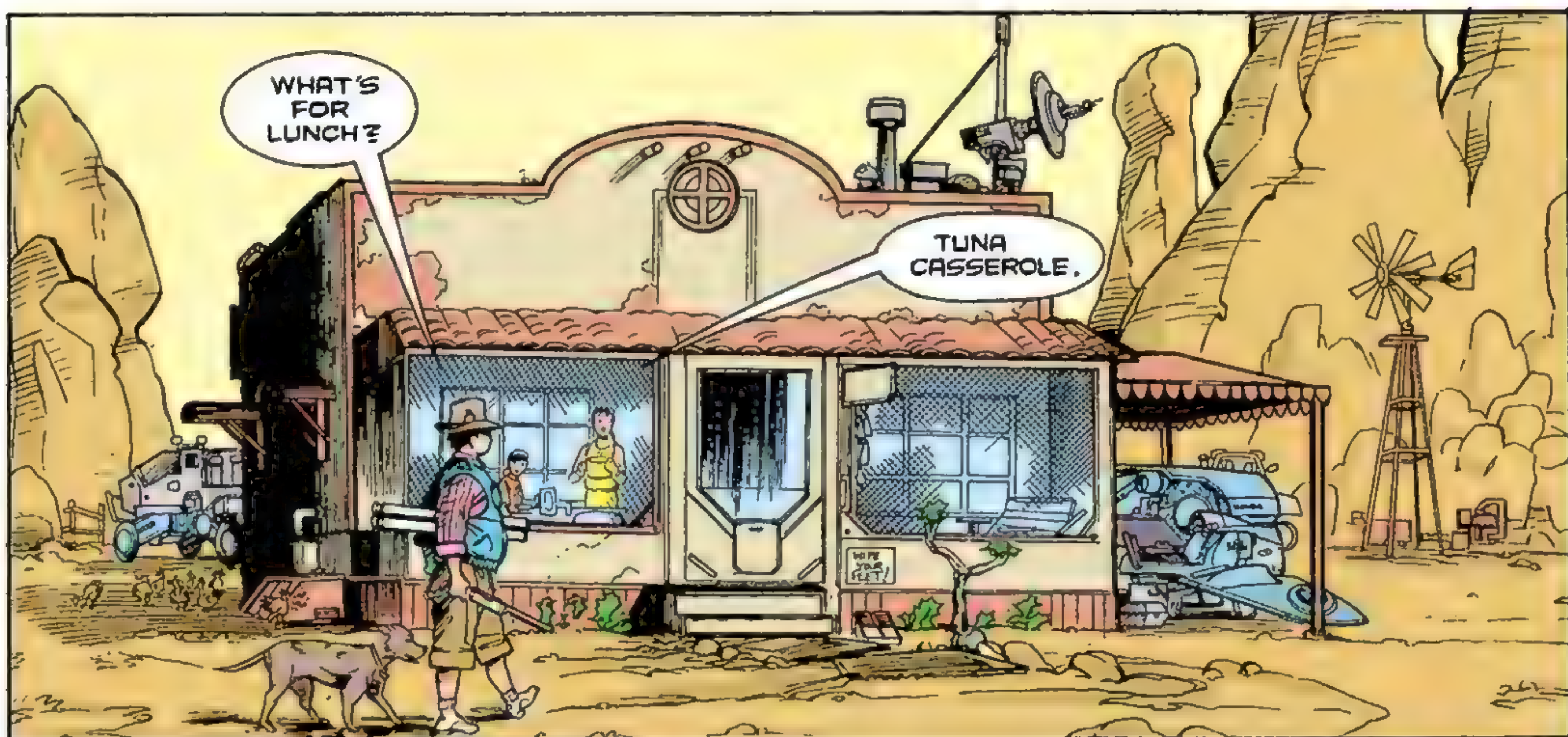
NEVER MIND. YOU'LL SEE IT WHEN WE GET BACK.

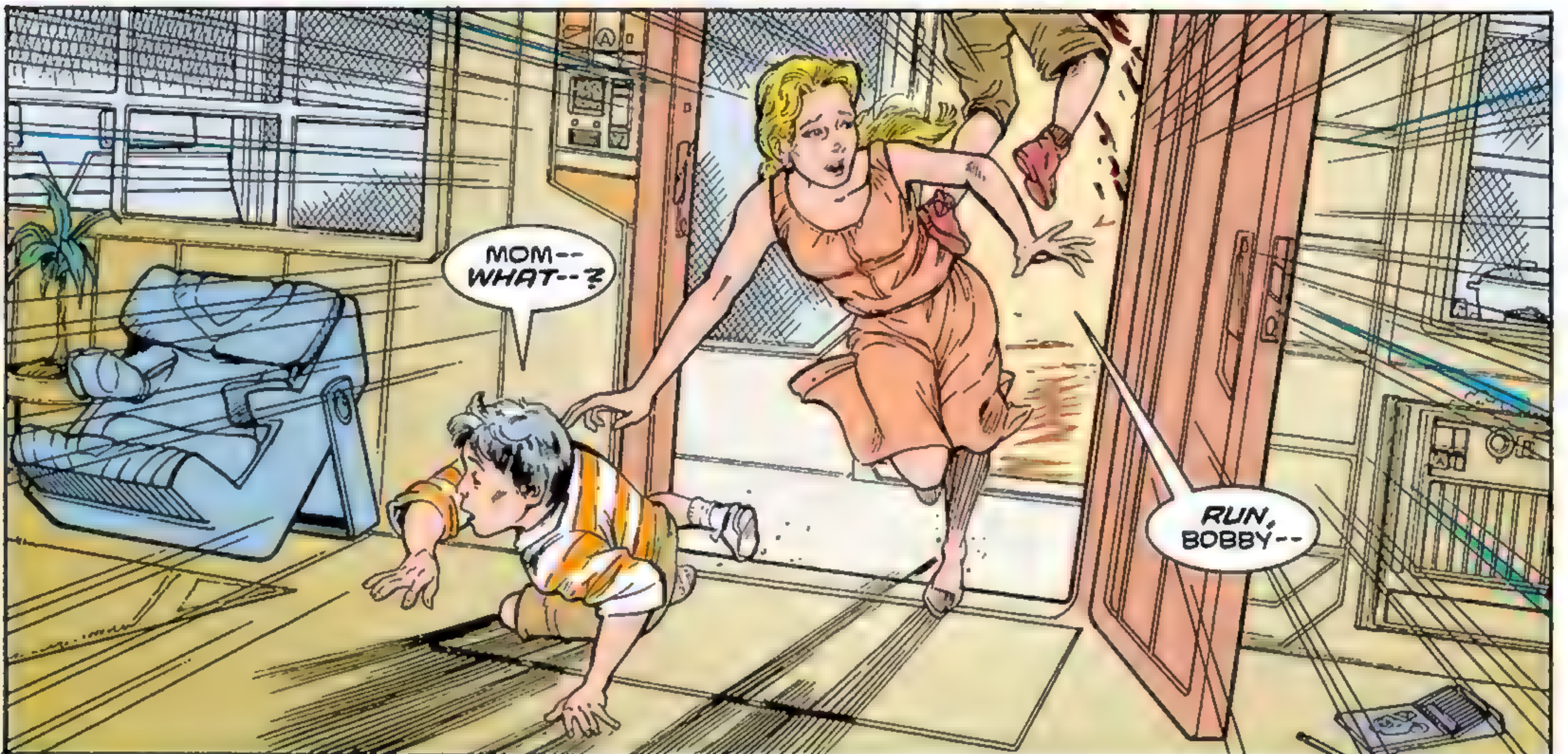
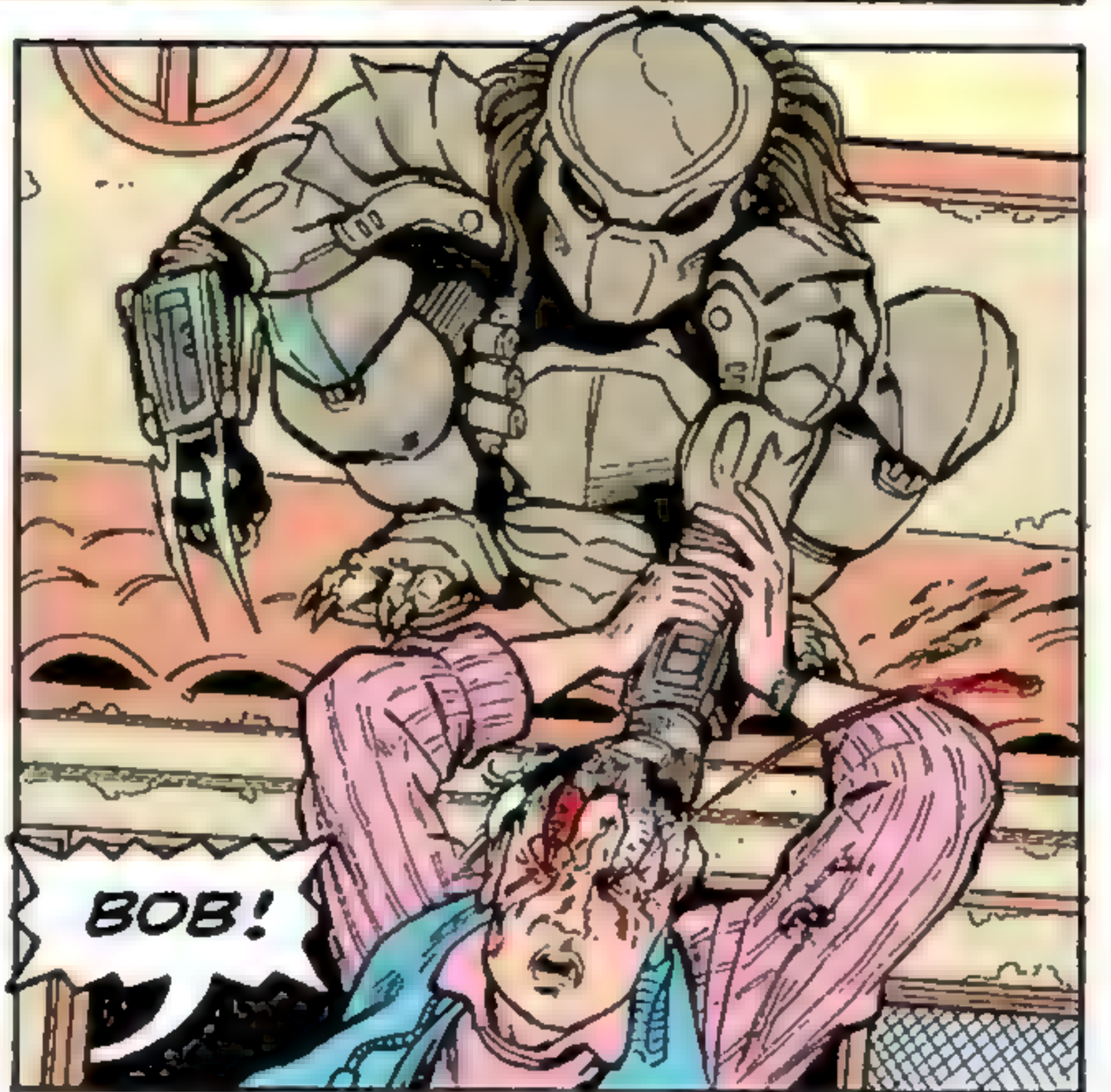
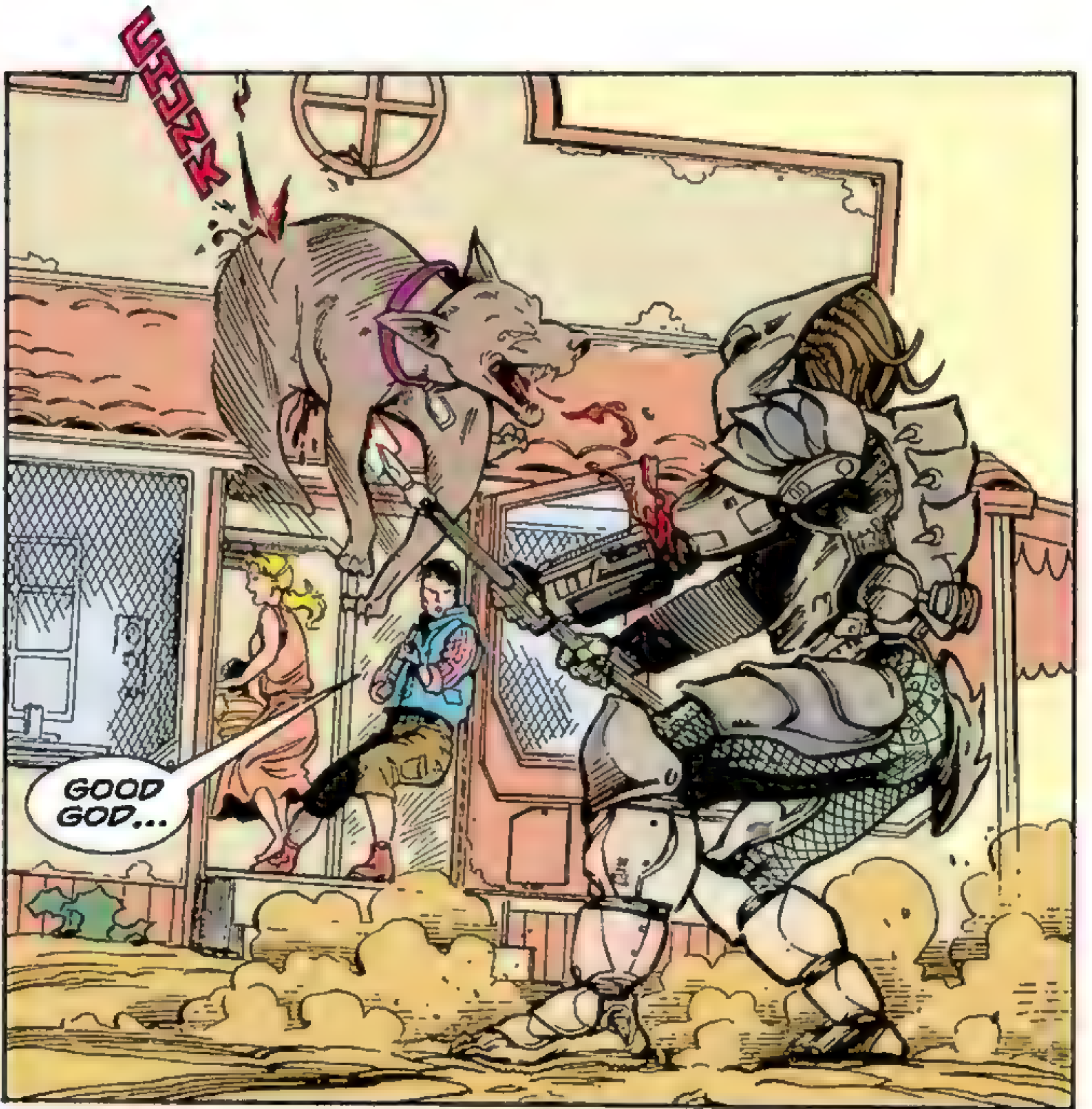


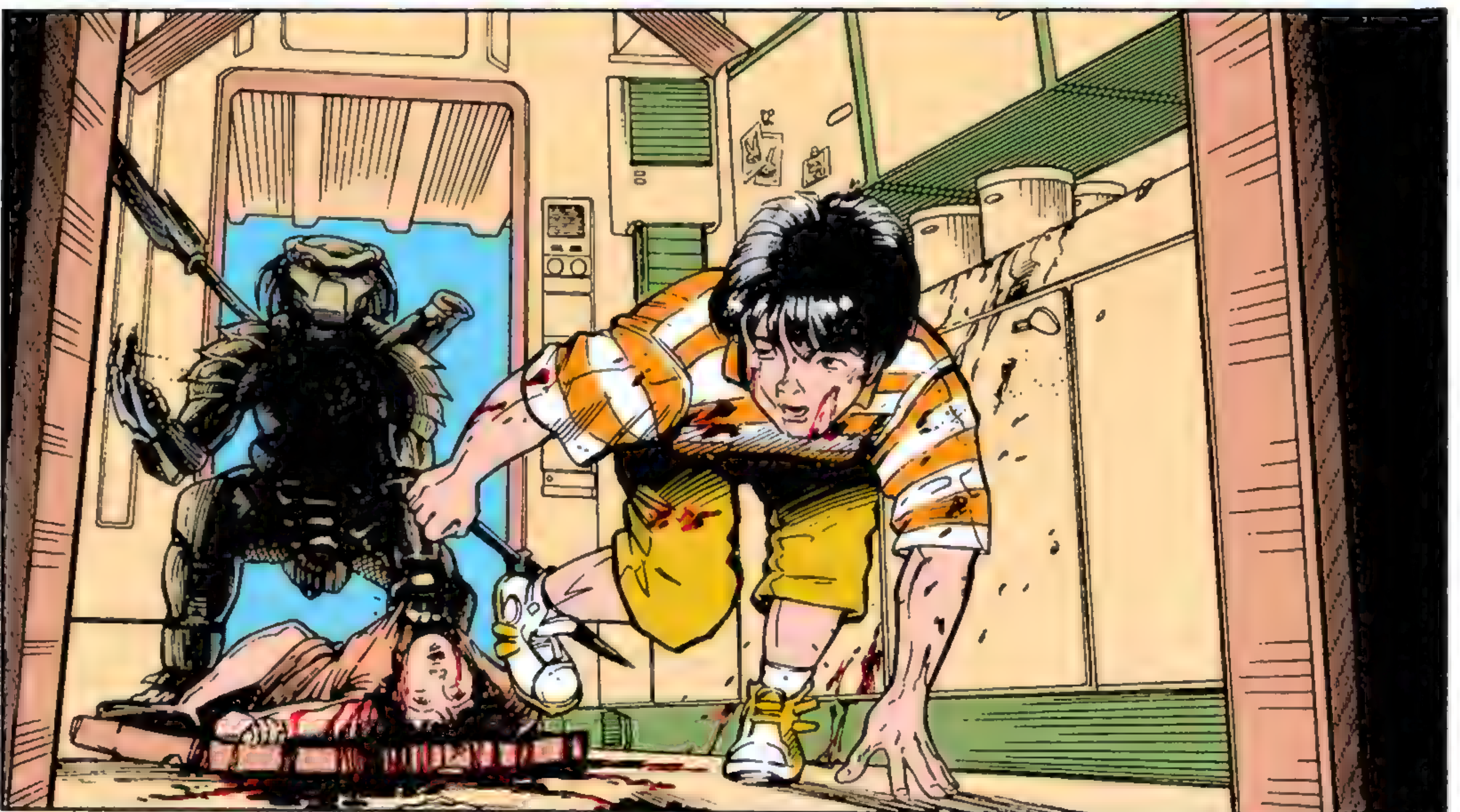
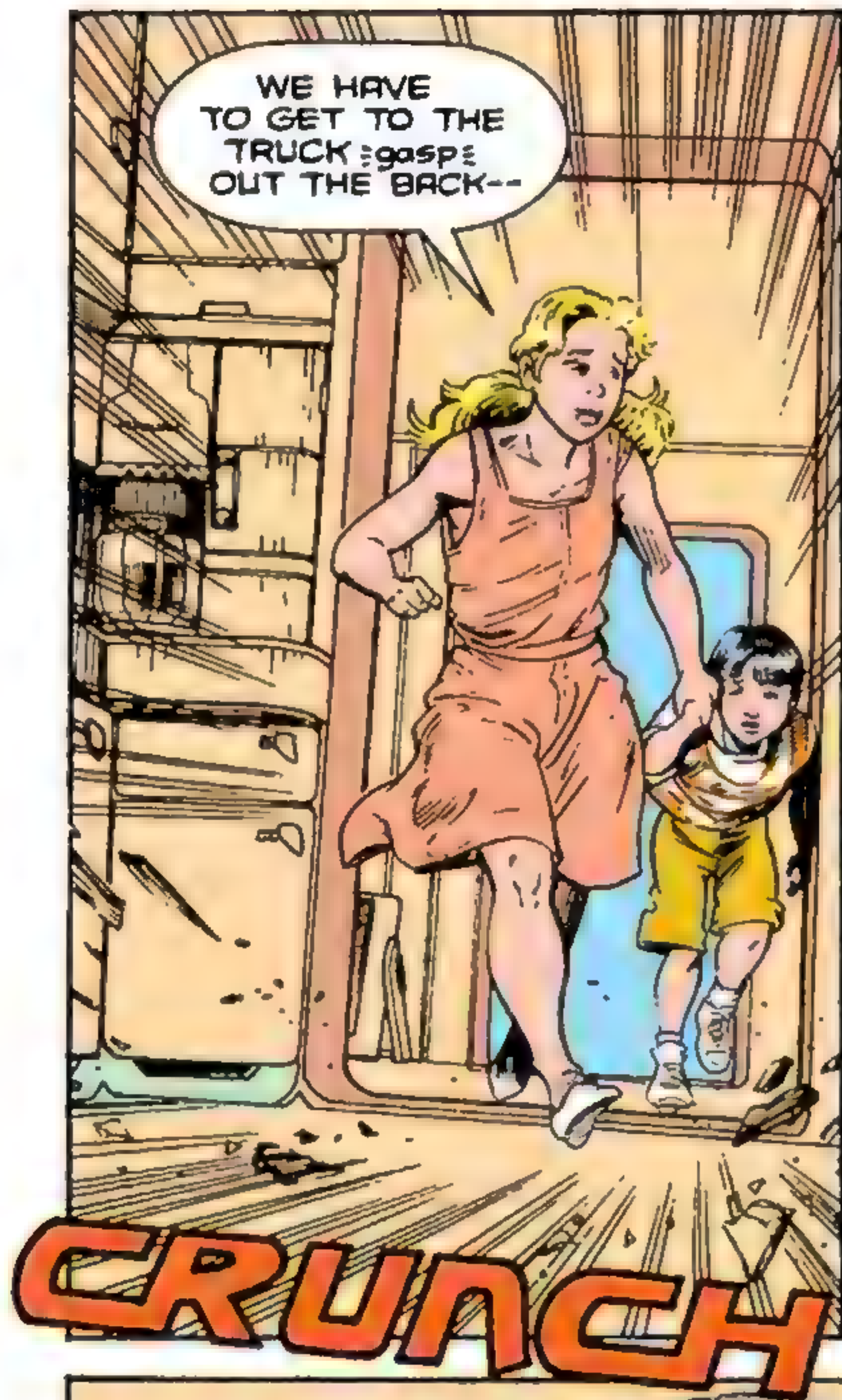
NO SIGN OF THE DOC ANYWHERE-- BUT WHAT WE'VE FOUND CAN'T WAIT. COPTER-1 RETURNING TO BASE. IKEDA OUT.

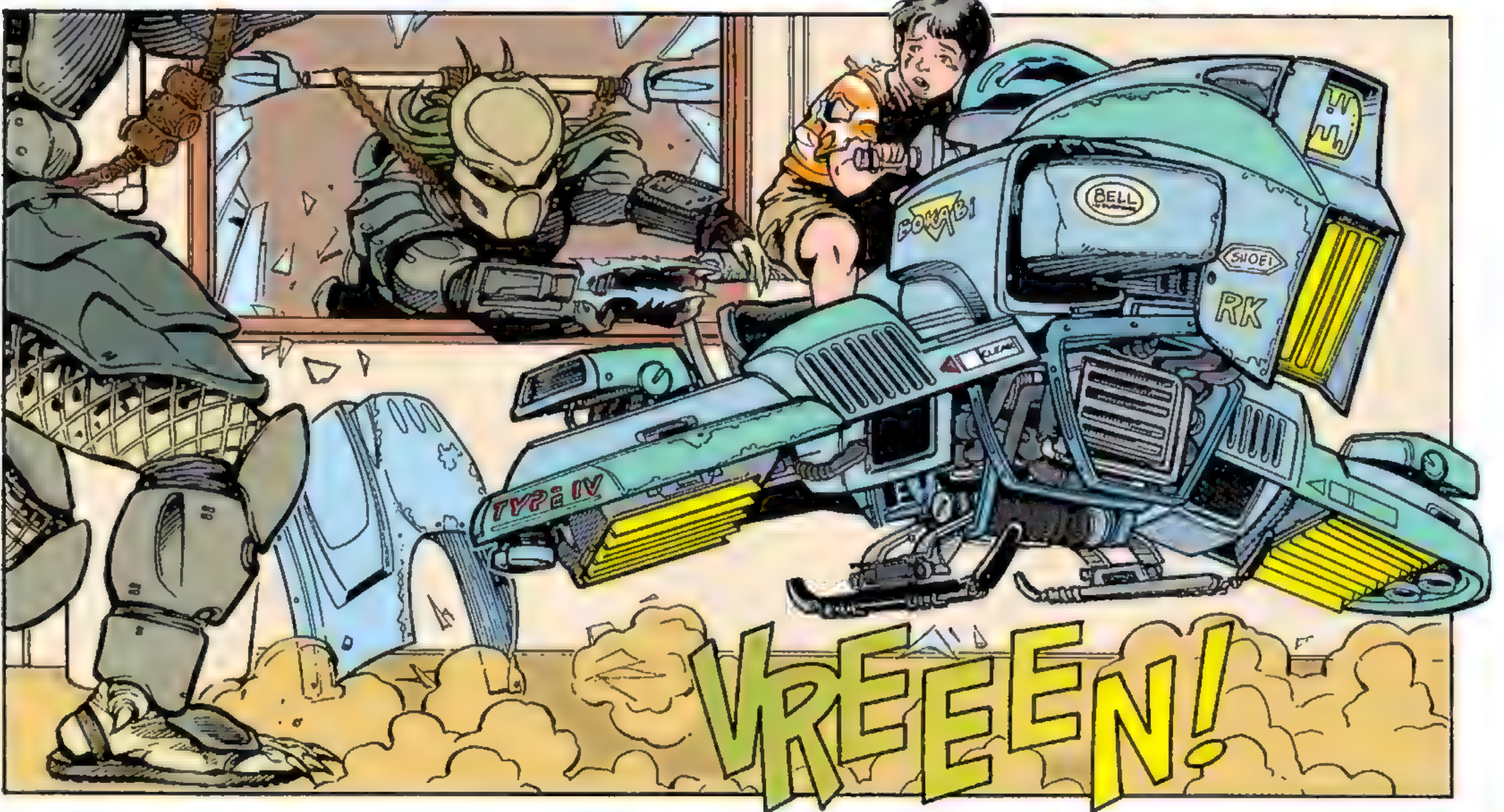
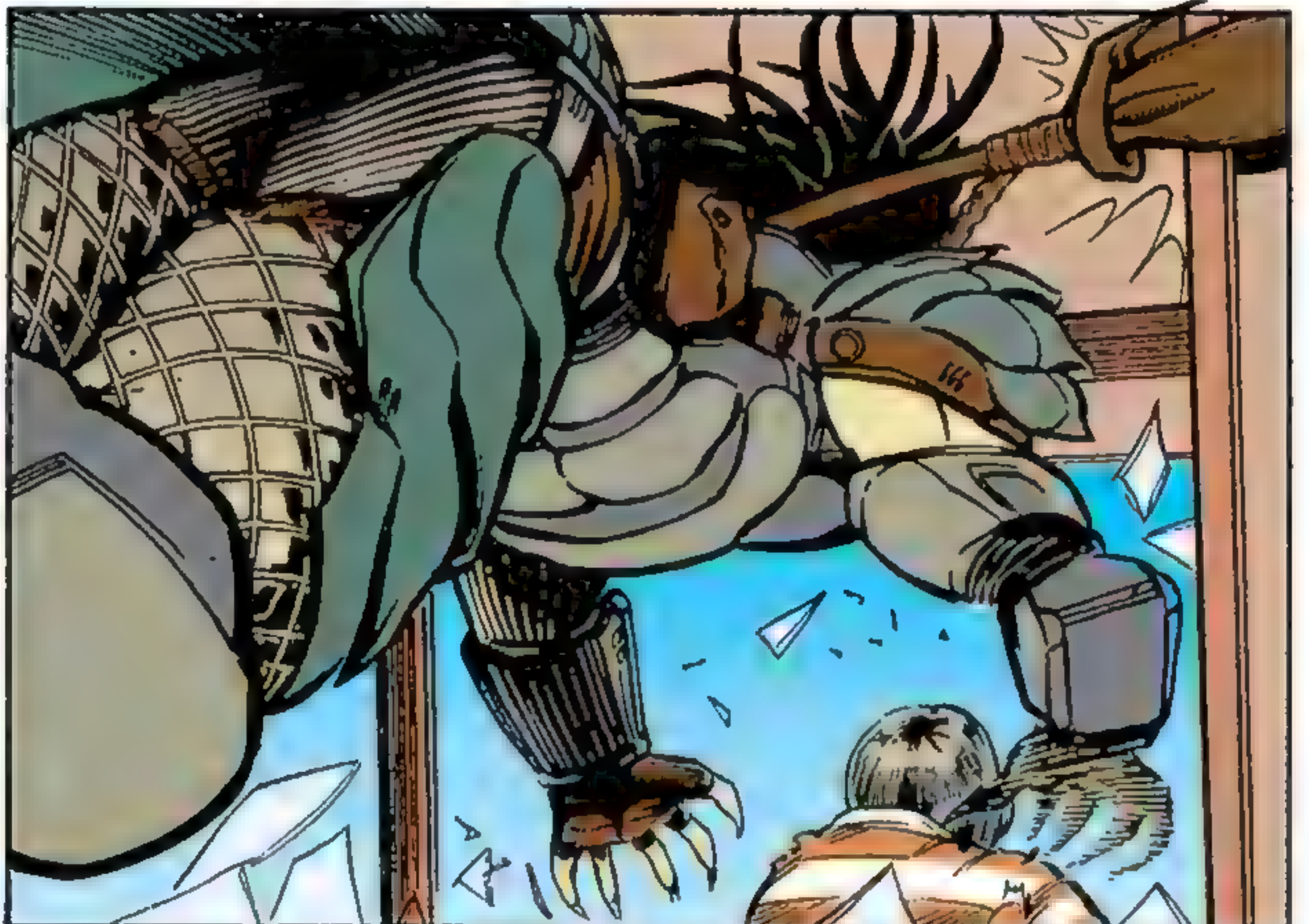
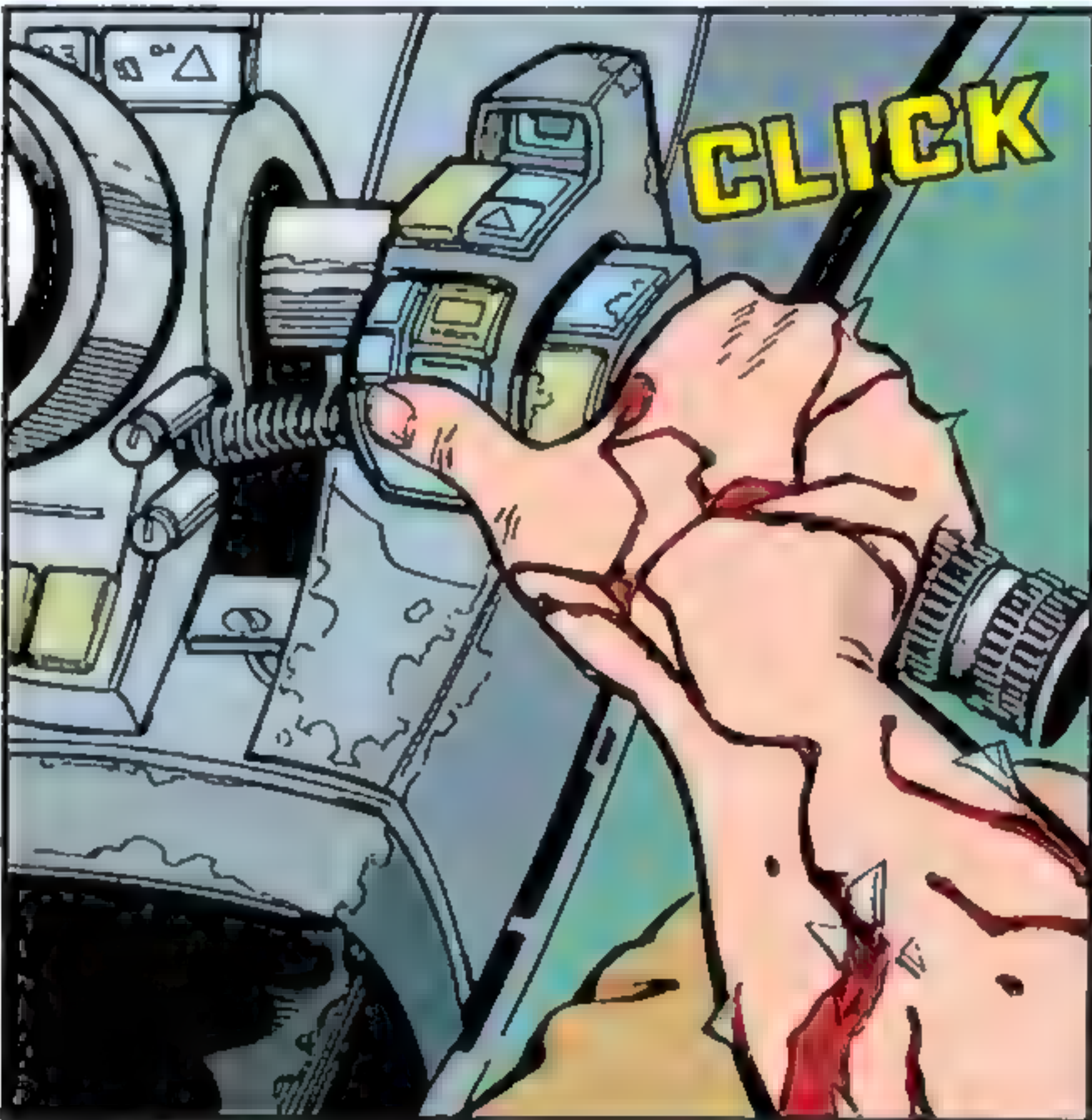
"HELP HER," SHE SAYS. THIS GUY WEIGHS A SHITTIN' TON...

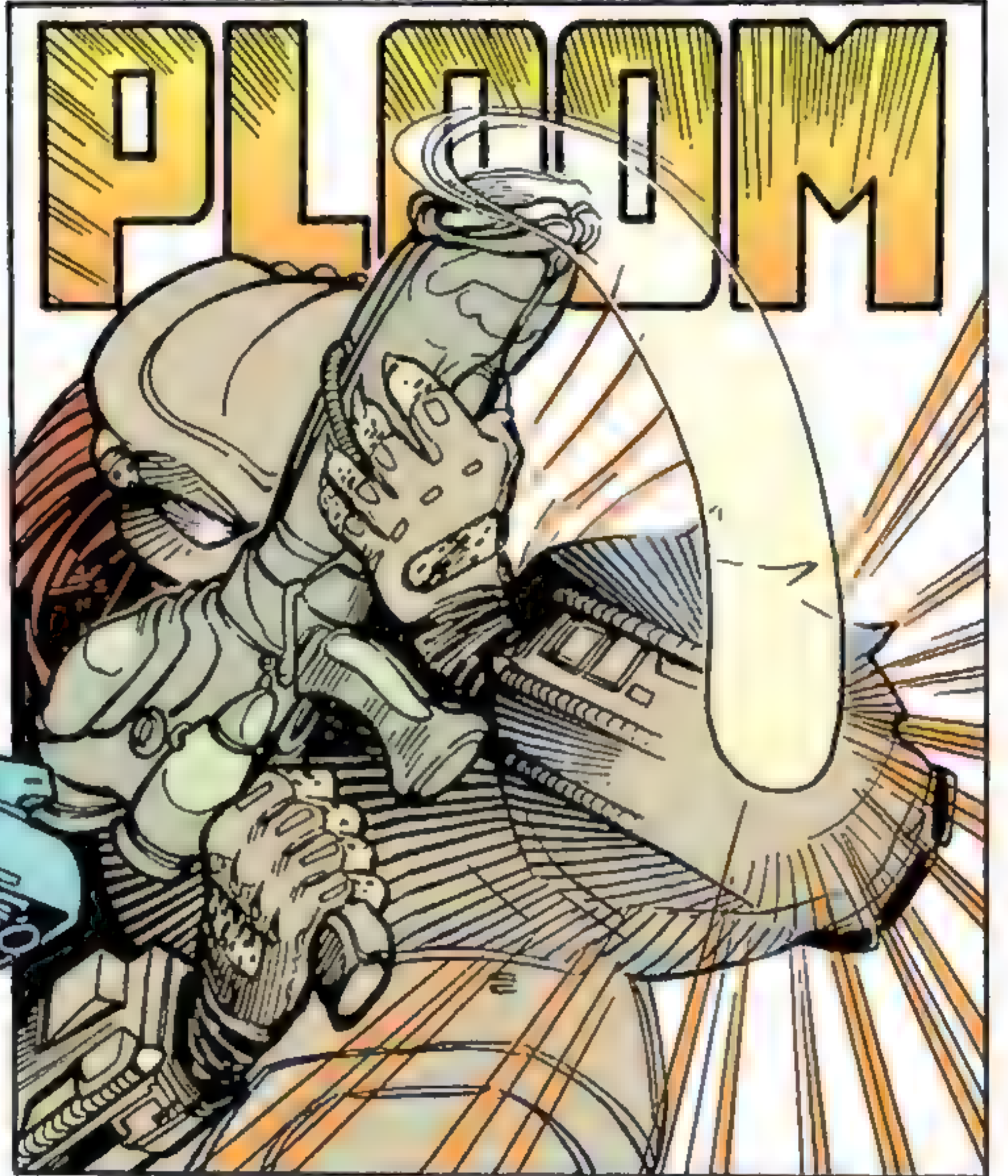
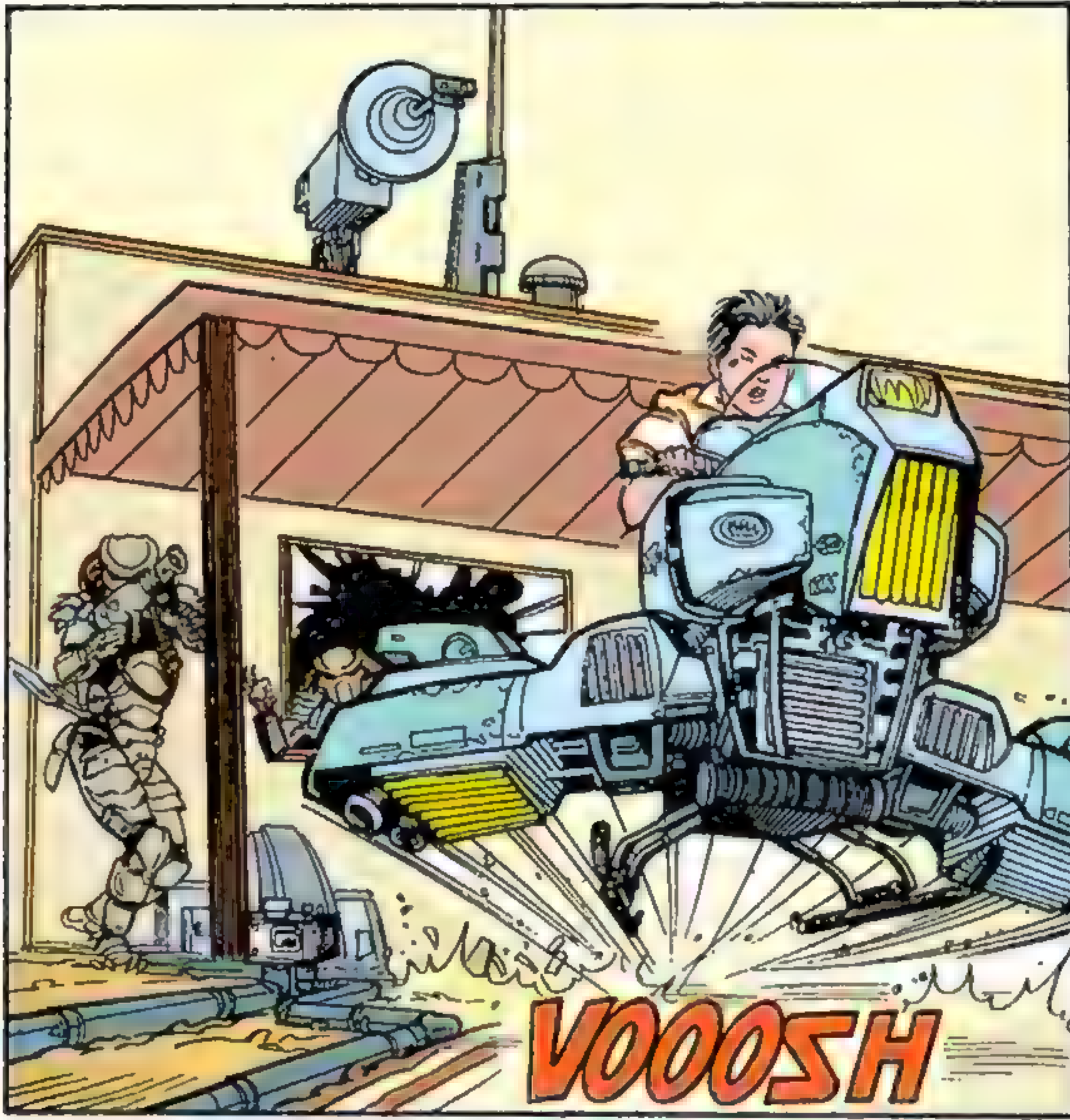


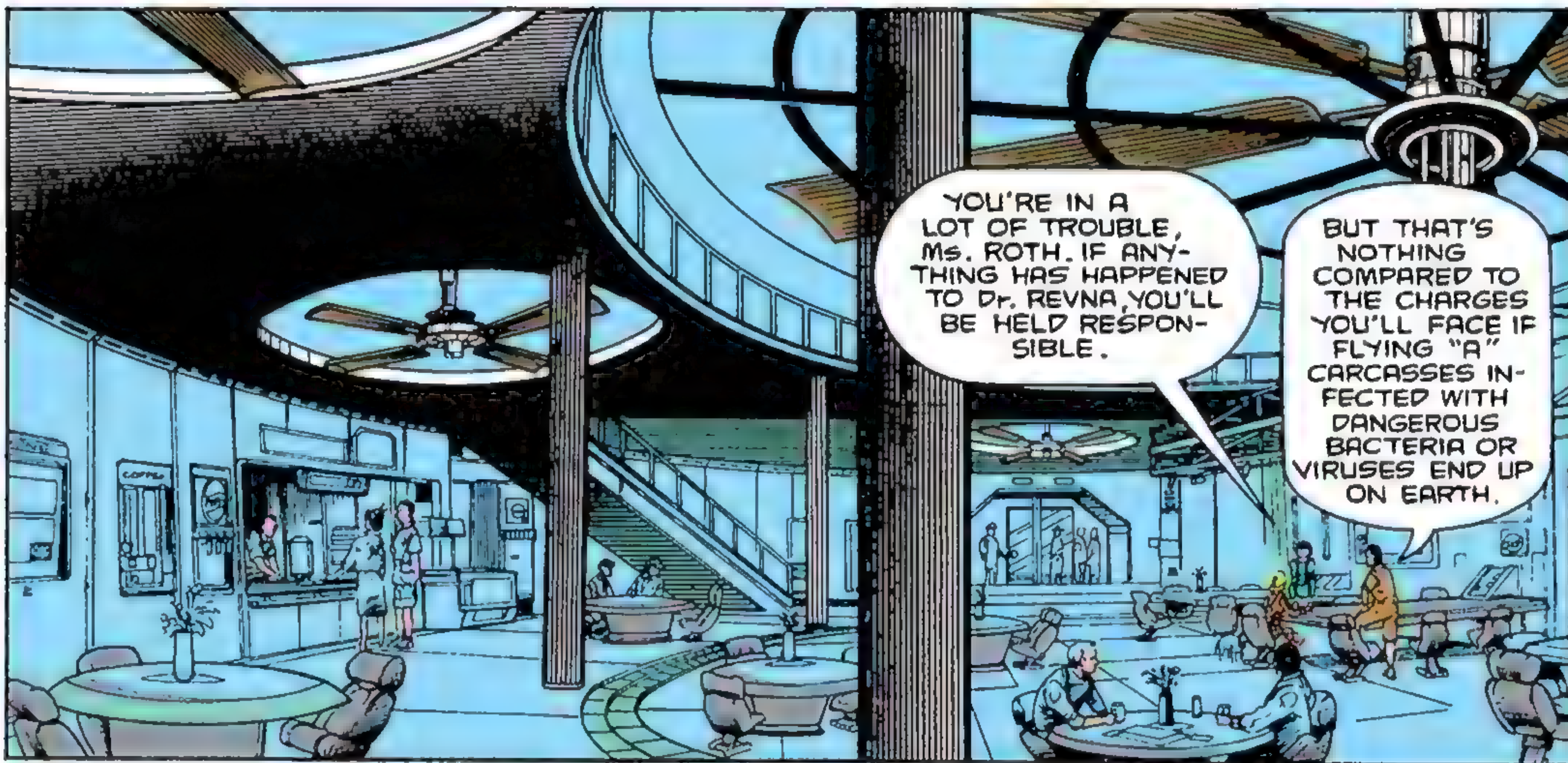












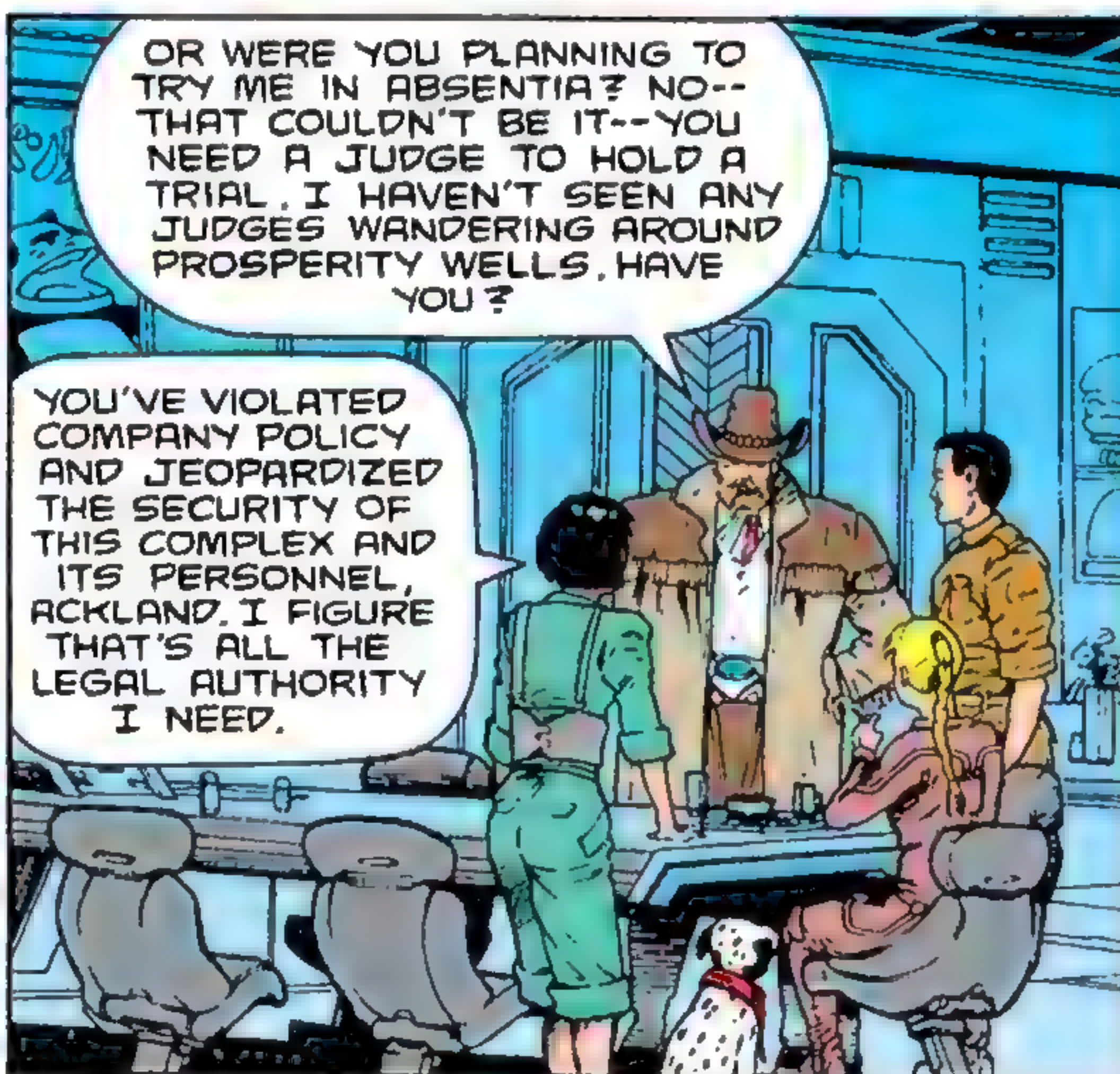
YOU'RE IN A LOT OF TROUBLE, MS. ROTH. IF ANYTHING HAS HAPPENED TO DR. REVNA, YOU'LL BE HELD RESPONSIBLE.

BUT THAT'S NOTHING COMPARED TO THE CHARGES YOU'LL FACE IF FLYING "A" CARCASSES INFECTED WITH DANGEROUS BACTERIA OR VIRUSES END UP ON EARTH.



BUT IT'S NOT MY FAULT--I WAS JUST FOLLOWING ORDERS. MR. ACKLAND TOLD ME TO--

HEY, NOGUCHI-- I THOUGHT A MAN HAD A RIGHT TO BE PRESENT WHEN HIS ACCUSERS WERE TESTIFYING AGAINST HIM.



OR WERE YOU PLANNING TO TRY ME IN ABSENTIA? NO-- THAT COULDN'T BE IT-- YOU NEED A JUDGE TO HOLD A TRIAL. I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY JUDGES WANDERING AROUND PROSPERITY WELLS. HAVE YOU?

YOU'VE VIOLATED COMPANY POLICY AND JEOPARDIZED THE SECURITY OF THIS COMPLEX AND ITS PERSONNEL, ACKLAND. I FIGURE THAT'S ALL THE LEGAL AUTHORITY I NEED.

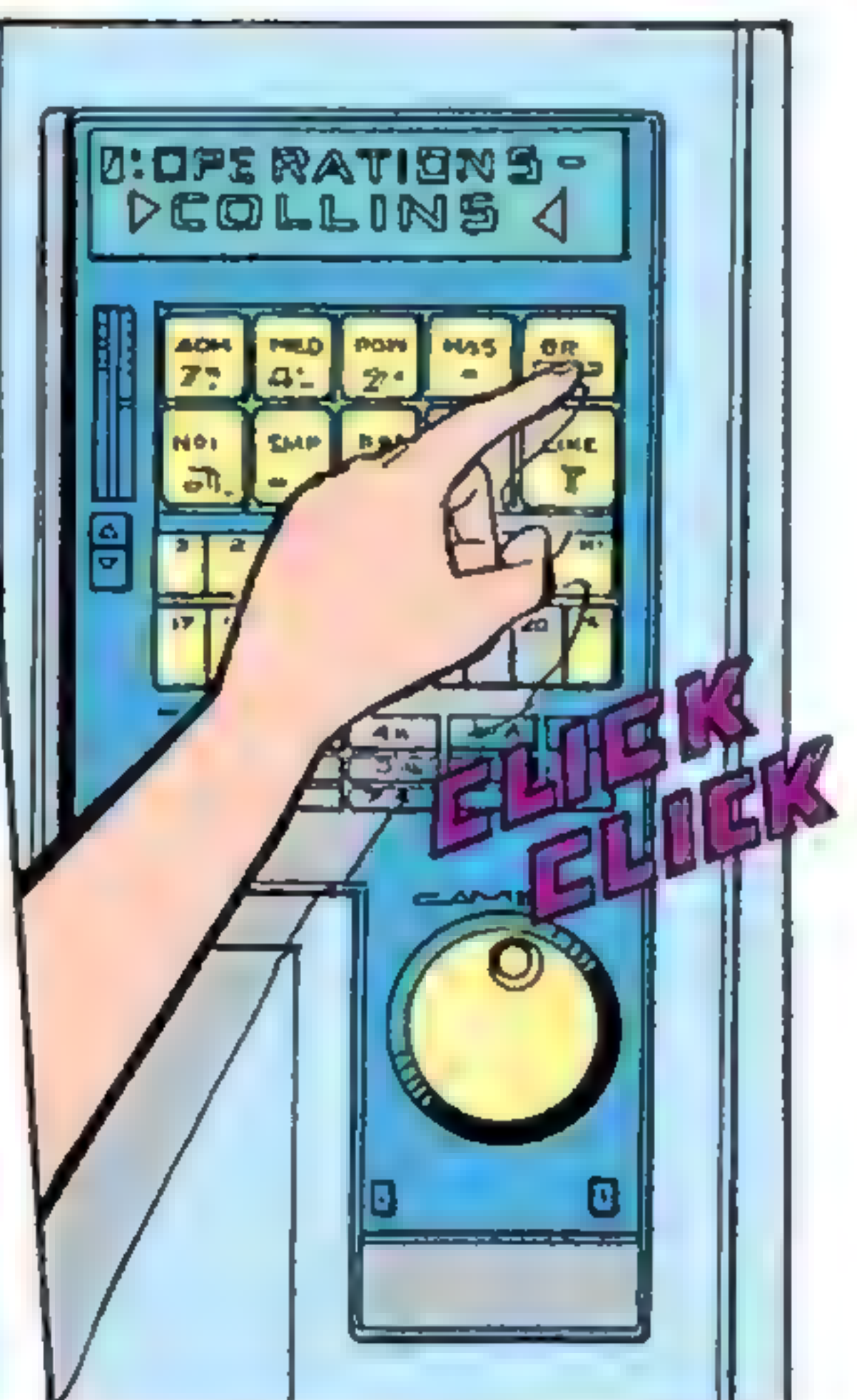
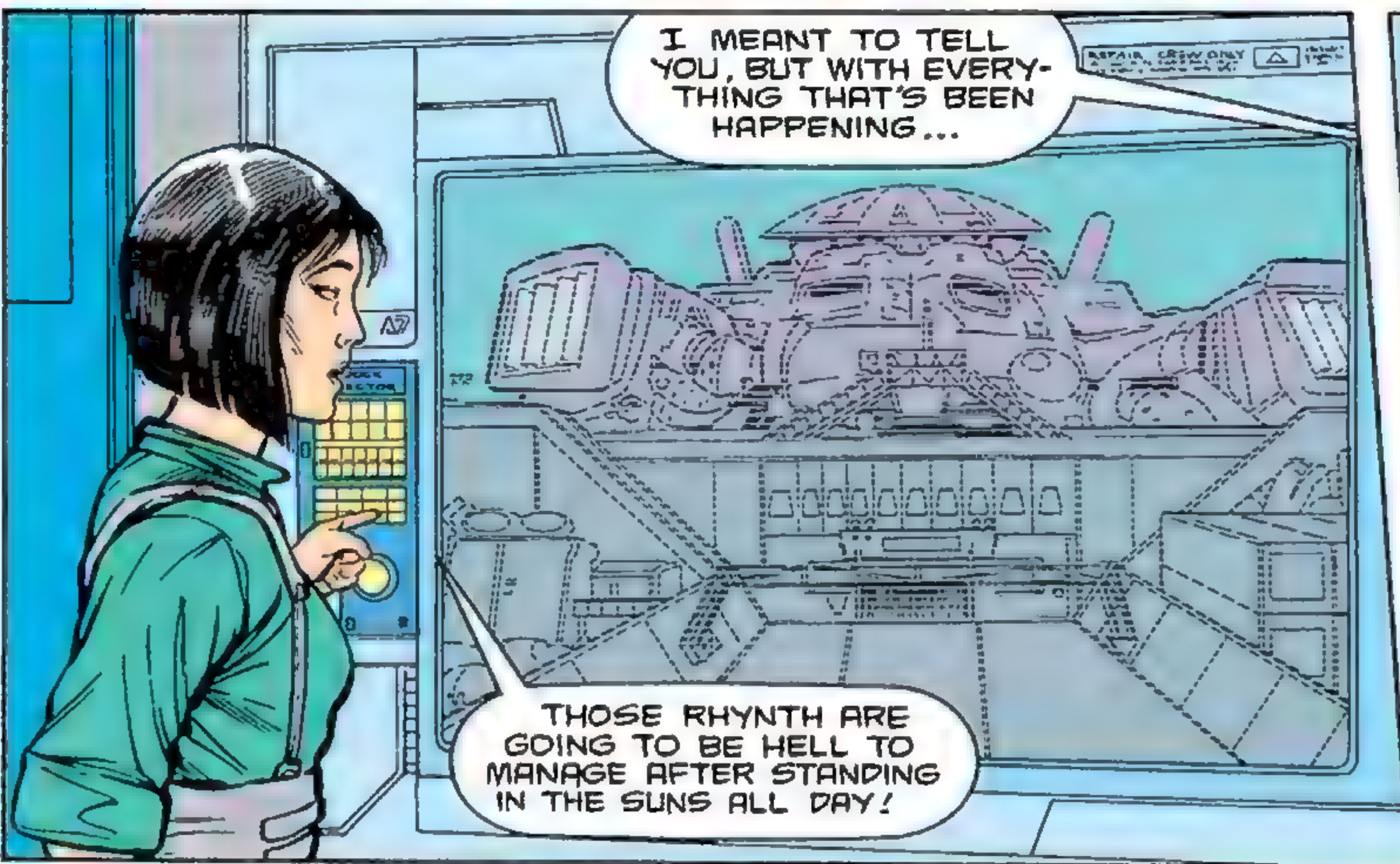
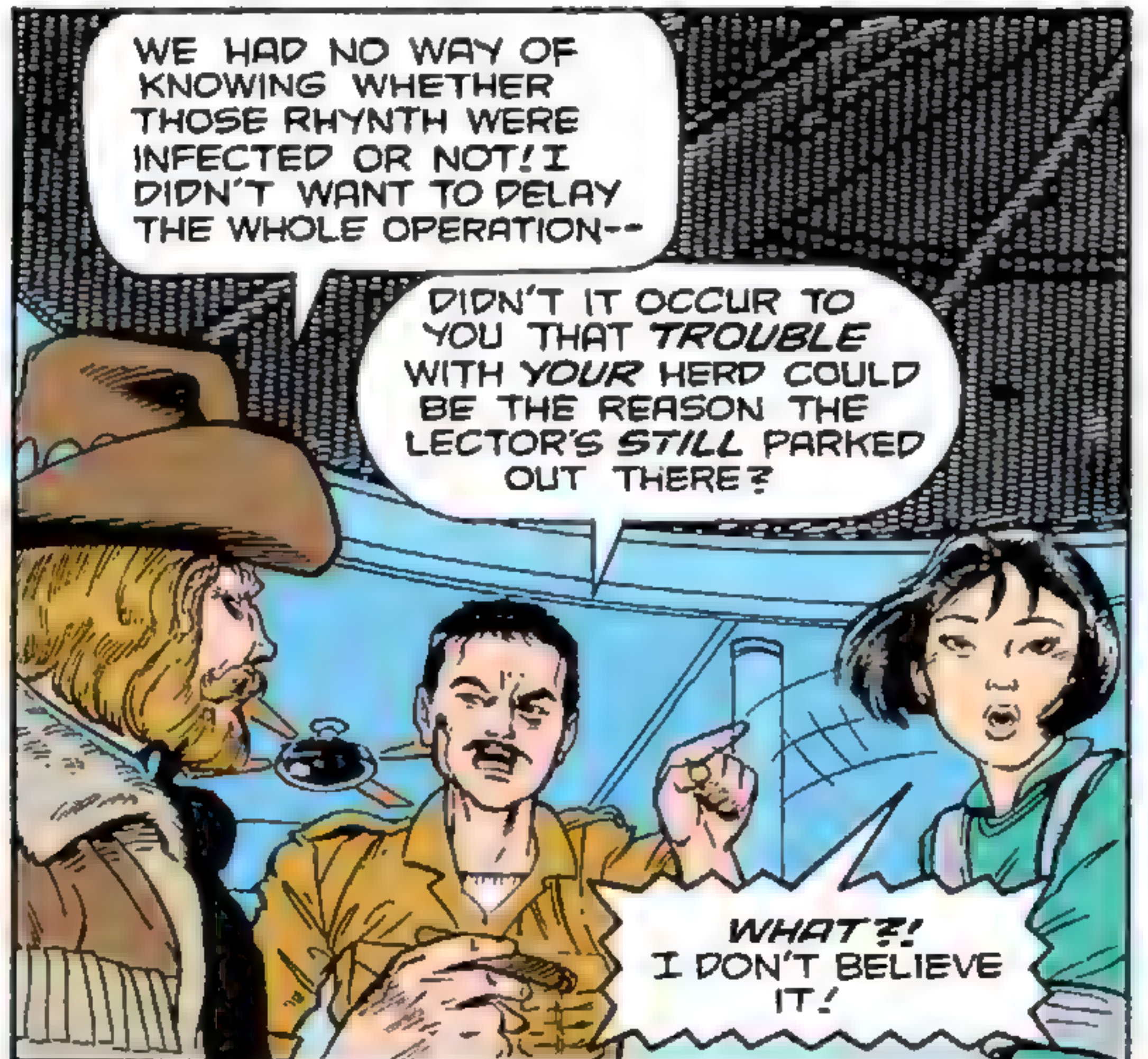
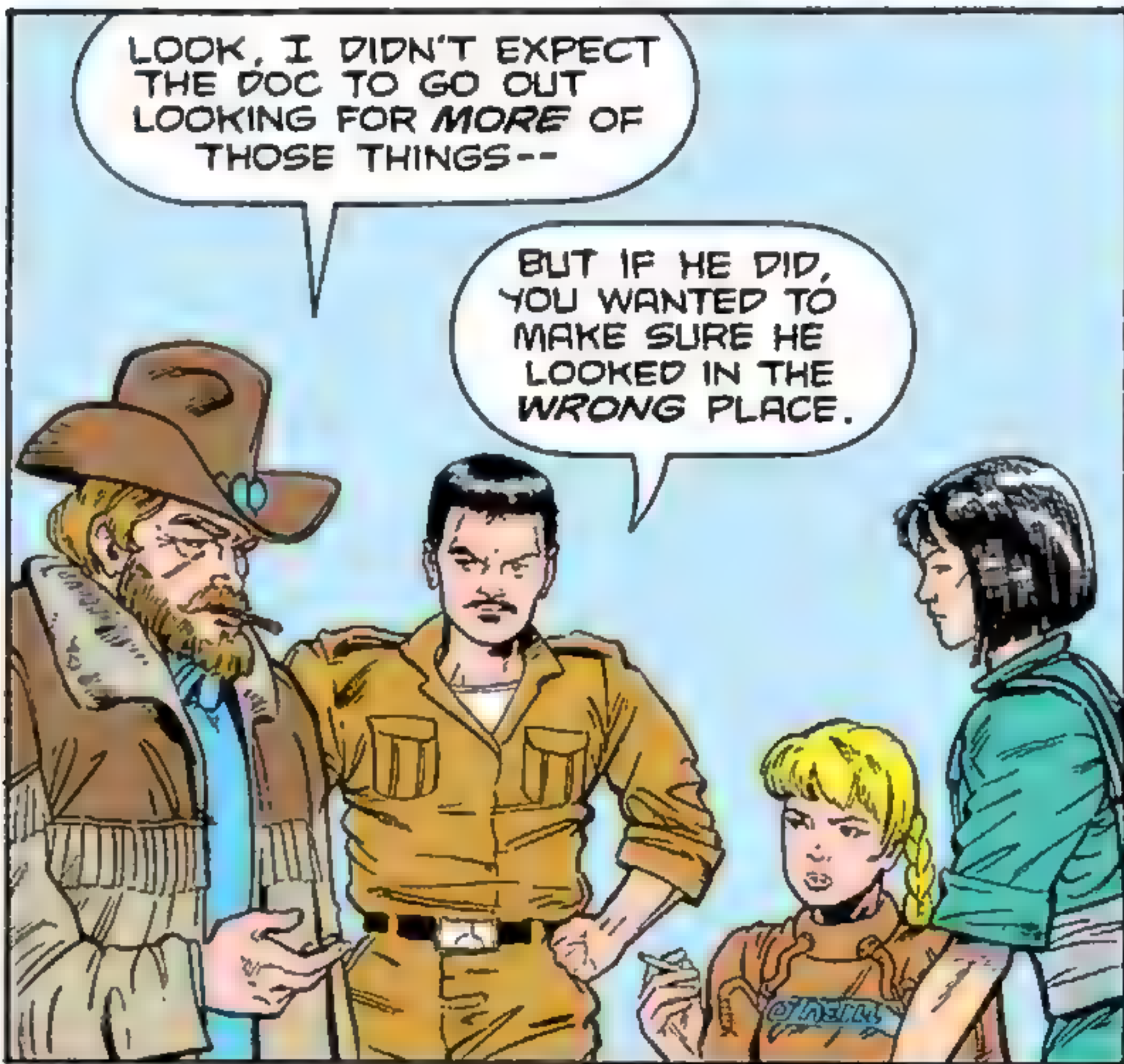


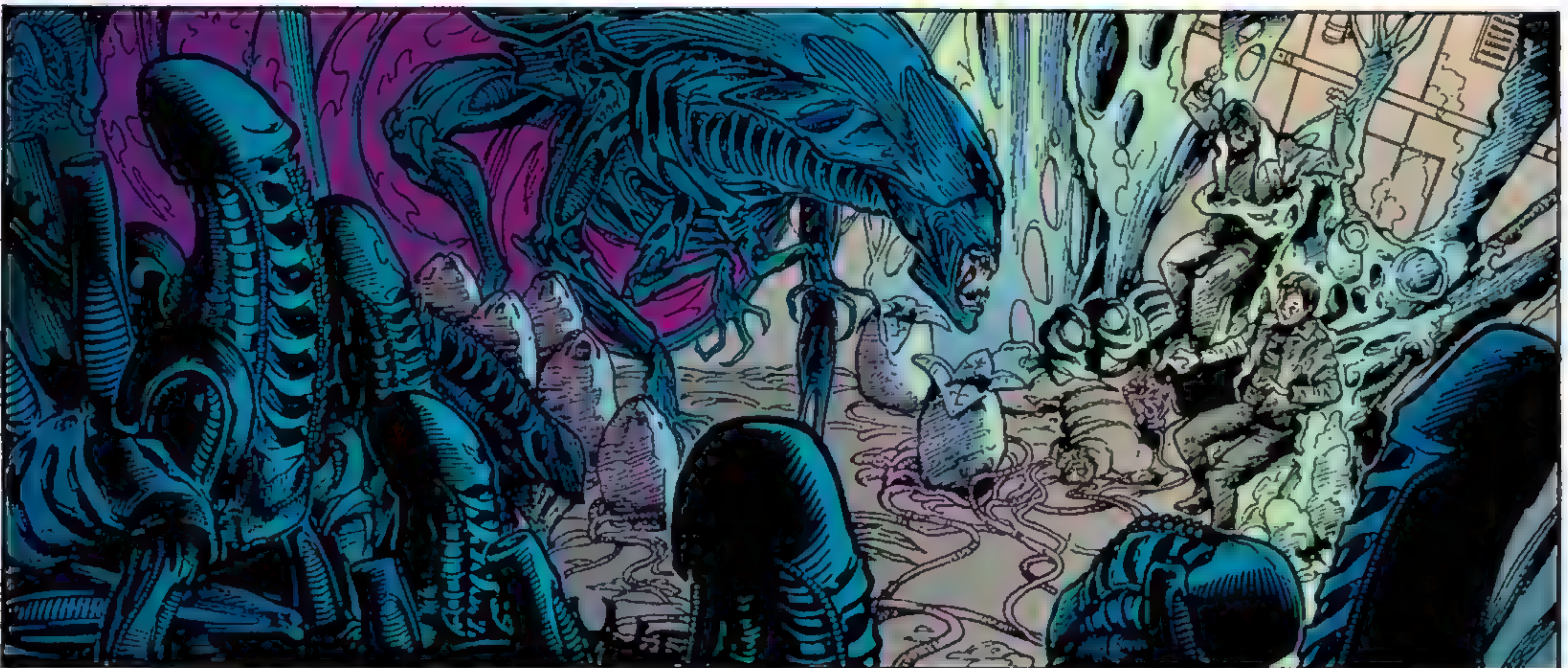
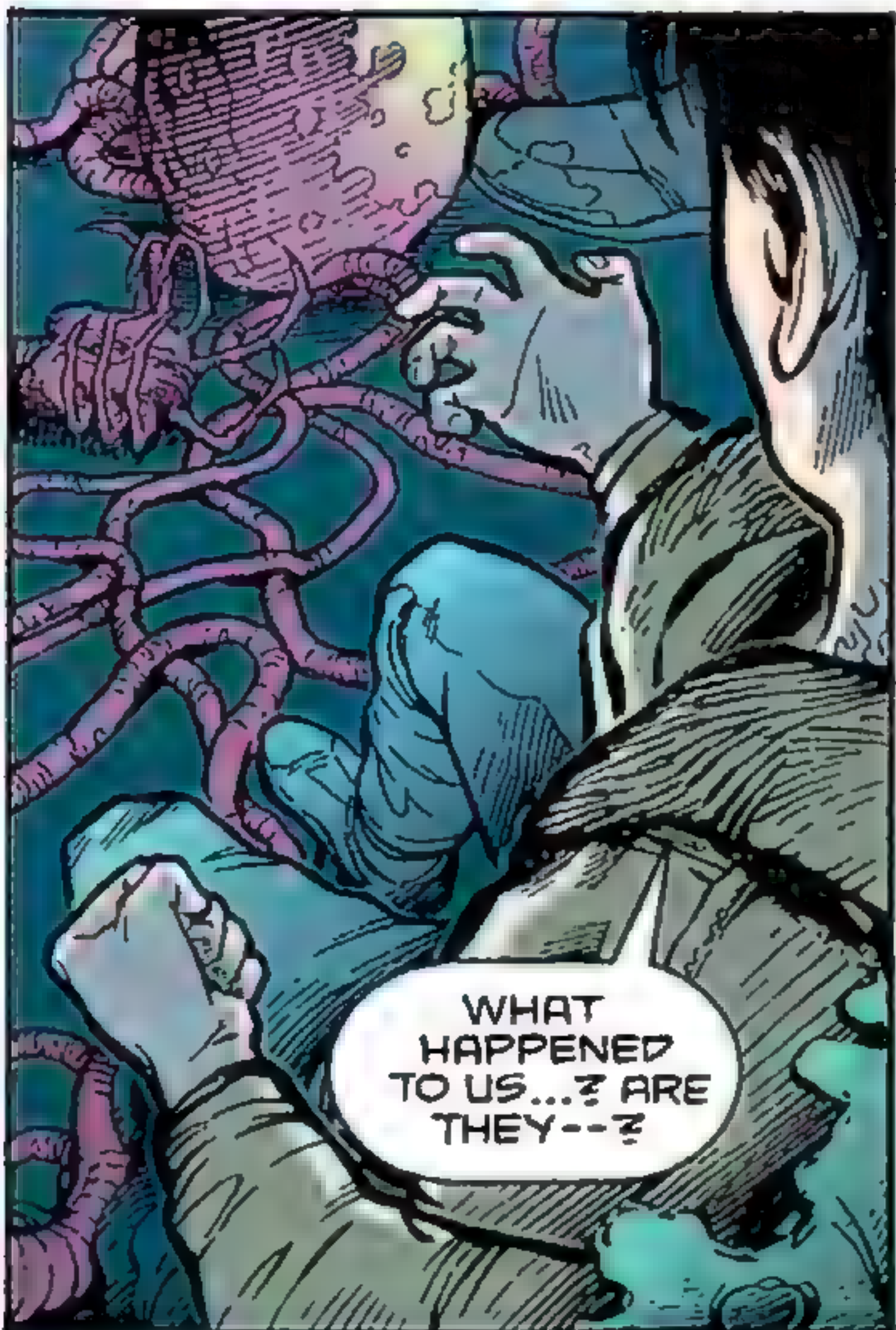
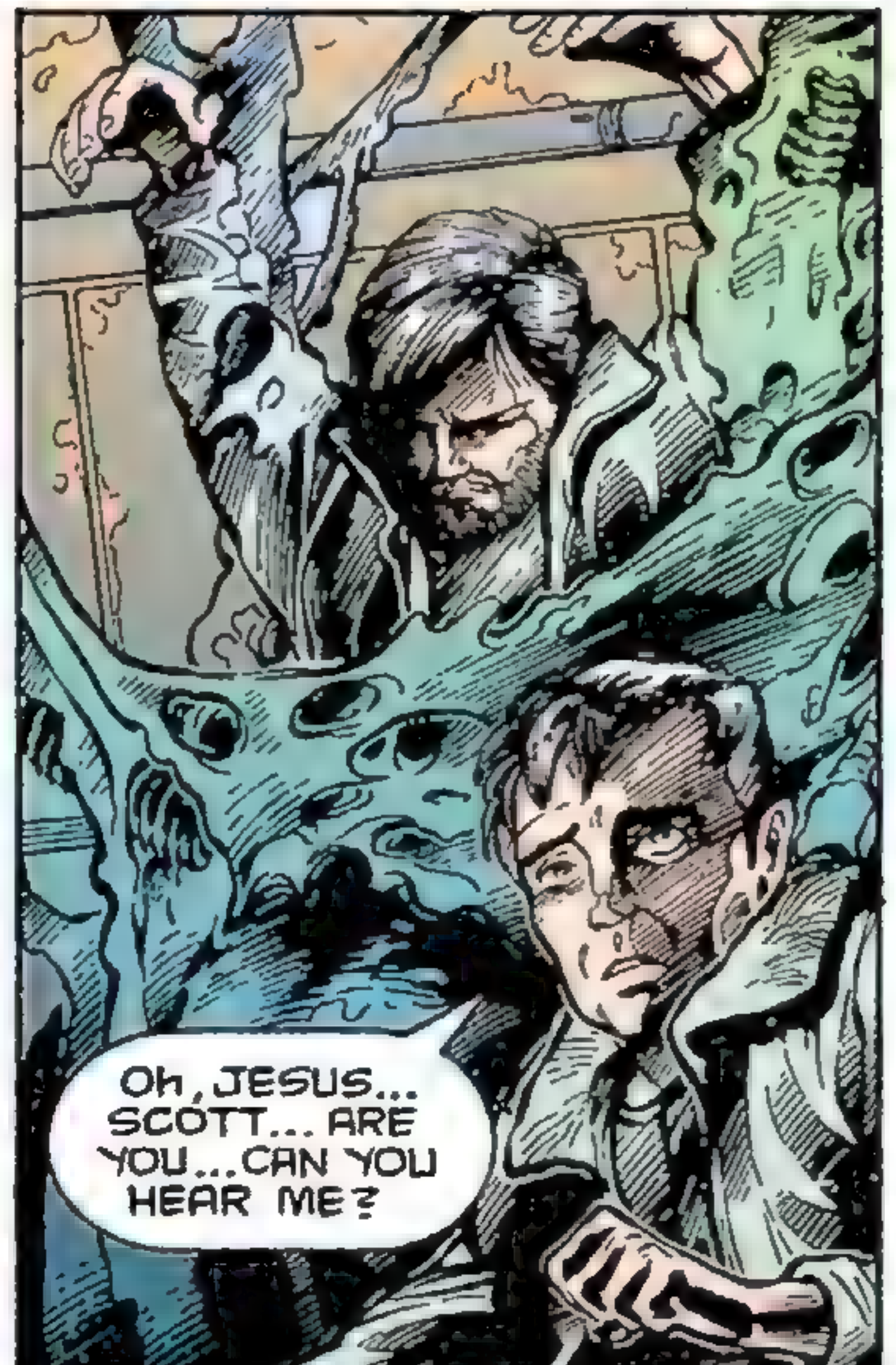
"FRONTIER JUSTICE," EH? YOU REALLY THINK YOU'VE GOT THE BACKING TO MAKE CHARGES STICK? IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED, MS. NOGUCHI, YOU AREN'T EXACTLY THE MOST POPULAR PERSON IN THIS SETTLEMENT.

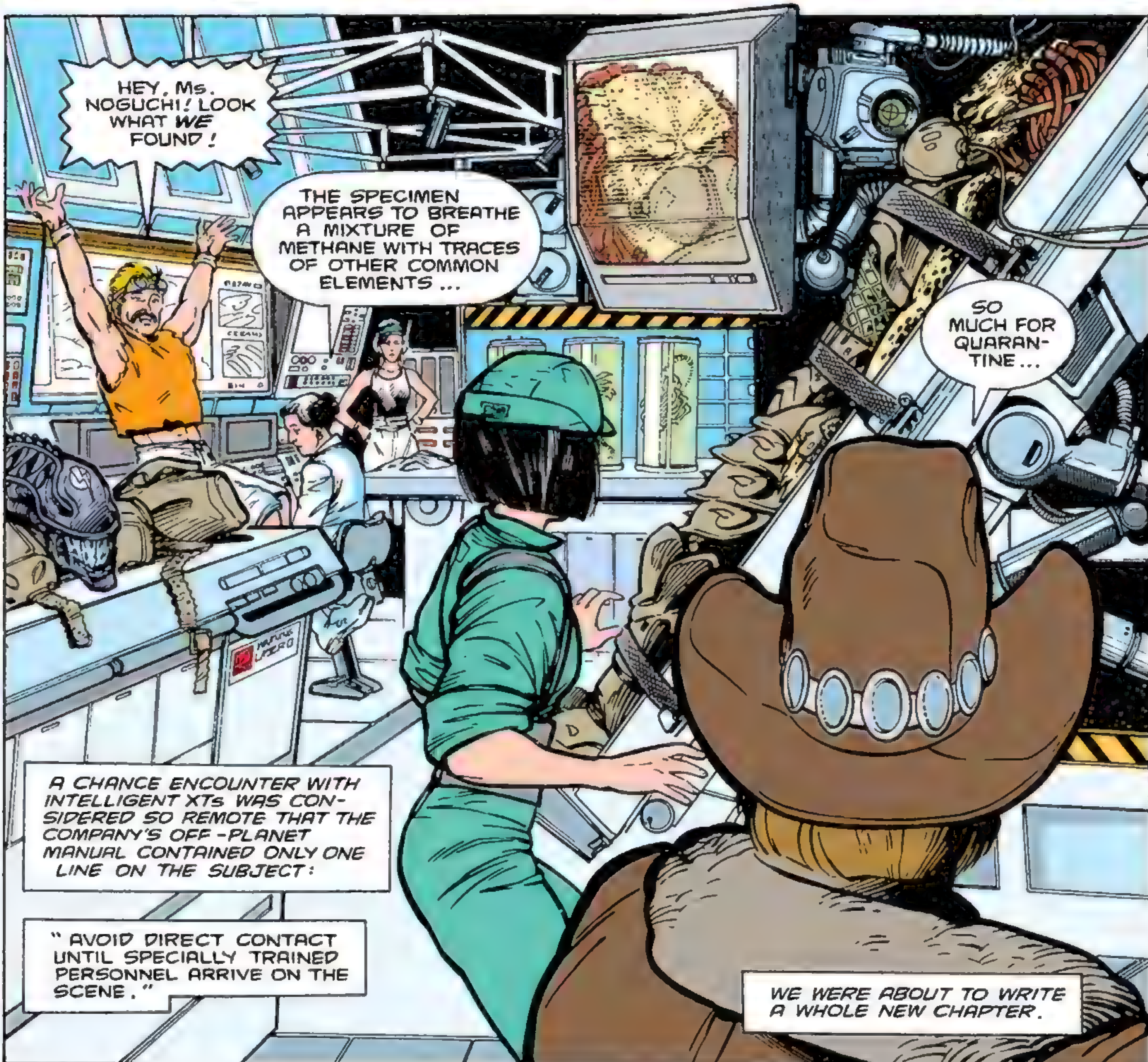
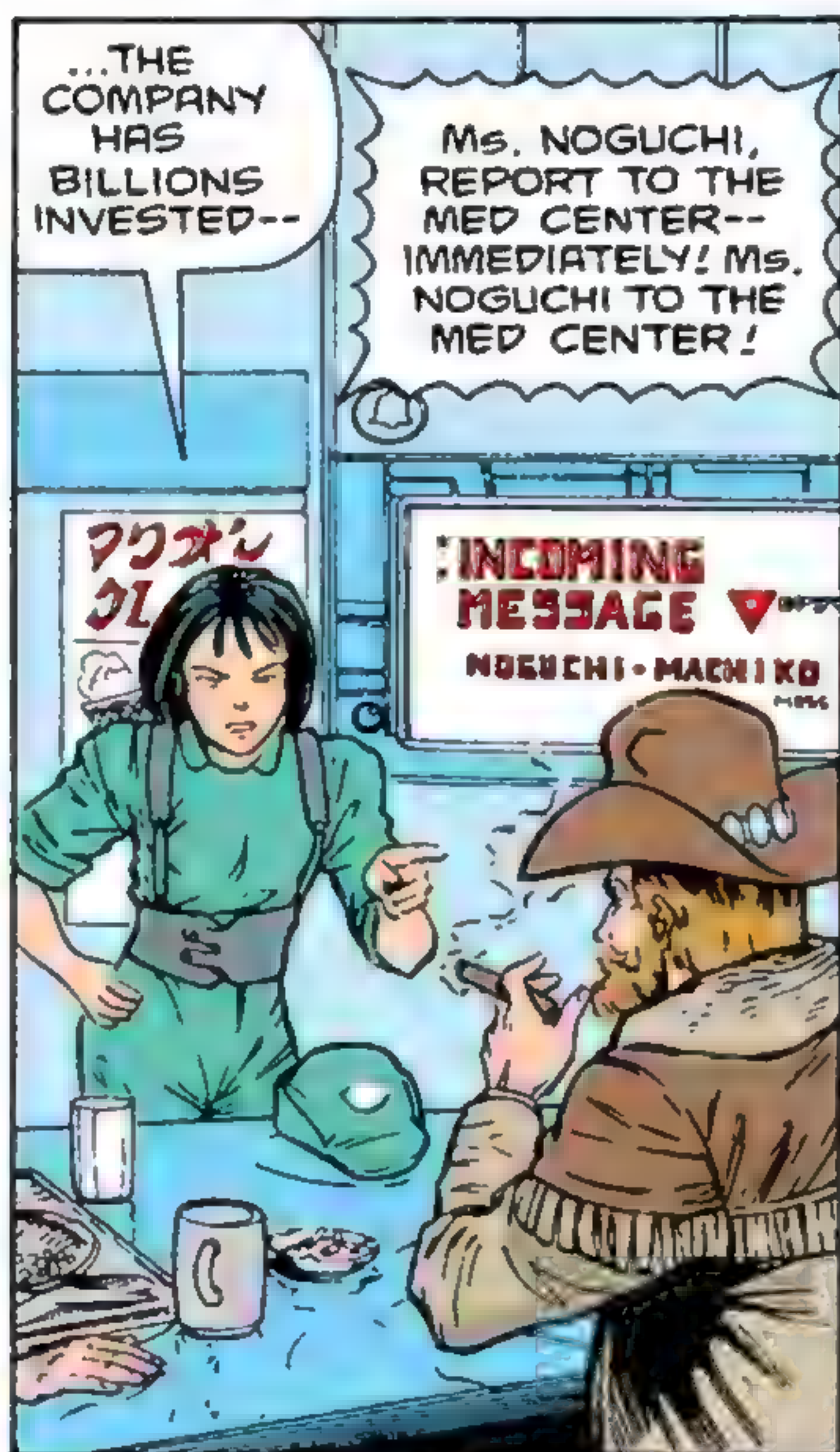
YOU'RE RIGHT--I'M JUST THE NEW BOSS. BUT DOC REVNA HAS BEEN HERE SINCE THE BEGINNING--TREATING THE RANCHERS' STOCK, TREATING THEIR FAMILIES--

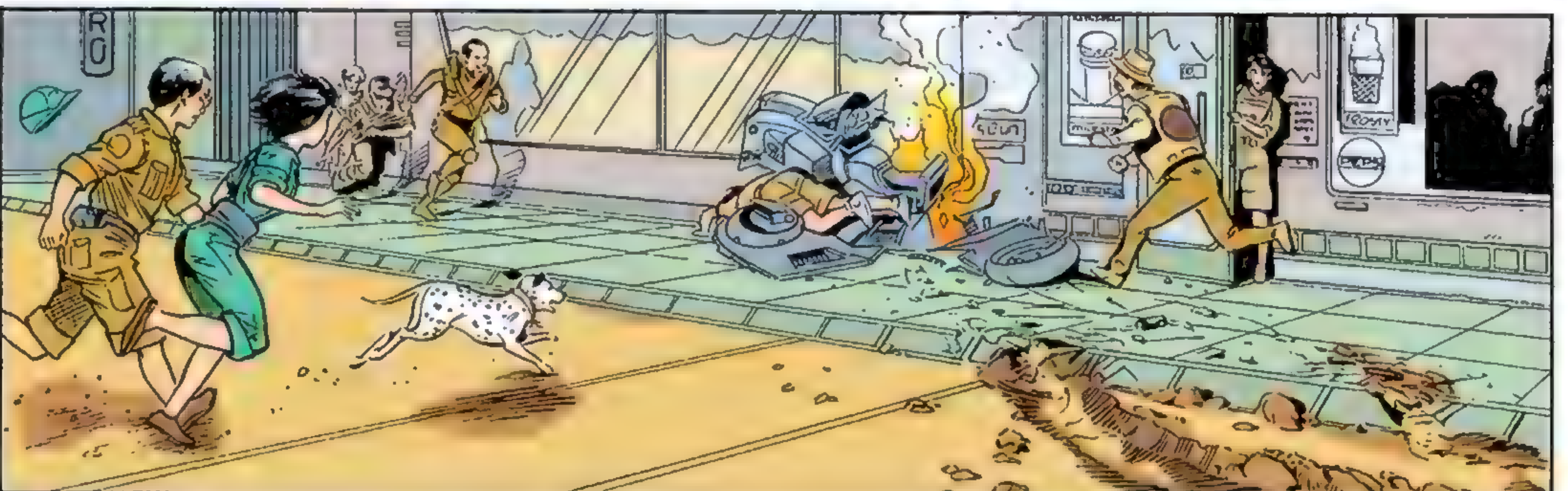
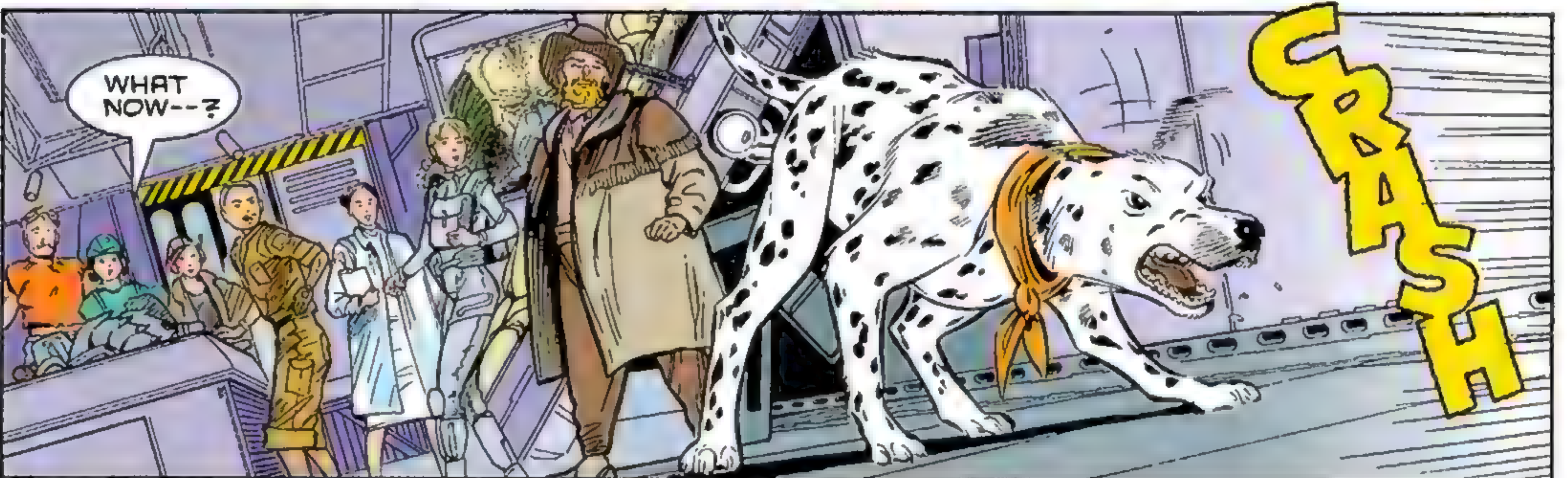
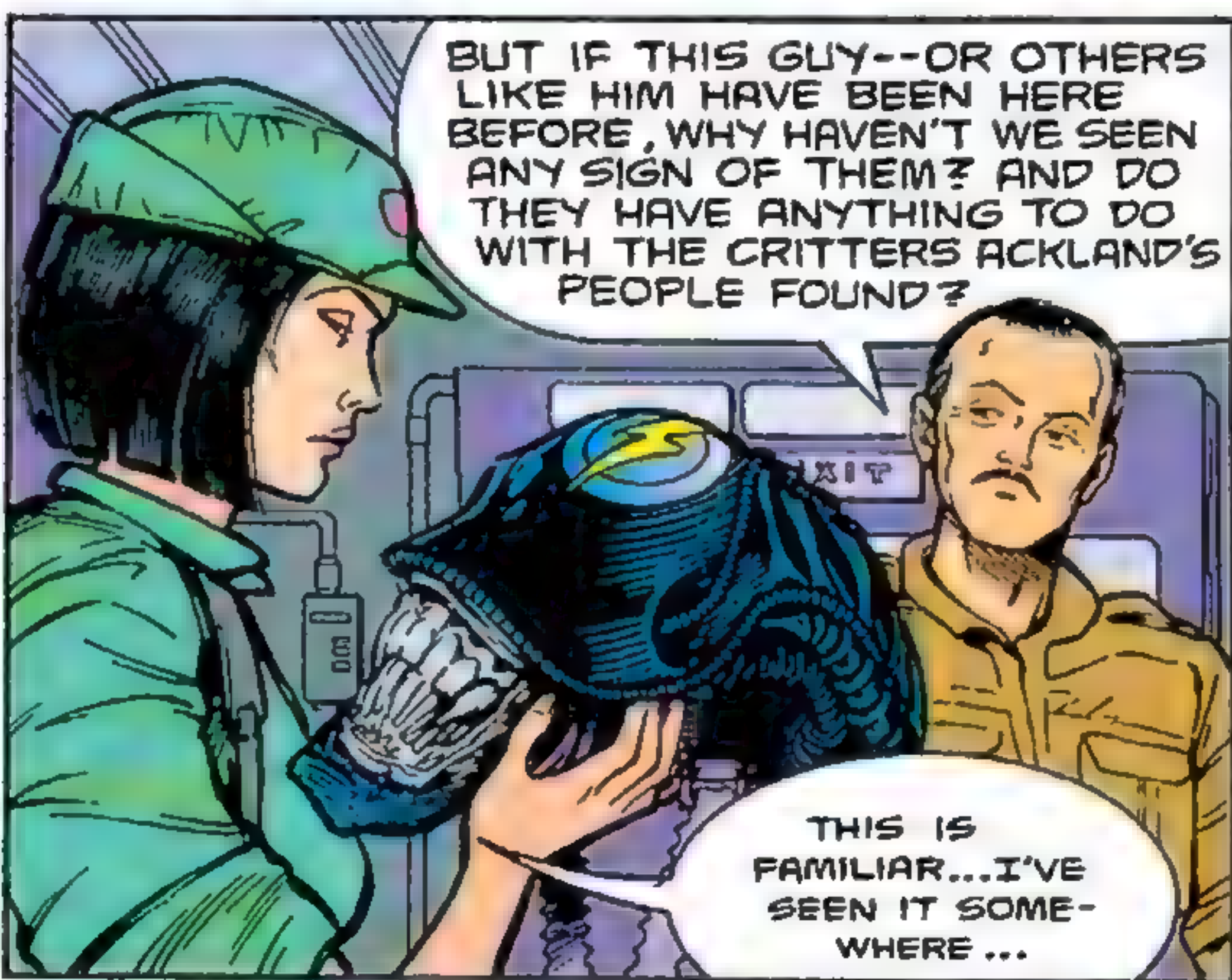
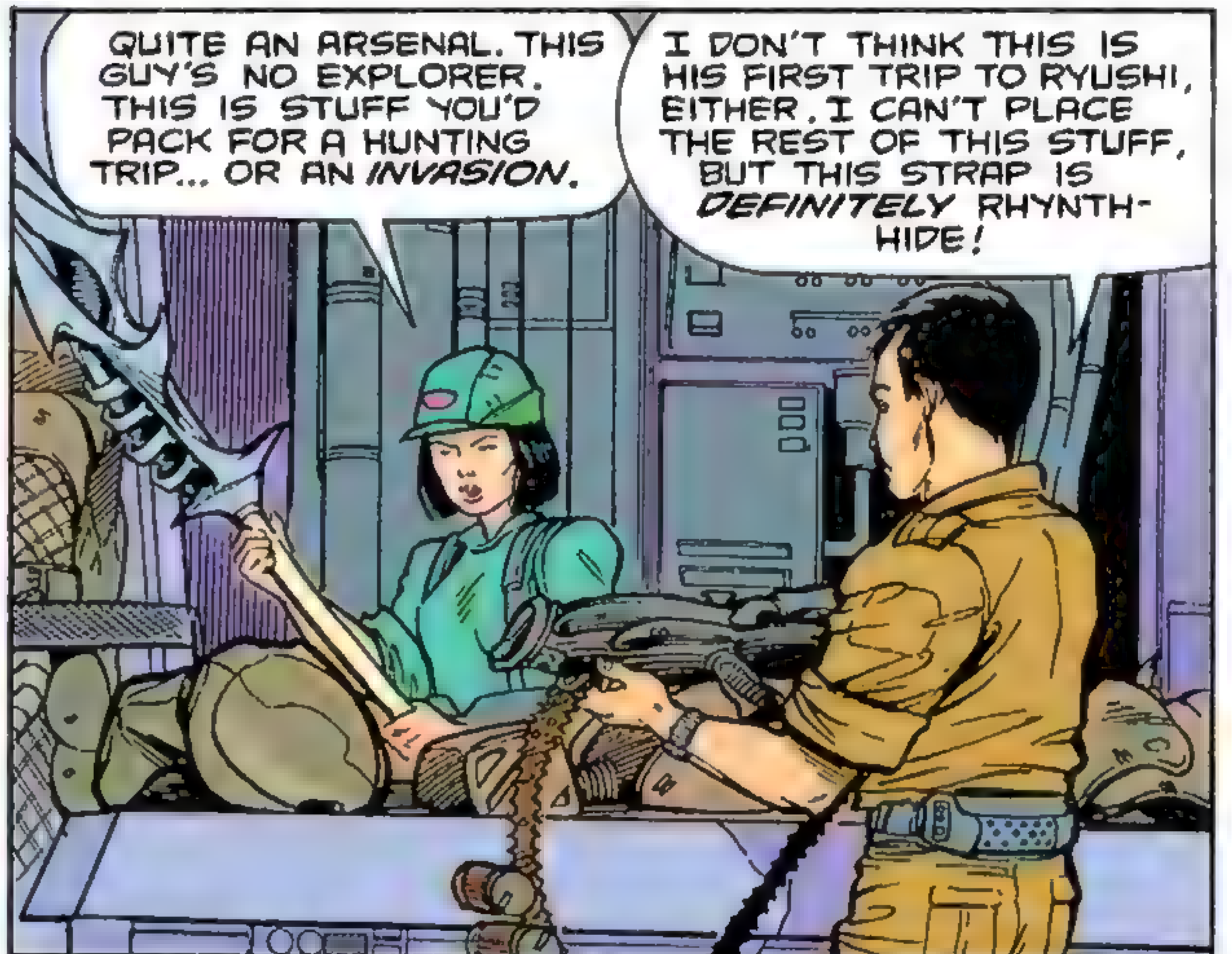


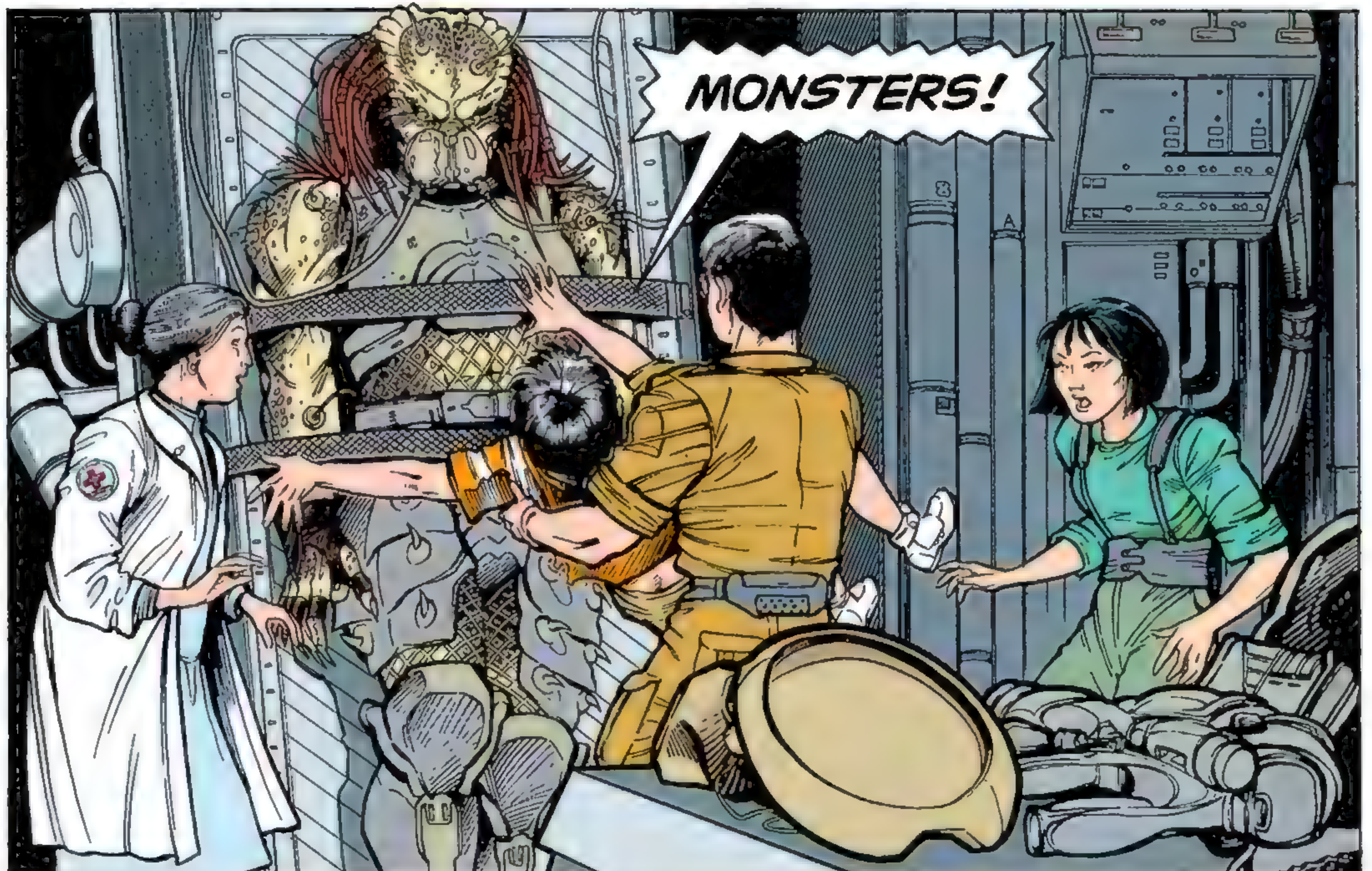
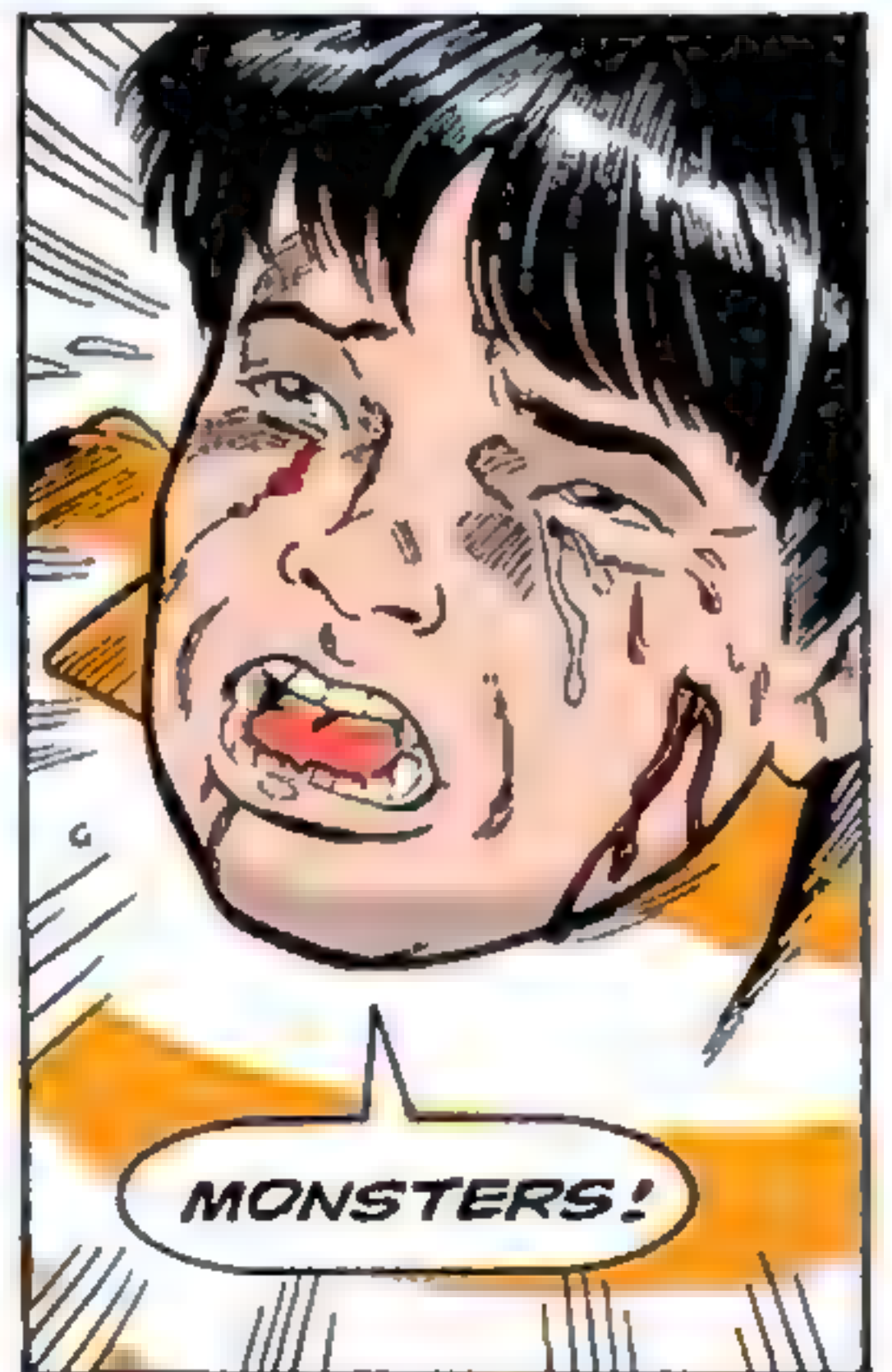
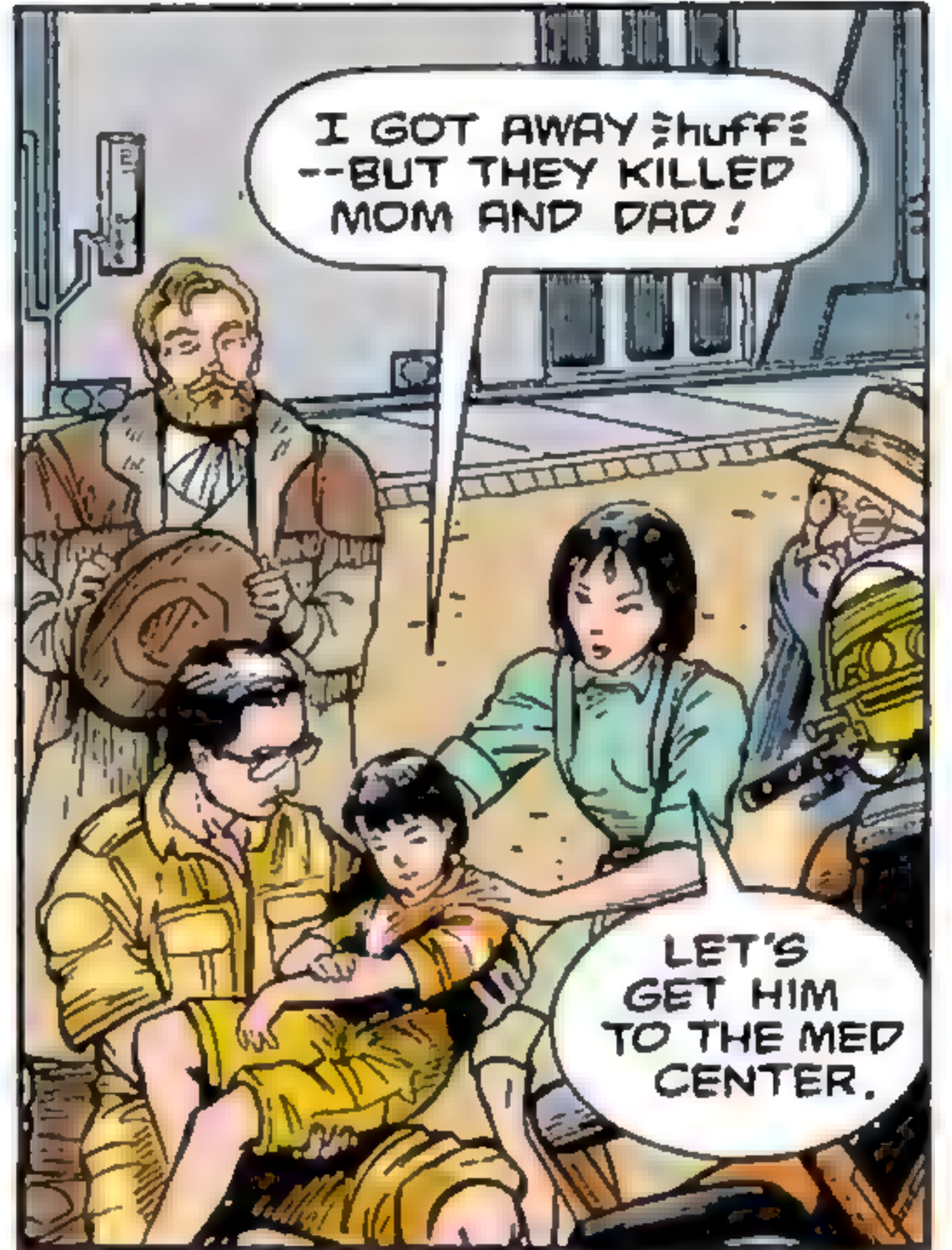
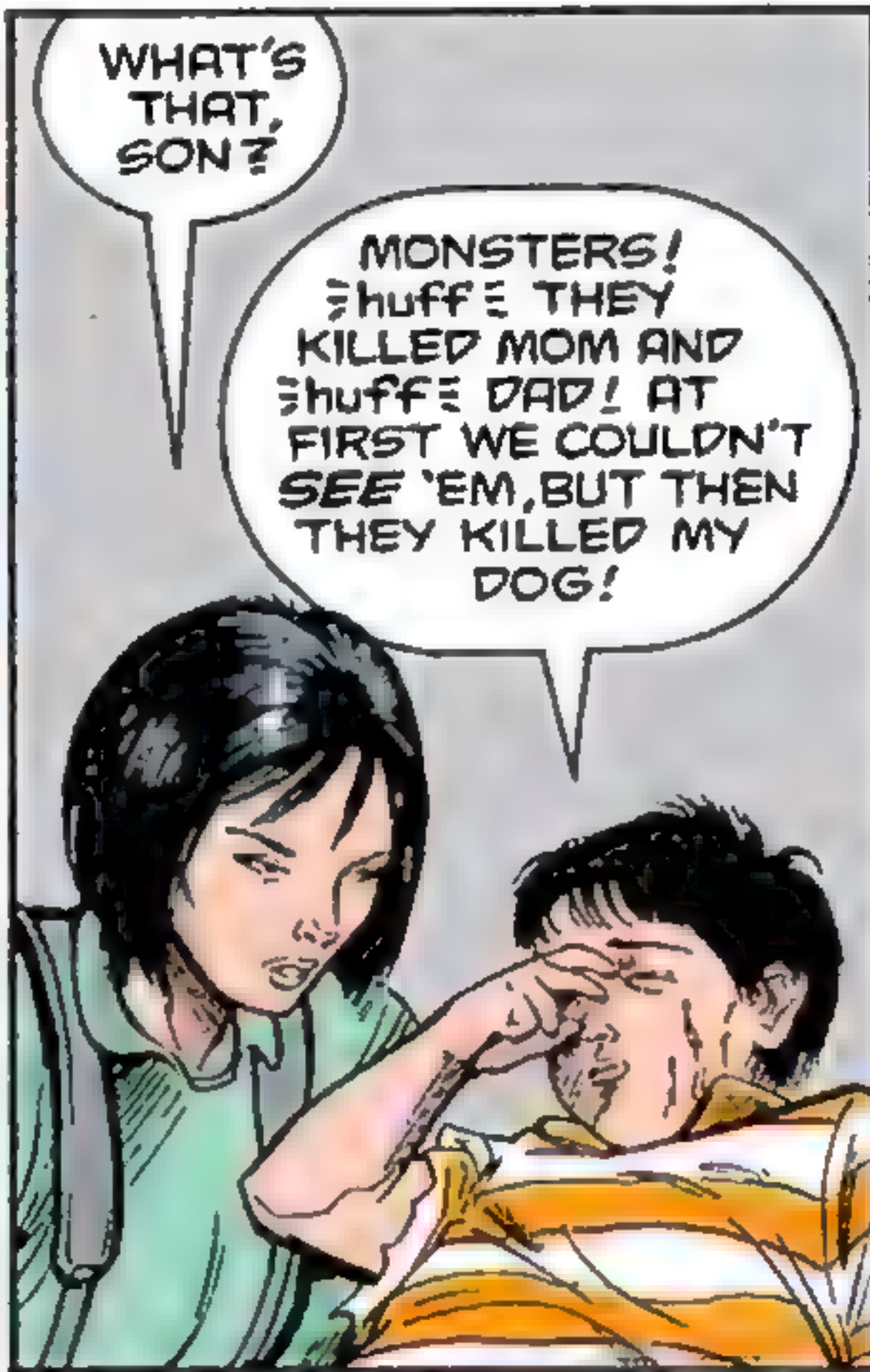
--DELIVERING THEIR BABIES. SO FAR, THE DOC'S JUST LISTED AS MISSING. BUT IF HE TURNS UP DEAD, WHO DO YOU THINK FOLKS ARE GOING TO SIDE WITH: YOU--OR HIS GRIEVING WIDOW?











I CALLED A TOWN MEETING TO FILL EVERYONE IN ON WHAT WAS HAPPENING.

IT SOUNDED UNBELIEVABLE, EVEN TO ME. BUT, AFTER WE WERE UNABLE TO REACH THEM BY RADIO, I HAD IKEDA DO A FLY-BY OF THE SHELTON RANCH. THE HOUSE WAS IN FLAMES, AND THE FAMILY'S BREEDING STOCK HAD ALL BEEN SLAUGHTERED.

ADD TO THAT OUR "PATIENT" IN THE MED CENTER, AND--

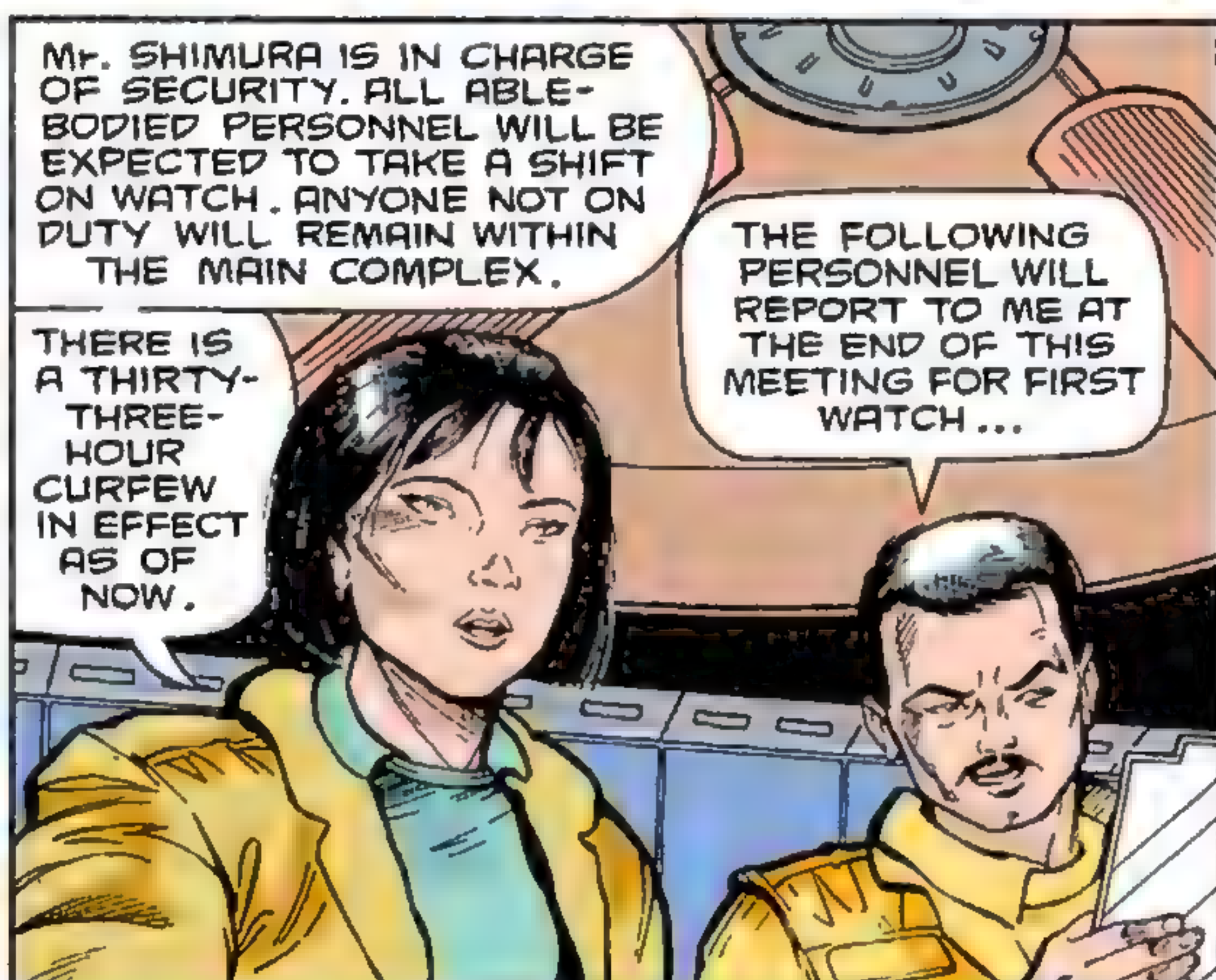
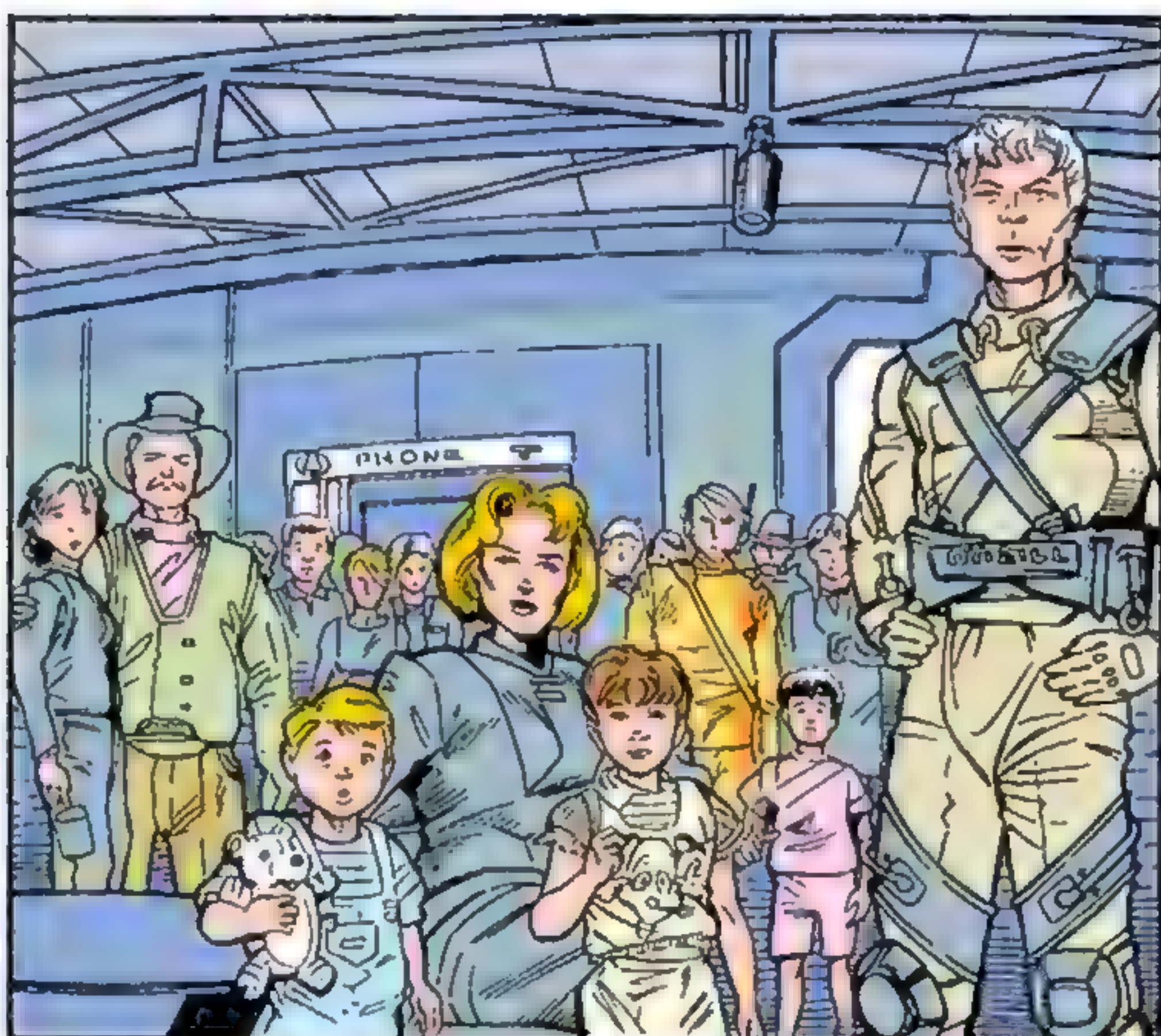
--WE MUST ASSUME AN ATTACK IS IMMINENT.



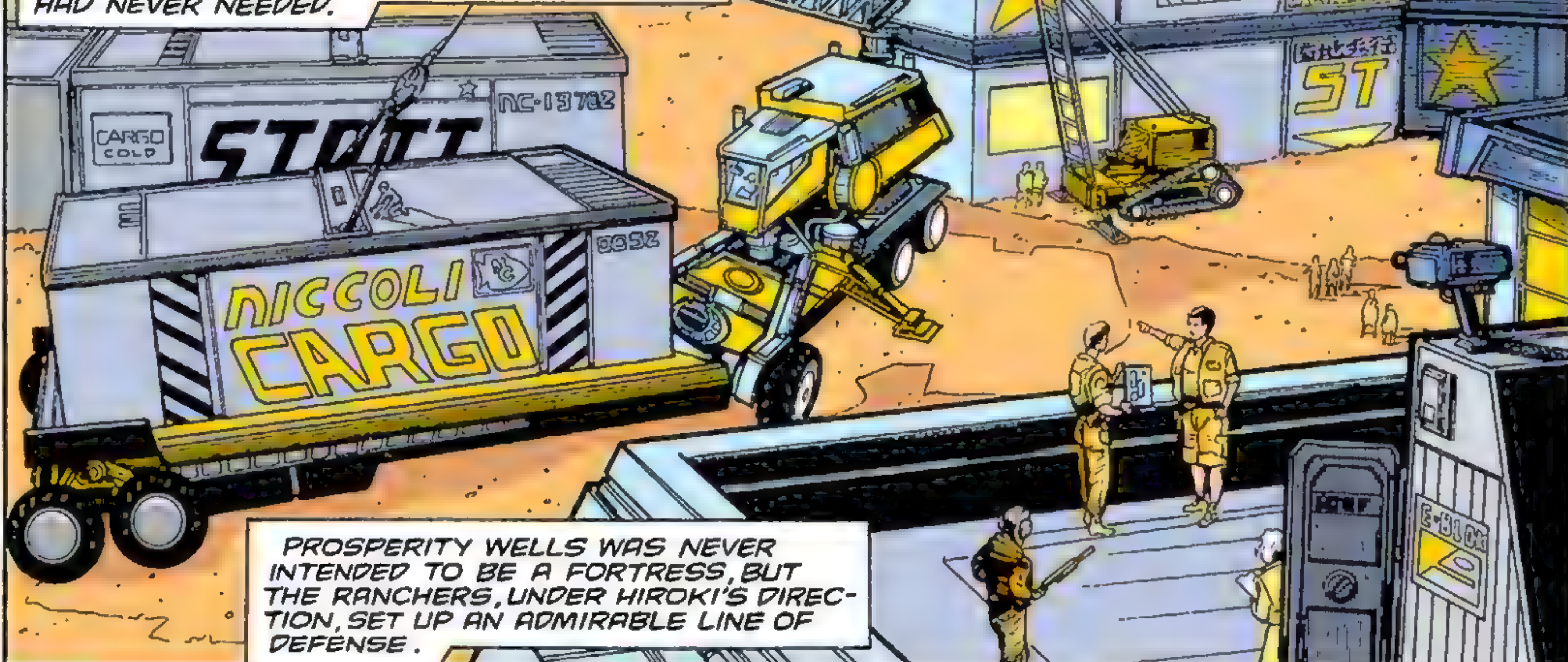
MR. SHIMURA IS IN CHARGE OF SECURITY. ALL ABLE-BODIED PERSONNEL WILL BE EXPECTED TO TAKE A SHIFT ON WATCH. ANYONE NOT ON DUTY WILL REMAIN WITHIN THE MAIN COMPLEX.

THERE IS A THIRTY-THREE-HOUR CURFEW IN EFFECT AS OF NOW.

THE FOLLOWING PERSONNEL WILL REPORT TO ME AT THE END OF THIS MEETING FOR FIRST WATCH...

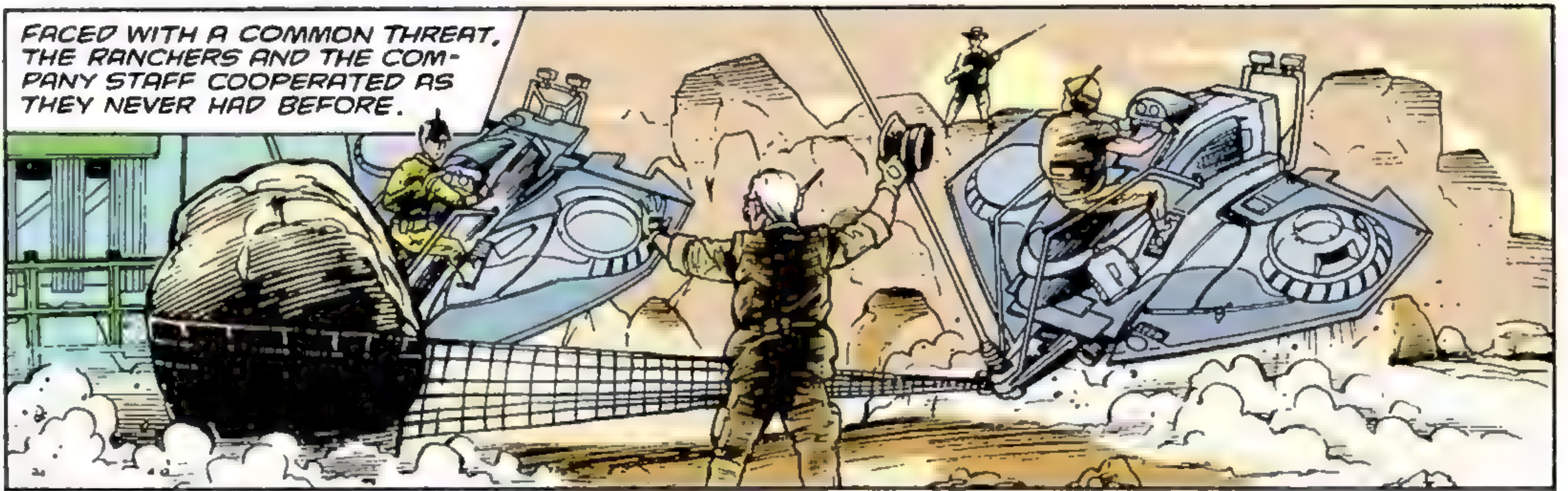


FEW OF THE RANCHERS HAD WEAPONS OF THEIR OWN, AND THE CORPORATE ARMORY CONSISTED OF FIFTEEN SCATTER-GUNS--PRIMARILY FOR USE AGAINST FIRE-CRAWLERS AND BRIAR-WOLVES--AND TEN PISTOLS EARMARKED FOR A POLICE FORCE THE TOWN HAD NEVER NEEDED.

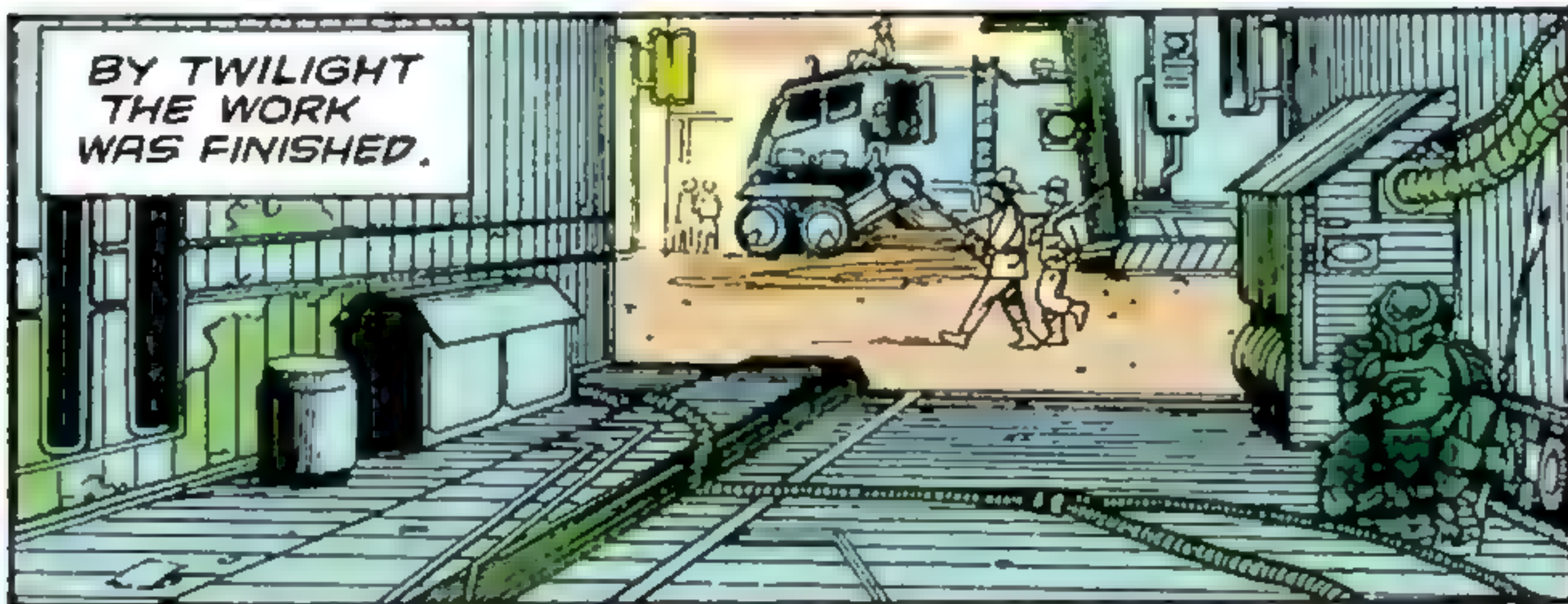


PROSPERITY WELLS WAS NEVER INTENDED TO BE A FORTRESS, BUT THE RANCHERS, UNDER HIROKI'S DIRECTION, SET UP AN ADMIRABLE LINE OF DEFENSE.

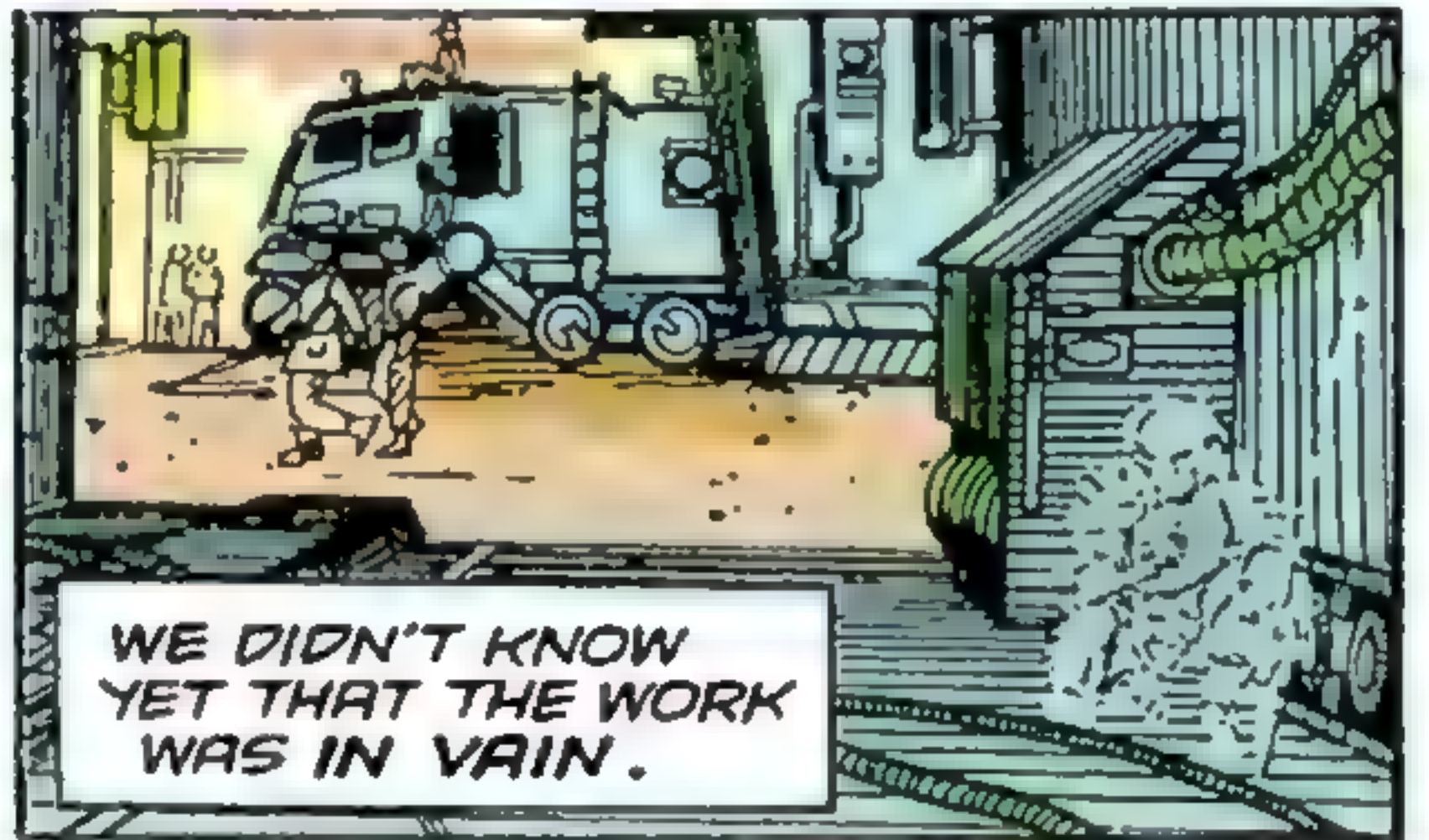
FACED WITH A COMMON THREAT, THE RANCHERS AND THE COMPANY STAFF COOPERATED AS THEY NEVER HAD BEFORE.



BY TWILIGHT THE WORK WAS FINISHED.

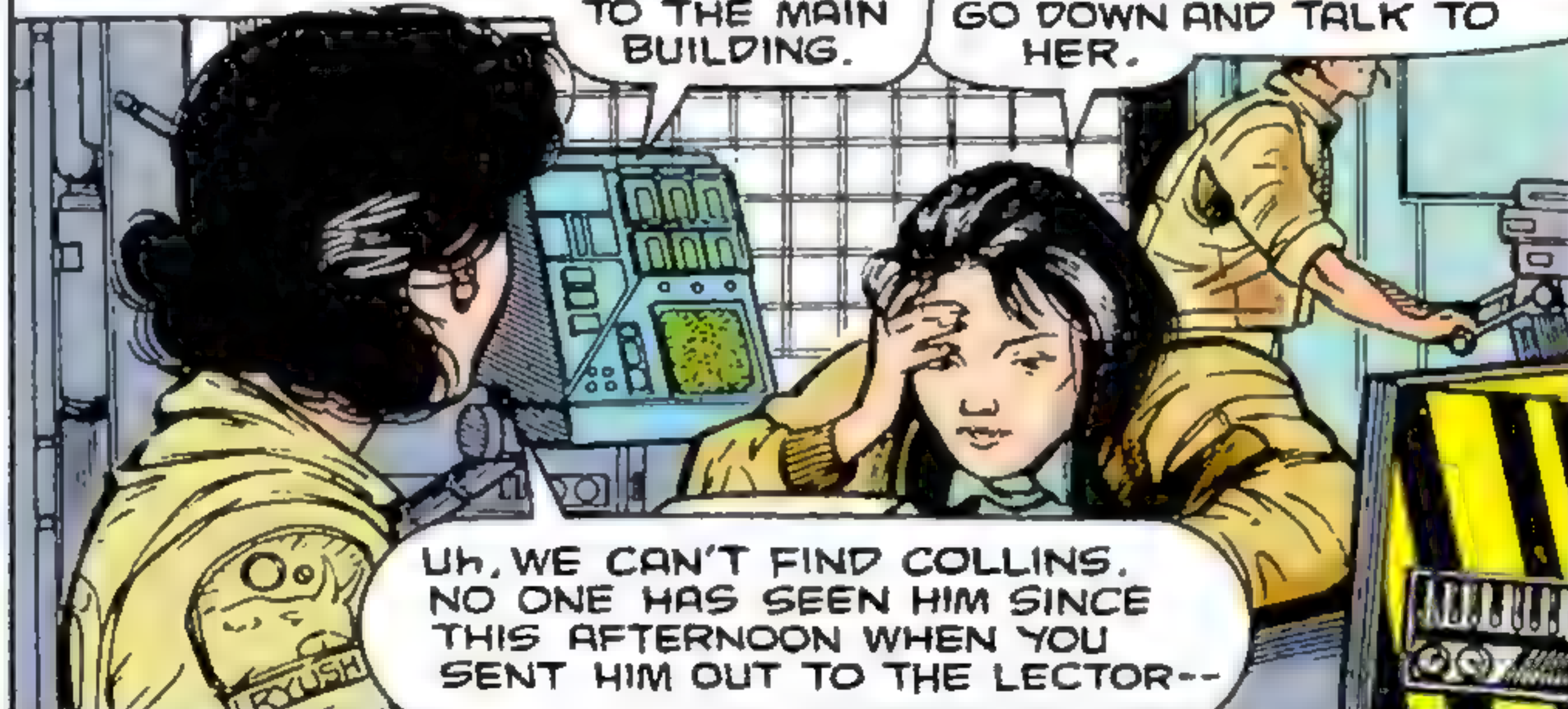


WE DIDN'T KNOW YET THAT THE WORK WAS IN VAIN.



MOST EVERYONE'S IN FROM THE OUTLYING RANCHES, MS. NOGUCHI. TWO DON'T ANSWER OUR SUMMONS-- OUR ONLY LOCAL HOLDOUT IS DR. REVNA. SHE REFUSES TO BE MOVED TO THE MAIN BUILDING.

WE'LL HAVE TO ASSUME OUR ATTACKERS HAVE TAKEN THE TWO RANCHES. AS FOR REVNA, COLLINS IS HER FRIEND-- HAVE HIM GO DOWN AND TALK TO HER.



UH, WE CAN'T FIND COLLINS. NO ONE HAS SEEN HIM SINCE THIS AFTERNOON WHEN YOU SENT HIM OUT TO THE LECTOR--

DO I HAVE TO DO EVERYTHING AROUND HERE MYSELF? ALL RIGHT-- I'M GOING OUT THERE!



HOLD IT! GOING OUT WHERE?

TO THE LECTOR. COLLINS HASN'T COME BACK. I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON WITH THEM--

MACHIKO, IT ISN'T SAFE...

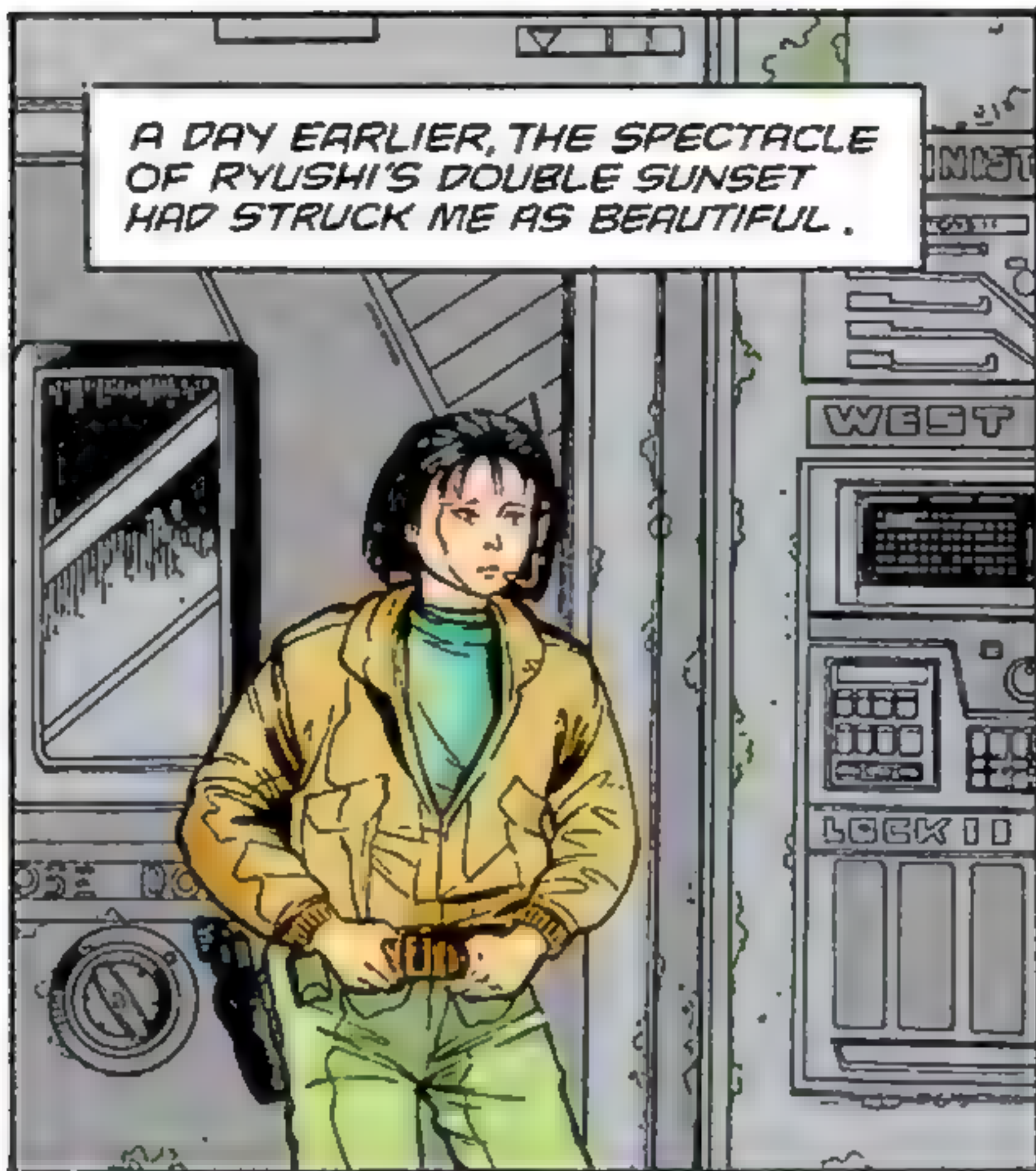
--BUT FIRST I'M GOING TO TRY AND TALK SOME SENSE INTO DR. REVNA.



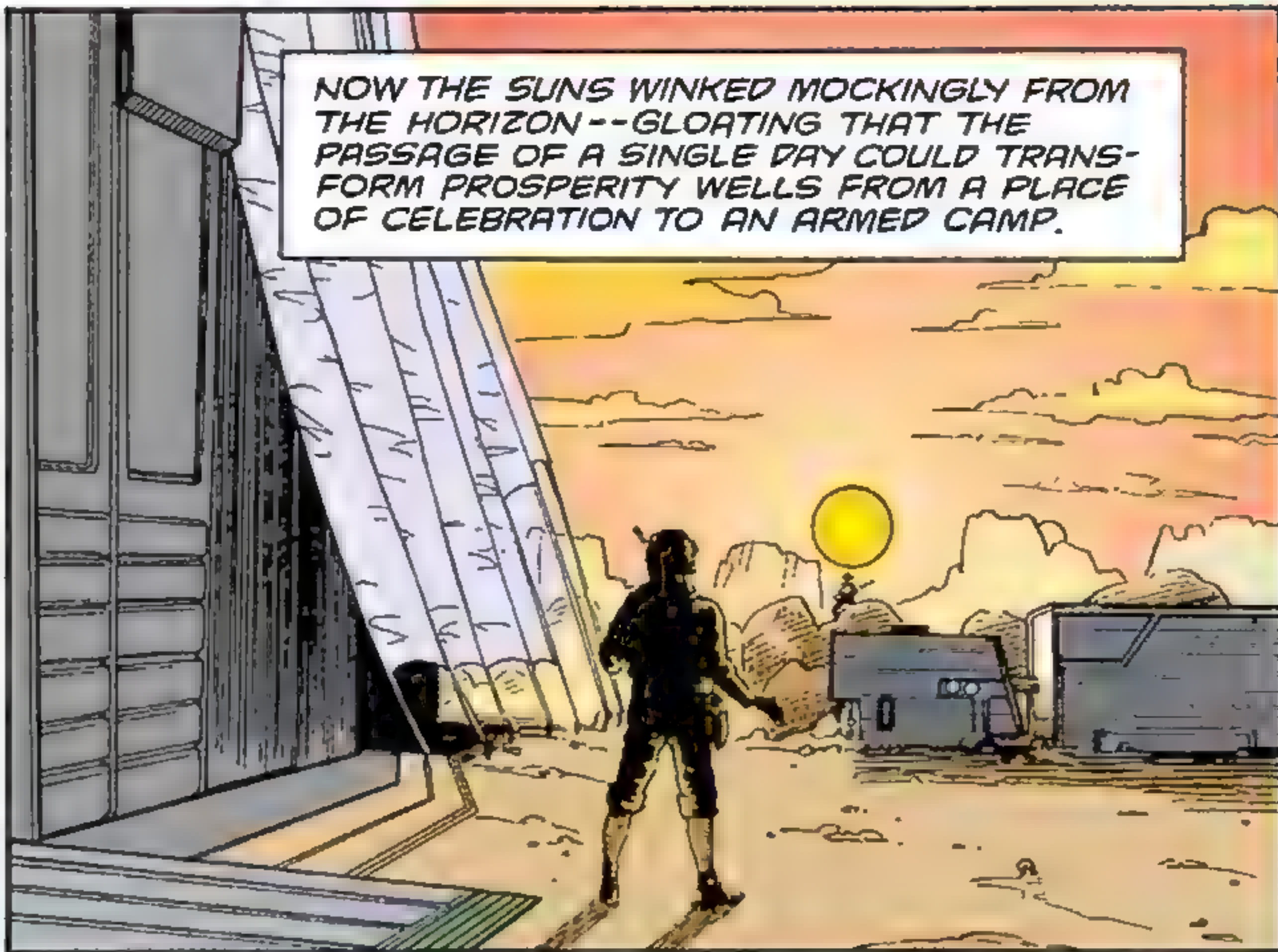
Okay... I CAN SEE YOU'VE MADE UP YOUR MIND. BUT TAKE THIS. I'LL CALL THE SENTRIES AND LET THEM KNOW YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY.



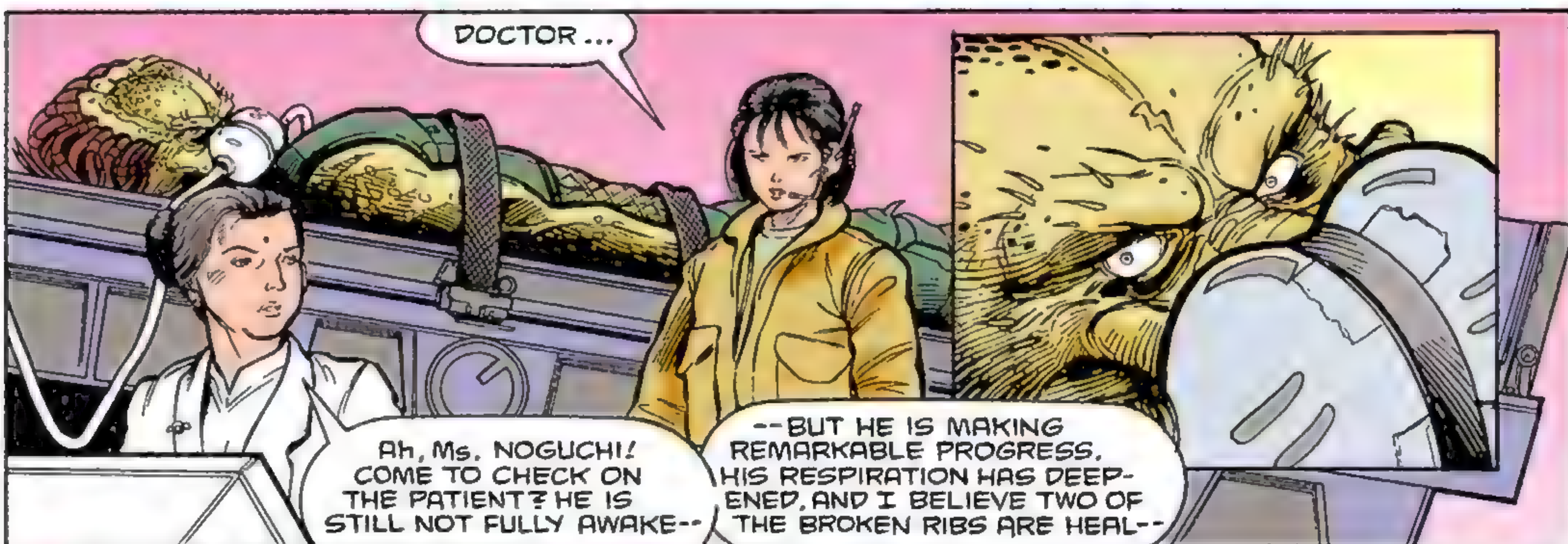
RIGHT. HAVE WEAVER SET UP THE SAT-LINK WITH EARTH AS SOON AS THE SUNS SET. EXPLAIN OUR SITUATION, AND ASK THEM TO CUT A DEAL FOR MARINE SUPPORT.



A DAY EARLIER, THE SPECTACLE OF RYUSHI'S DOUBLE SUNSET HAD STRUCK ME AS BEAUTIFUL.



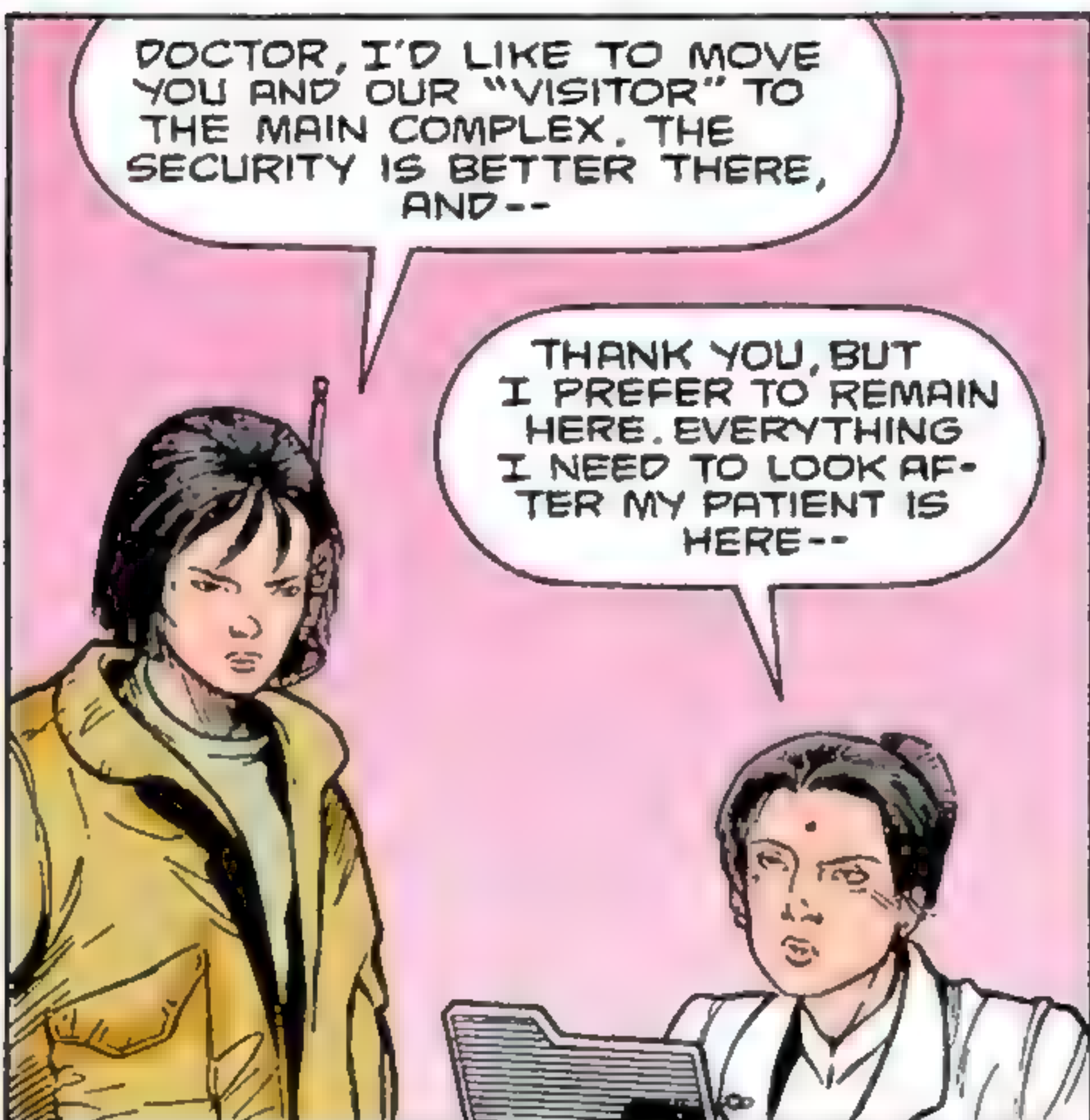
NOW THE SUNS WINKED MOCKINGLY FROM THE HORIZON--GLOATING THAT THE PASSAGE OF A SINGLE DAY COULD TRANSFORM PROSPERITY WELLS FROM A PLACE OF CELEBRATION TO AN ARMED CAMP.



DOCTOR...

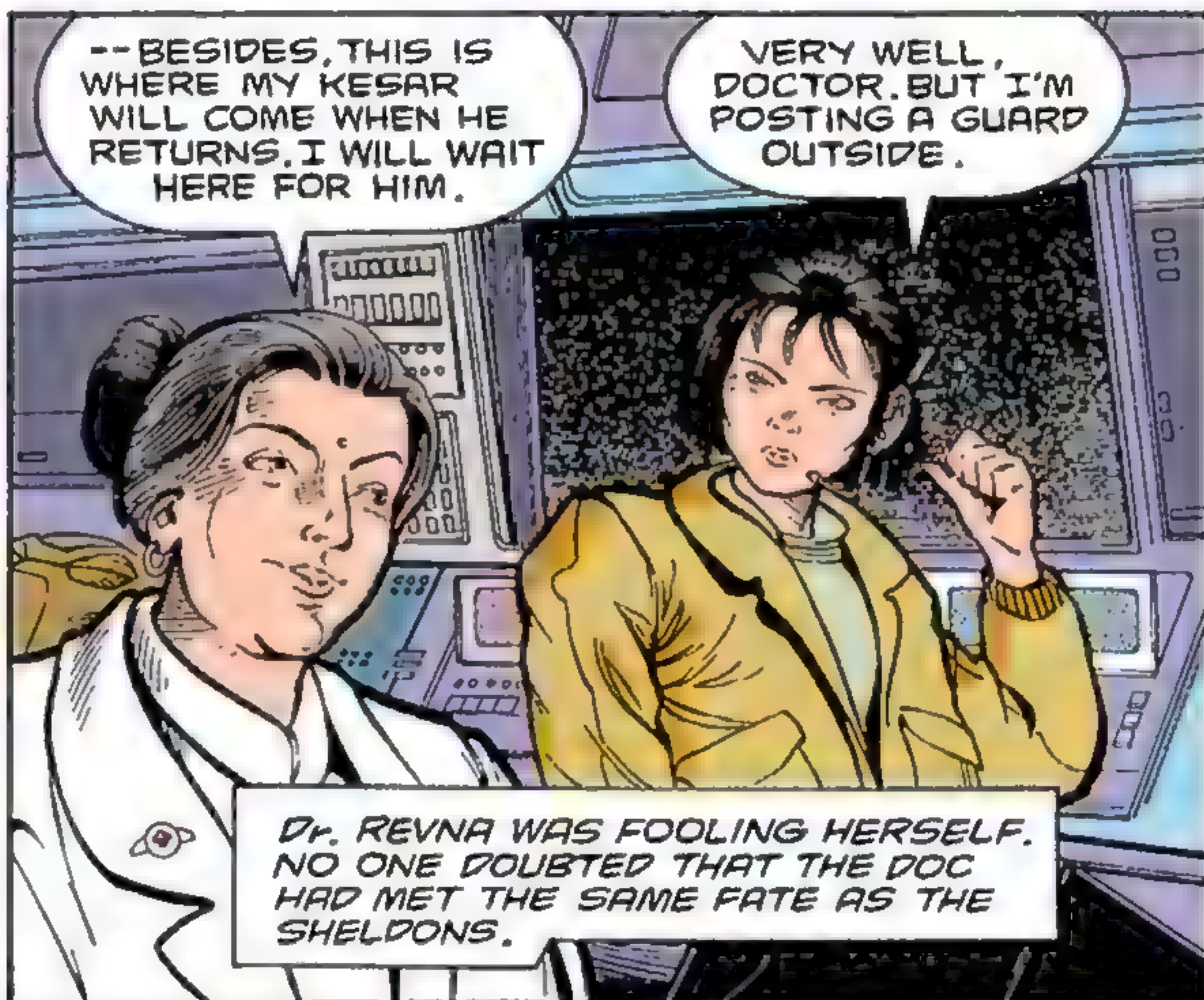
Ah, Ms. NOGUCHI! COME TO CHECK ON THE PATIENT? HE IS STILL NOT FULLY AWAKE--

--BUT HE IS MAKING REMARKABLE PROGRESS. HIS RESPIRATION HAS DEEPENED, AND I BELIEVE TWO OF THE BROKEN RIBS ARE HEAL--



DOCTOR, I'D LIKE TO MOVE YOU AND OUR "VISITOR" TO THE MAIN COMPLEX. THE SECURITY IS BETTER THERE, AND--

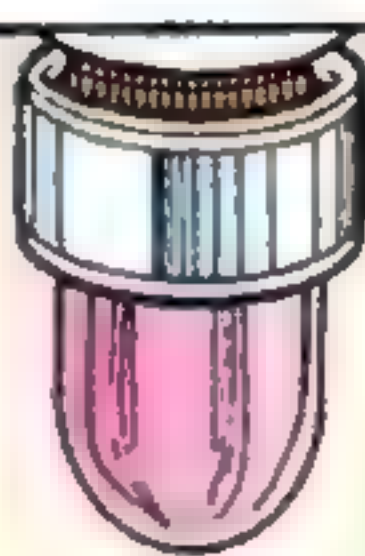
THANK YOU, BUT I PREFER TO REMAIN HERE. EVERYTHING I NEED TO LOOK AFTER MY PATIENT IS HERE--



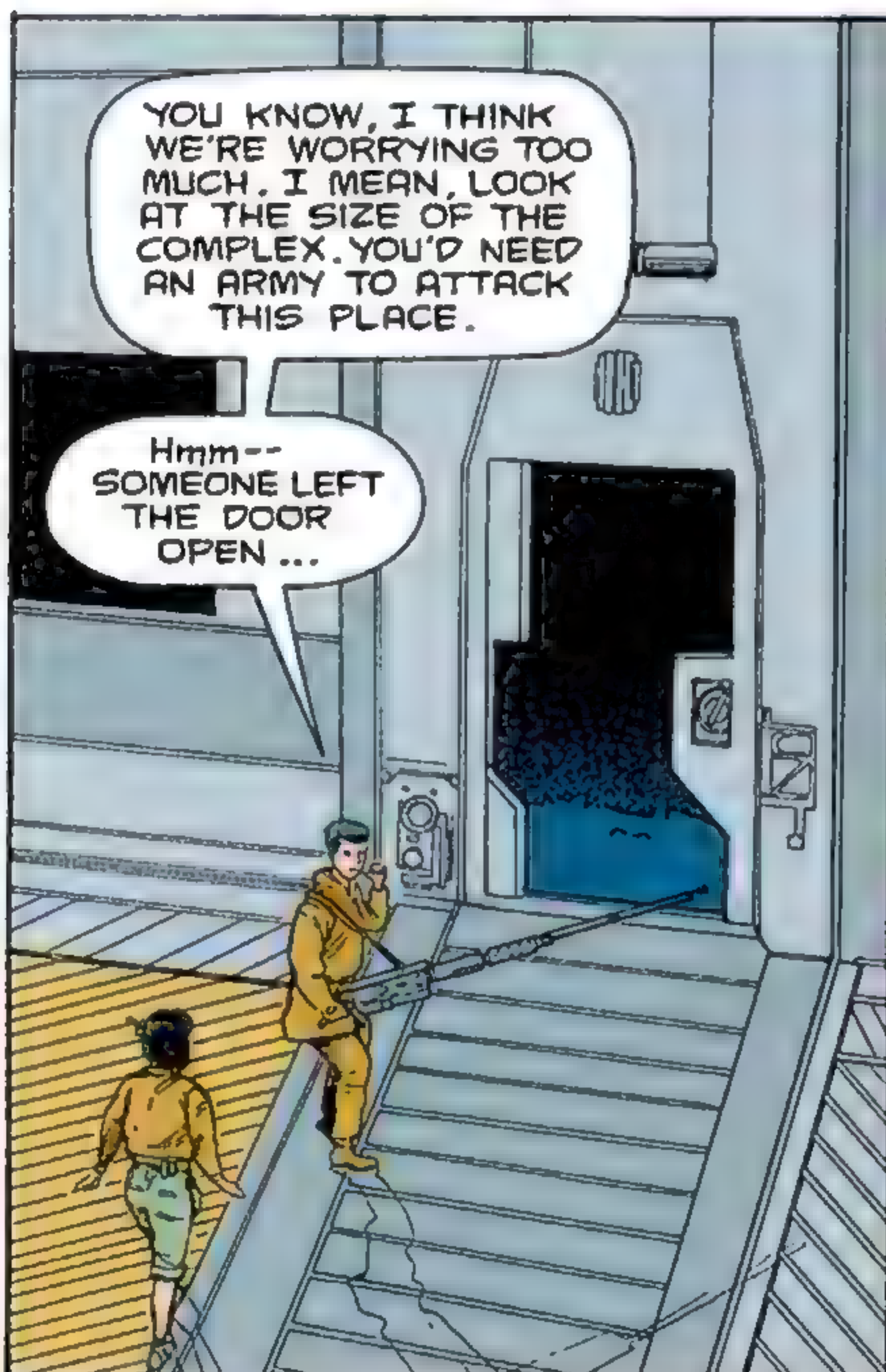
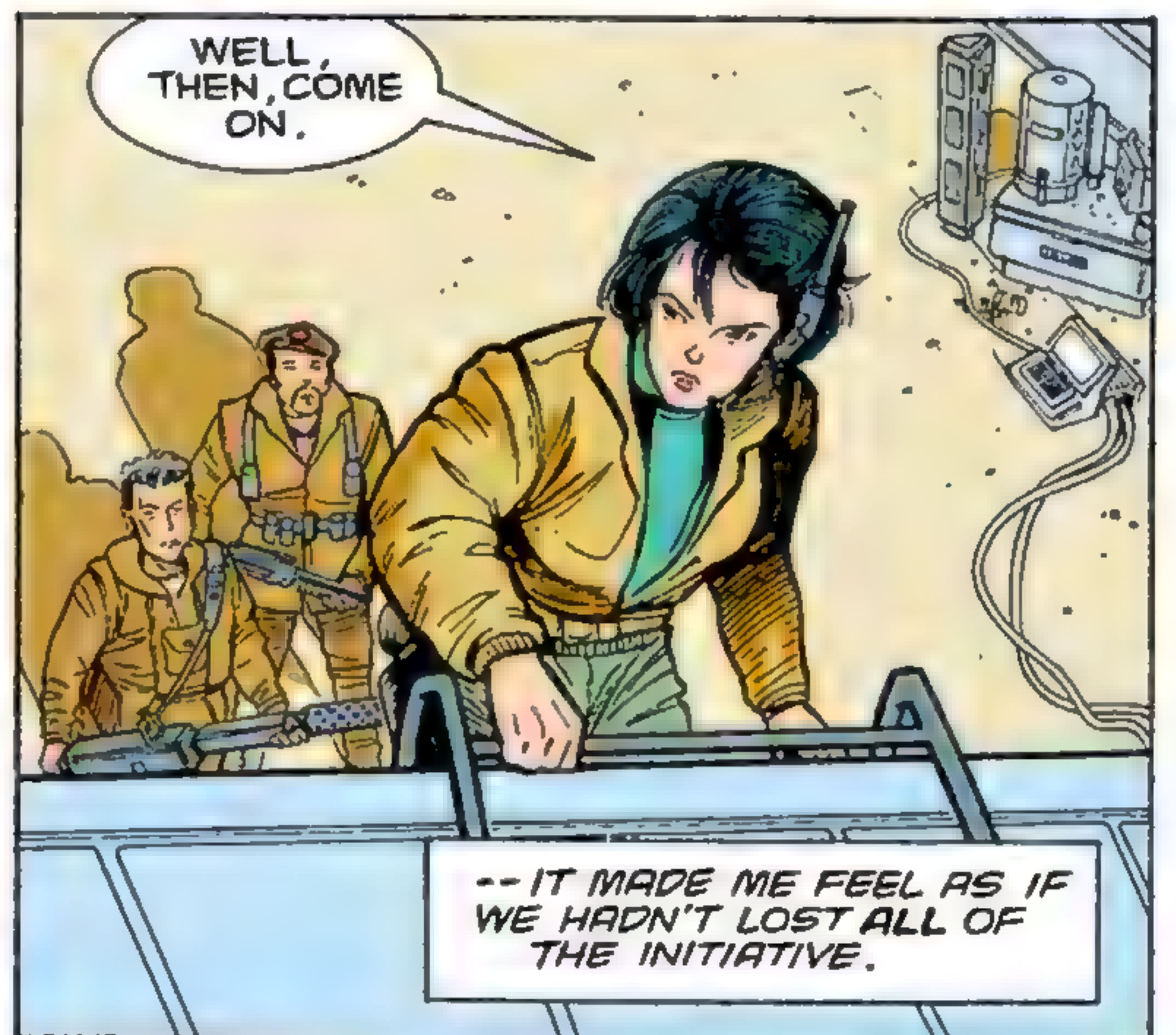
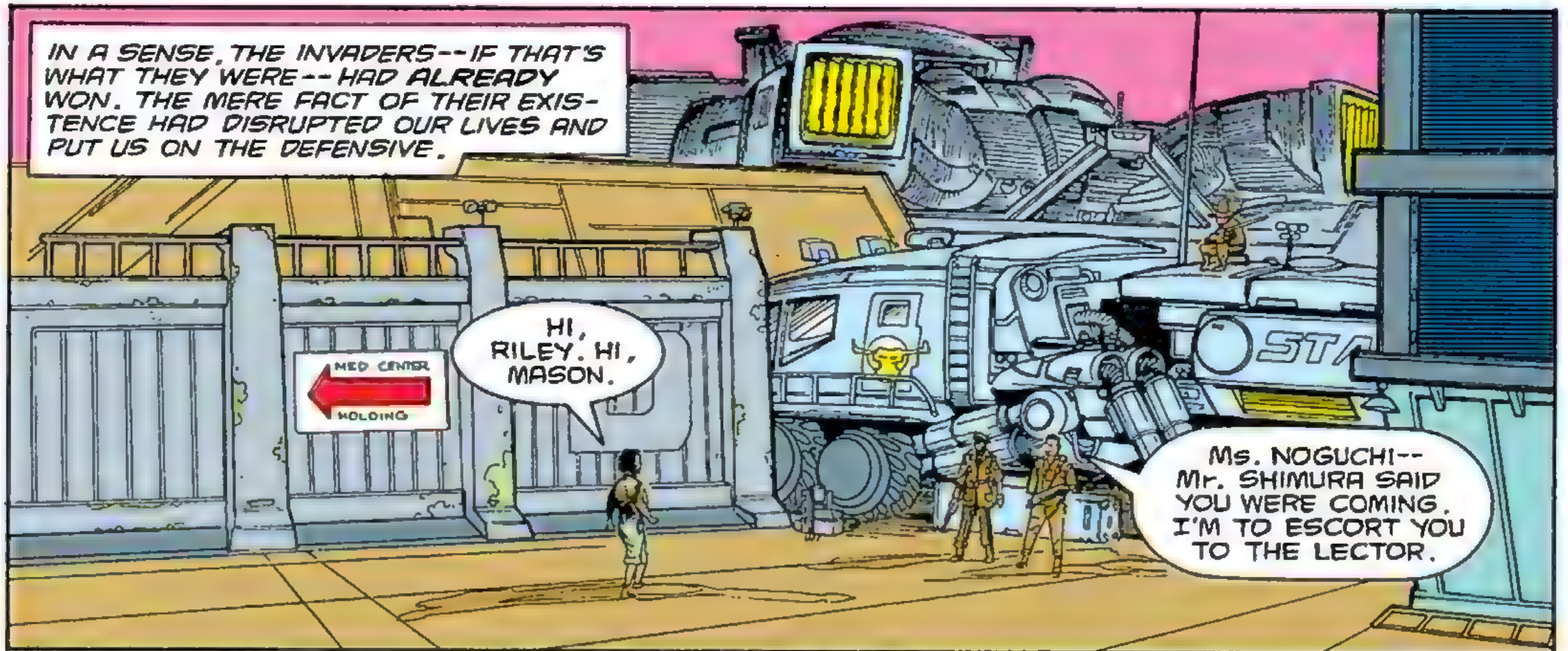
--BESIDES, THIS IS WHERE MY KESAR WILL COME WHEN HE RETURNS. I WILL WAIT HERE FOR HIM.

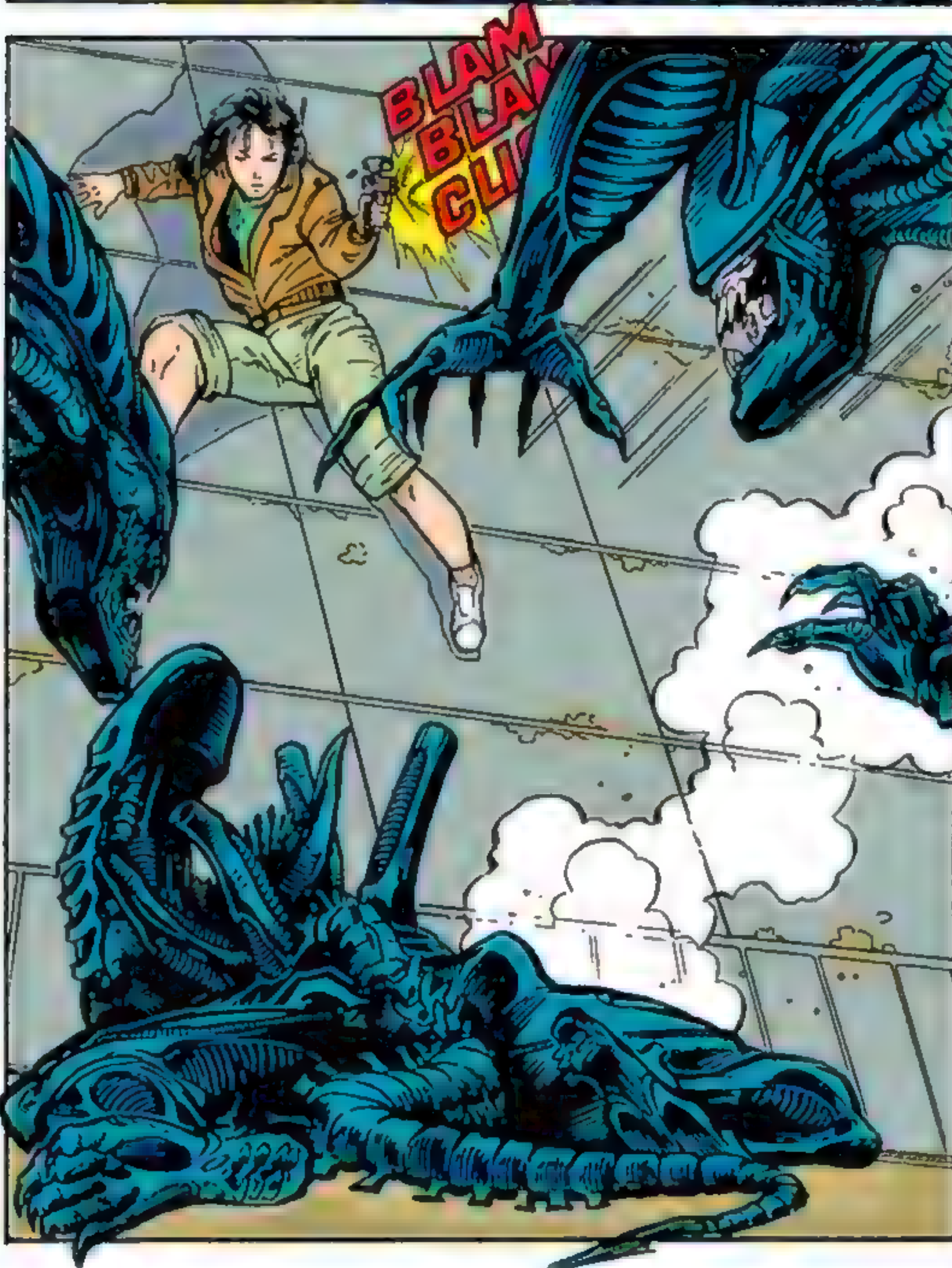
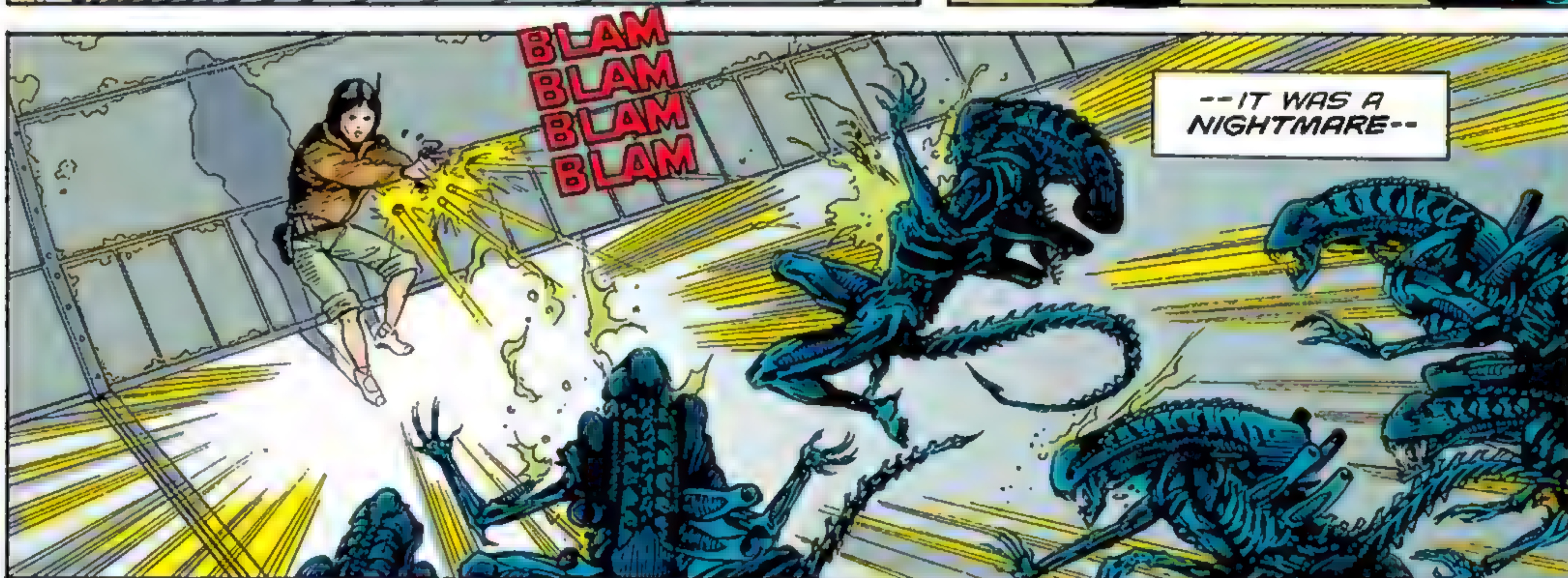
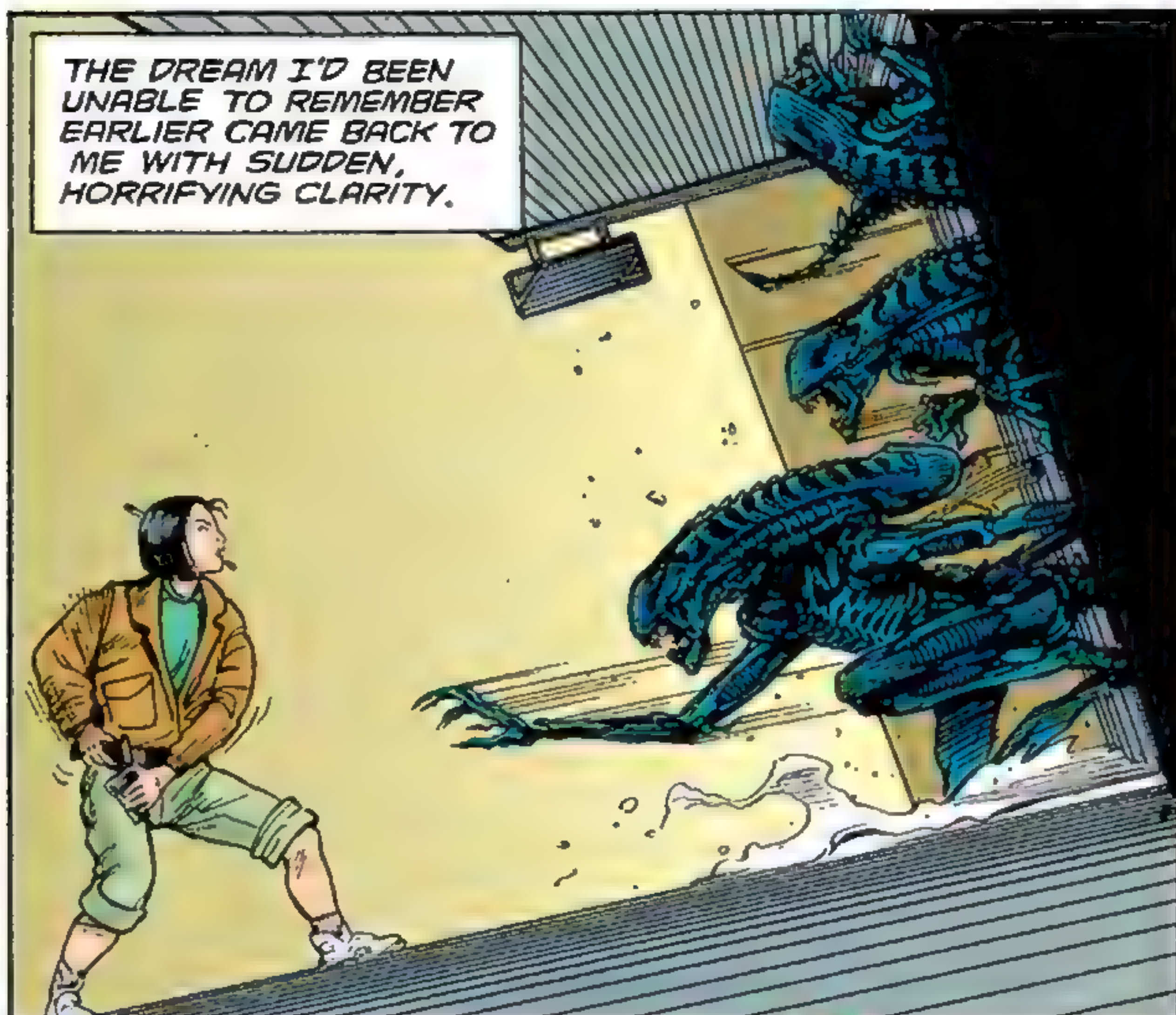
VERY WELL, DOCTOR. BUT I'M POSTING A GUARD OUTSIDE.

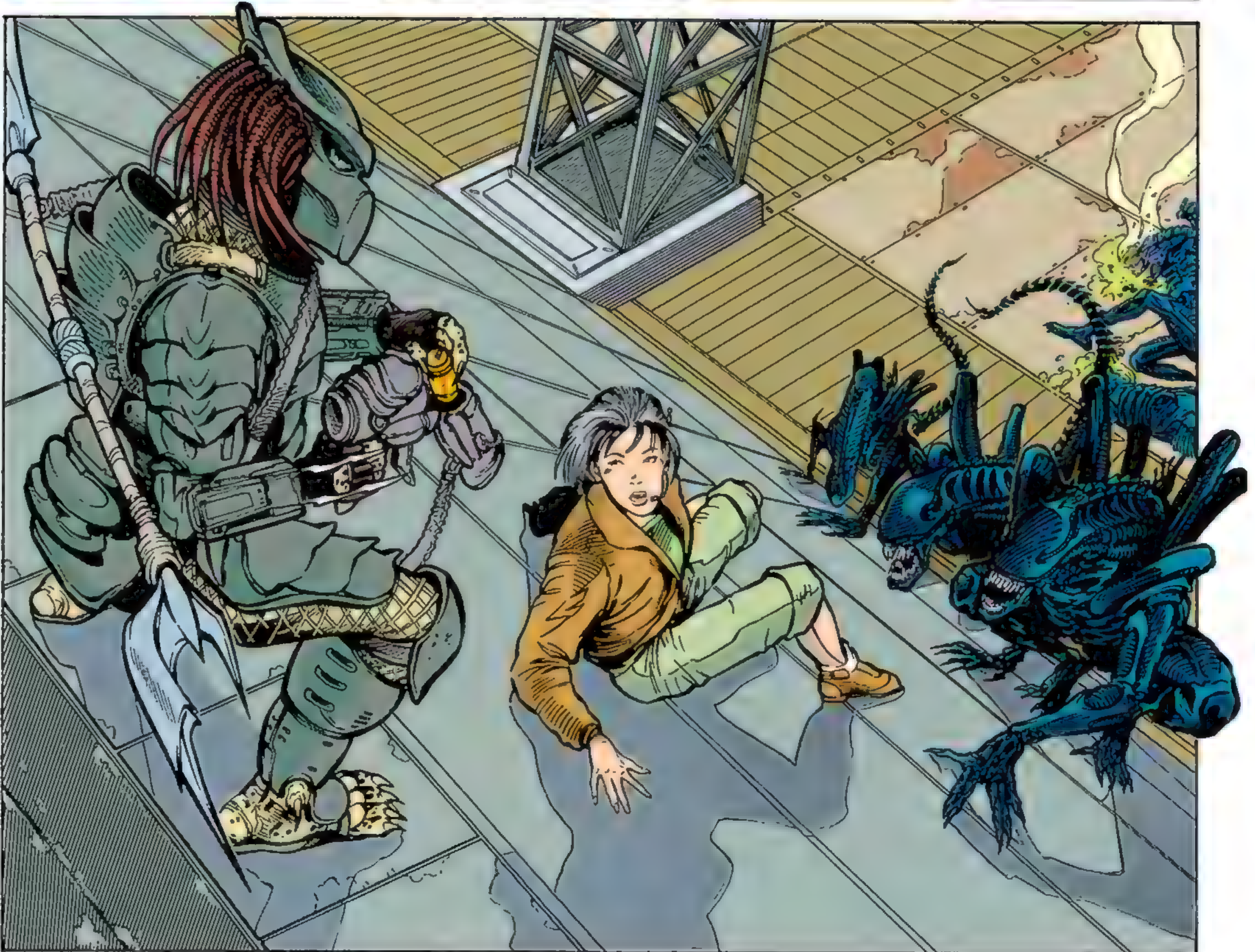
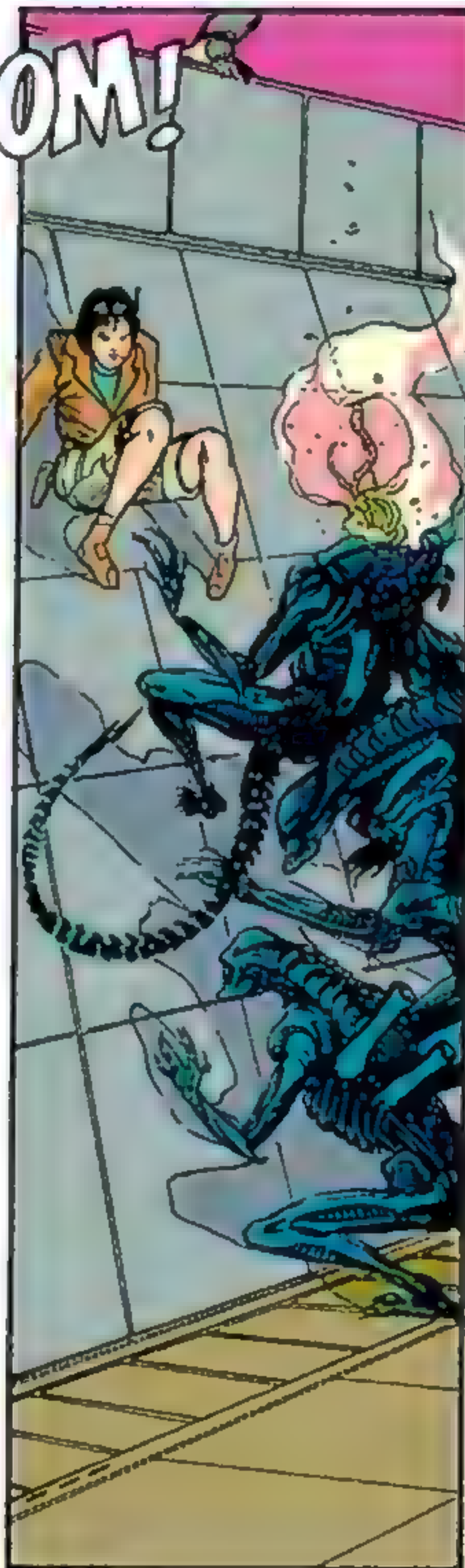
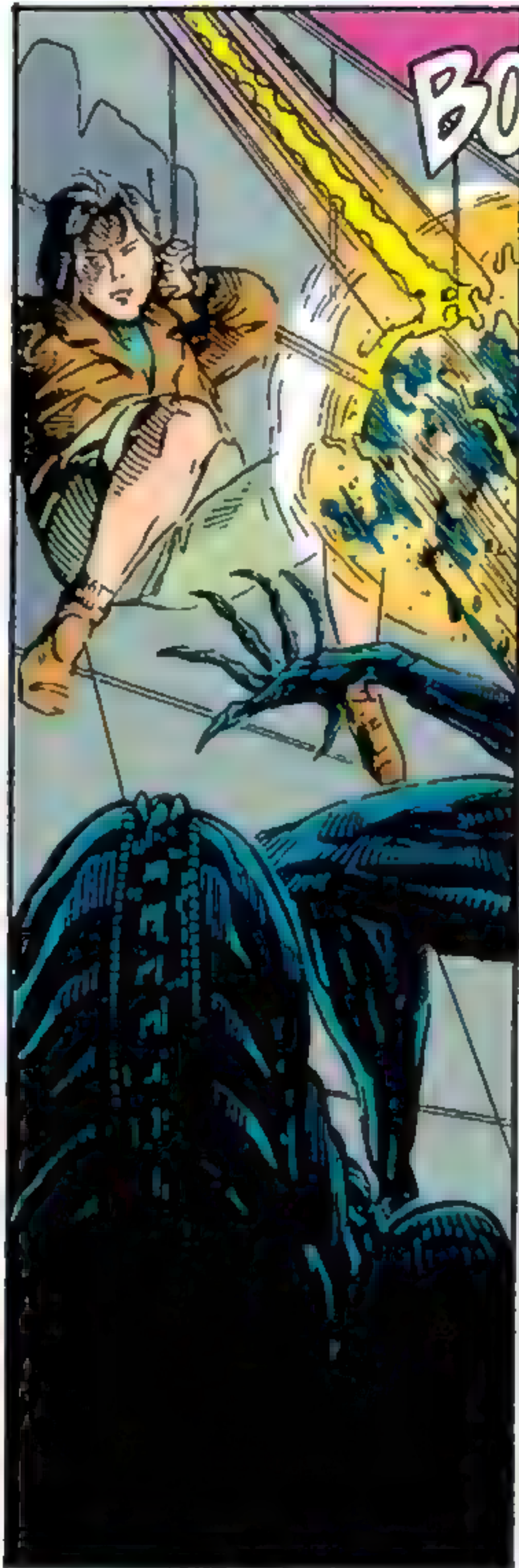
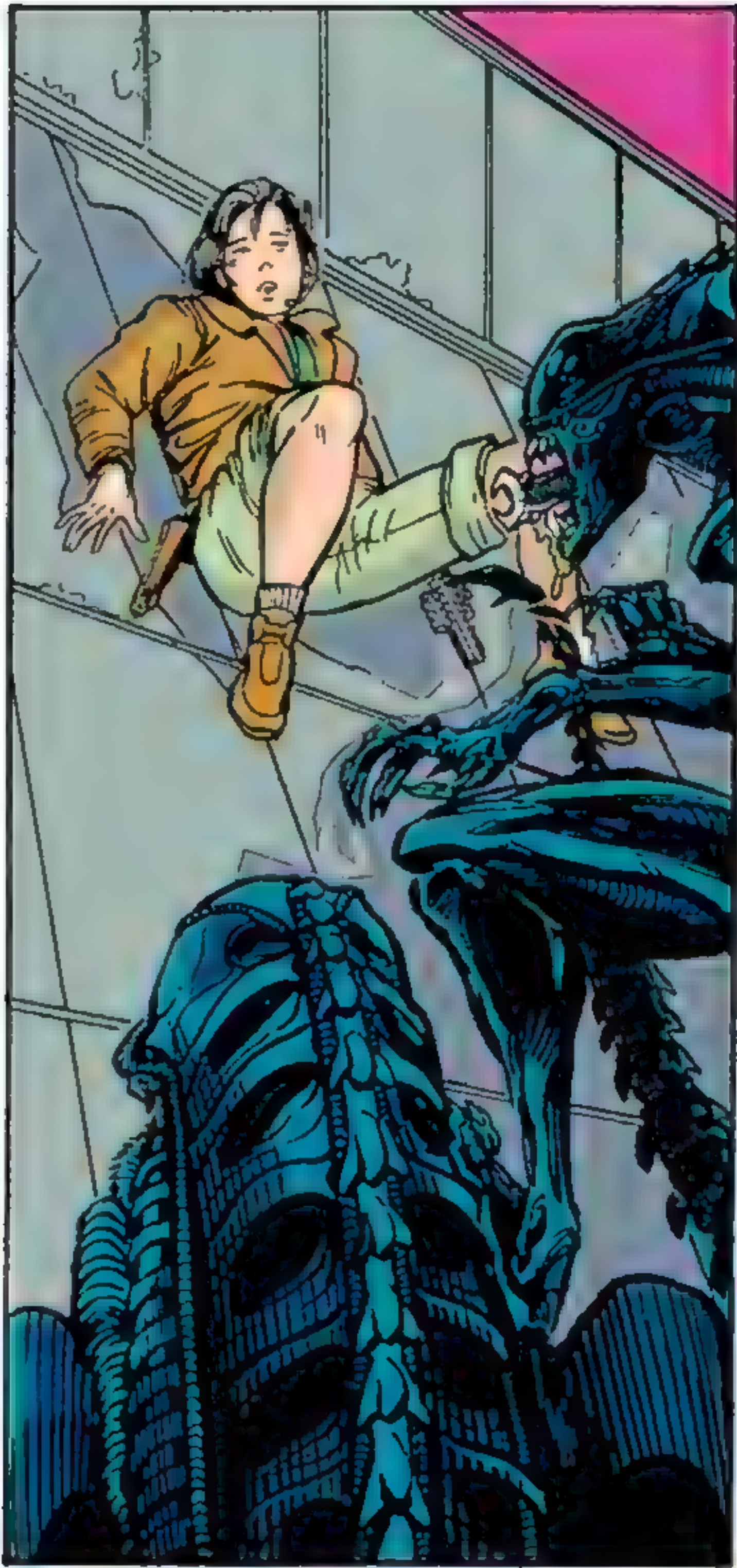
Dr. REVNA WAS FOOLING HERSELF. NO ONE DOUBTED THAT THE DOC HAD MET THE SAME FATE AS THE SHELDONS.



MAYBE WE WERE ALL FOOLING OURSELVES. WE HAD NO WAY OF GUESSING THE ENEMY'S STRENGTH OR INTENTIONS--NO CLUE AS TO ITS TACTICS OR STRATEGIES.









WE'D DONE OUR BEST,
WITH LIMITED PERSONNEL AND
RESOURCES, TO FORTIFY PROS-
PERITY WELLS AGAINST THE
"INVADERS." WE COULD
HAVE SAVED OURSELVES
THE TROUBLE --

-- WE WEREN'T THE
TARGETS OF THE
"INVASION." WE WERE
MERELY BYSTANDERS,
CAUGHT BETWEEN TWO
OPPOSING FORCES:



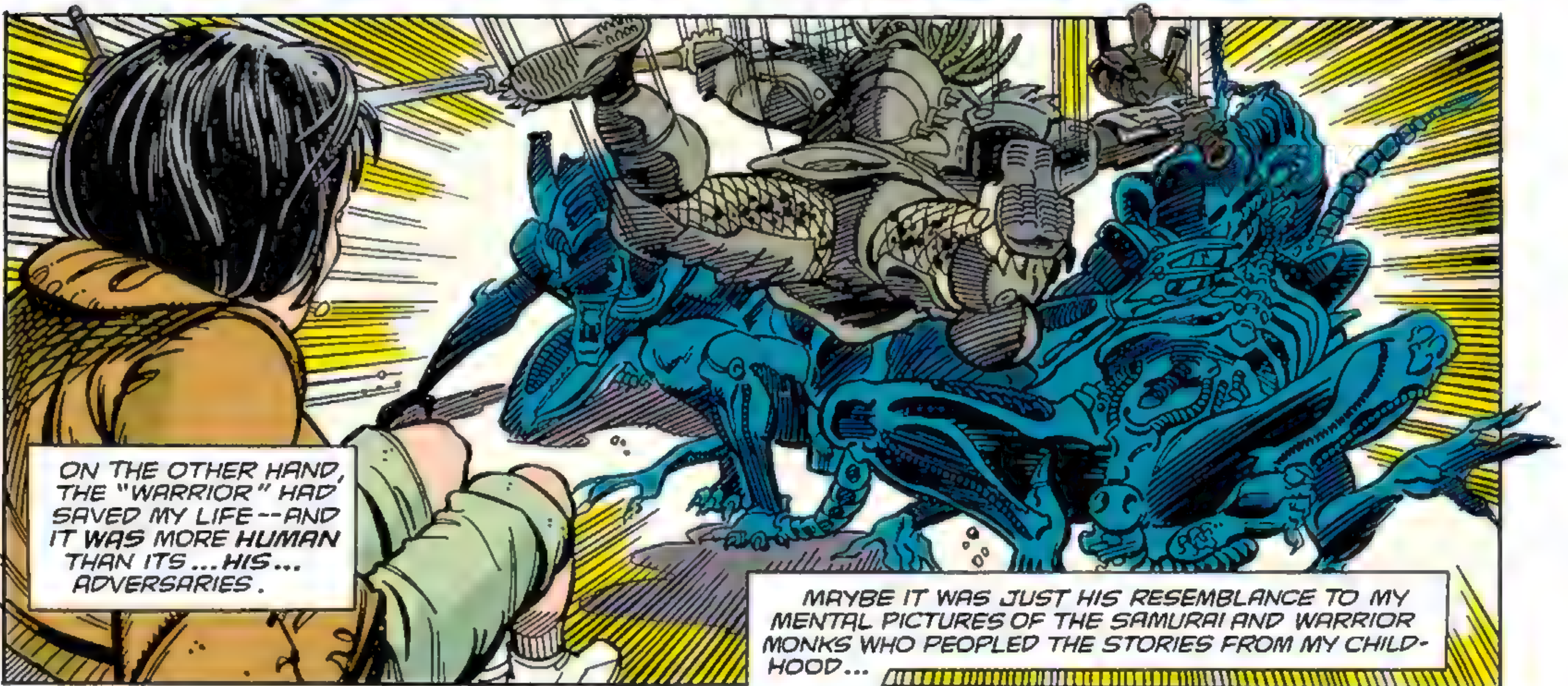
HULKING, HUMANOID
WARRIORS LIKE OUR "PATIENT"
IN THE MED-CENTER --



-- AND THE SILENT, EYELESS
MONSTERS THAT HAUNTED
MY DREAMS.

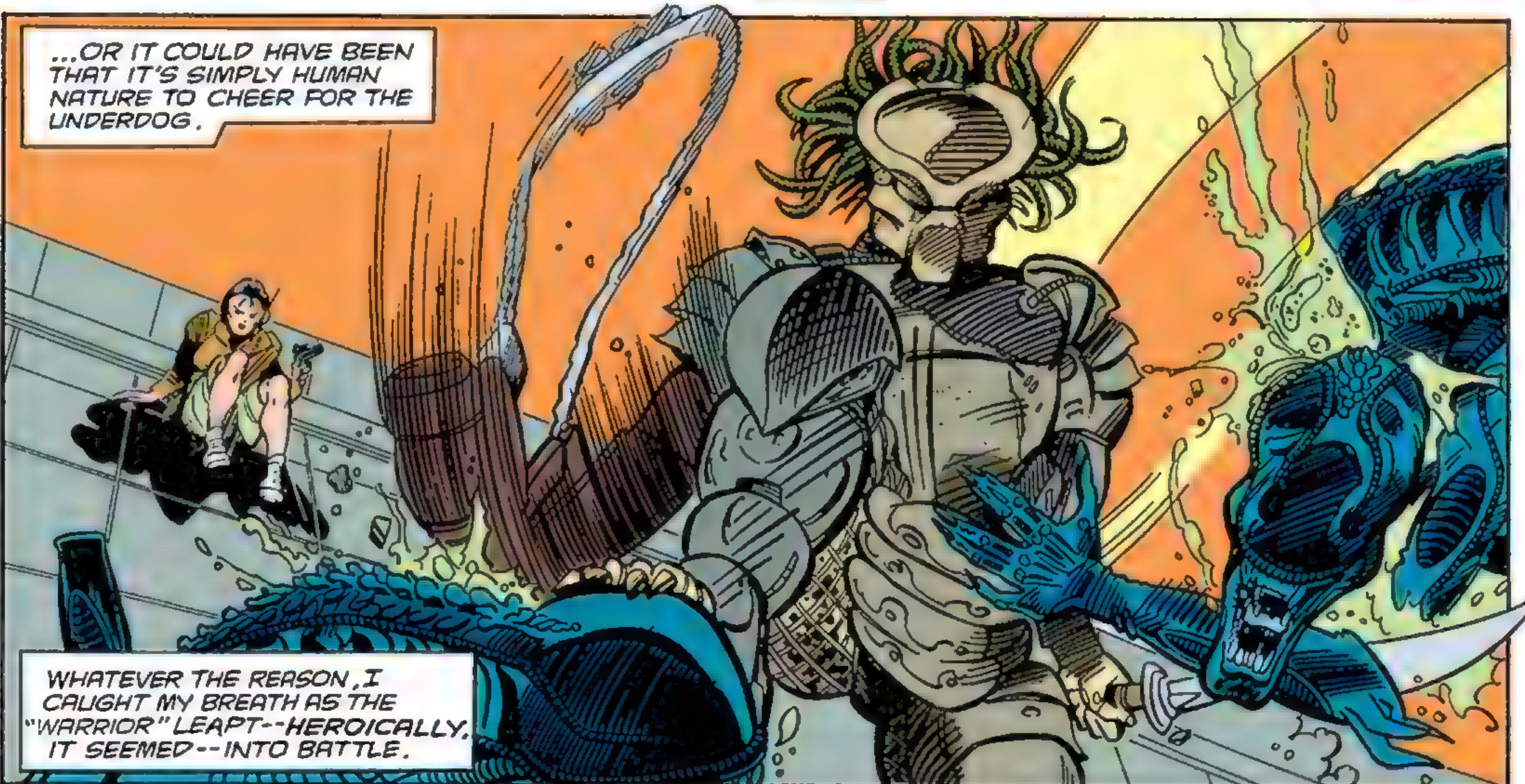


PERHAPS IT WAS THIS CONNECTION TO MY NIGHTMARES-- AS WELL AS THE FACT THAT THE MONSTERS HAD KILLED MASON-- THAT PREDISPOSED ME AGAINST THEM ...



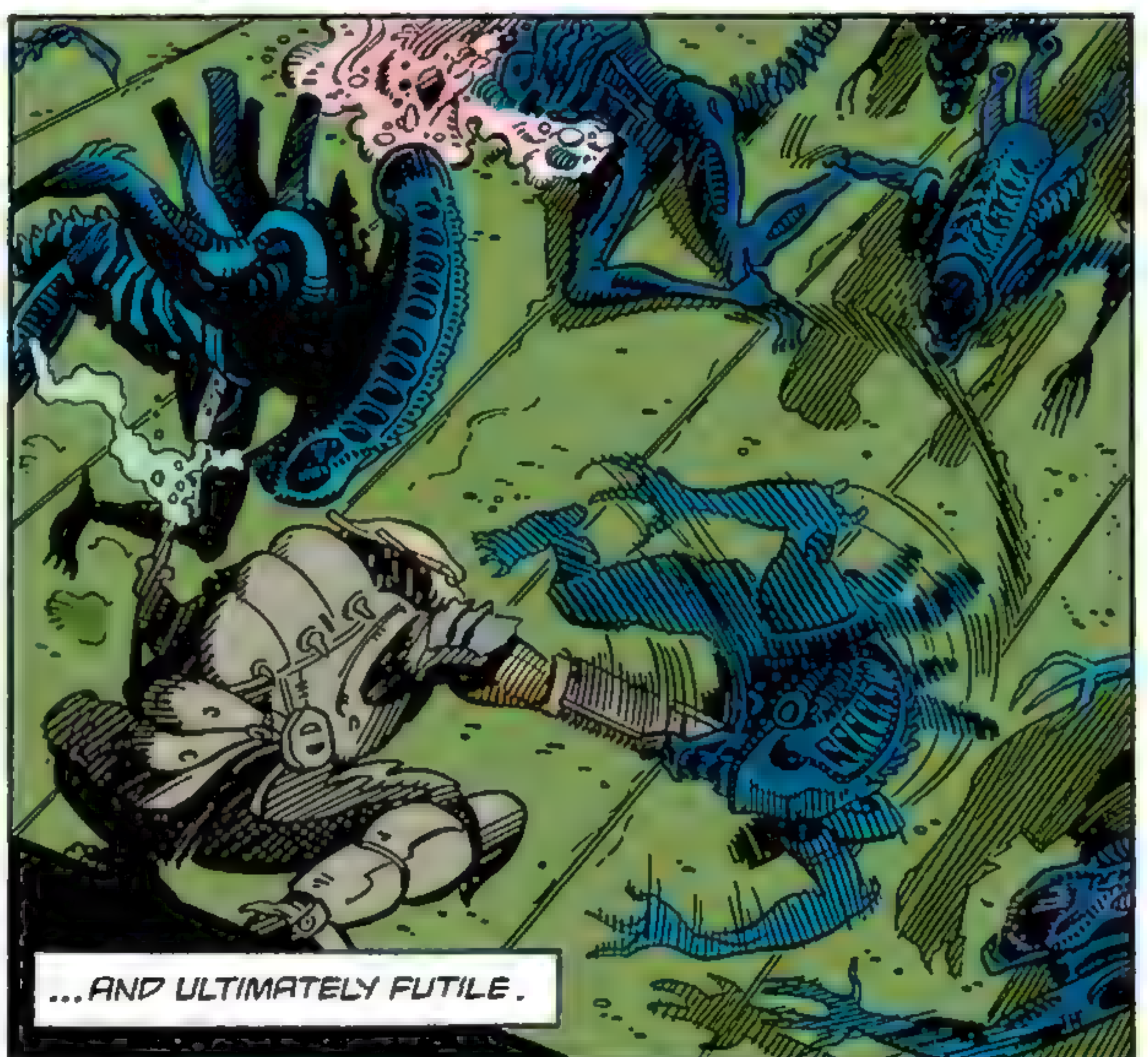
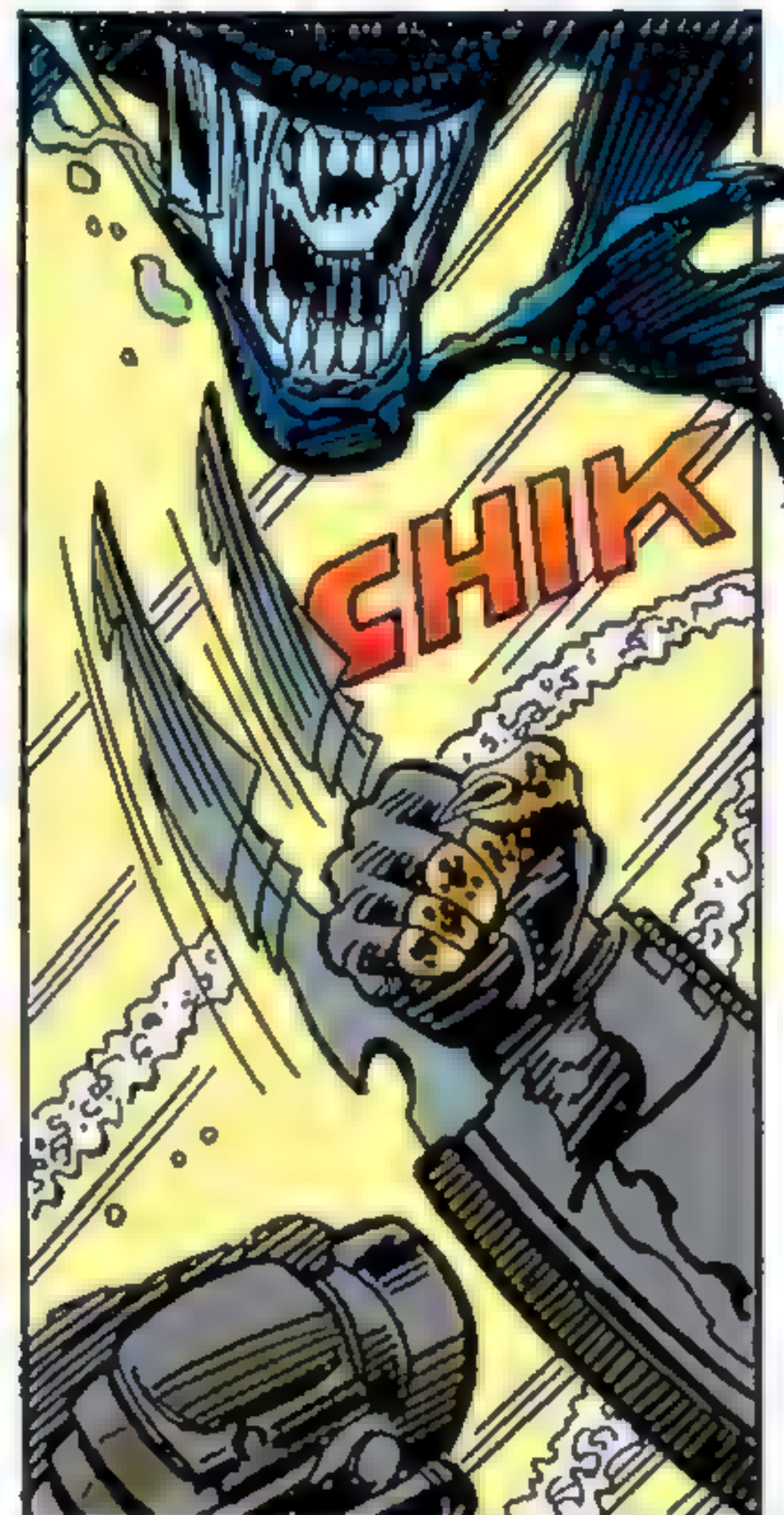
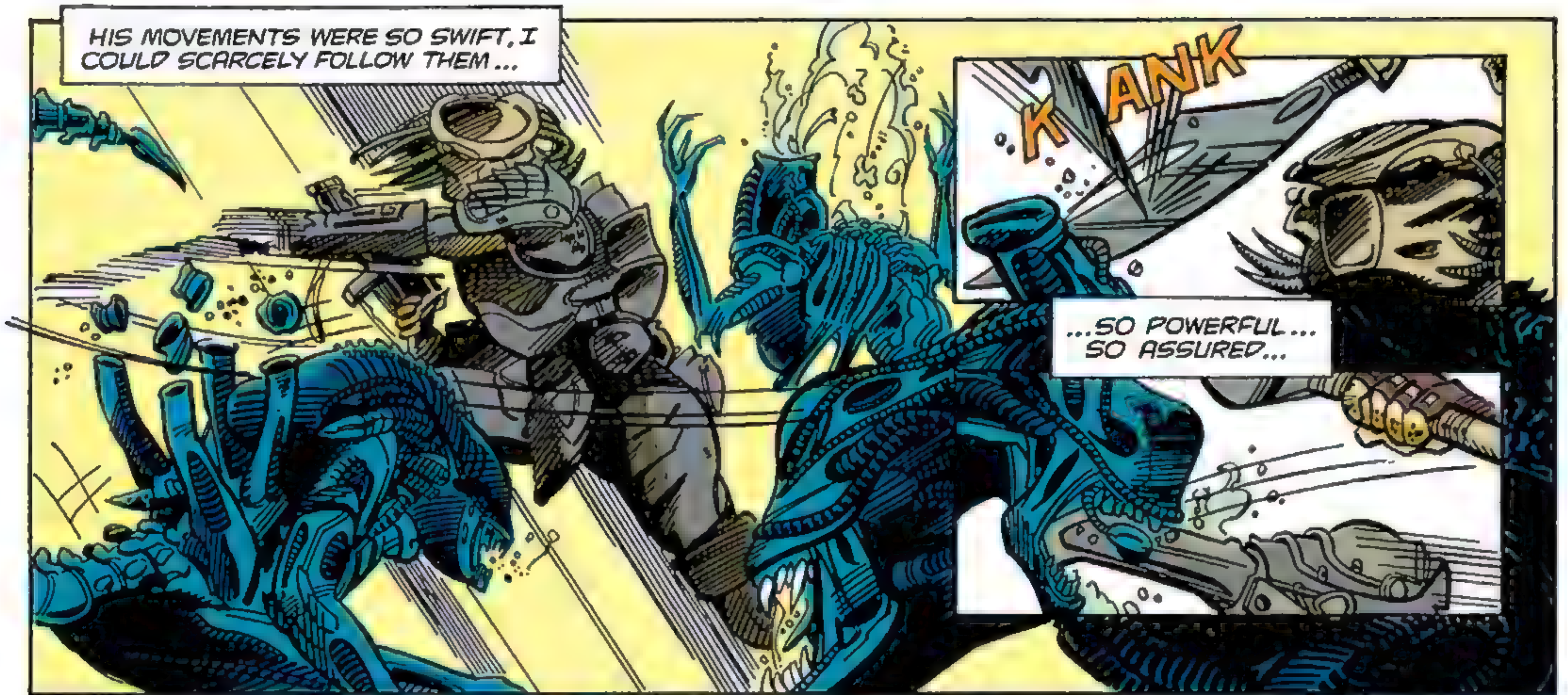
ON THE OTHER HAND, THE "WARRIOR" HAD SAVED MY LIFE--AND IT WAS MORE HUMAN THAN ITS ... HIS ... ADVERSARIES.

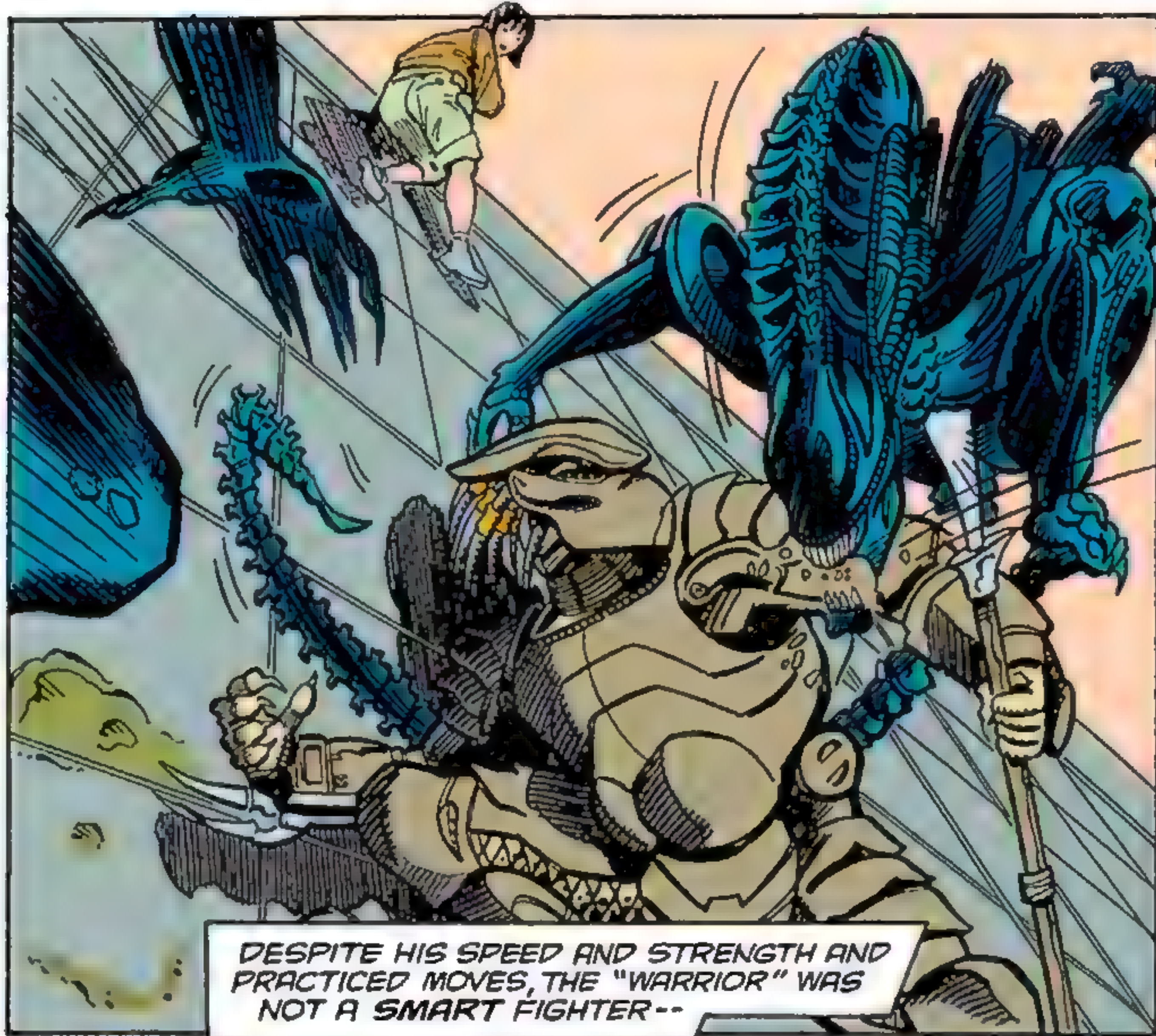
MAYBE IT WAS JUST HIS RESEMBLANCE TO MY MENTAL PICTURES OF THE SAMURAI AND WARRIOR MONKS WHO PEOPLED THE STORIES FROM MY CHILDHOOD ...



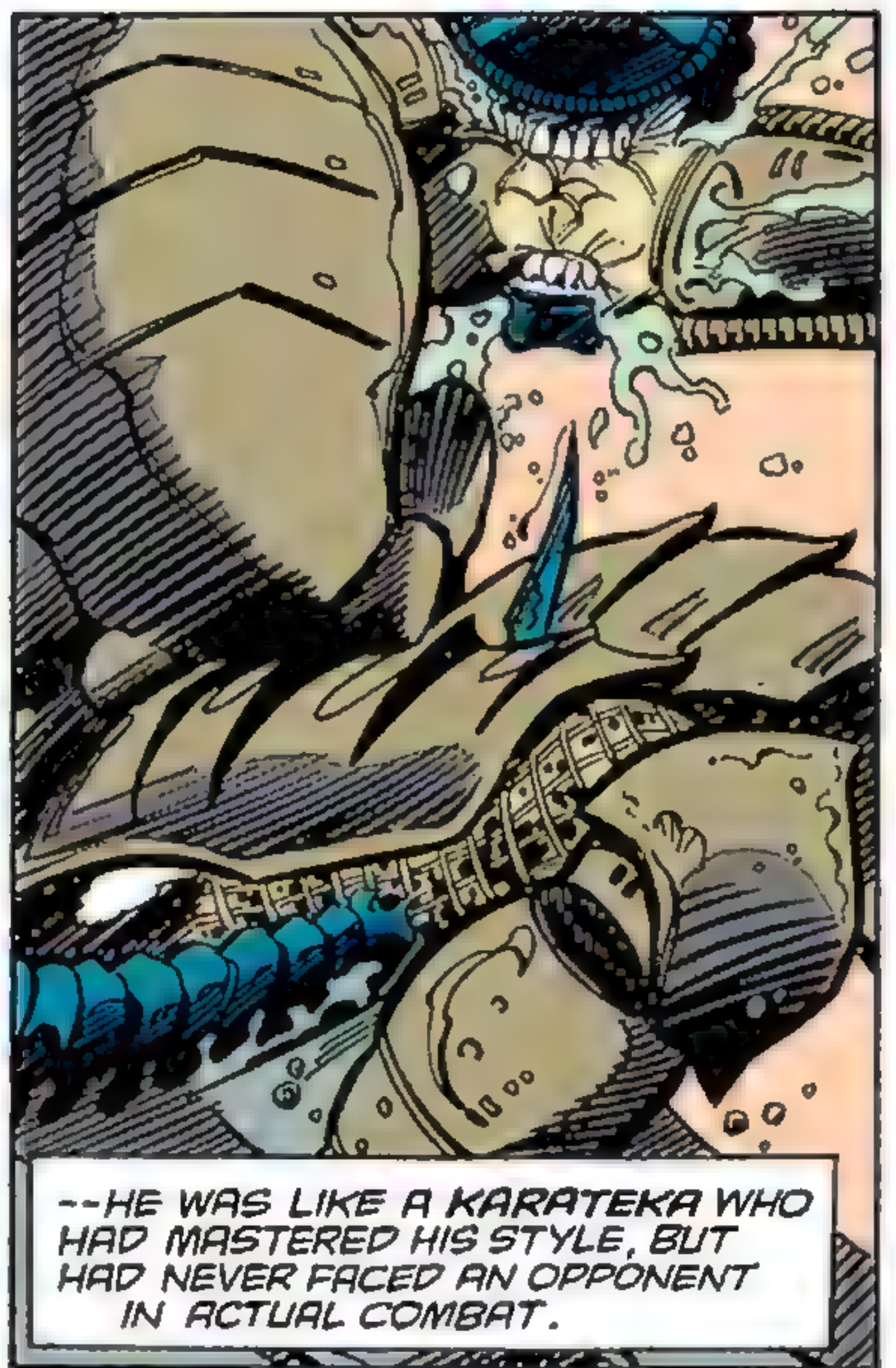
...OR IT COULD HAVE BEEN THAT IT'S SIMPLY HUMAN NATURE TO CHEER FOR THE UNDERDOG.

WHATEVER THE REASON, I CAUGHT MY BREATH AS THE "WARRIOR" LEAPT--HEROICALLY, IT SEEMED-- INTO BATTLE.

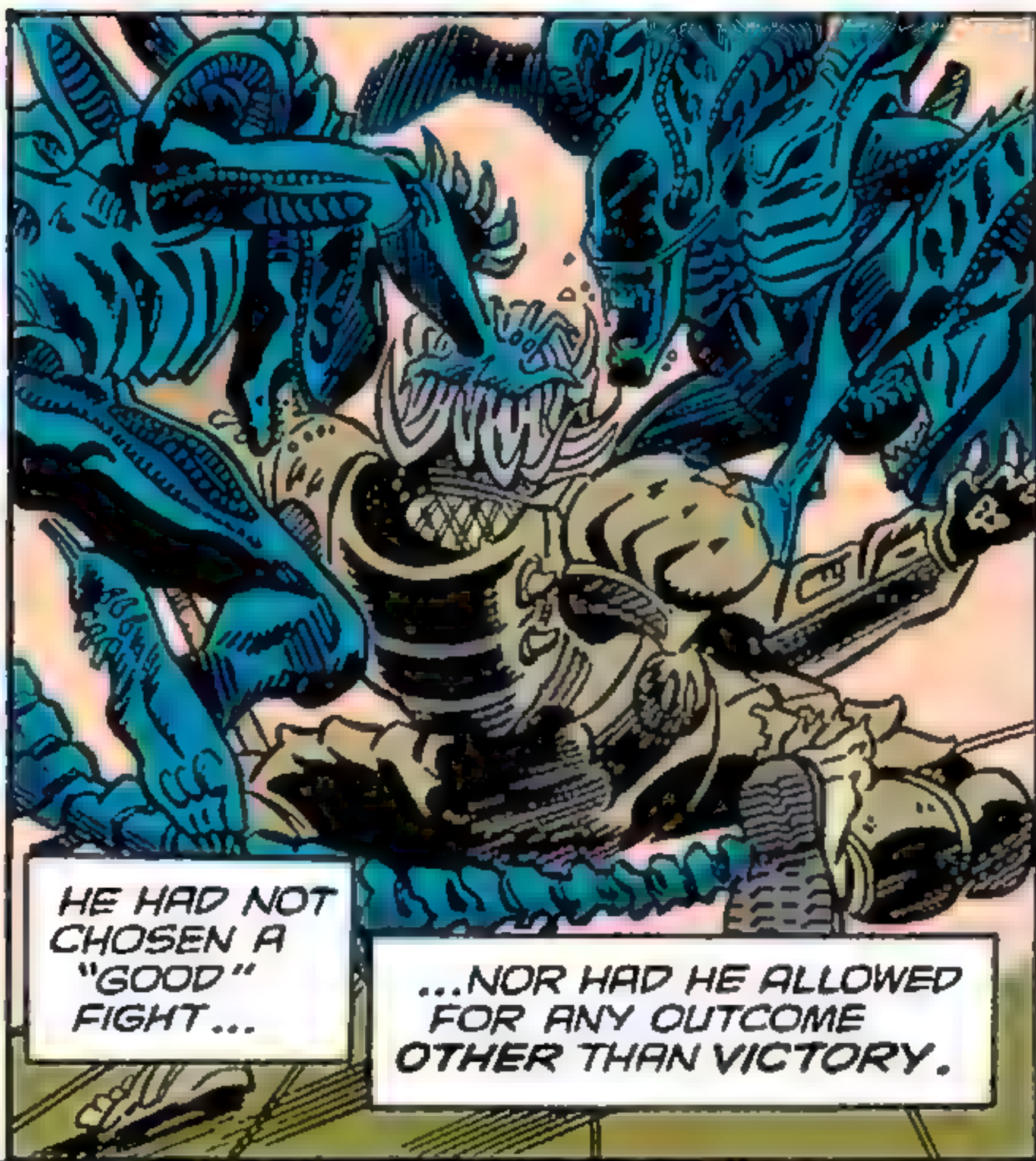




DESPITE HIS SPEED AND STRENGTH AND PRACTICED MOVES, THE "WARRIOR" WAS NOT A SMART FIGHTER--



--HE WAS LIKE A KARATEKA WHO HAD MASTERED HIS STYLE, BUT HAD NEVER FACED AN OPPONENT IN ACTUAL COMBAT.

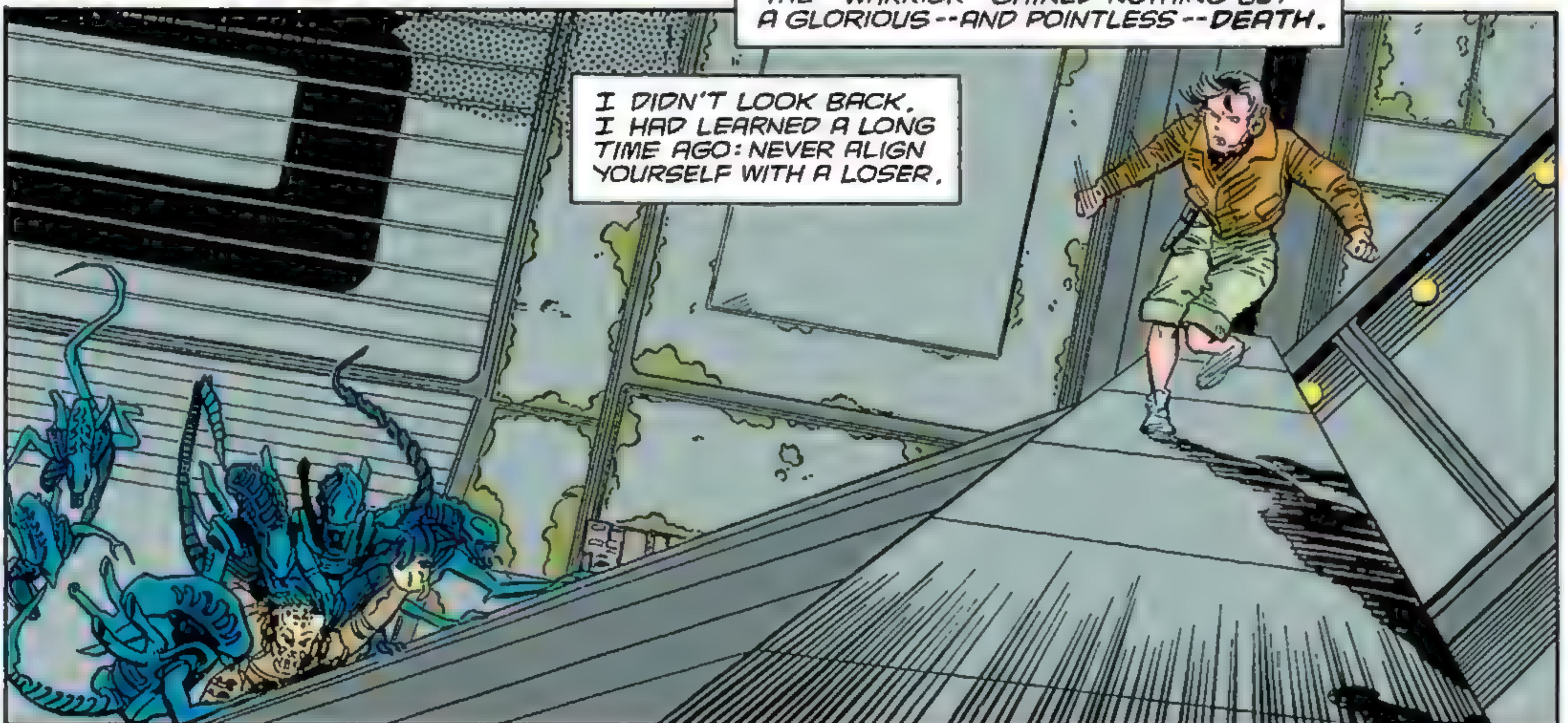


HE HAD NOT CHOSEN A "GOOD" FIGHT...

...NOR HAD HE ALLOWED FOR ANY OUTCOME OTHER THAN VICTORY.



THERE'S A BIG DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HEROISM AND STUPIDITY. IN THE END, THE "WARRIOR" GAINED NOTHING BUT A GLORIOUS--AND POINTLESS--DEATH.



I DIDN'T LOOK BACK. I HAD LEARNED A LONG TIME AGO: NEVER ALIGN YOURSELF WITH A LOSER.



SCOTT!
SCOTT, WAKE
UP! I THINK--
uhh-- I CAN GET
MY ARM
FREE--

K-KRAK!



I DID IT!
NOW, IF I
CAN GET
THIS--

HURRY
UP! GET
ME OUT
OF THIS!

KRAK

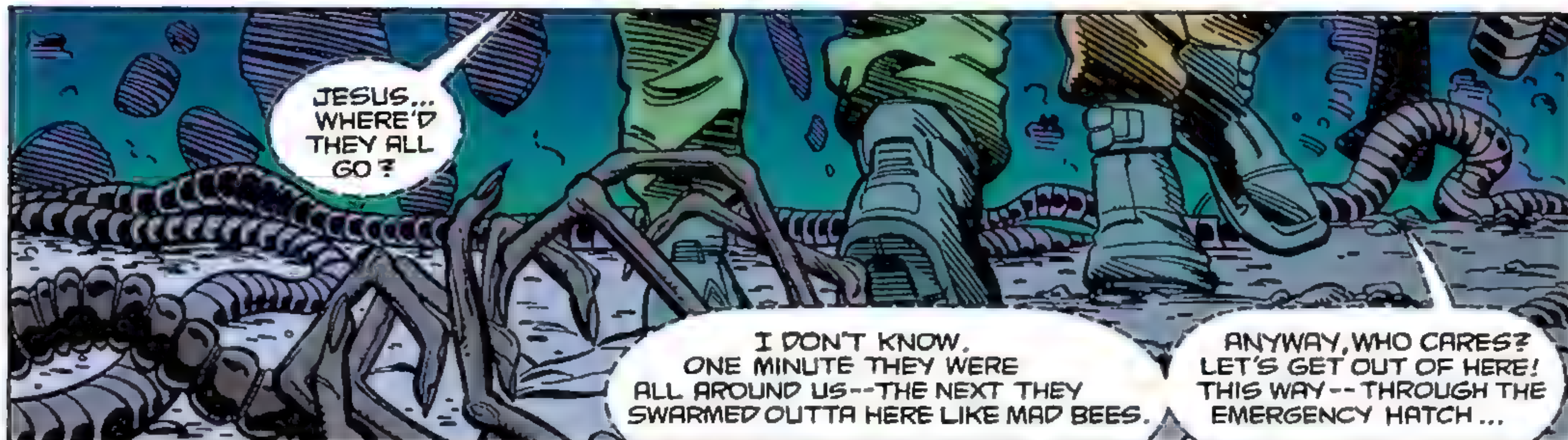


HURRY!

SNAP

KRAK

QUIET!
I'VE ALMOST
GOT IT--



JESUS...
WHERE'D
THEY ALL
GO?

I DON'T KNOW.
ONE MINUTE THEY WERE
ALL AROUND US--THE NEXT THEY
SWARMED OUTTA HERE LIKE MAD BEES.

ANYWAY, WHO CARES?
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
THIS WAY-- THROUGH THE
EMERGENCY HATCH...

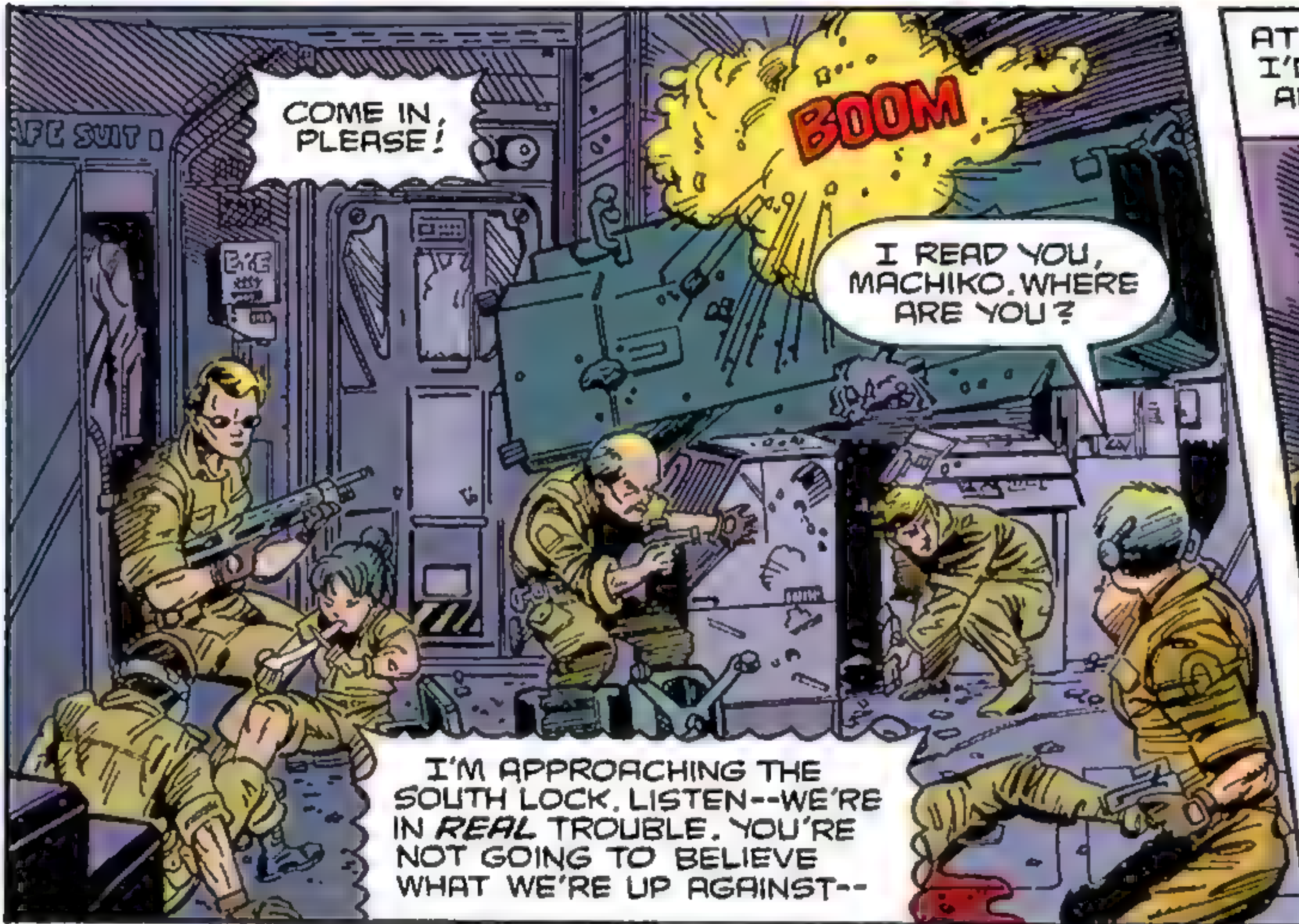


WHAT
ABOUT
THAT
ONE?

HER?
SHE'S
ASLEEP
--I
THINK...



LET'S GO--
BEFORE SHE
WAKES UP!

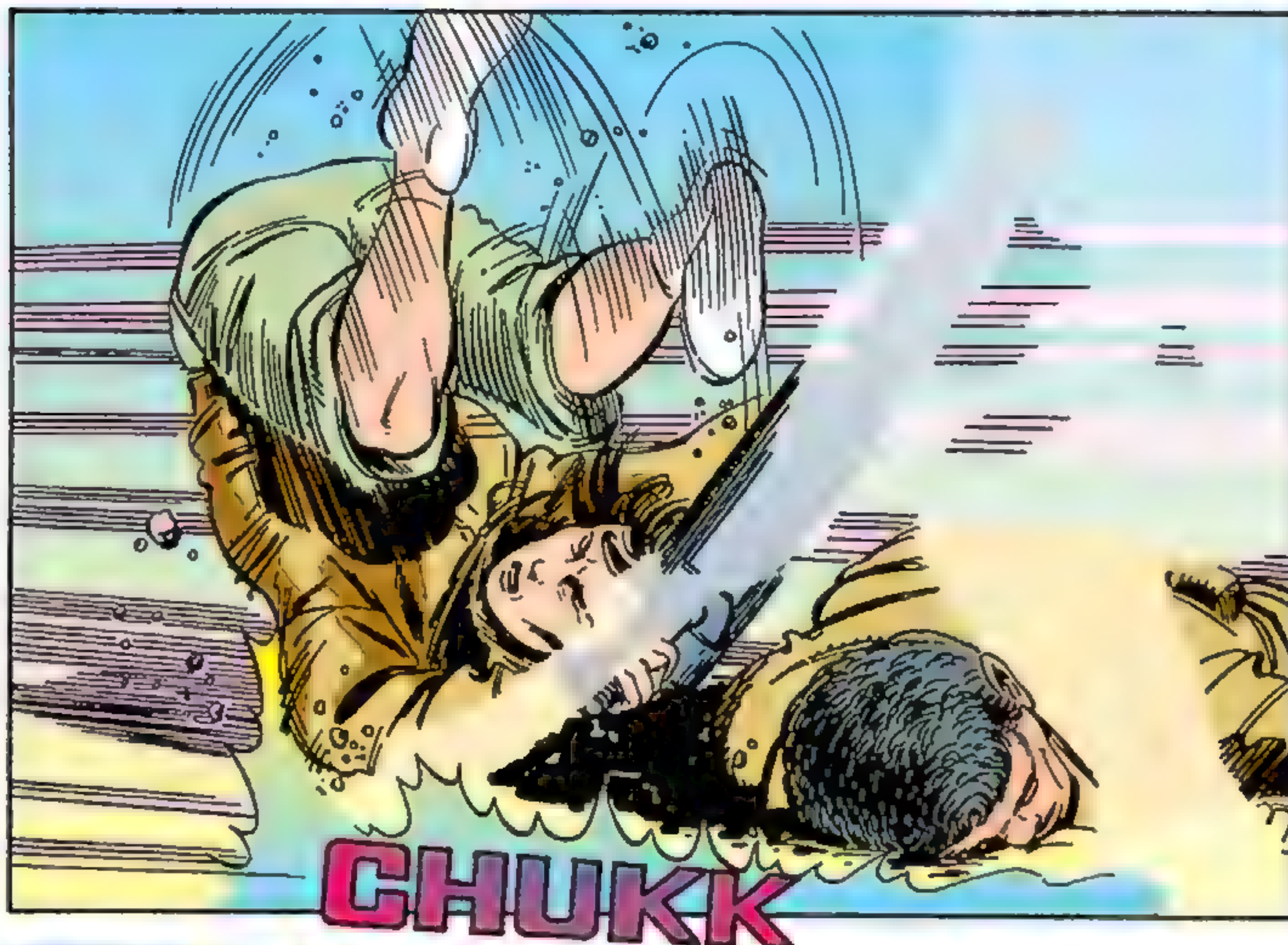


... I WAS LISTENING TO HIROKI'S VOICE ON THE COM, THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE ECHOED THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE COMPLEX, MY HEART WAS POUNDING LIKE THUNDER IN MY CHEST--

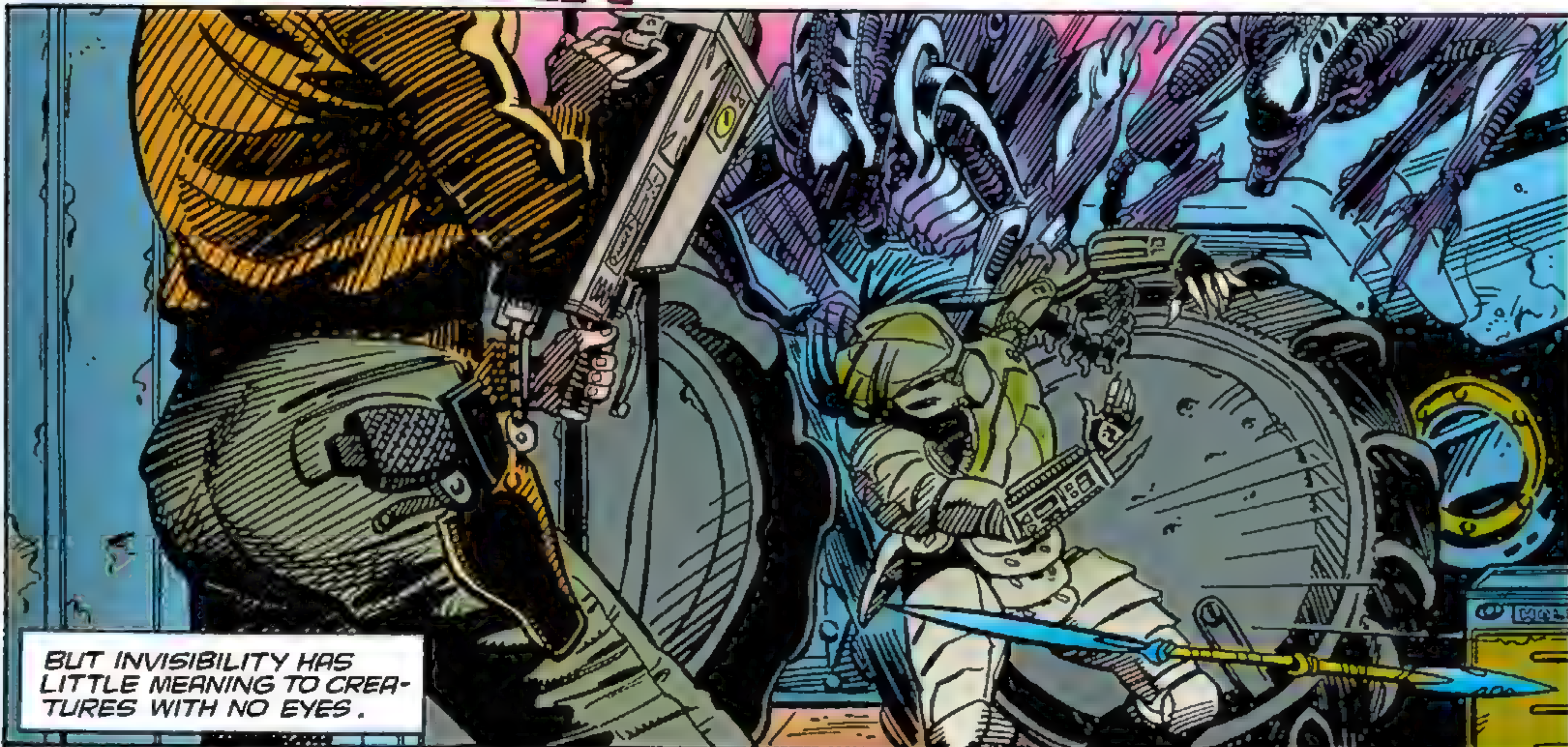
IT WASN'T MINE--
AND IT CERTAINLY
WASN'T RILEY'S.

FAINT
THOUGH
IT WAS,
IT WAS
ENOUGH.

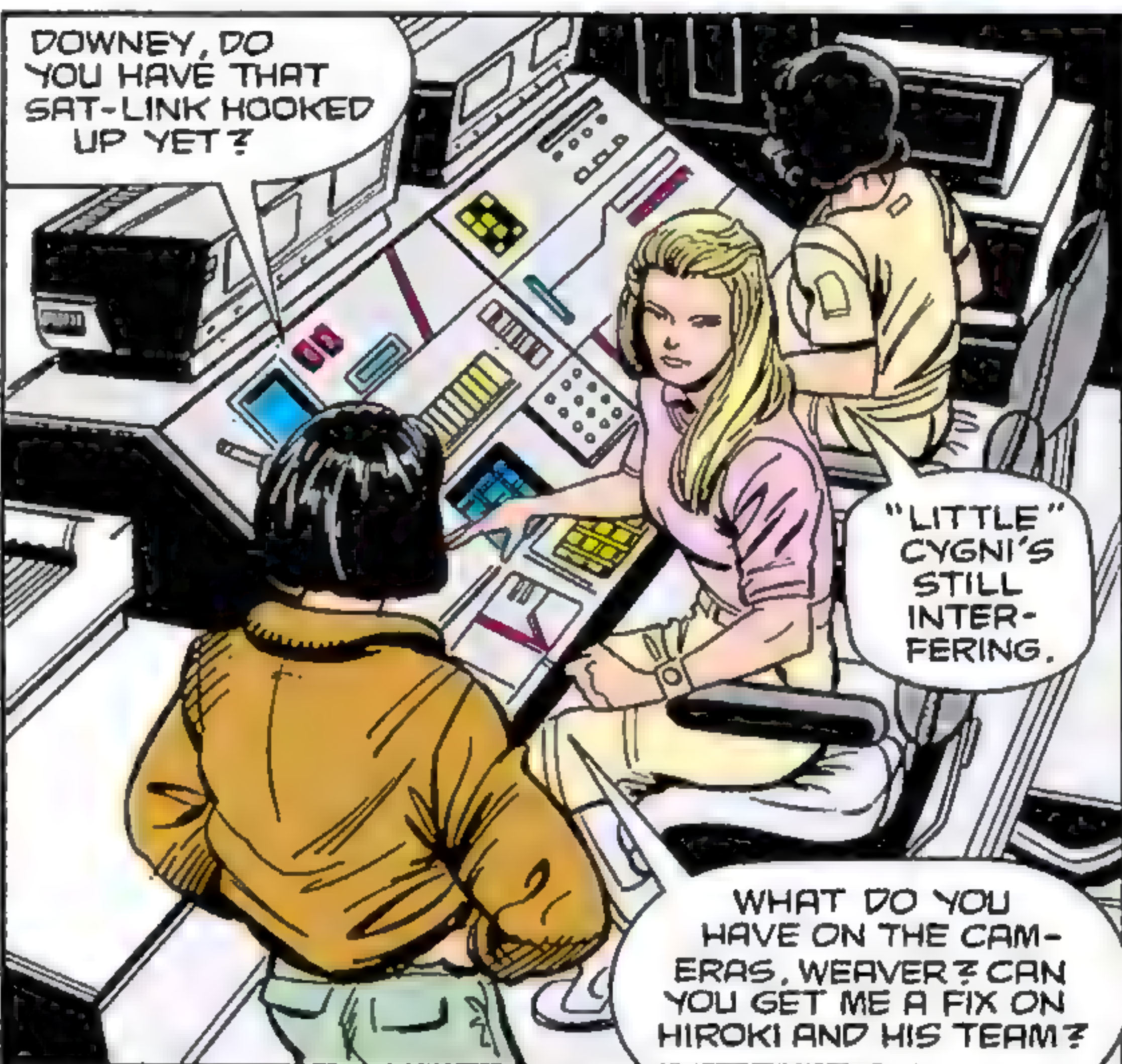
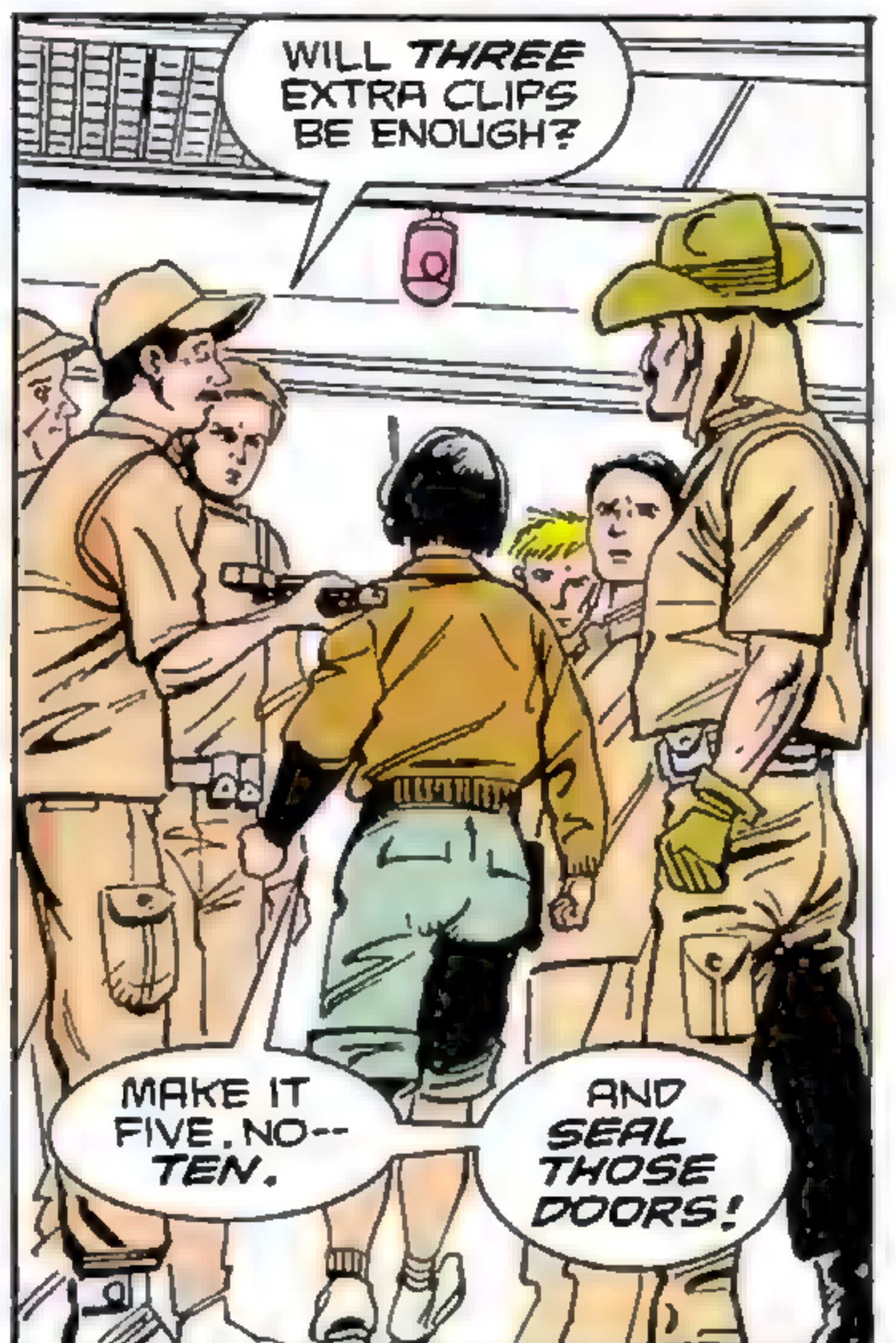
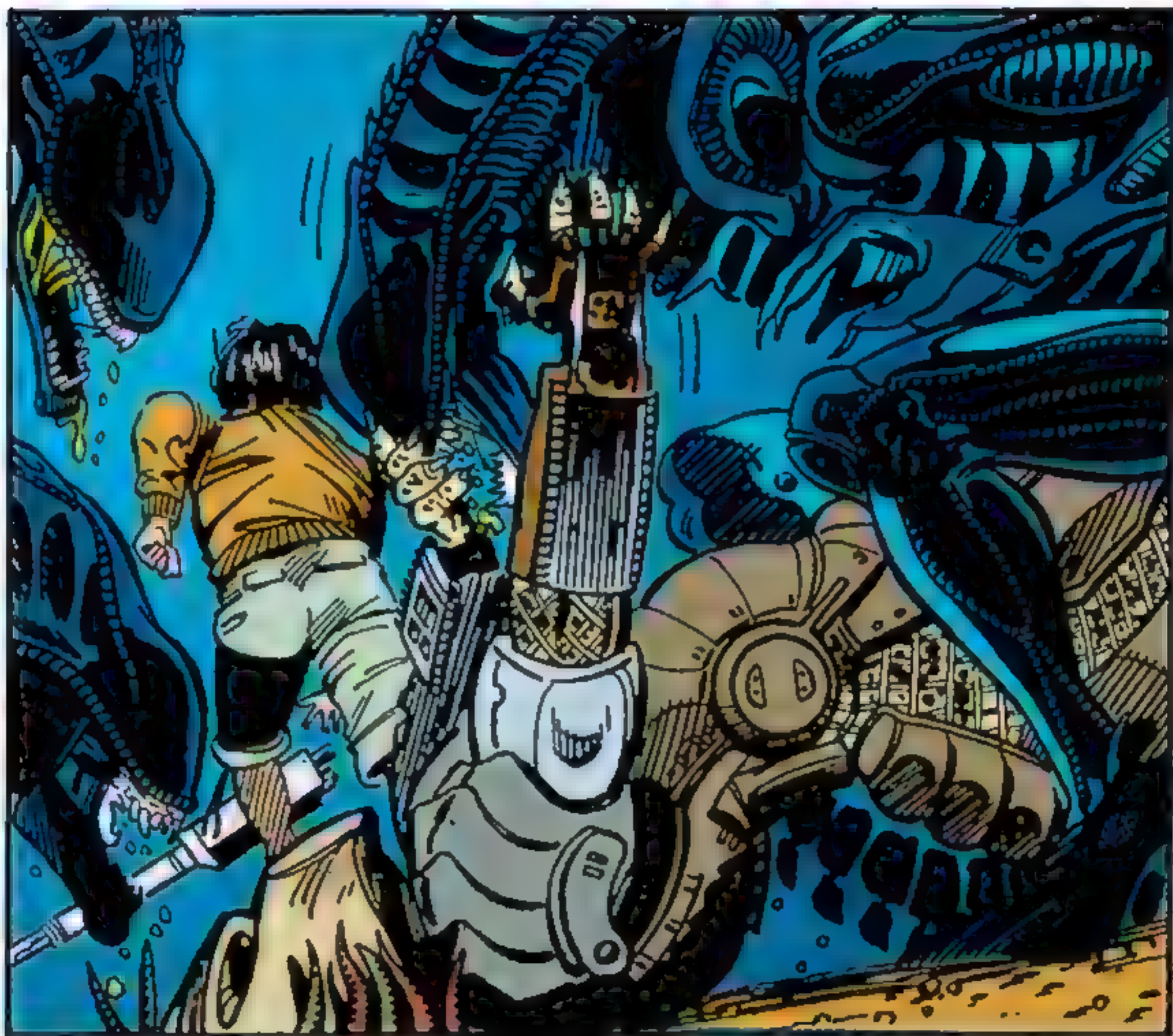
-- AND, SOMEHOW,
I HEARD ANOTHER
SOUND... OR A
HINT OF A SOUND.
NOTHING MORE
THAN AN INTAKE
OF BREATH.

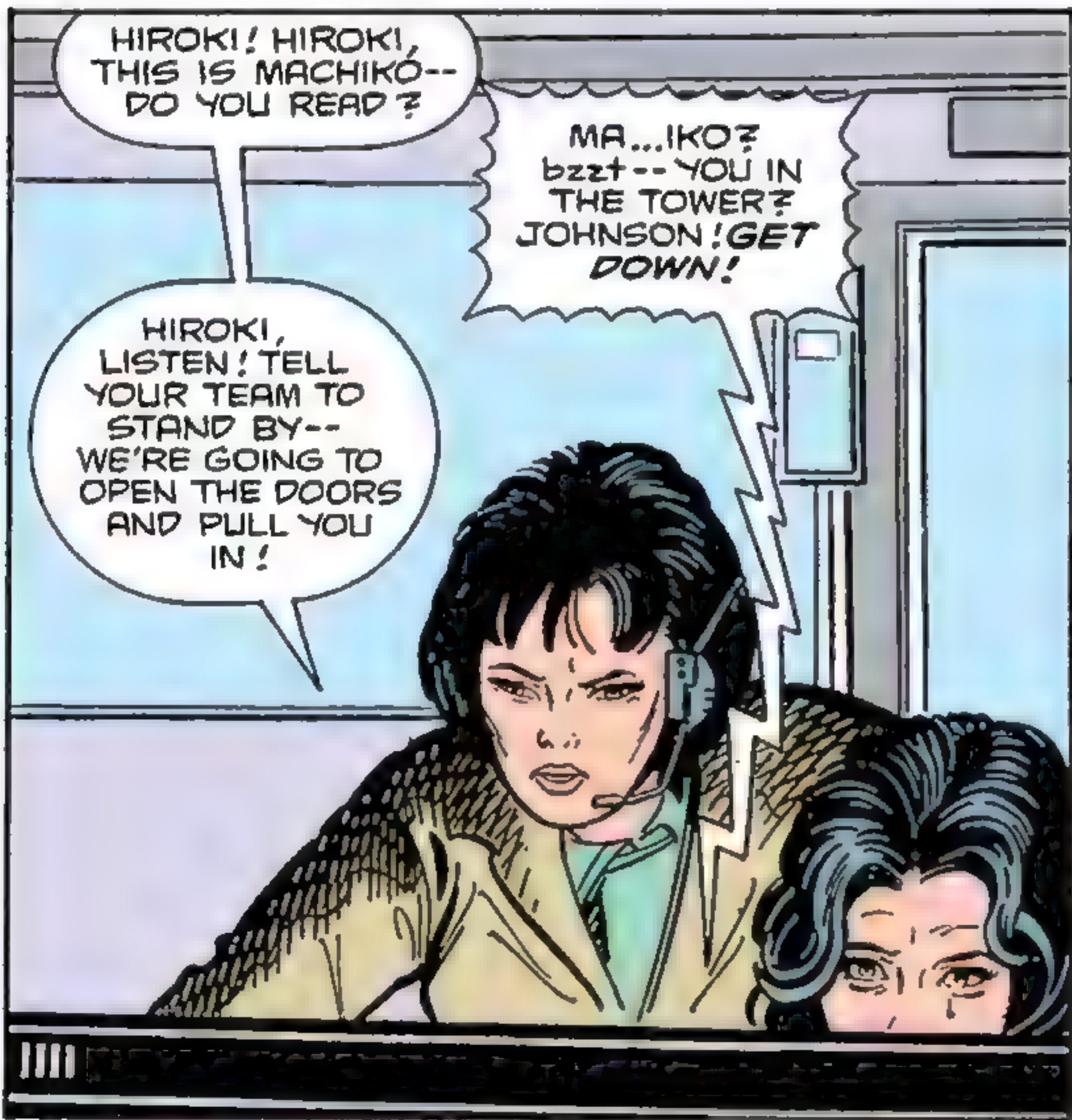


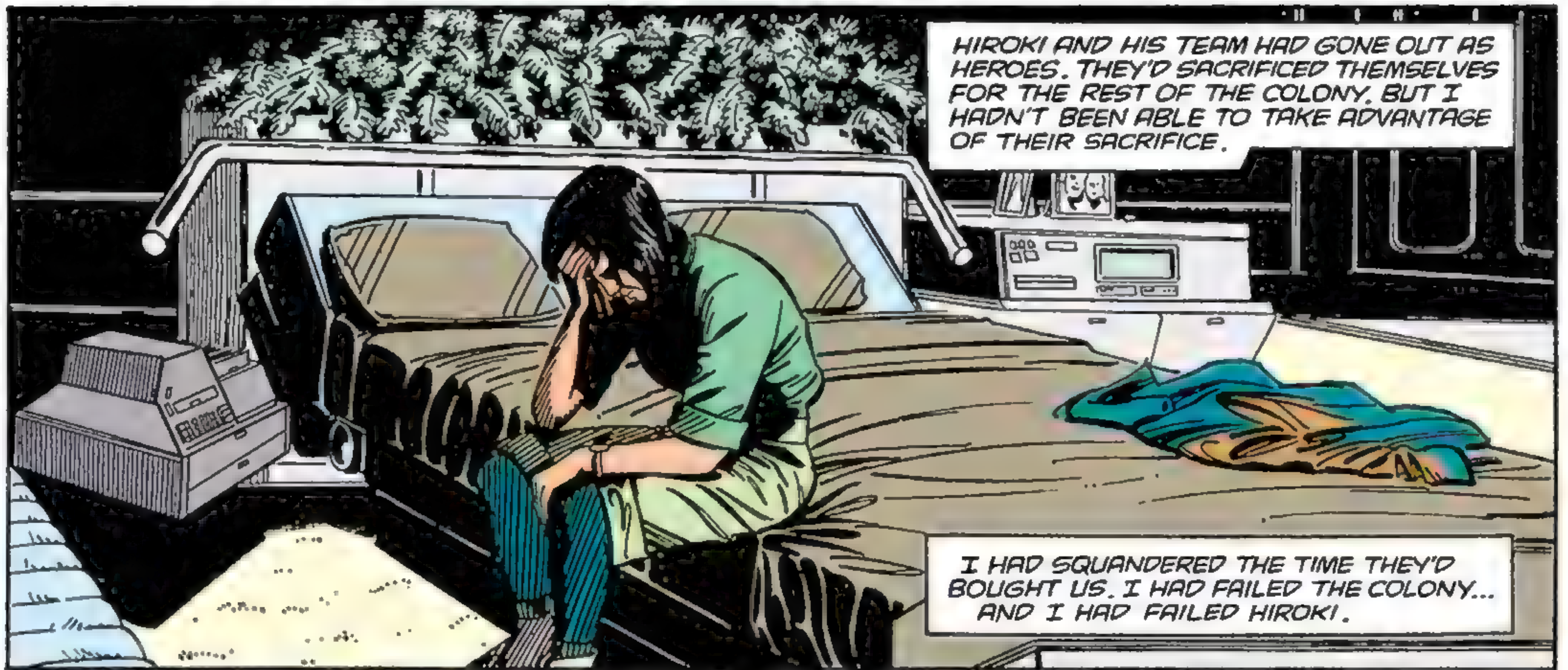
INVISIBILITY. THAT'S HOW
THE "WARRIORS" HAD GOTTEN
PAST OUR DEFENSES.



BUT INVISIBILITY HAS
LITTLE MEANING TO CREA-
TURES WITH NO EYES.

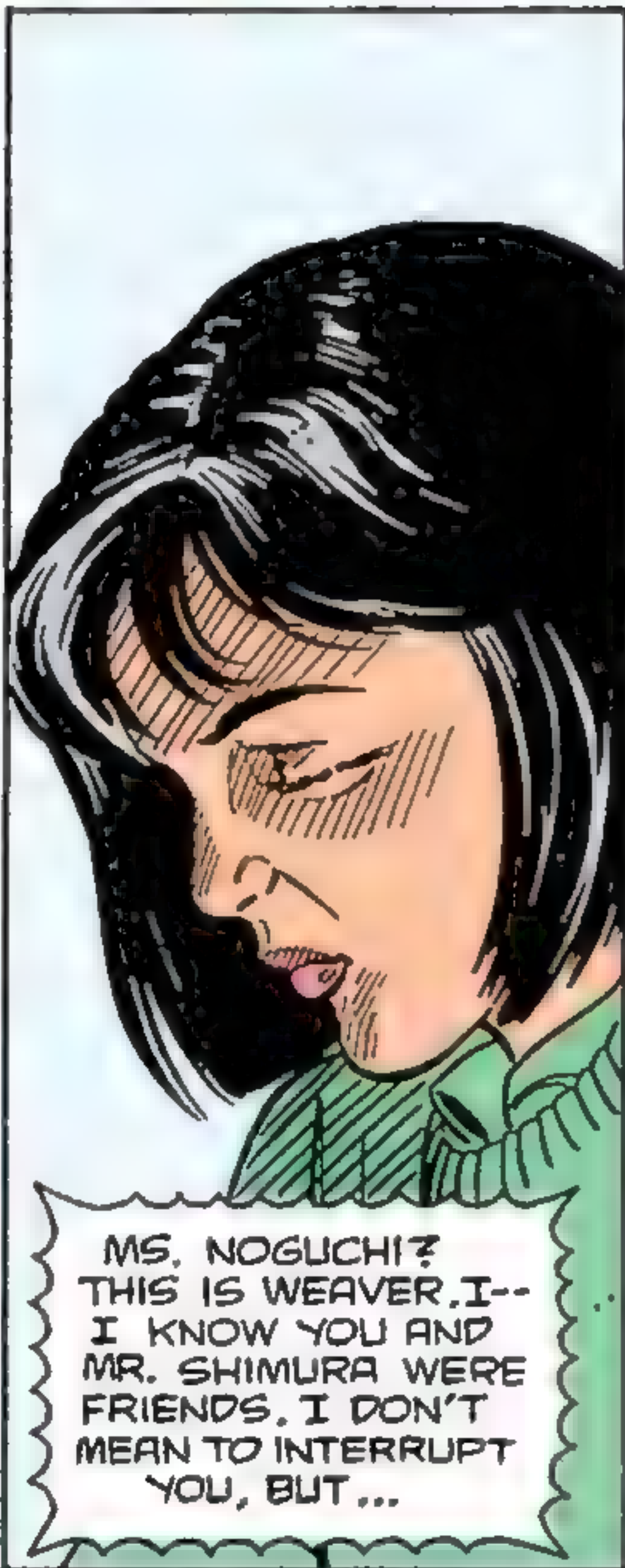
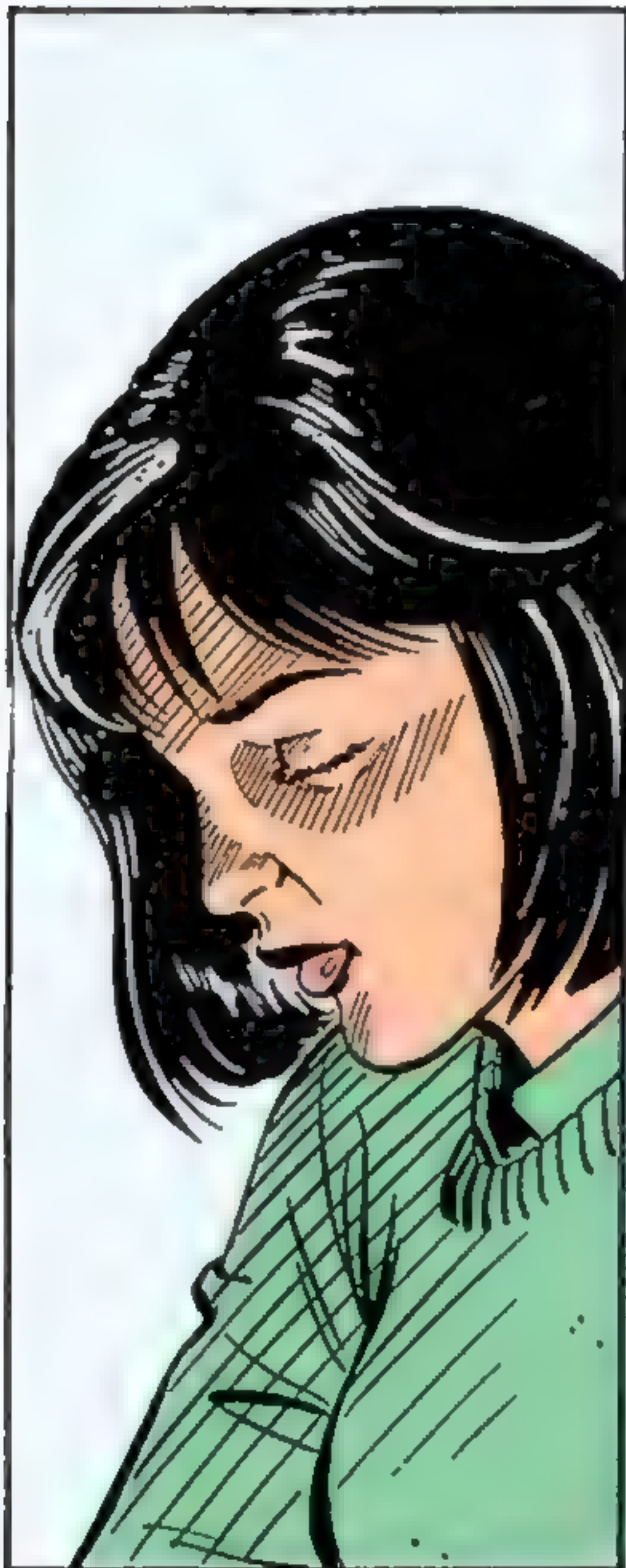




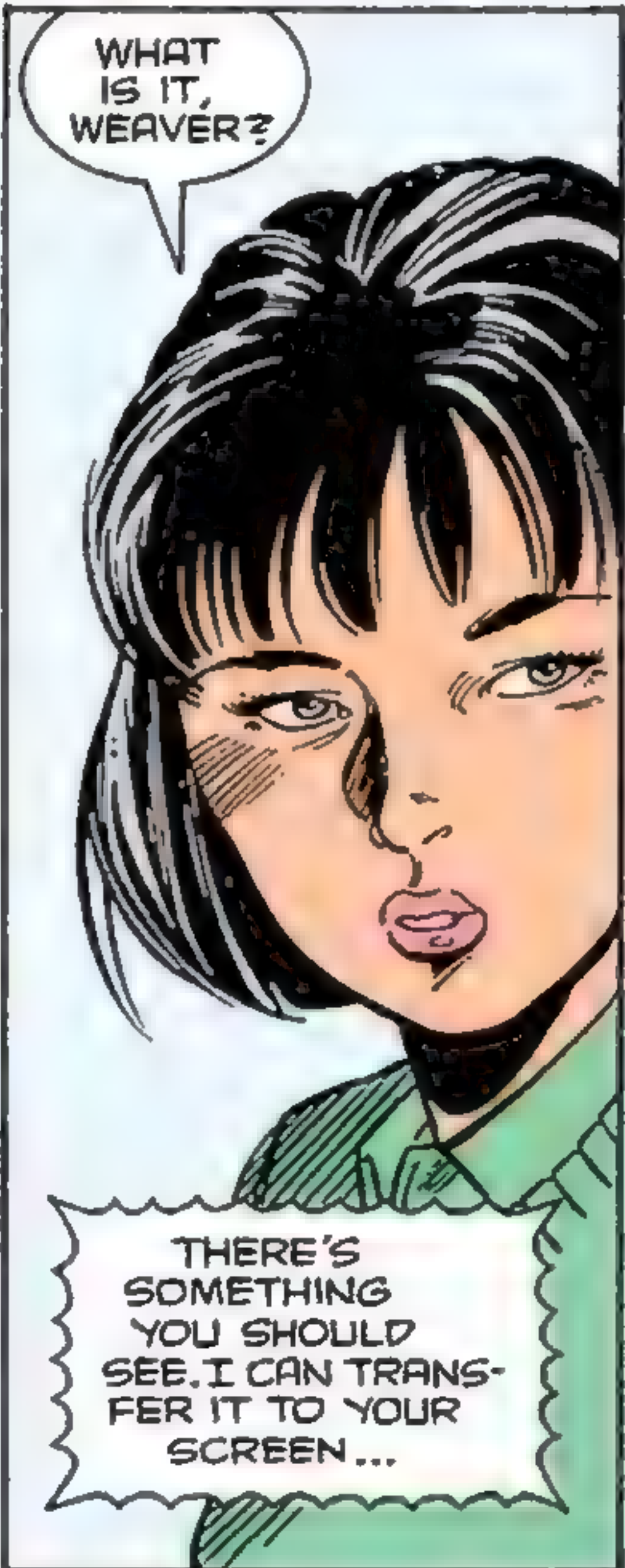


HIROKI AND HIS TEAM HAD GONE OUT AS HEROES. THEY'D SACRIFICED THEMSELVES FOR THE REST OF THE COLONY. BUT I HADN'T BEEN ABLE TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THEIR SACRIFICE.

I HAD SQUANDERED THE TIME THEY'D BOUGHT US. I HAD FAILED THE COLONY... AND I HAD FAILED HIROKI.

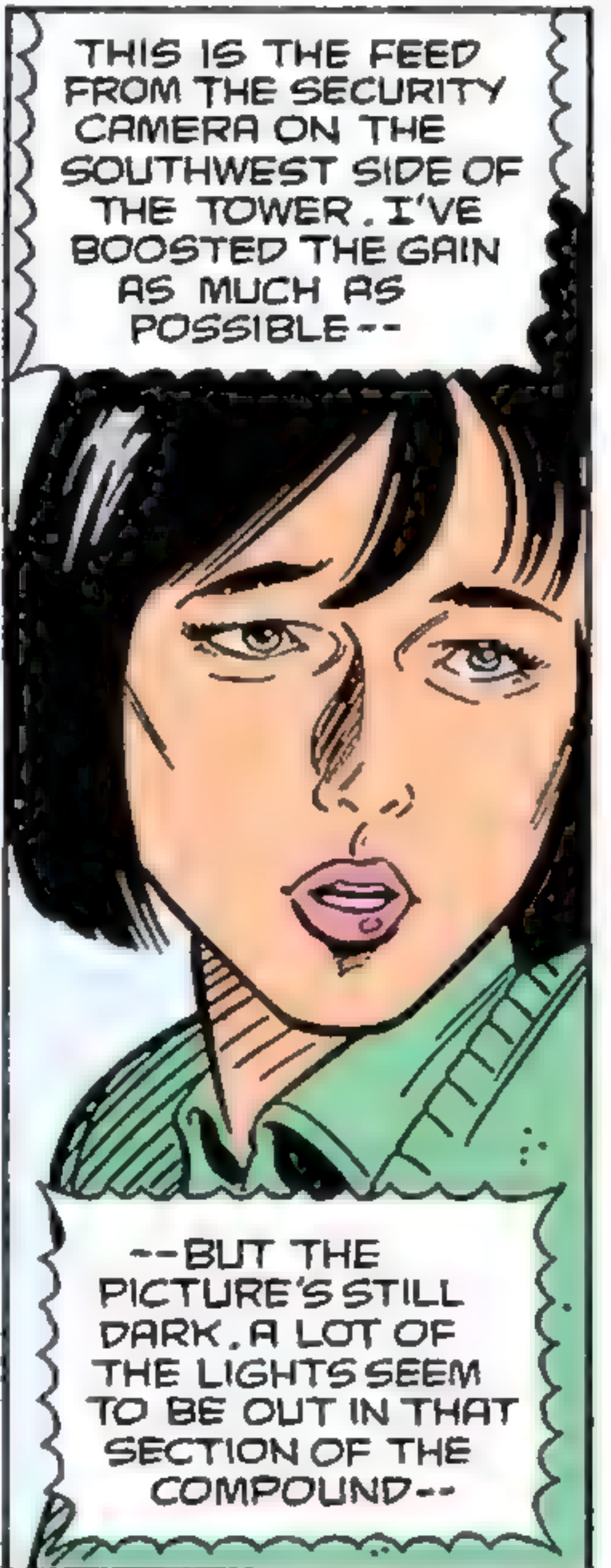


MS. NOGUCHI? THIS IS WEAVER. I-- I KNOW YOU AND MR. SHIMURA WERE FRIENDS. I DON'T MEAN TO INTERRUPT YOU, BUT...



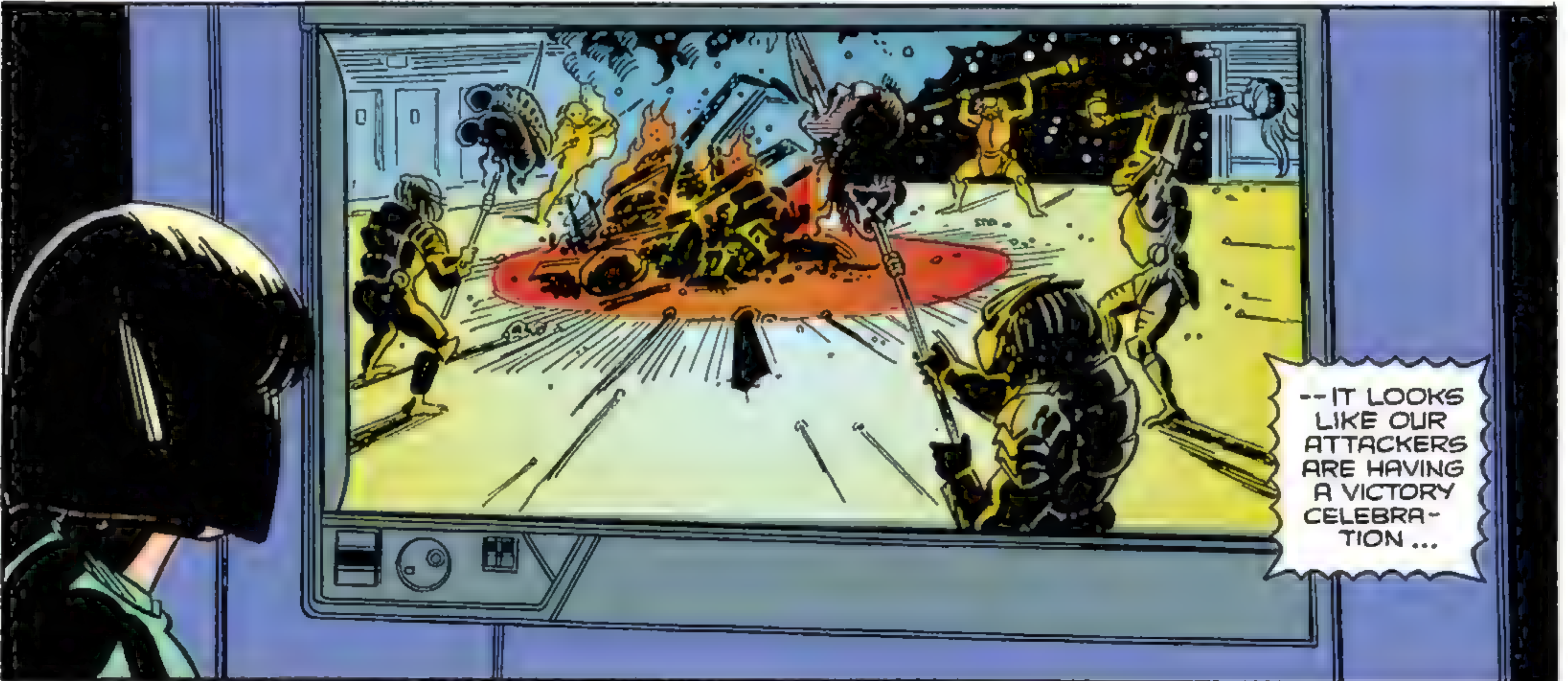
WHAT IS IT, WEAVER?

THERE'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD SEE. I CAN TRANSFER IT TO YOUR SCREEN...



THIS IS THE FEED FROM THE SECURITY CAMERA ON THE SOUTHWEST SIDE OF THE TOWER. I'VE BOOSTED THE GAIN AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE--

--BUT THE PICTURE'S STILL DARK. A LOT OF THE LIGHTS SEEM TO BE OUT IN THAT SECTION OF THE COMPOUND--

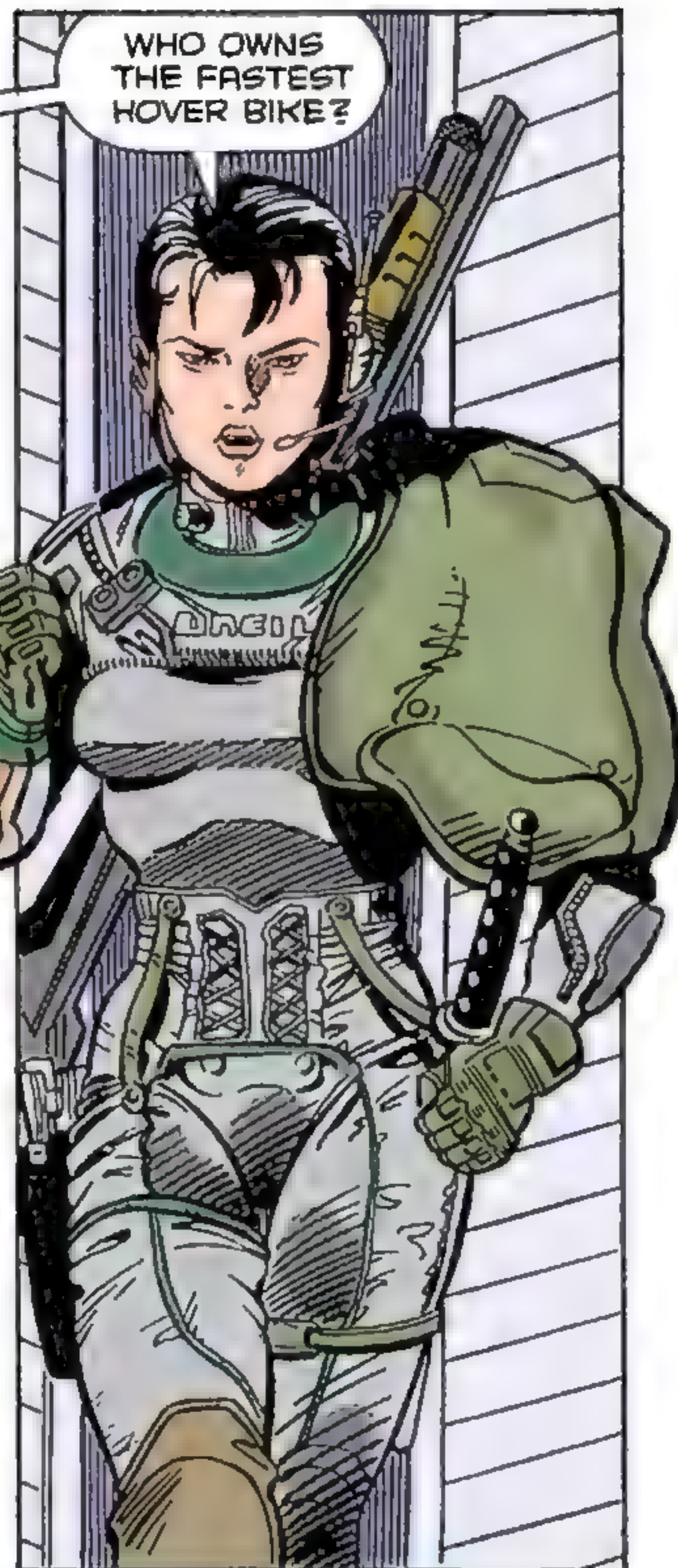


--IT LOOKS LIKE OUR ATTACKERS ARE HAVING A VICTORY CELEBRATION...



TEN CLIPS!
SHE'S NOT THINKIN'
OF GOING OUT
THERE, IS
SHE--?

YOU
GUESSED
IT.



WHO OWNS
THE FASTEST
HOVER BIKE?



I...I
GUESS
I DO.

WHERE'S
IT
PARKED?

EAST
LOCK. KEY'S
IN THE IG-
NITION.



THAT'S IT? YOU'RE
TAKING OFF? WHAT
ABOUT THE *REST* OF
US? I THOUGHT YOU
WERE SUPPOSED TO
BE *IN CHARGE*--
WHERE'S YOUR SENSE
OF *RESPONSIBILITY*?



SMACK!

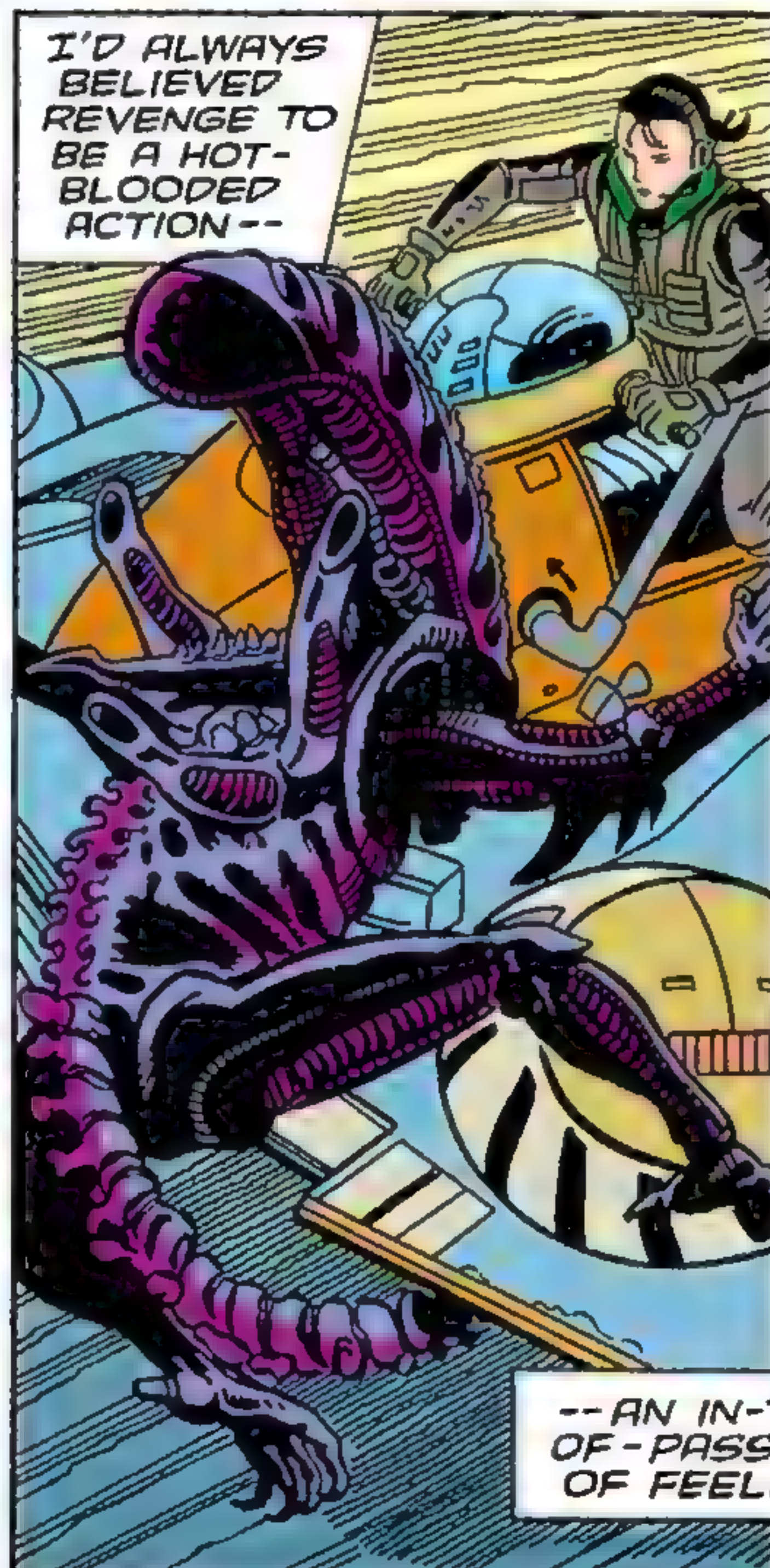
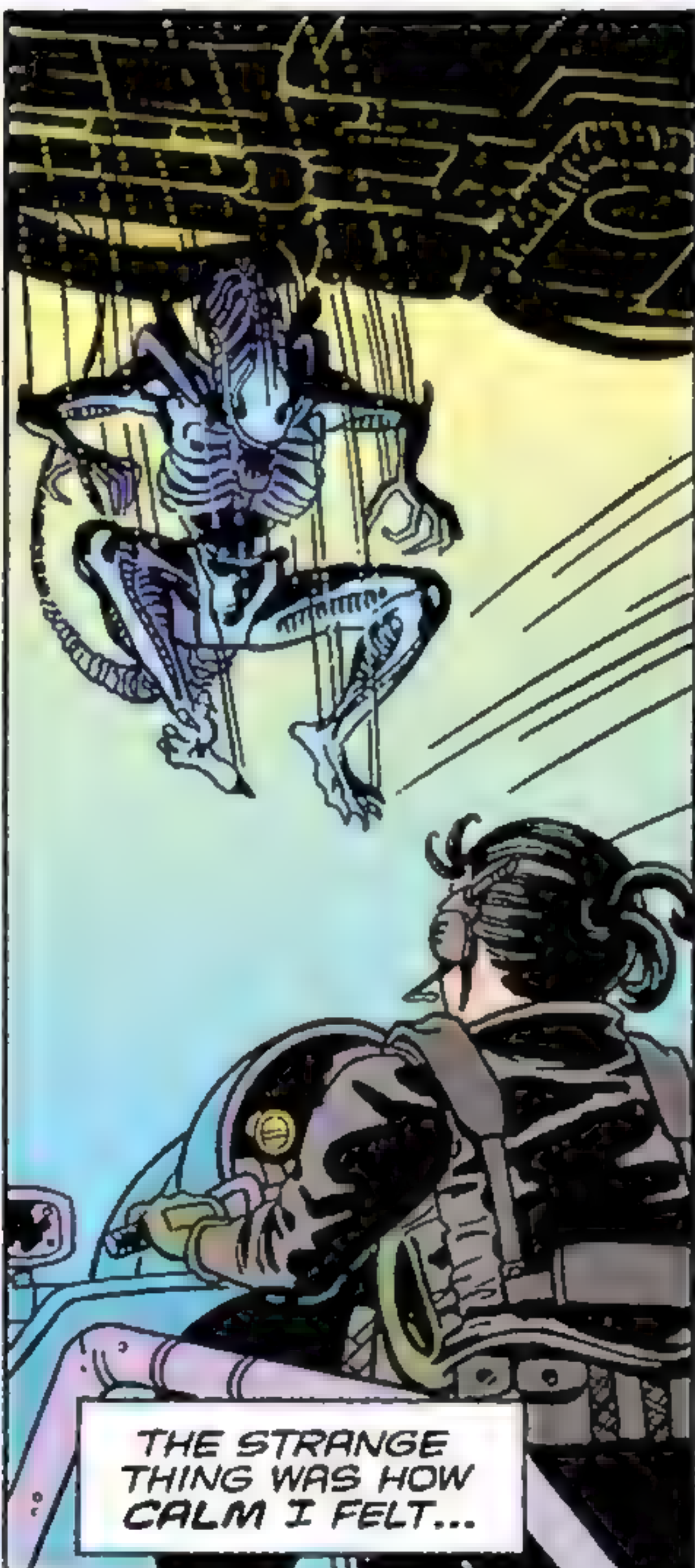
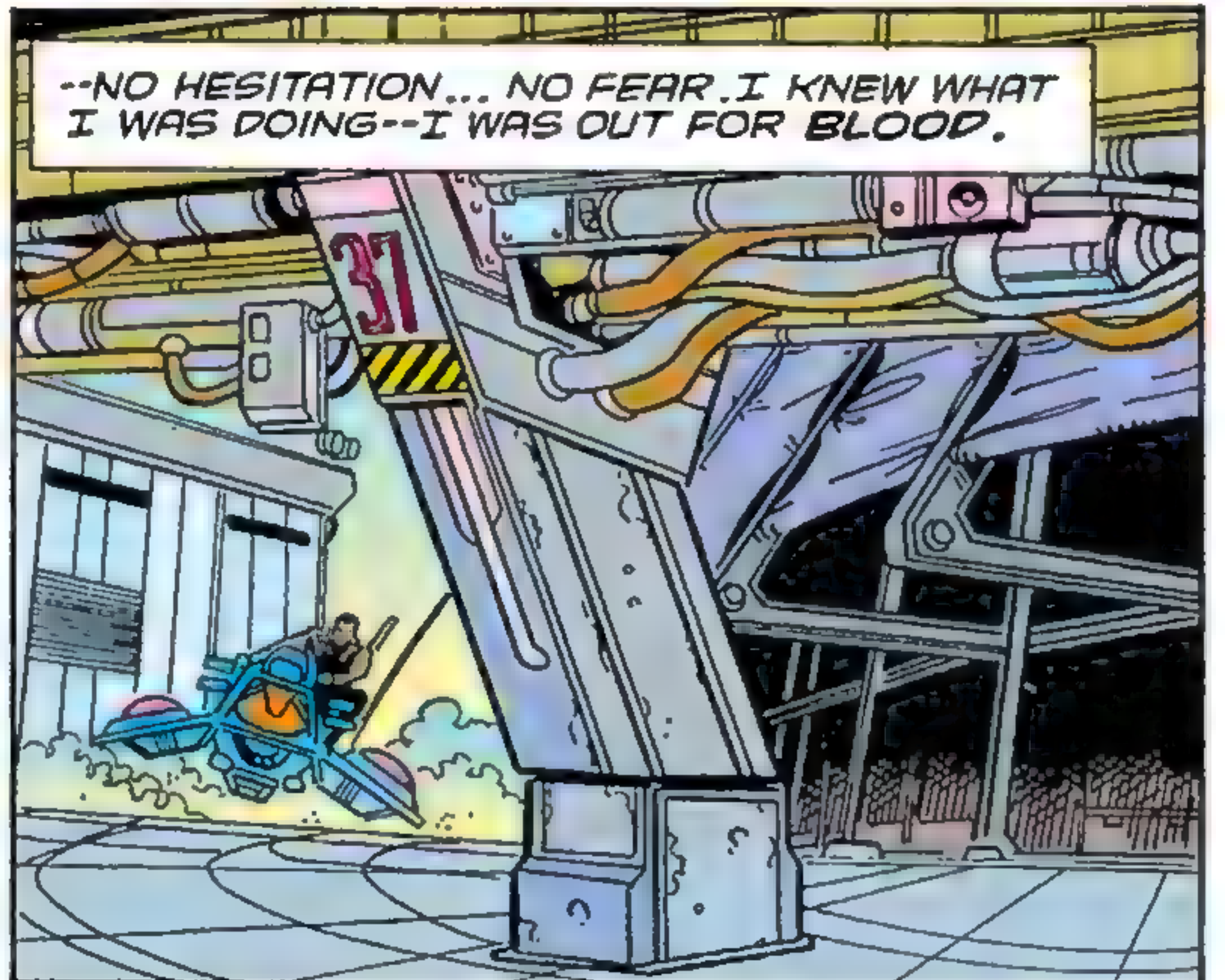
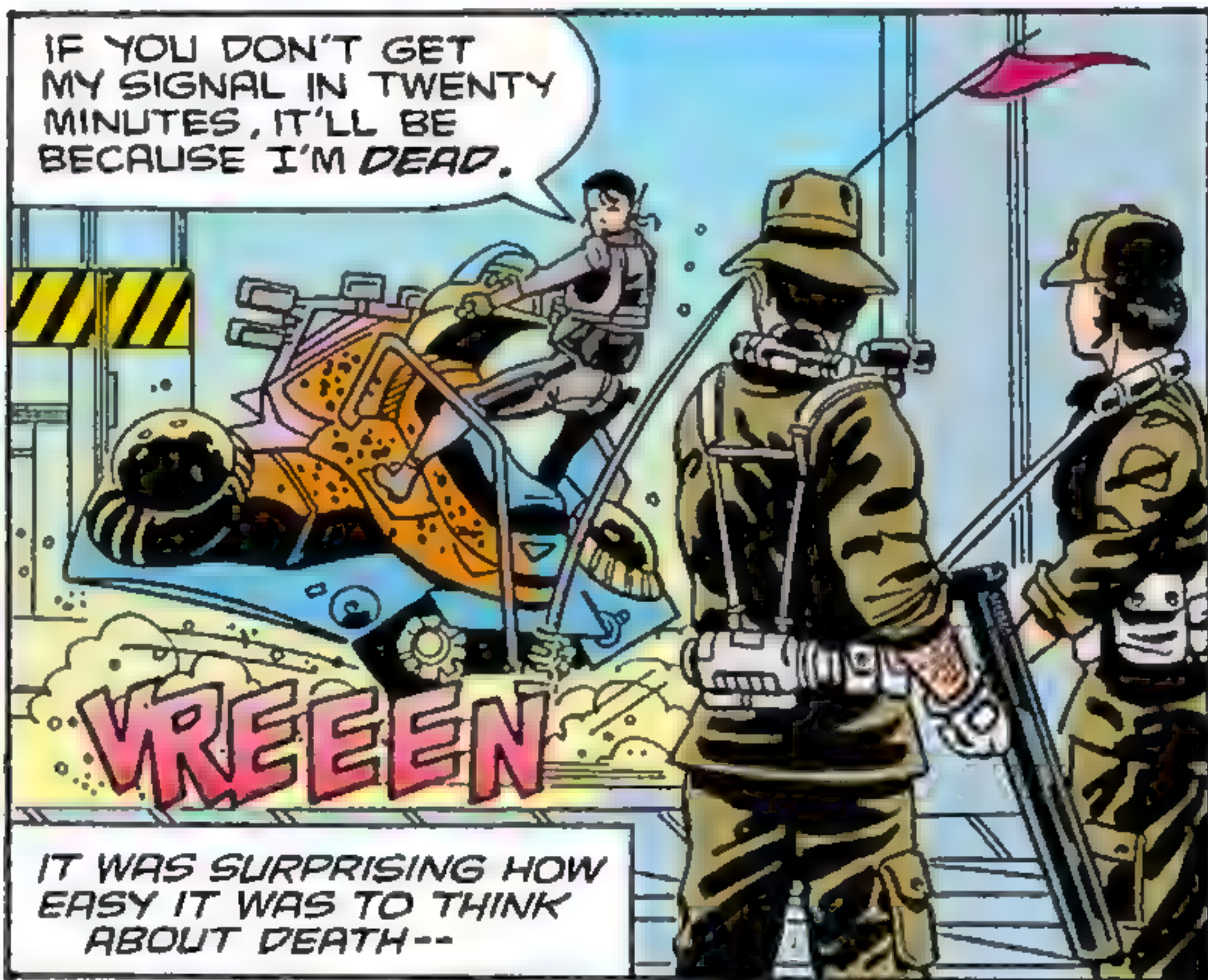
RESPONSIBILITY?!
HIROKI IS DEAD, AND
THIS WHOLE MESS
IS *YOUR FAULT*,
ACKLAND--

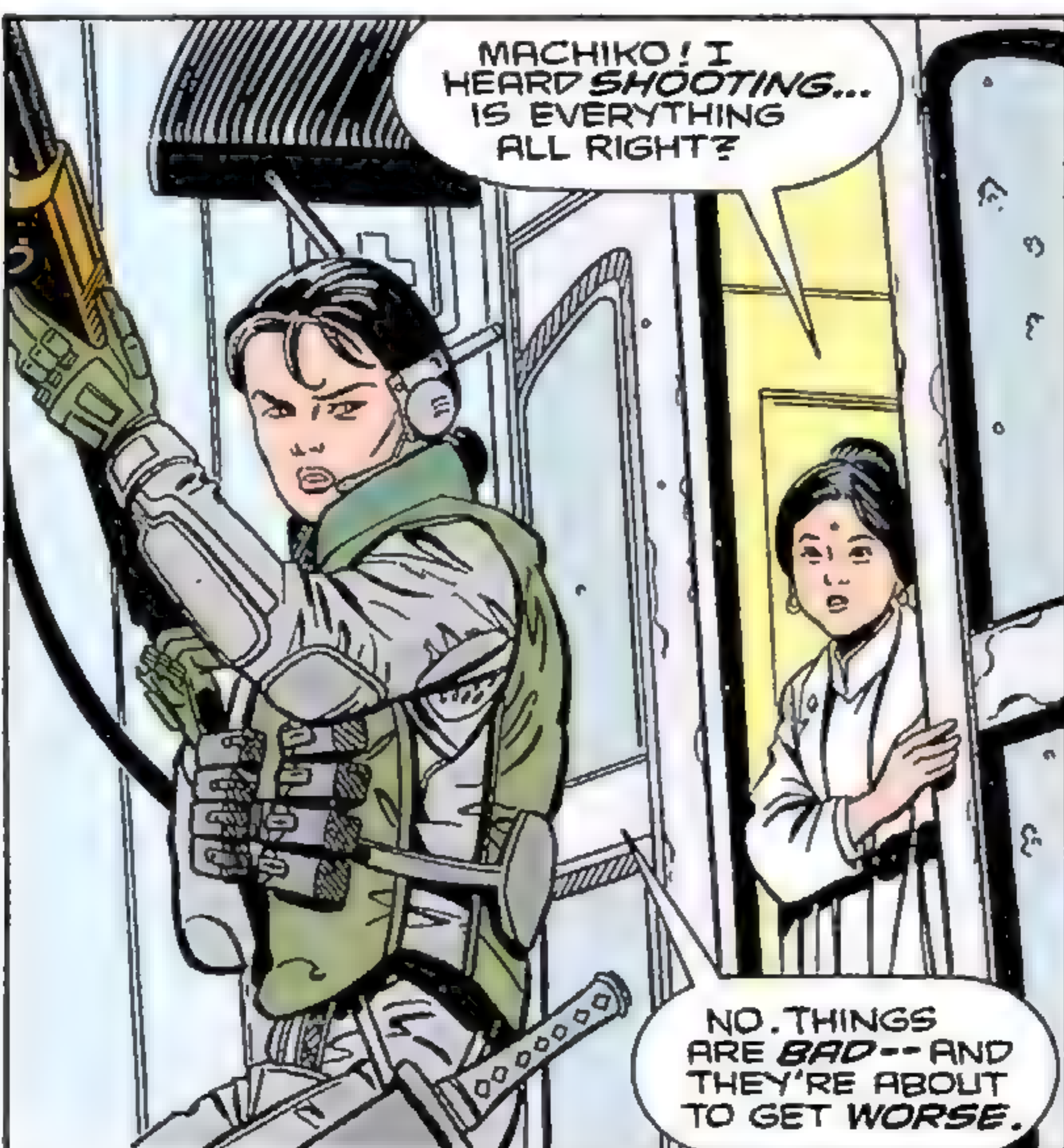
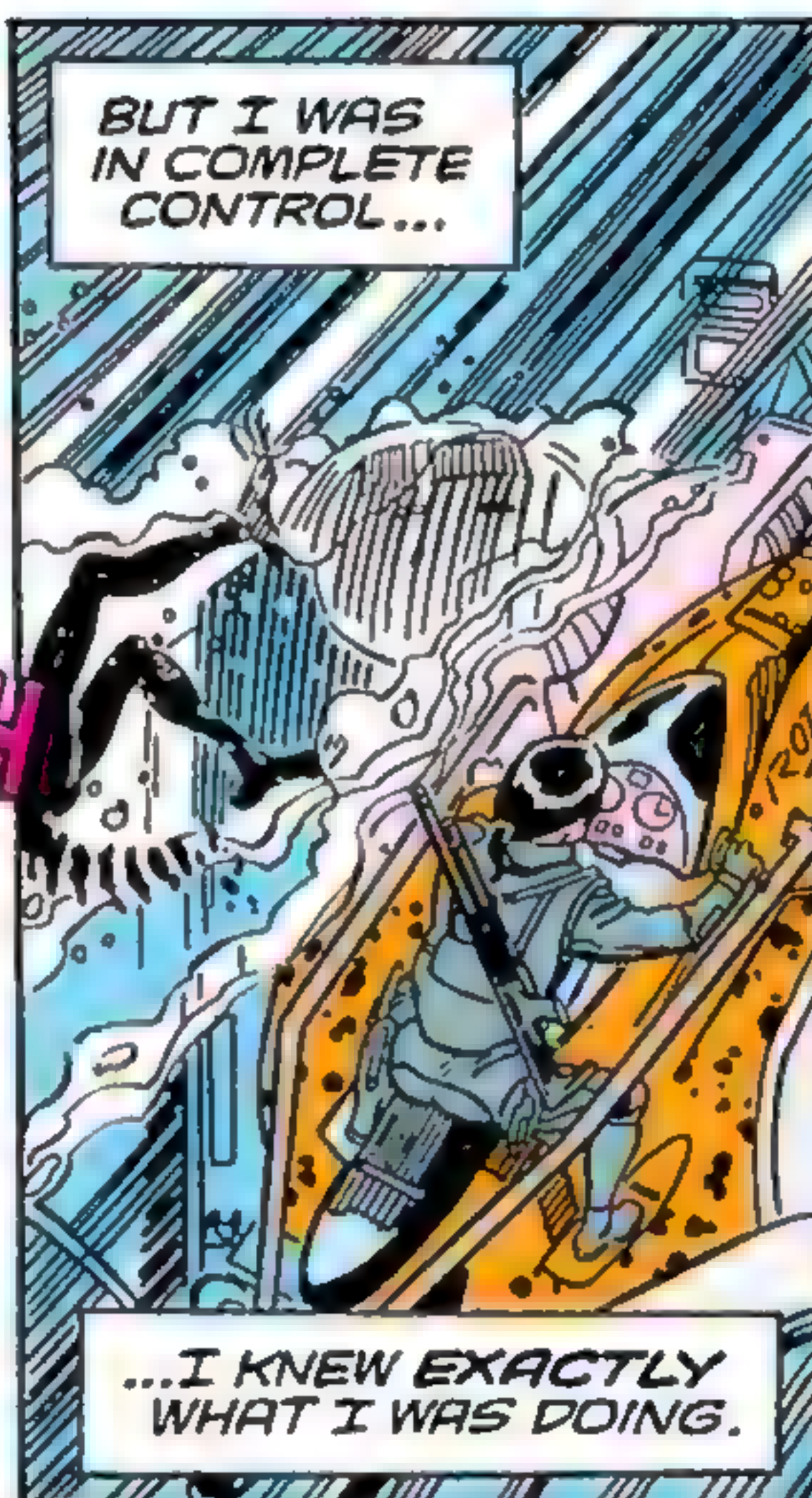
-- IF WE
LIVE
THROUGH
THIS,
YOU'RE
GOING TO
FIND OUT
WHAT HAP-
PENS TO
PEOPLE WHO
ARE *RE-
SPONSIBLE!*

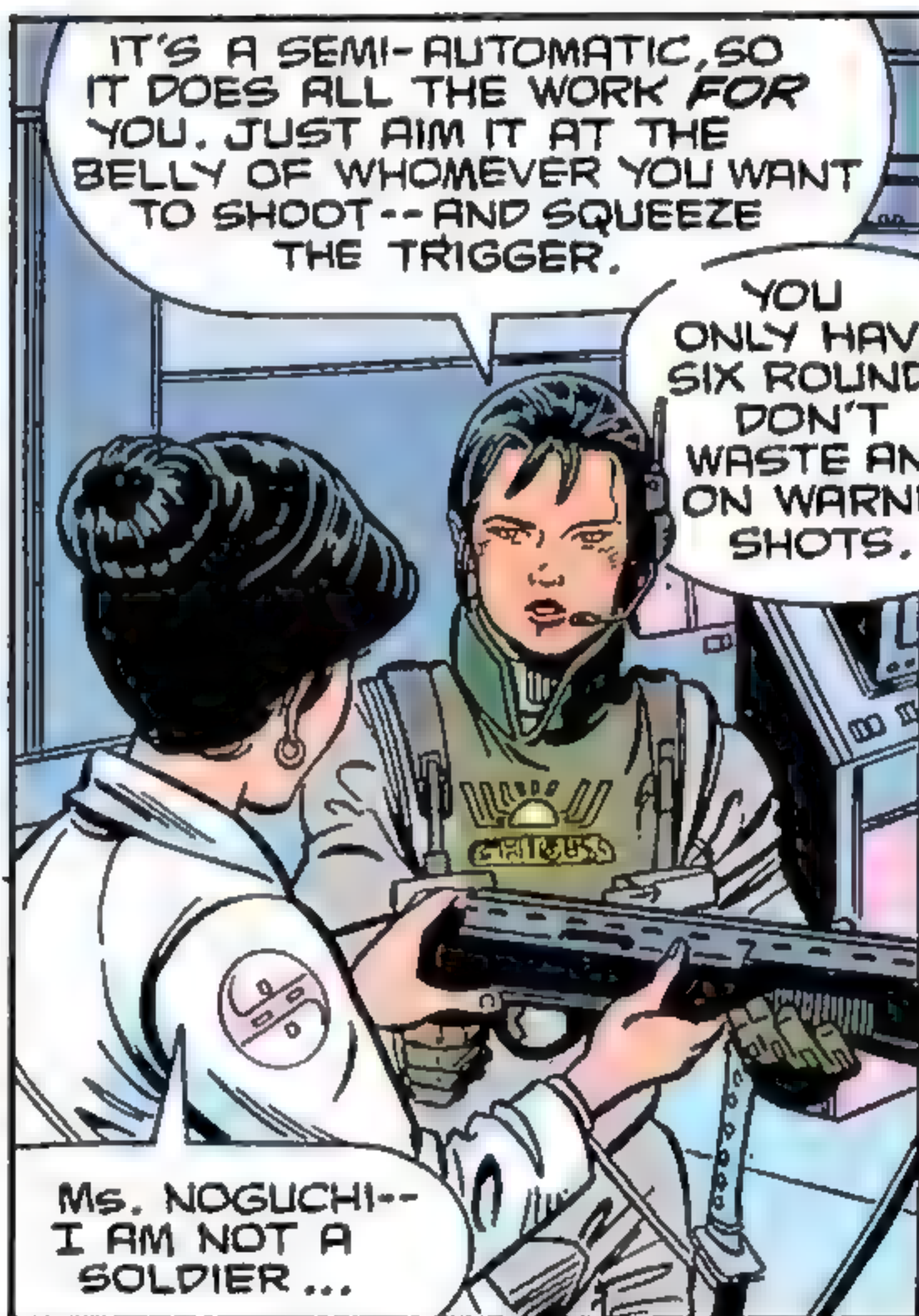


WEAVER'S IN
CHARGE UNTIL I
GET BACK. YOU'LL
FOLLOW HER
ORDERS--*TO
THE LETTER.*

DO I
MAKE MYSELF
CLEAR?







IT'S A SEMI-AUTOMATIC, SO IT DOES ALL THE WORK **FOR** YOU. JUST AIM IT AT THE BELLY OF WHOMEVER YOU WANT TO SHOOT--AND SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER.

YOU ONLY HAVE SIX ROUNDS--DON'T WASTE ANY ON WARNING SHOTS.

MS. NOGUCHI-- I AM NOT A SOLDIER ...



THIS ISN'T A WAR, MIRIAM. THIS IS **SURVIVAL**.

W-WHO MIGHT I BE SHOOTING AT?

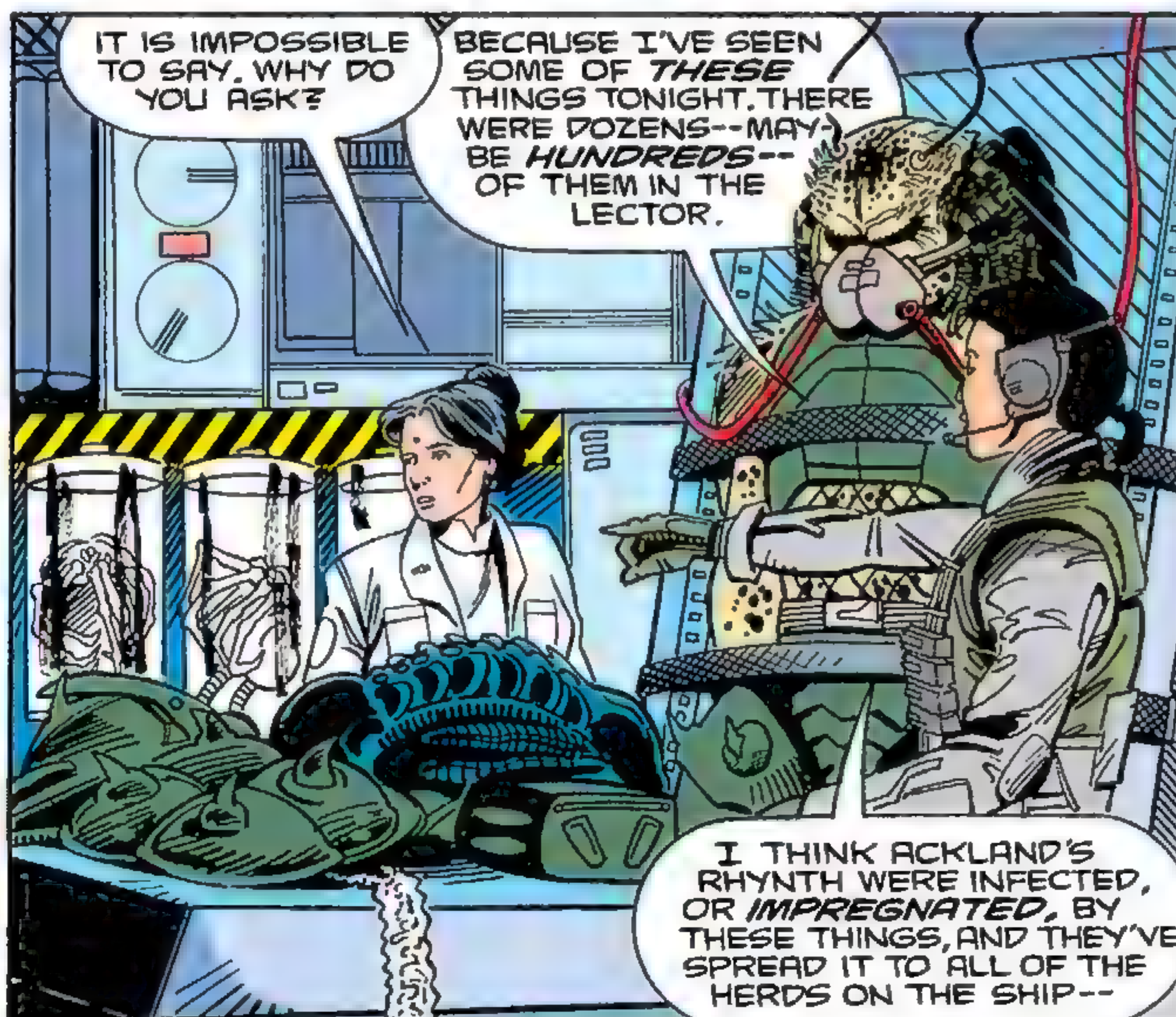


DON'T WORRY-- YOU'LL KNOW WHEN THE TIME COMES.



TELL ME, MIRIAM, THE UNCLASSIFIEDS ROTH BROUGHT YOU--KESAR'S REPORT SAID HE THOUGHT THEY MIGHT TRANSMIT EGGS, OR SPORES, TO HOST BODIES.

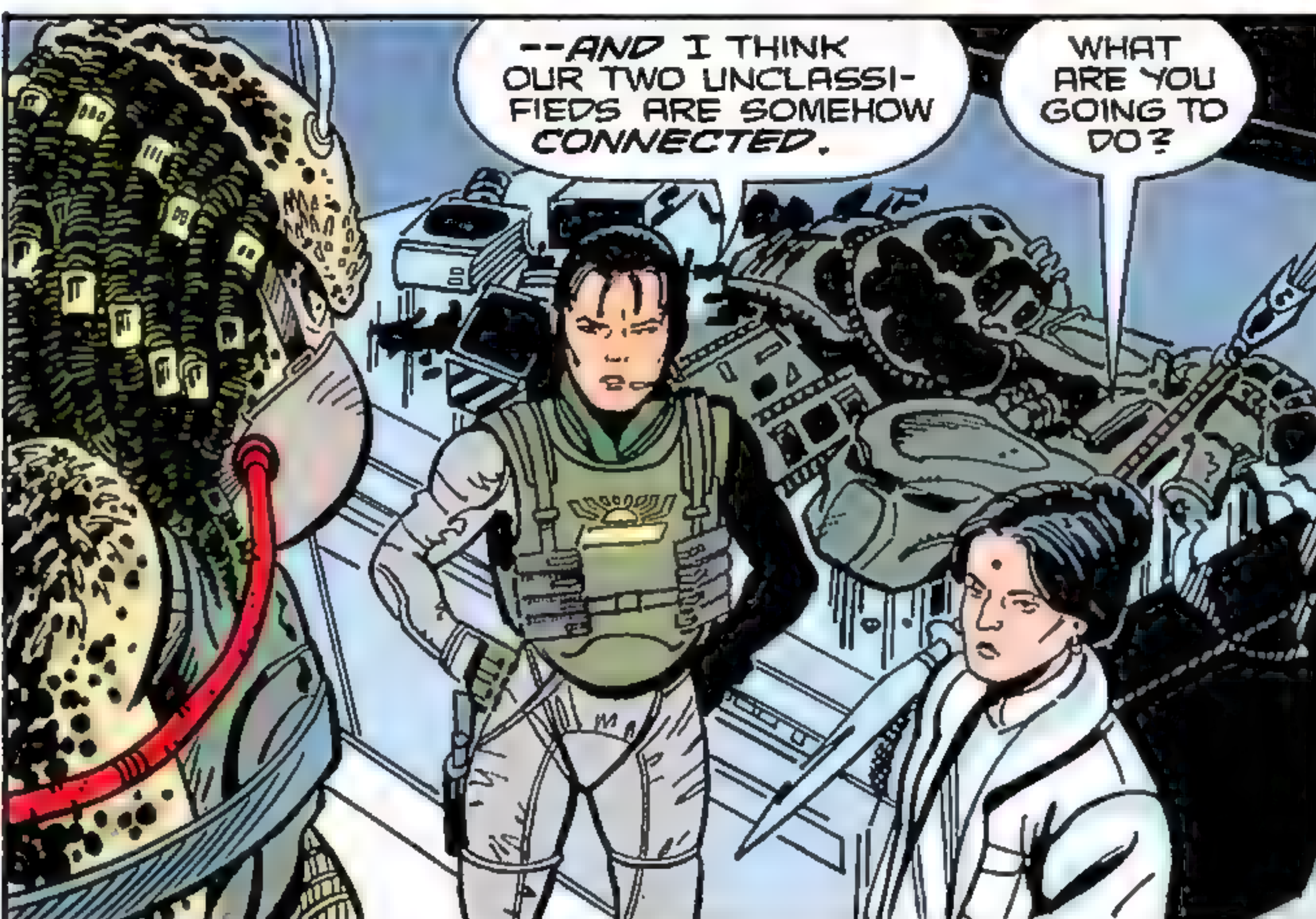
IS IT POSSIBLE THAT WHEN THOSE SPORES GREW UP, THEY'D LOOK LIKE THIS?



IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO SAY. WHY DO YOU ASK?

BECAUSE I'VE SEEN SOME OF **THESE** THINGS TONIGHT. THERE WERE DOZENS--MAYBE **HUNDREDS**--OF THEM IN THE LECTOR.

I THINK ACKLAND'S RHYNTH WERE INFECTED, OR **IMPREGNATED**, BY THESE THINGS, AND THEY'VE SPREAD IT TO ALL OF THE HERDS ON THE SHIP--



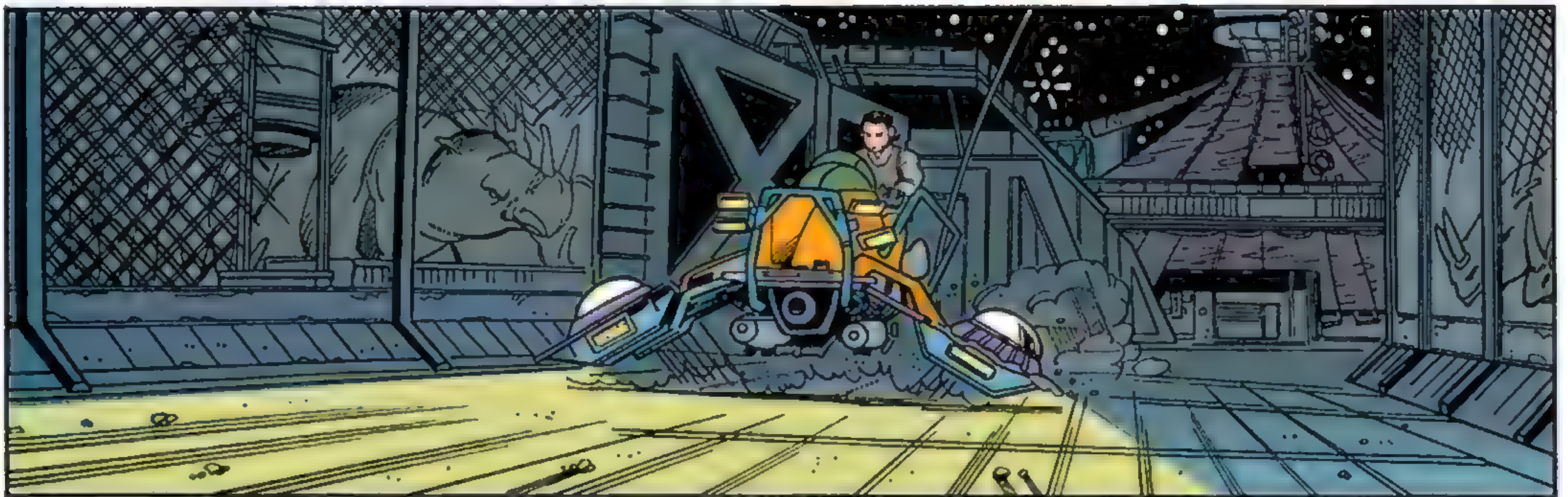
--AND I THINK OUR TWO UNCLASSIFIEDS ARE SOMEHOW **CONNECTED**.

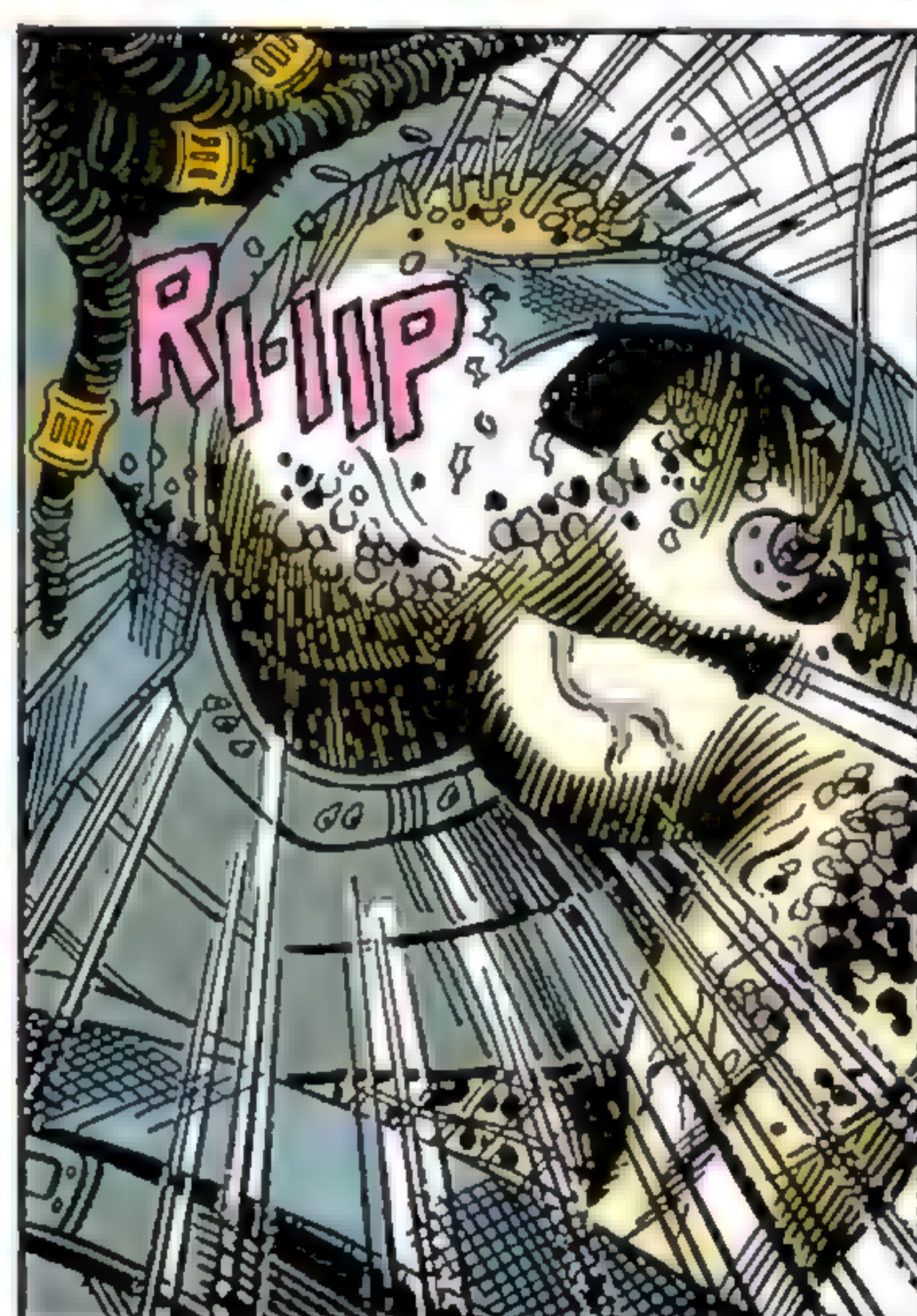
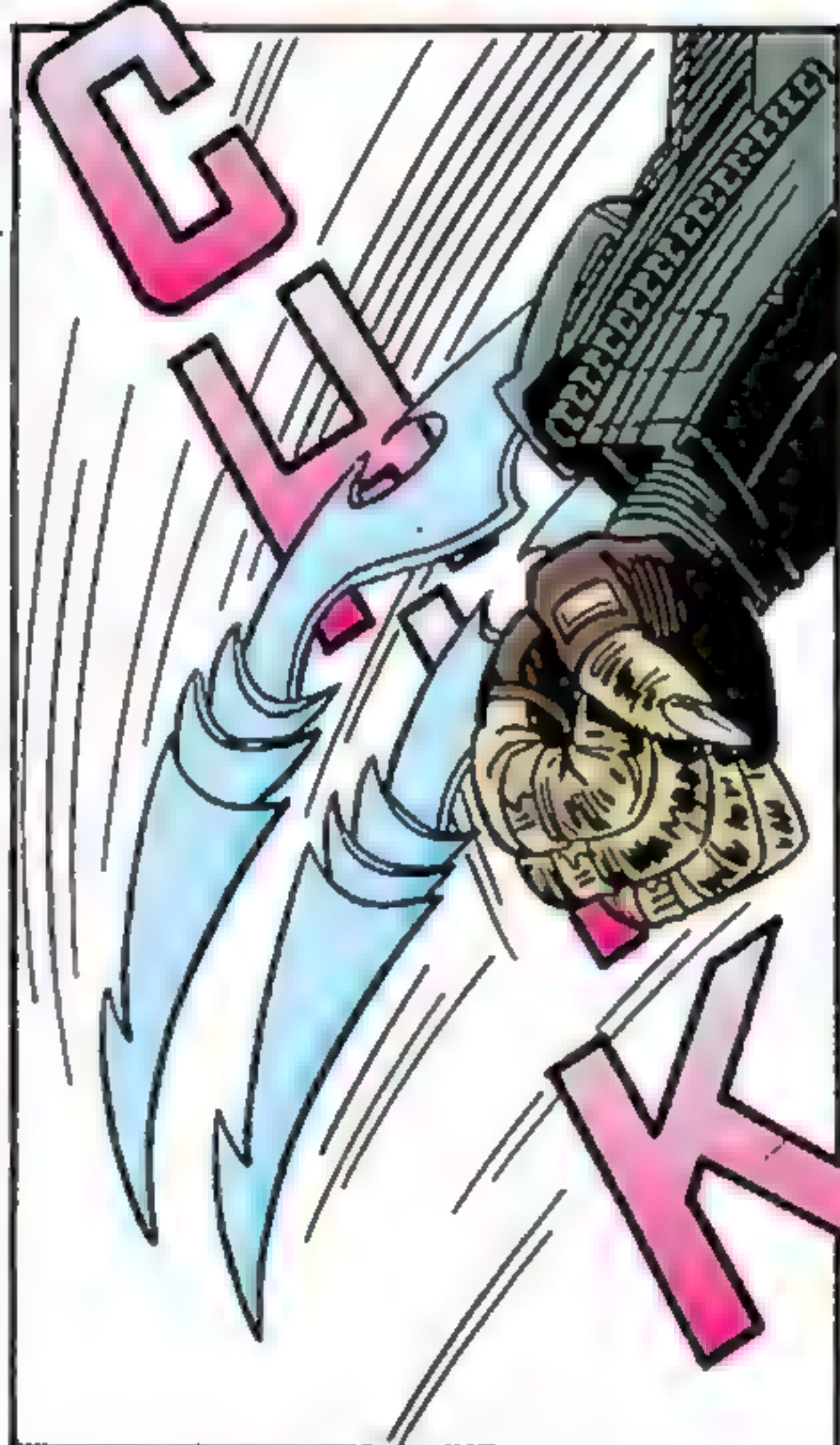
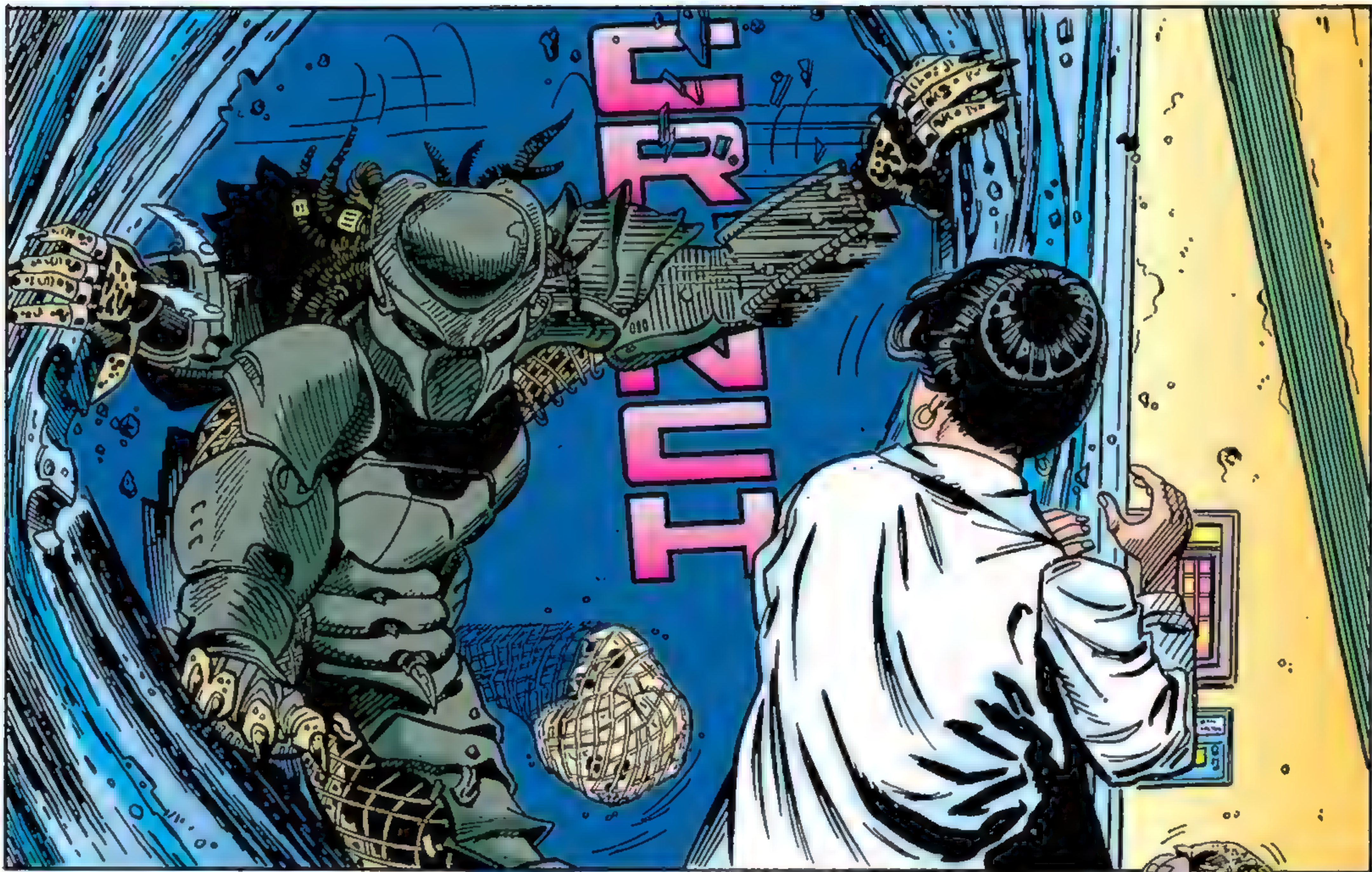
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

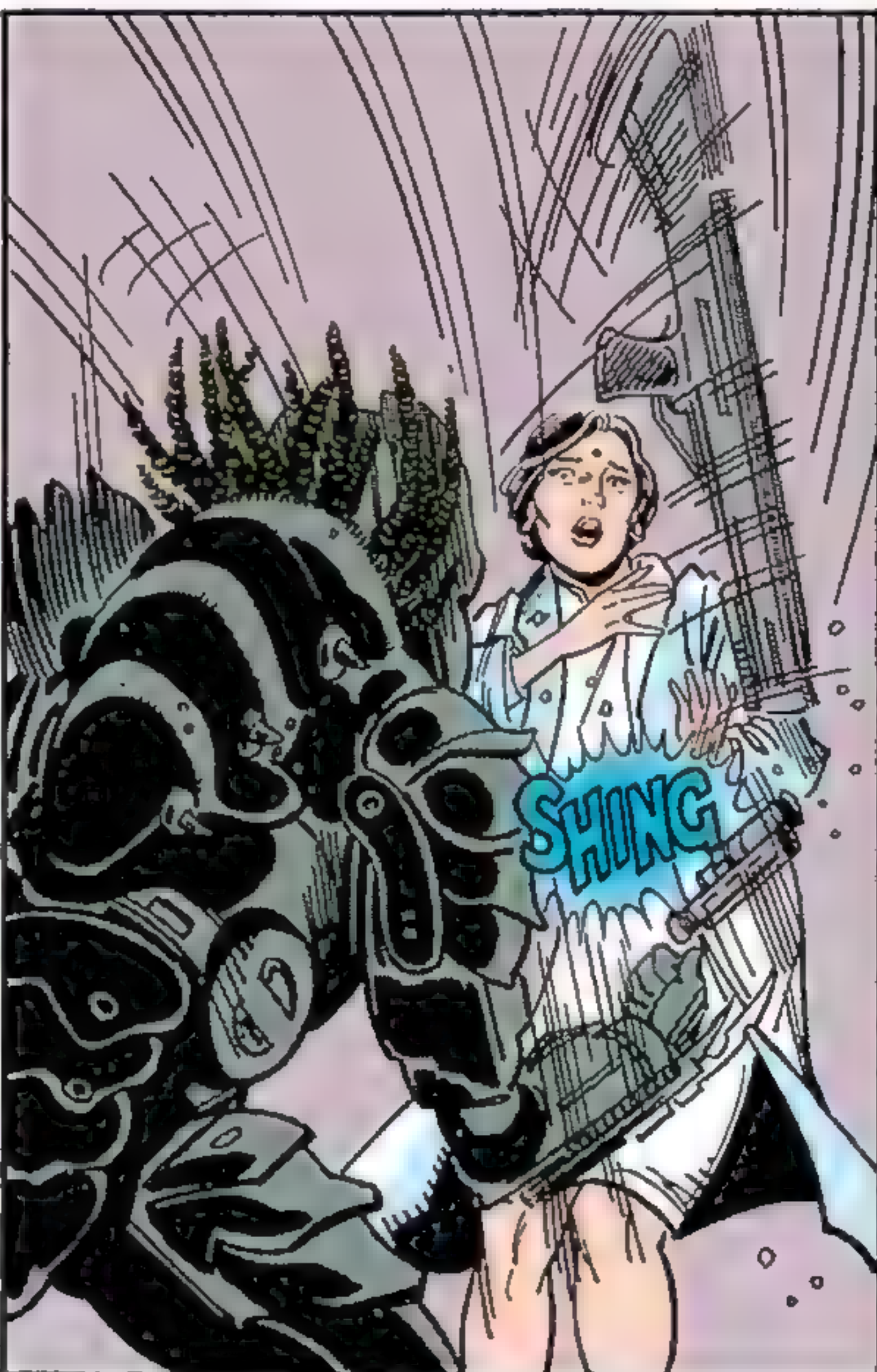
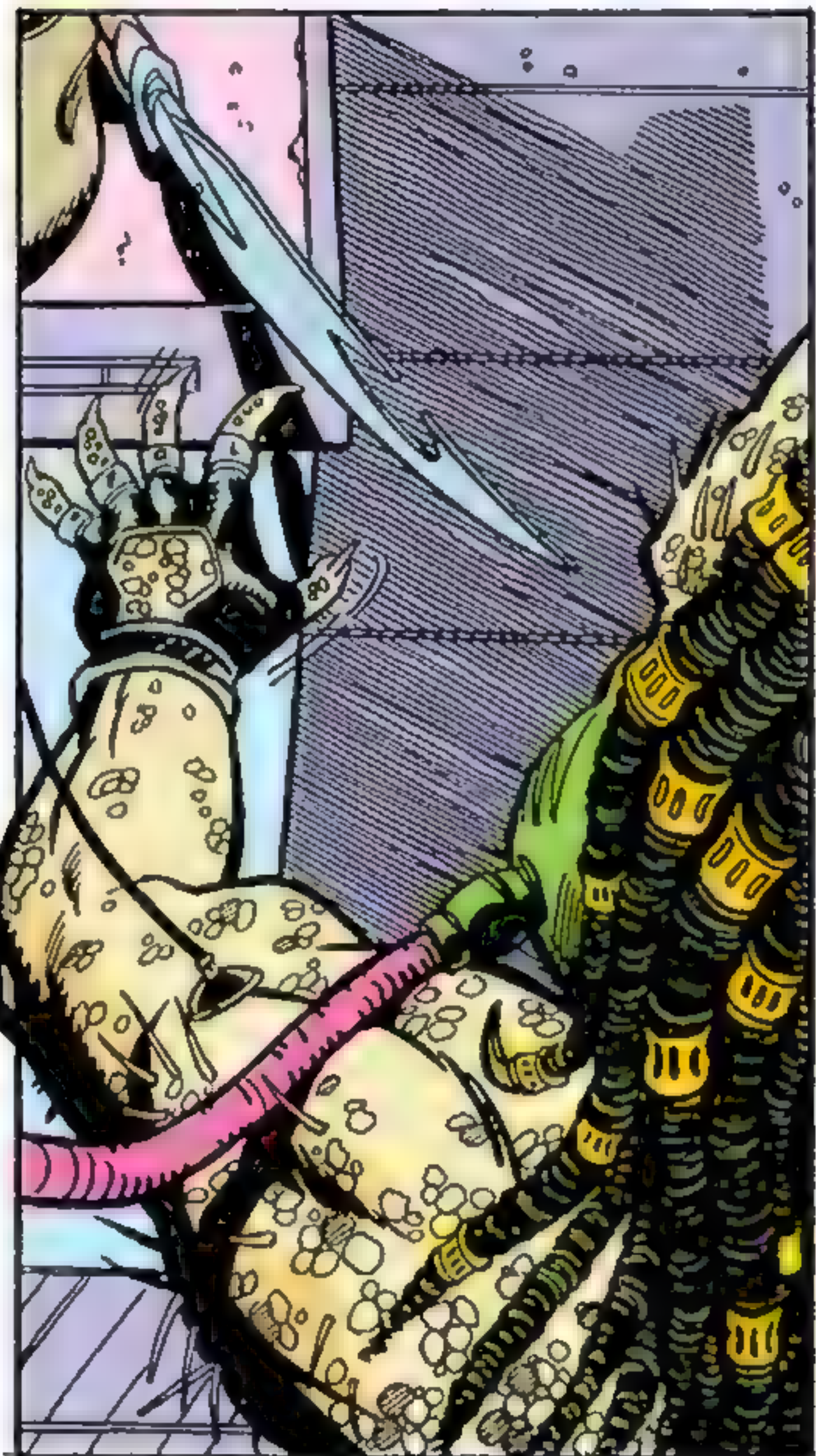
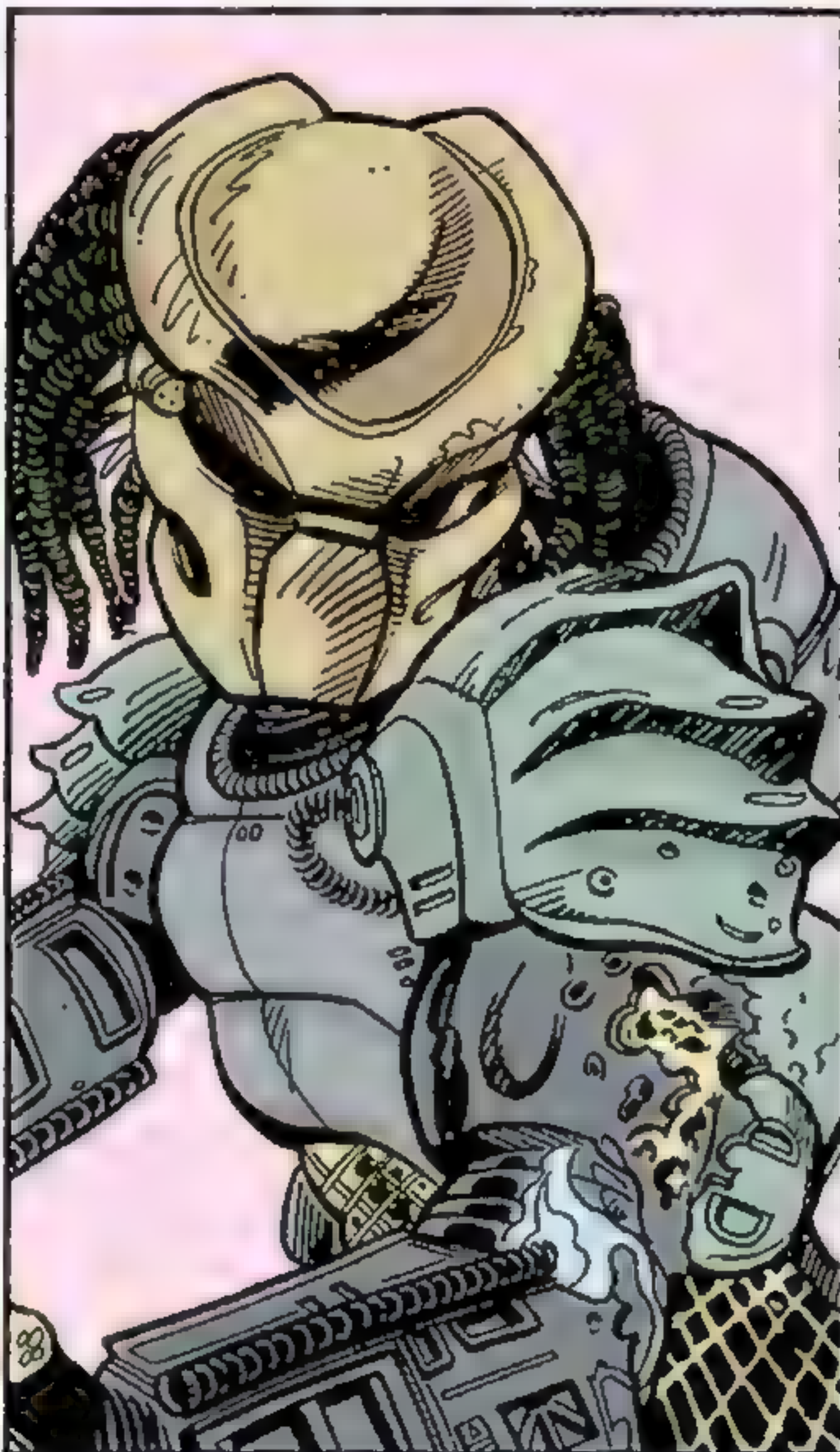
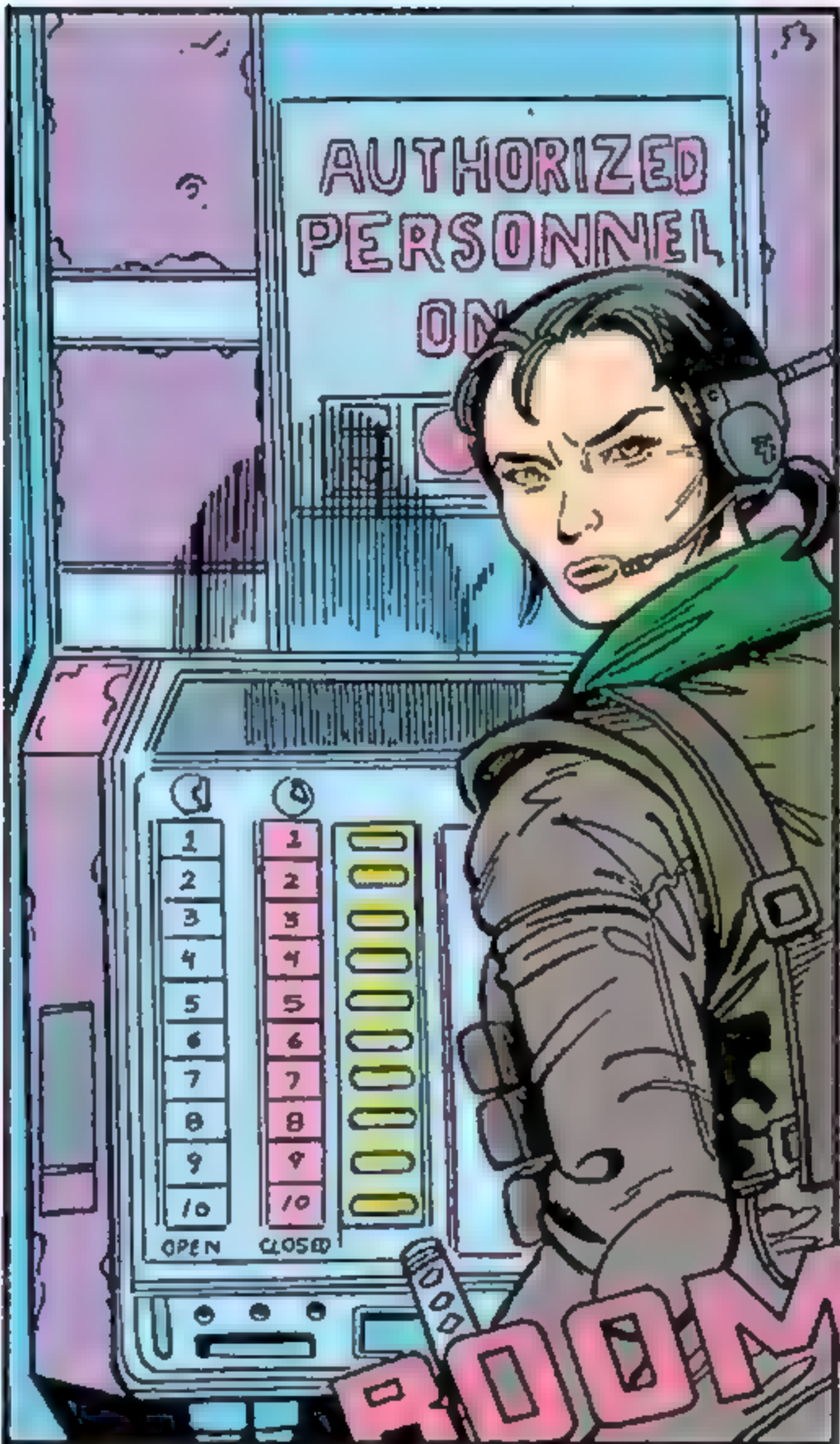


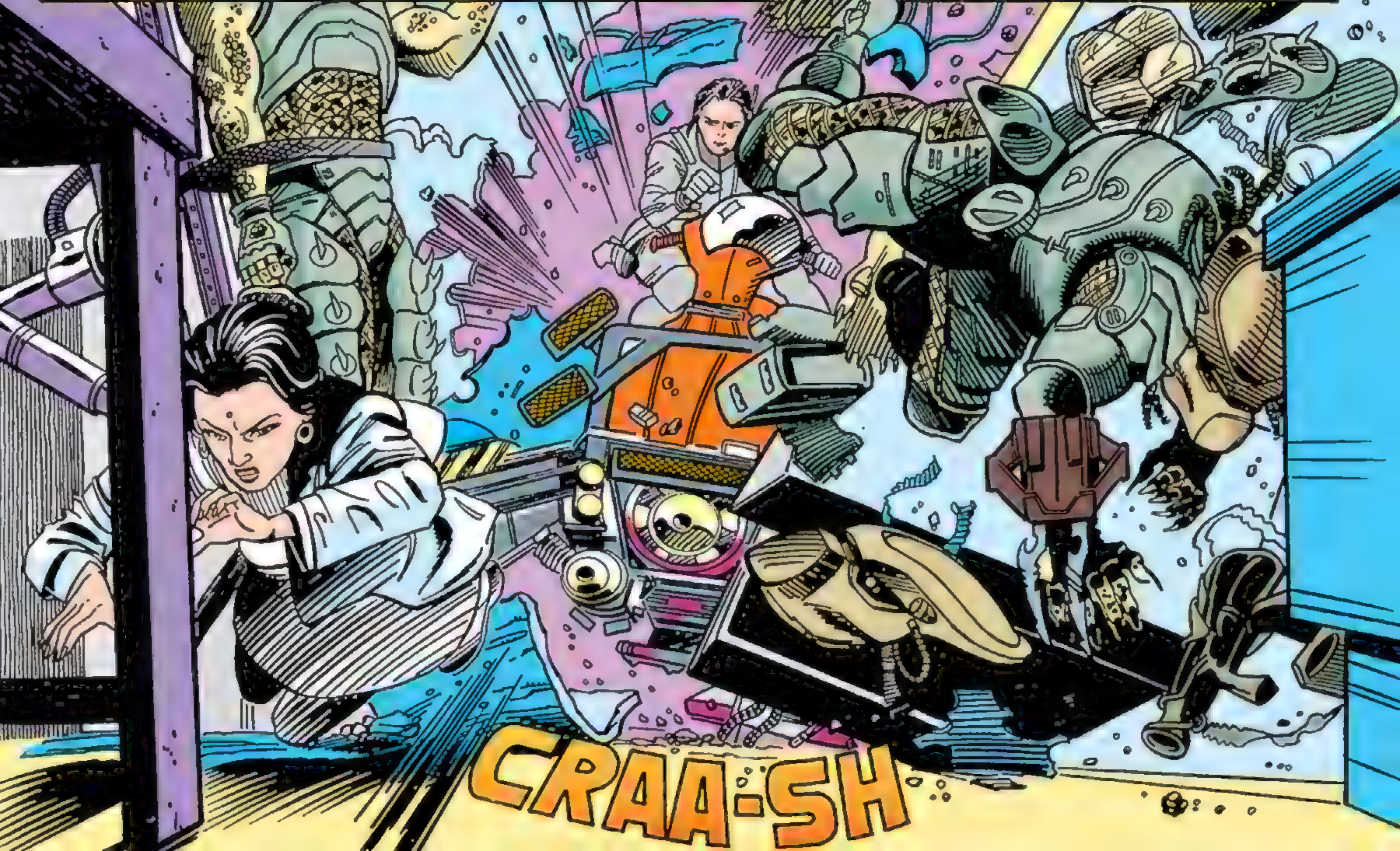
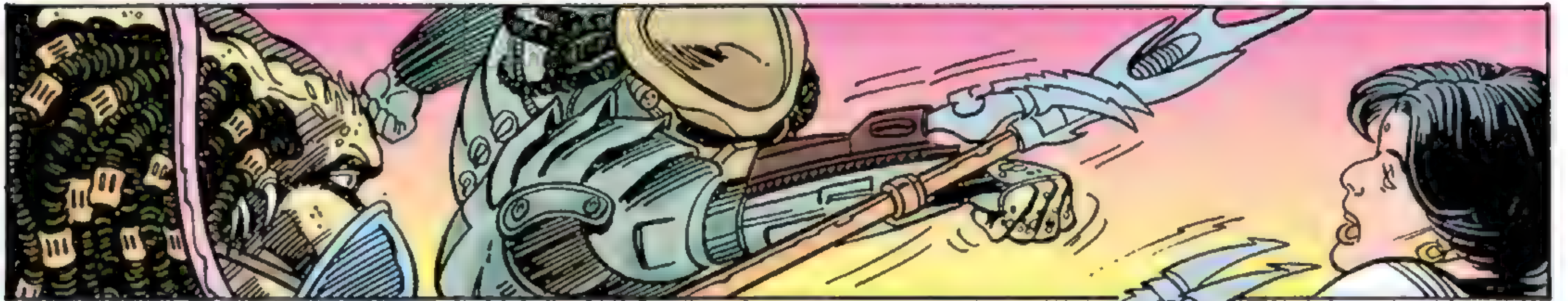
YOU KNOW RHYNTH TEMPERAMENT, RIGHT? I'VE GOT THREE THOUSAND HEAD THAT HAVE BEEN CRAMMED INTO HOLDING PENS SINCE LAST NIGHT--

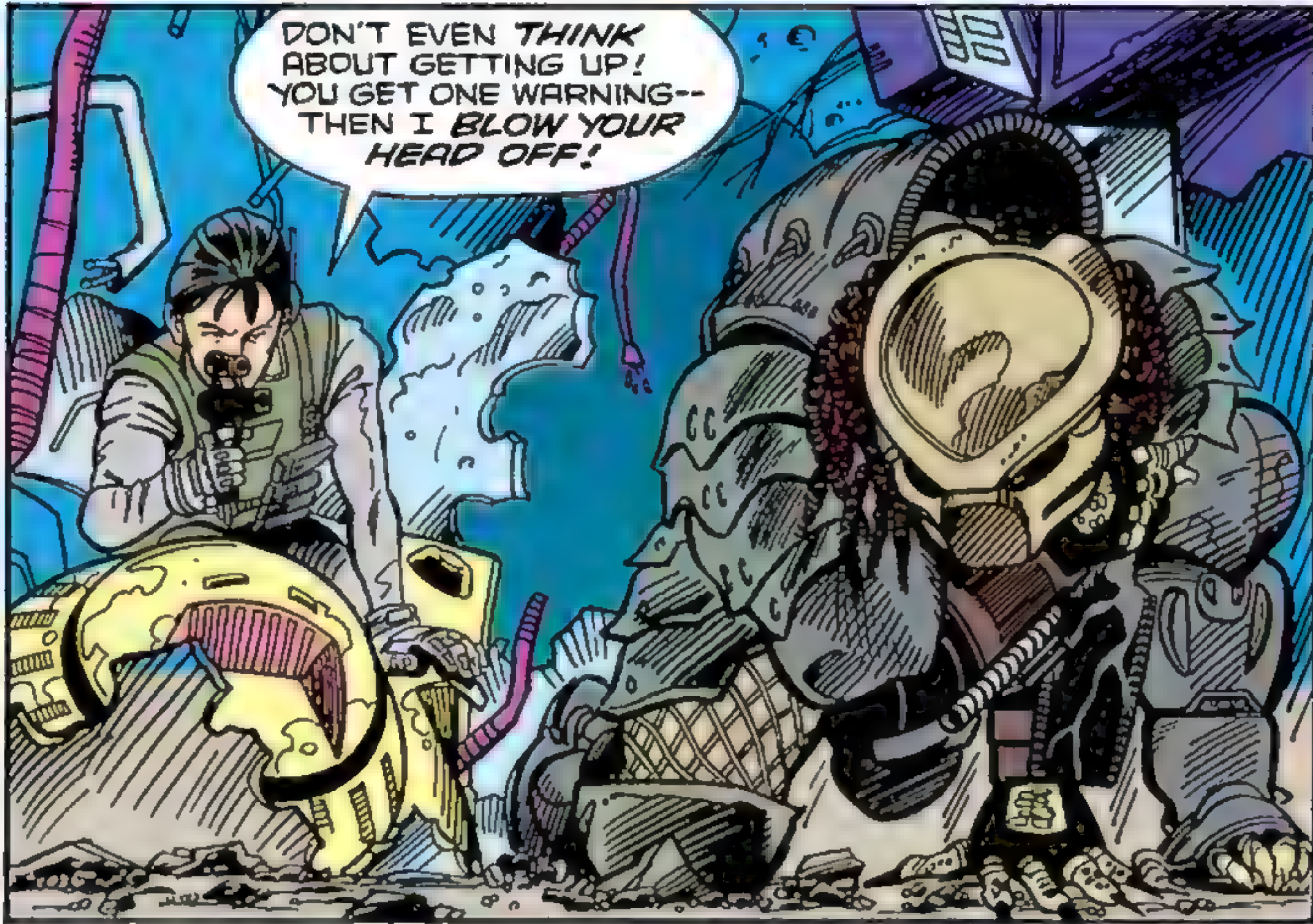
--WHAT KIND OF MOOD DO YOU THINK THEY'RE IN **RIGHT NOW**?









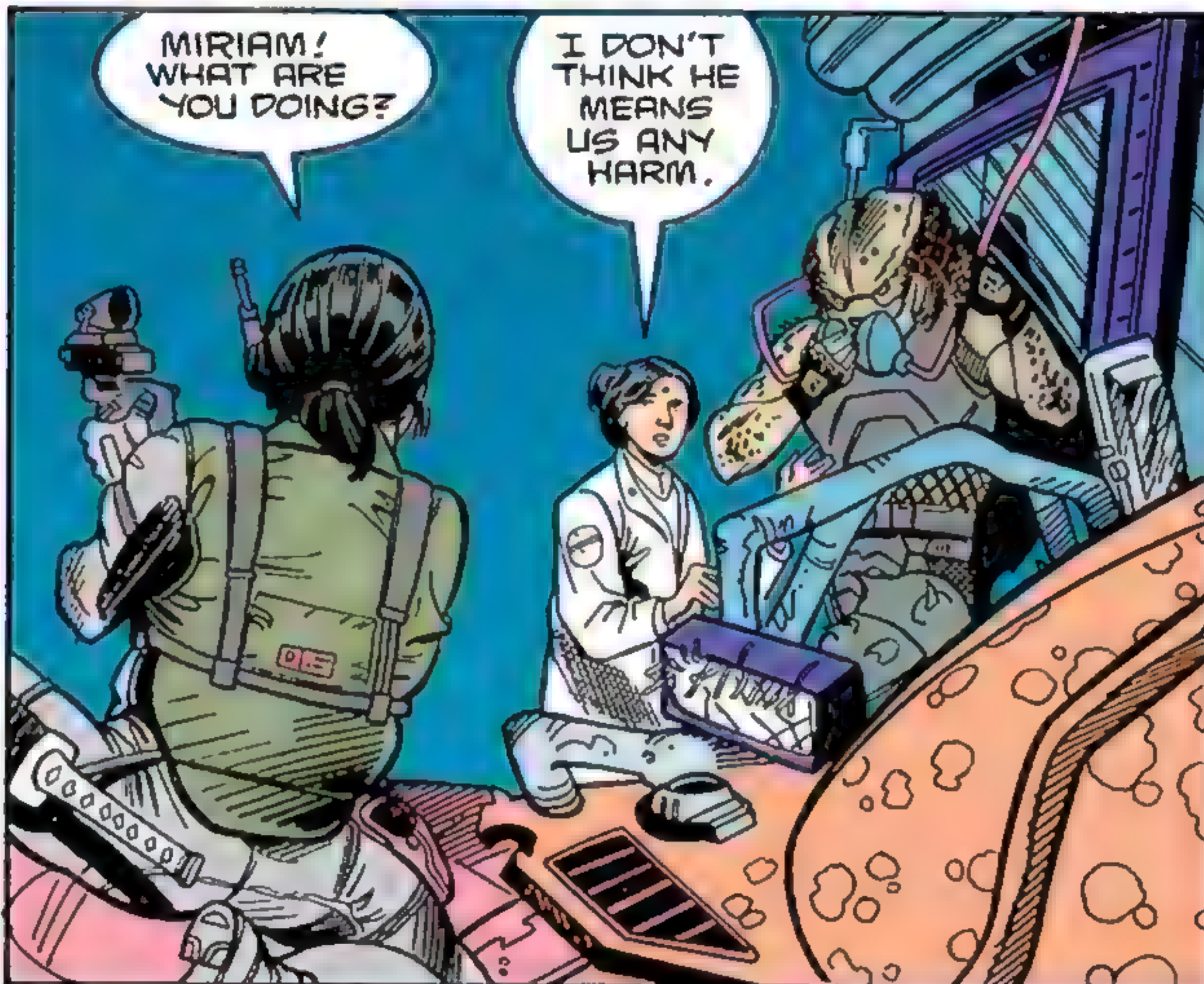


DON'T EVEN *THINK* ABOUT GETTING UP! YOU GET ONE WARNING-- THEN I *BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF!*



YOU ONLY HAVE SIX ROUNDS--DON'T WASTE ANY ON WARNING SHOTS.

WHA--? THAT'S MY VOICE...



MIRIAM! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I DON'T THINK HE MEANS US ANY HARM.



THEY *KILLED* HIROKI AND SIX OTHER MEN!

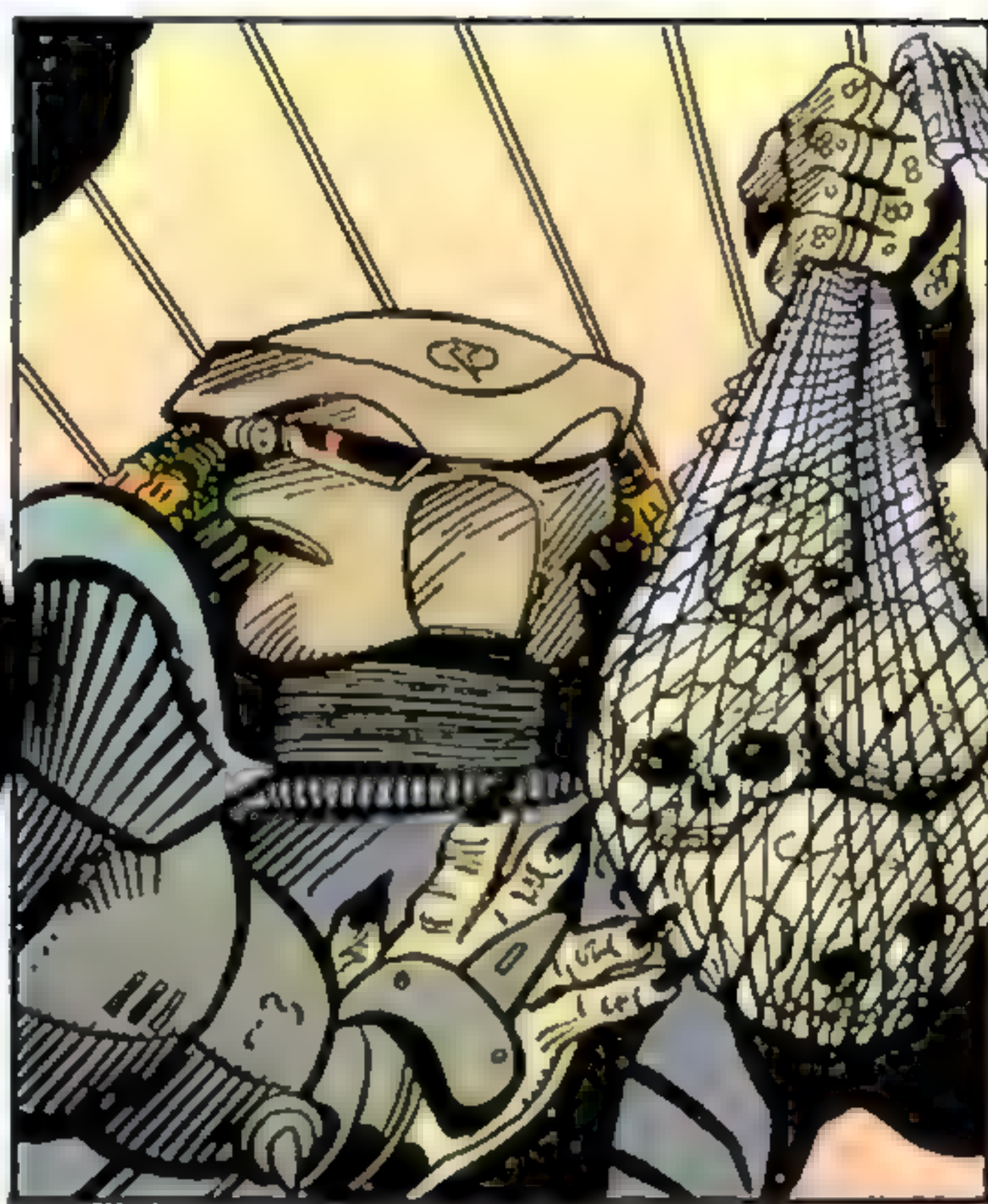
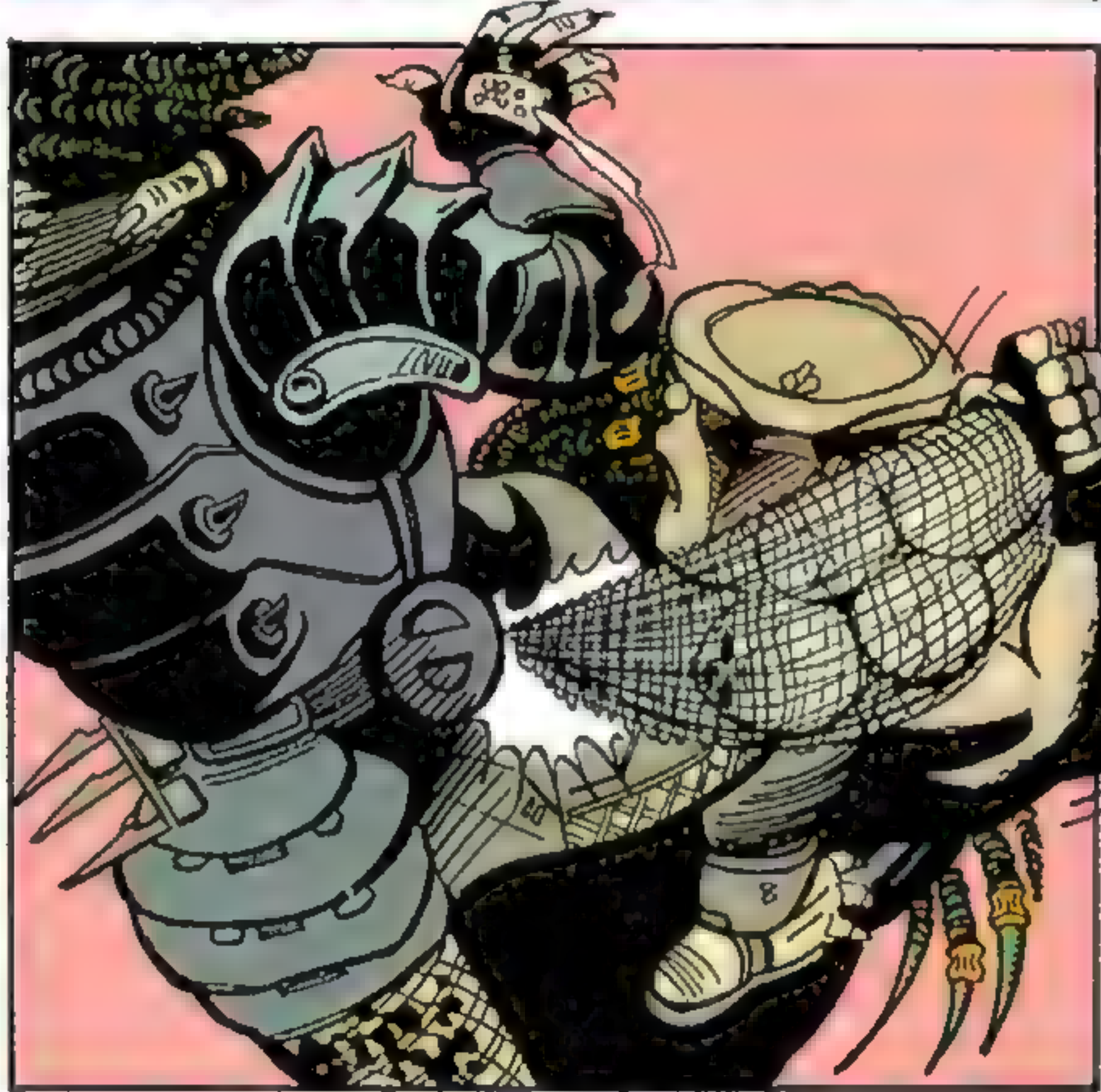


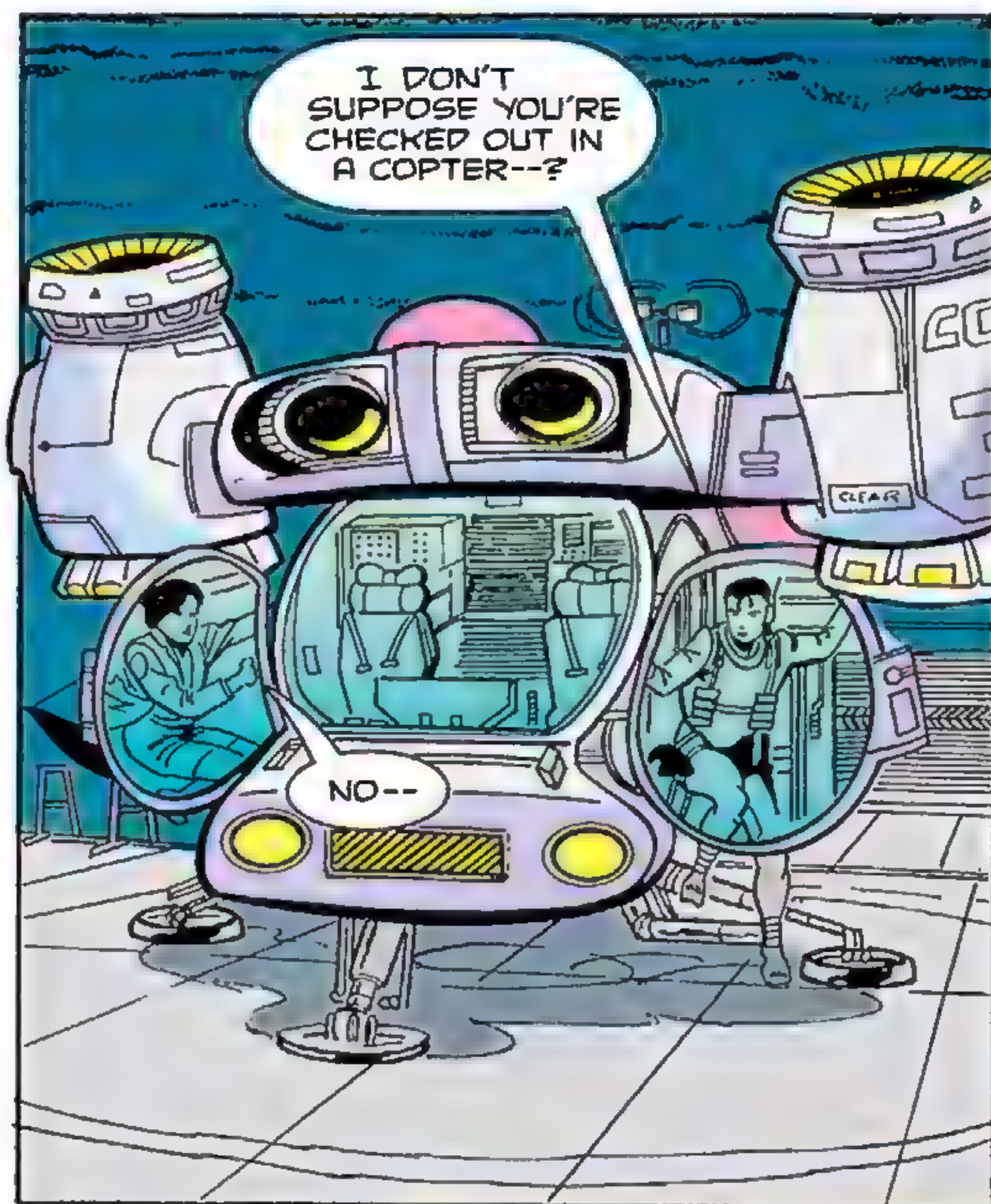
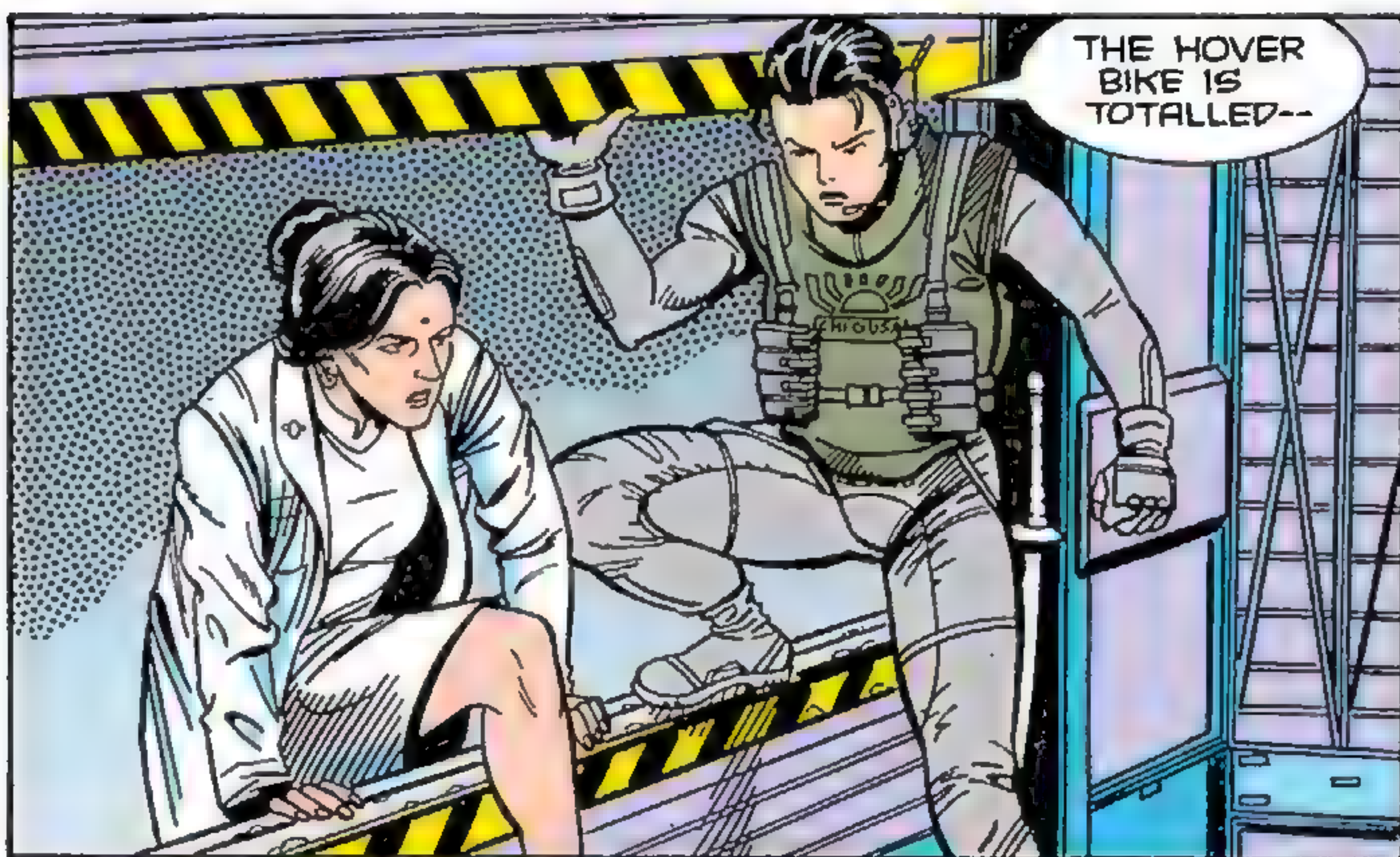
THEY DID--NOT HIM.

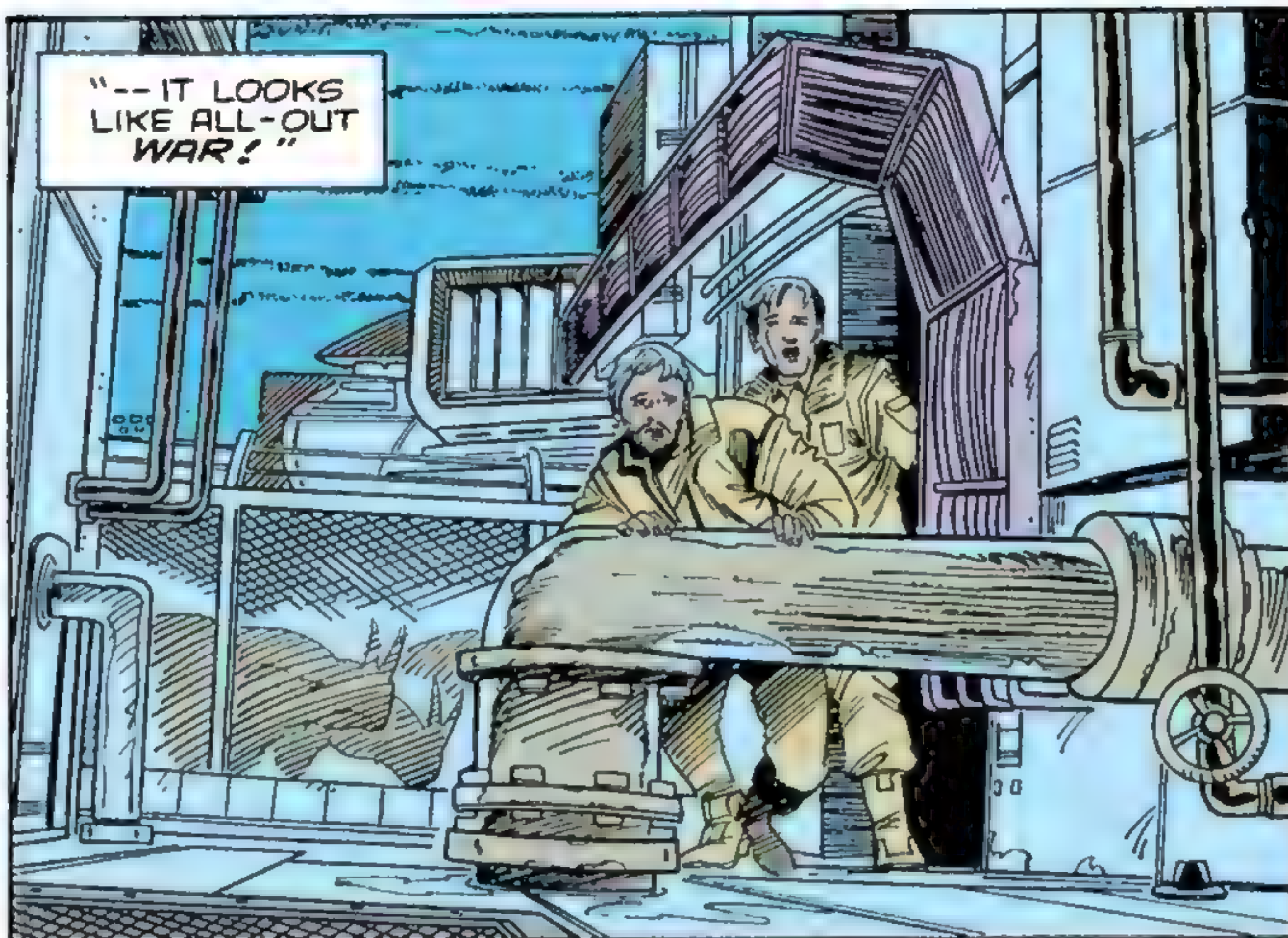
I THINK THIS ONE APPRECIATES OUR HELP. WHEN THE OTHER ONE ATTACKED ME, HE SAVED MY LIFE.



WHAT KIND OF MOOD DO YOU THINK THEY'RE IN *RIGHT NOW?*







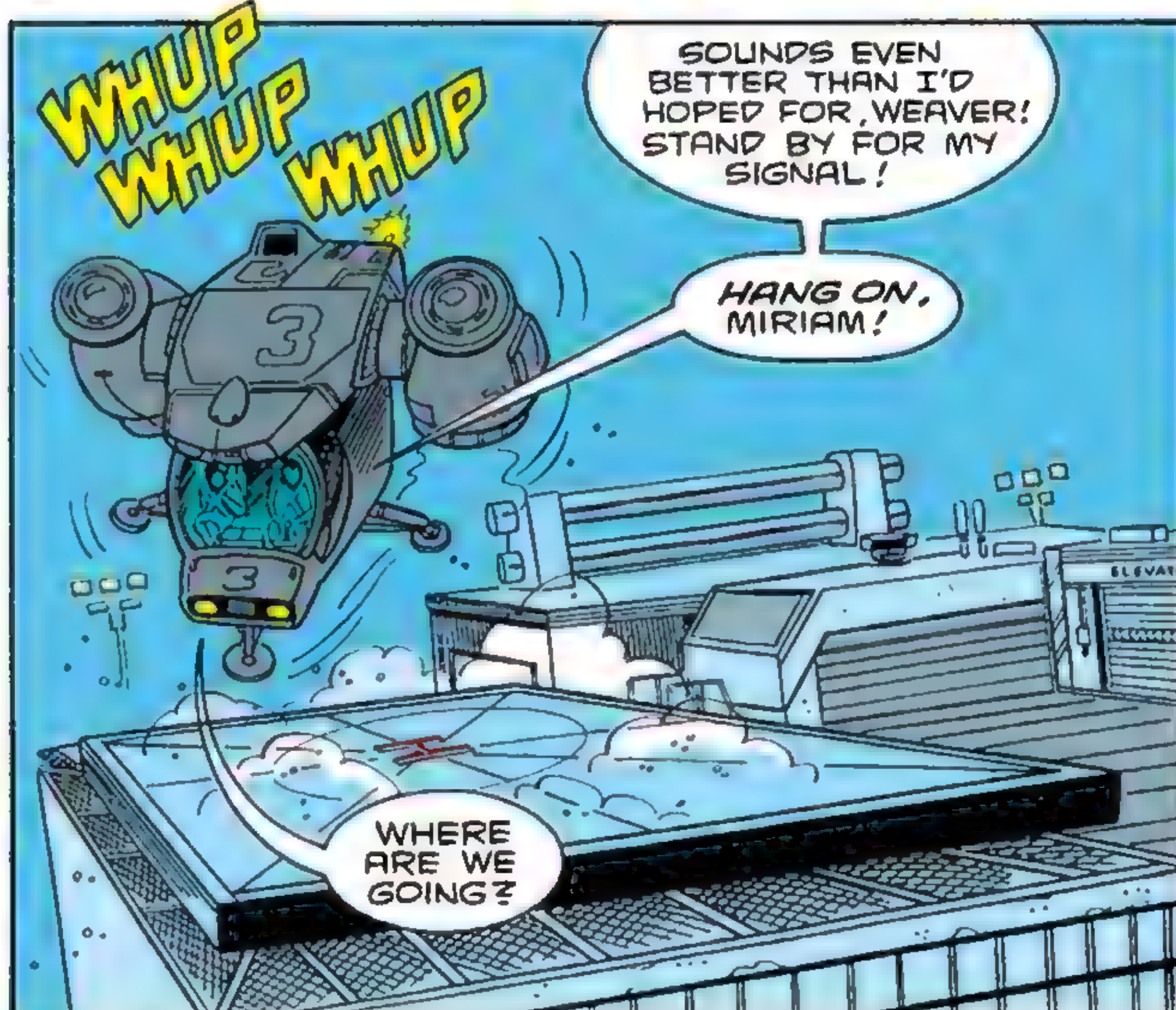
"-- IT LOOKS LIKE ALL-OUT WAR!"



Aw, CHRIST! WE WERE BETTER OFF IN THE SHIP!



OH... MY... GOD...

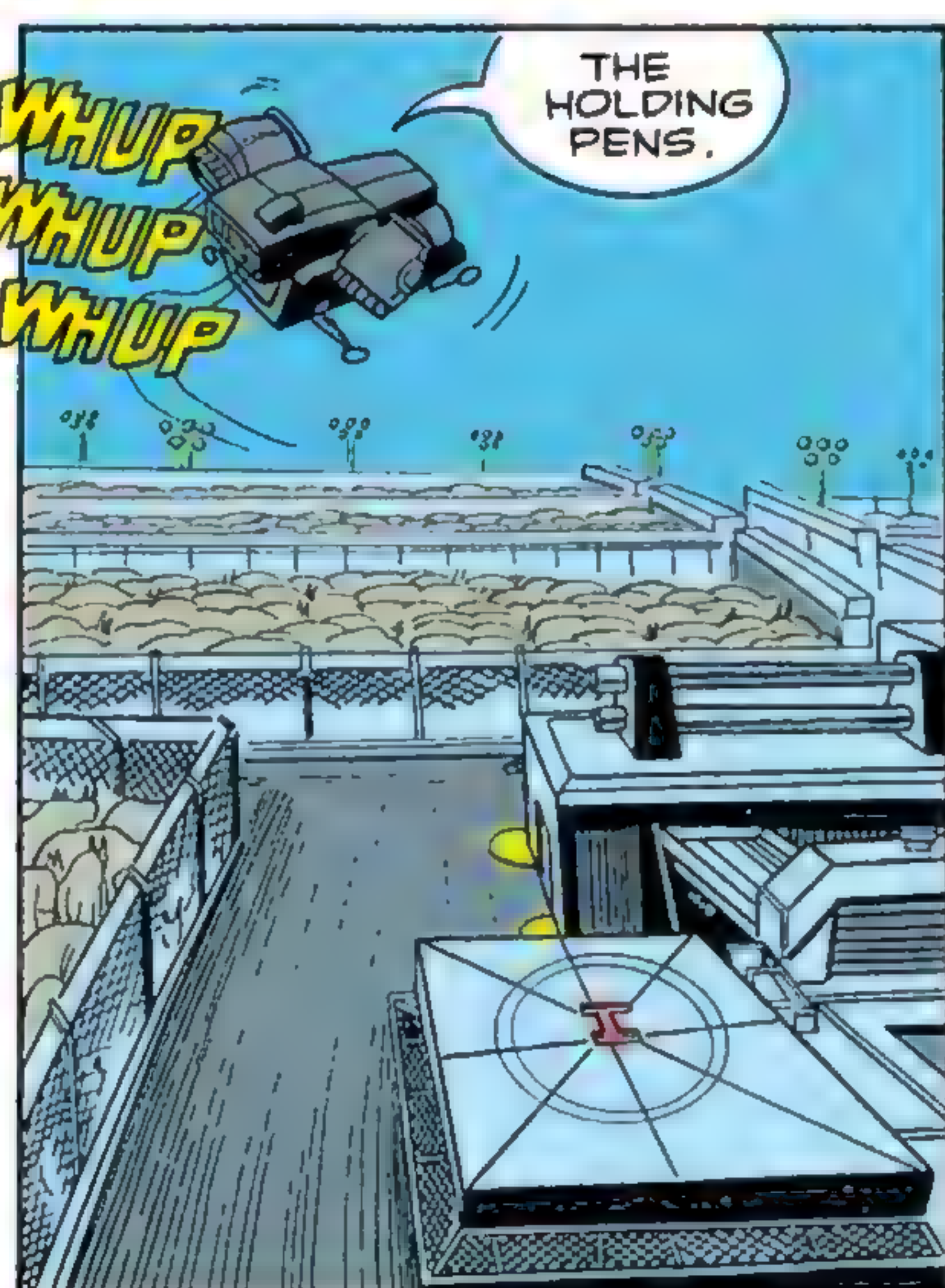


WHUP WHUP WHUP

SOUNDS EVEN BETTER THAN I'D HOPED FOR, WEAVER! STAND BY FOR MY SIGNAL!

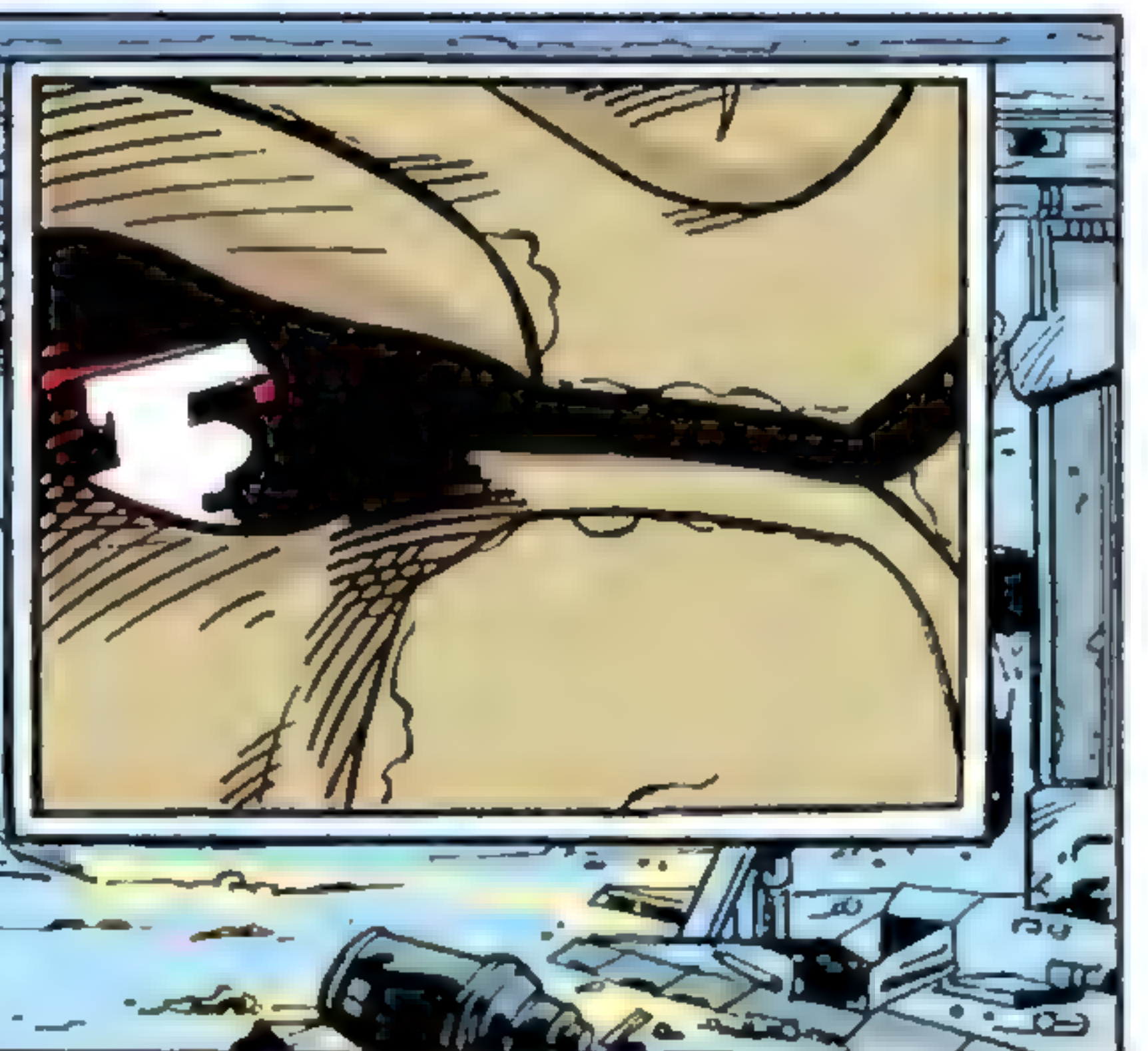
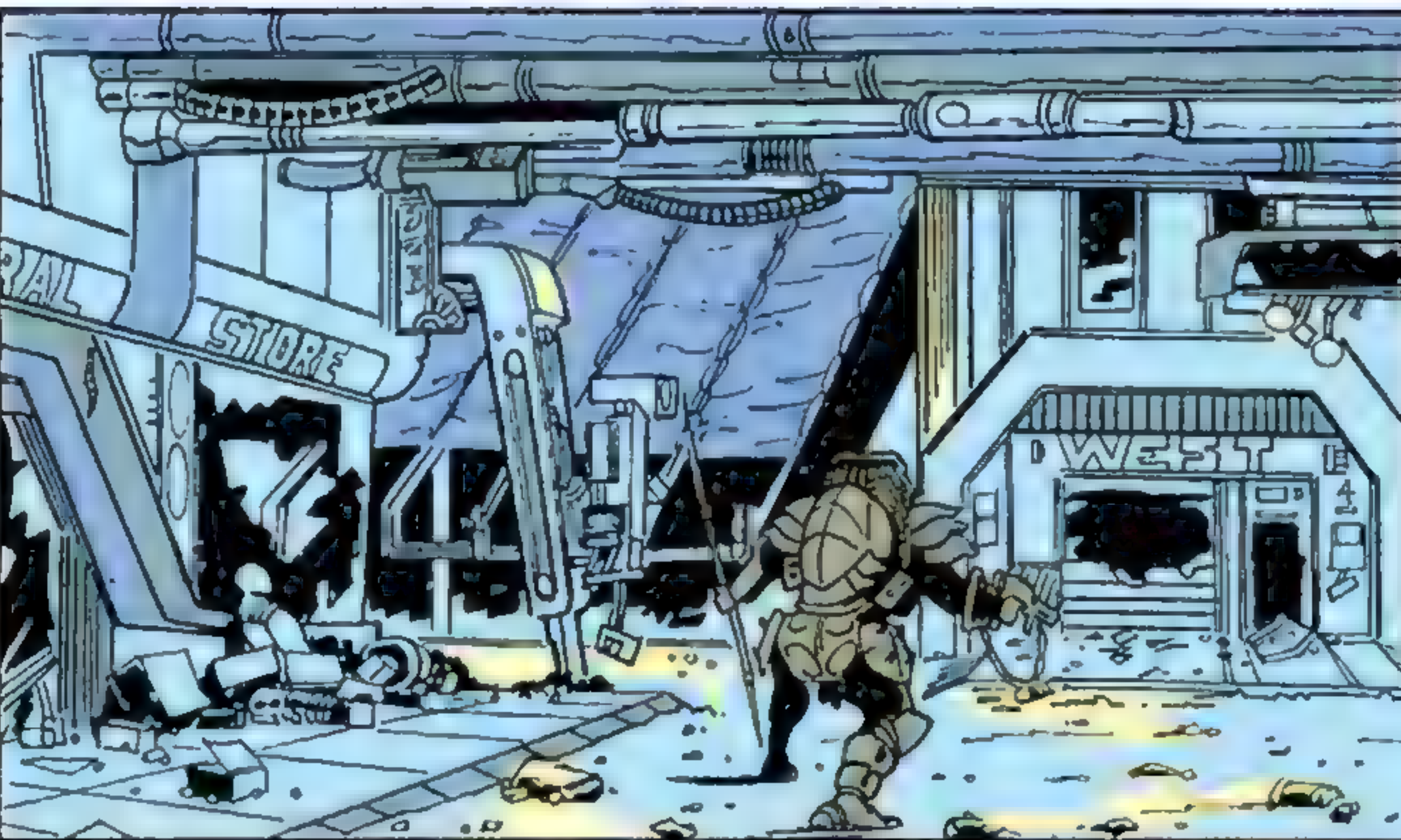
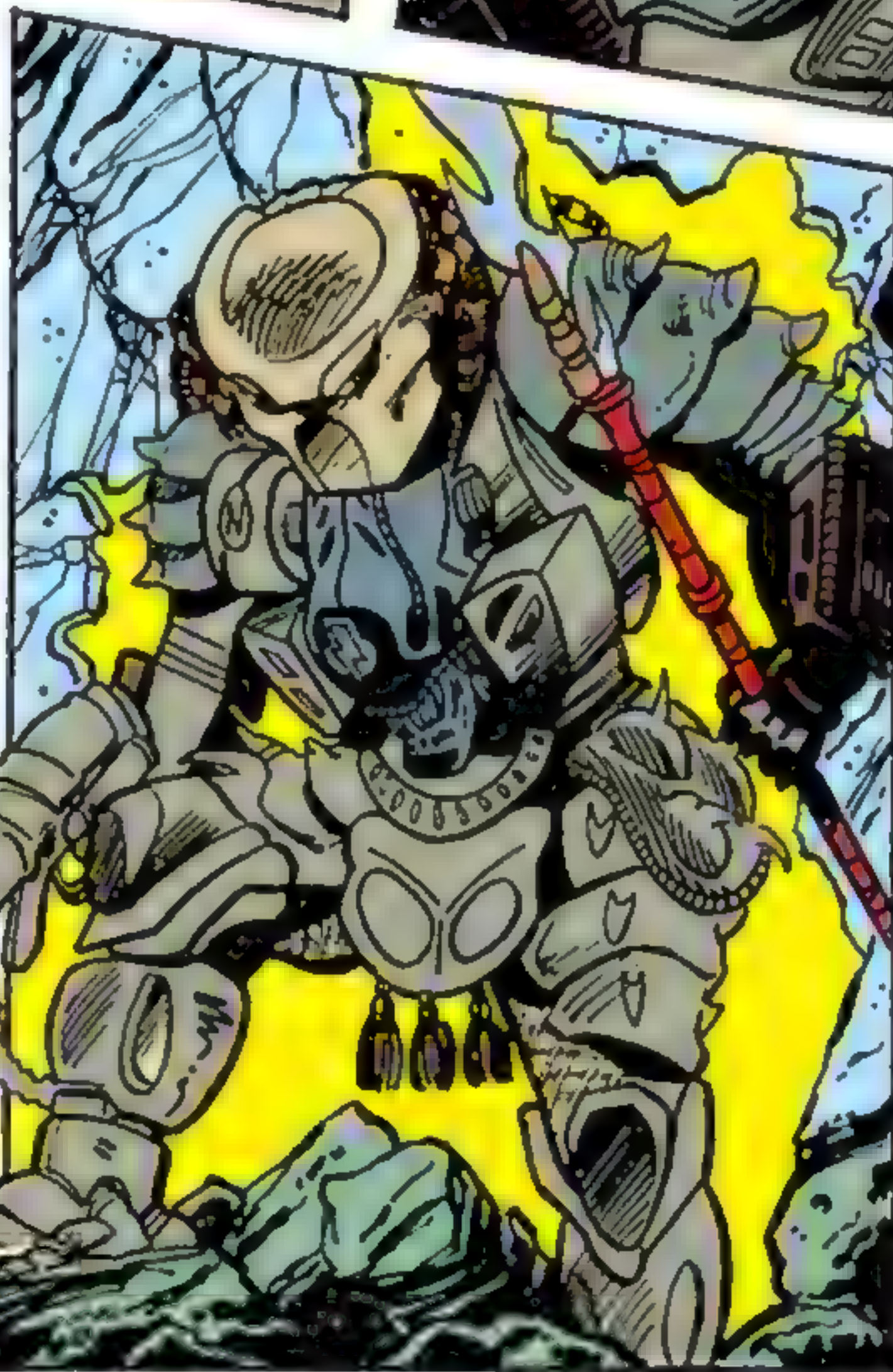
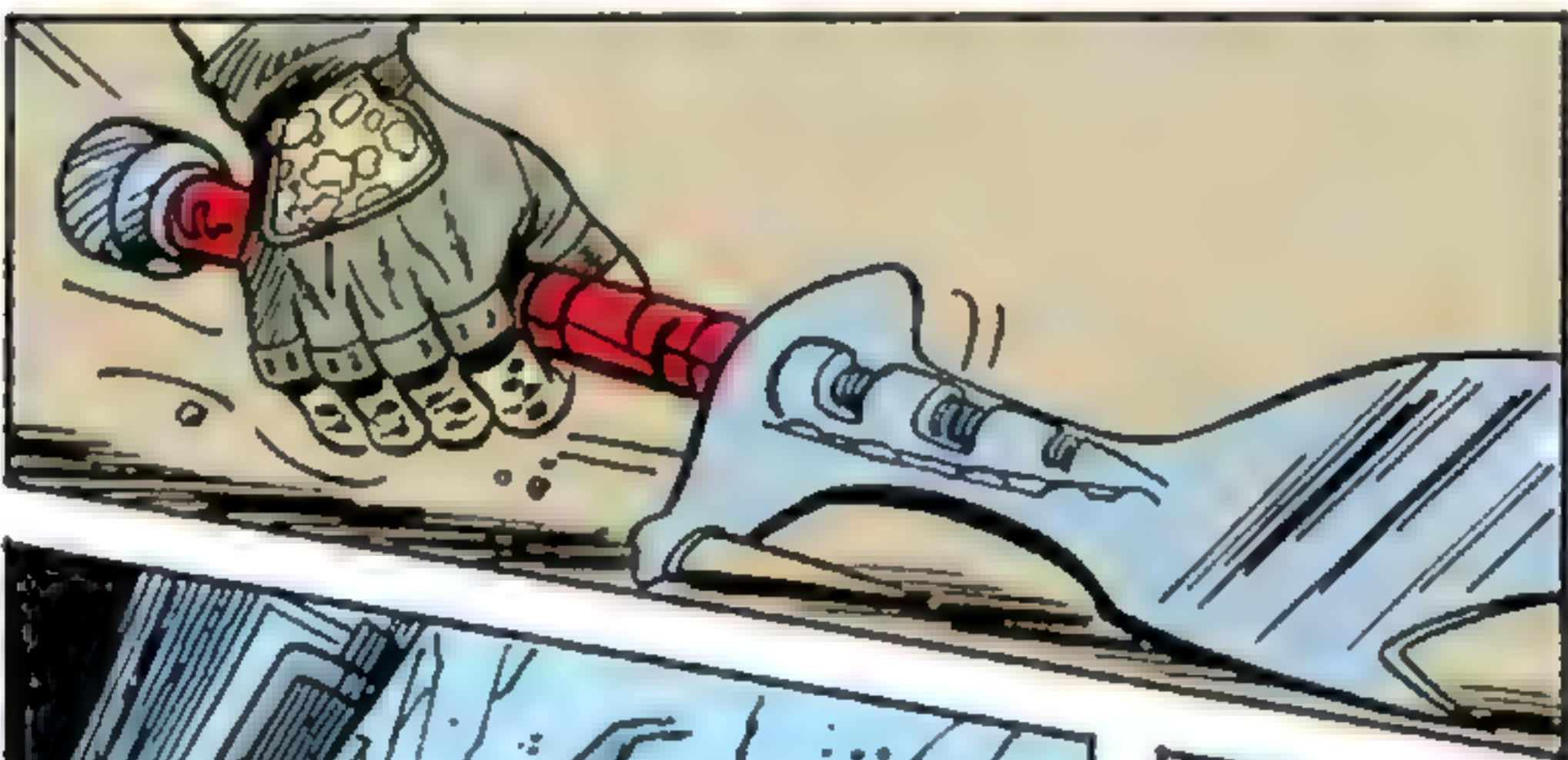
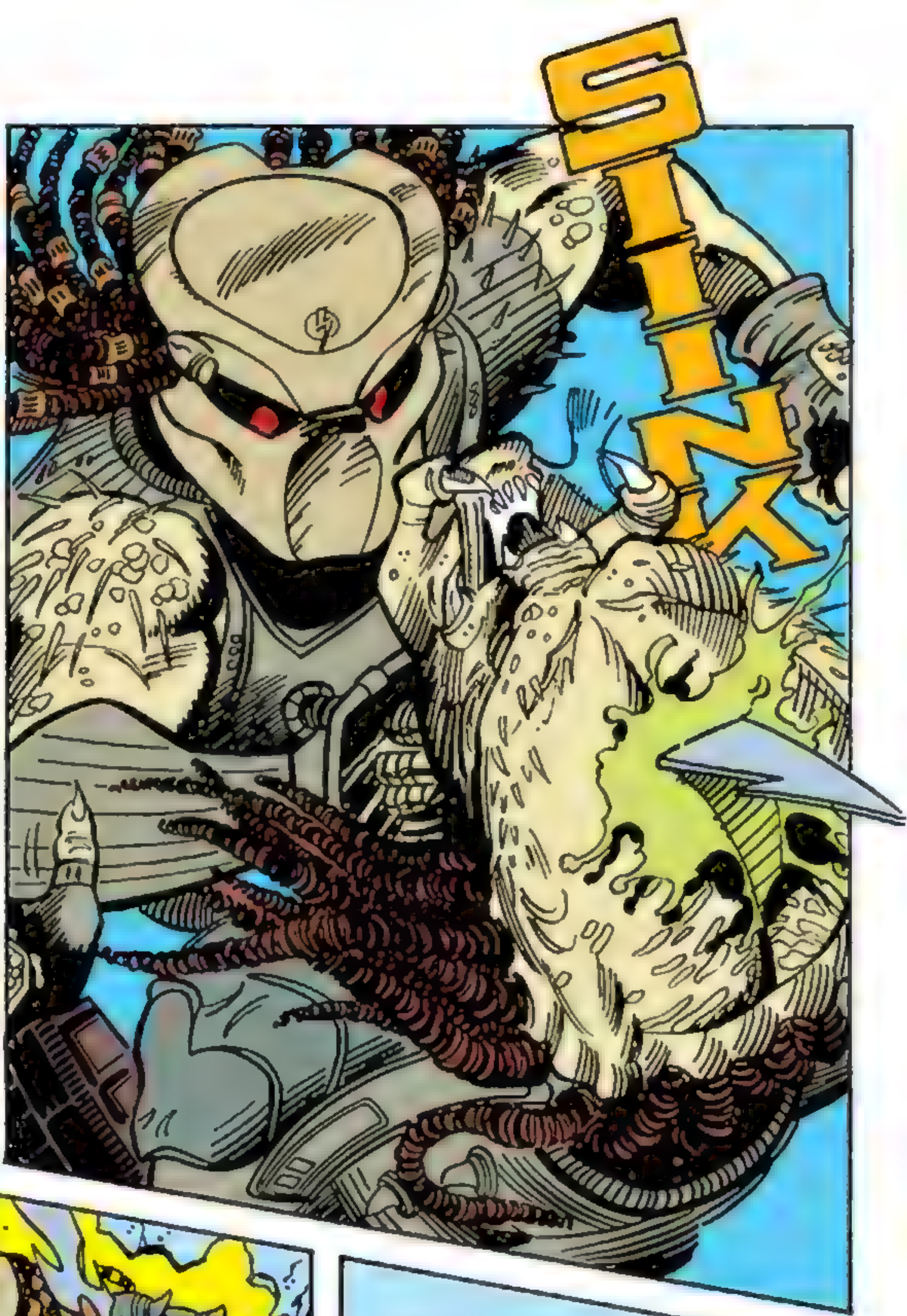
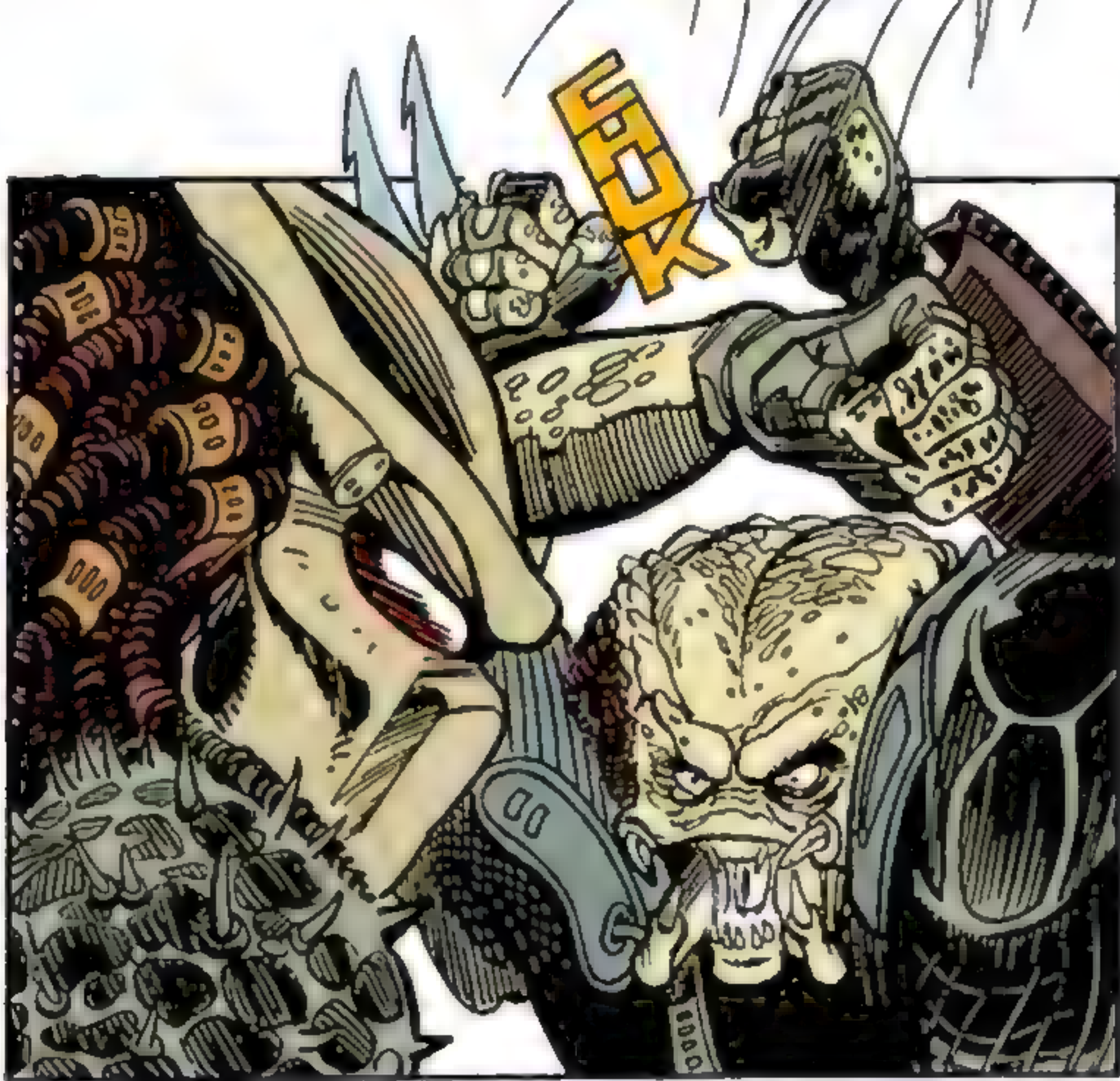
HANG ON, MIRIAM!

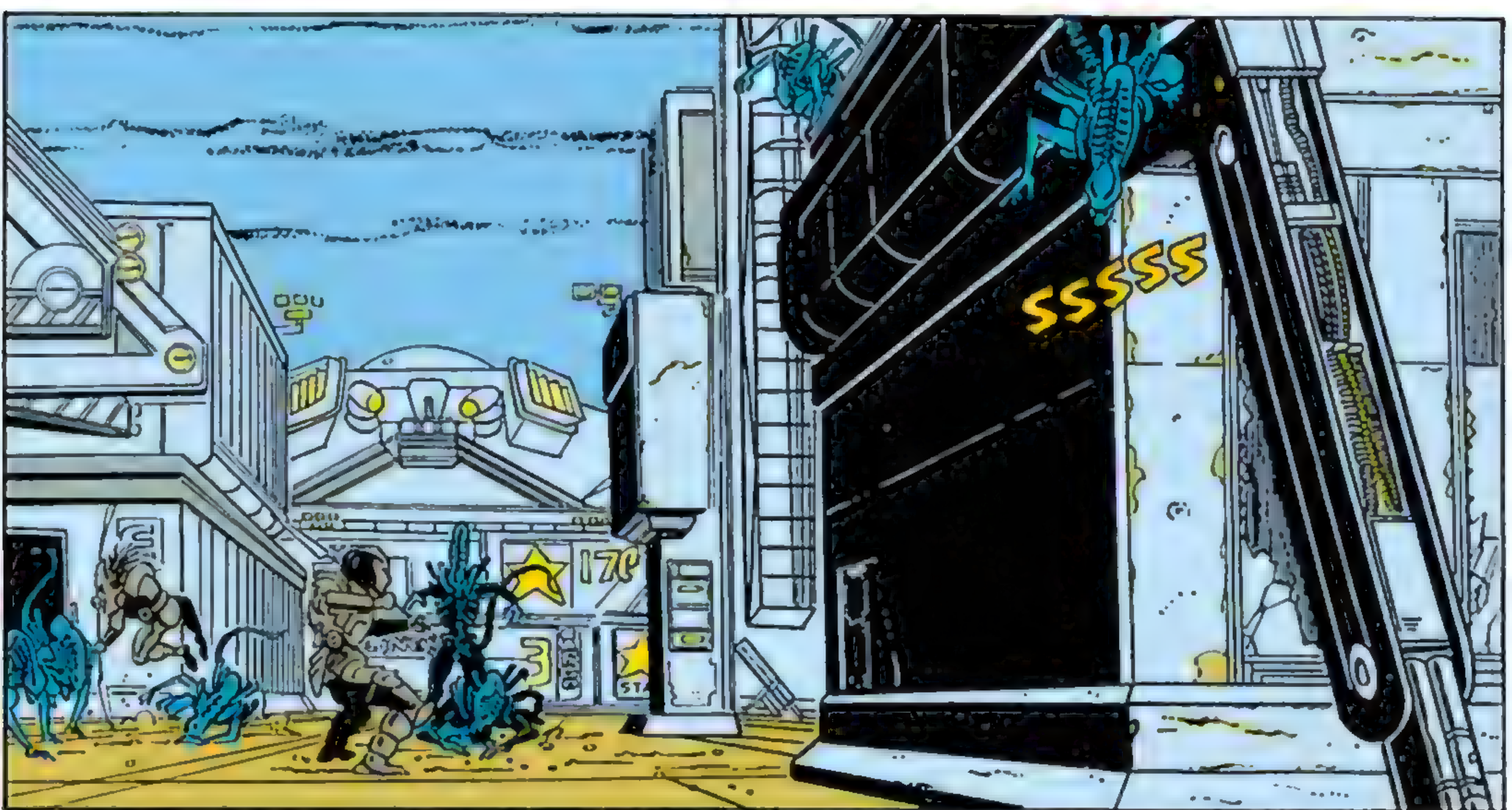
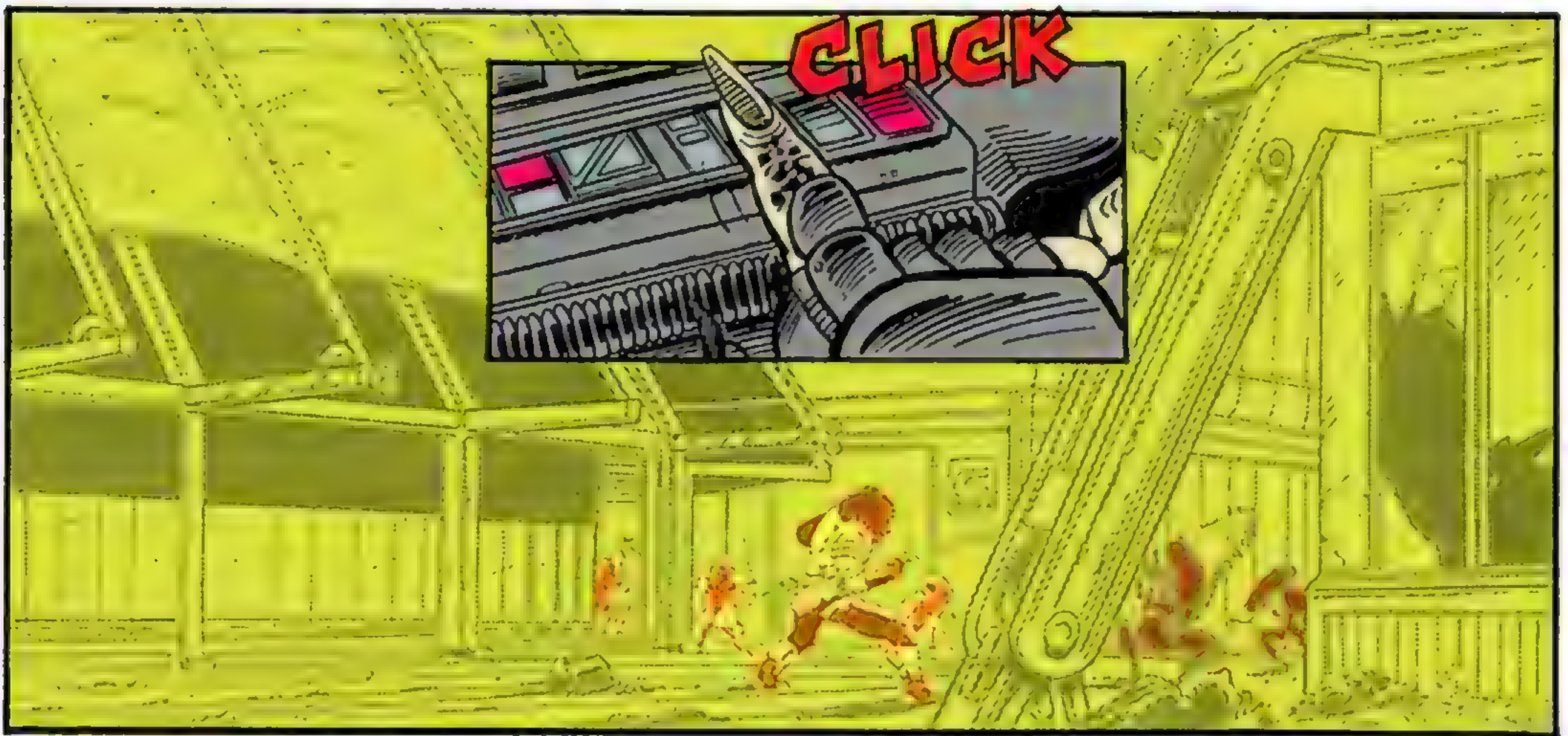
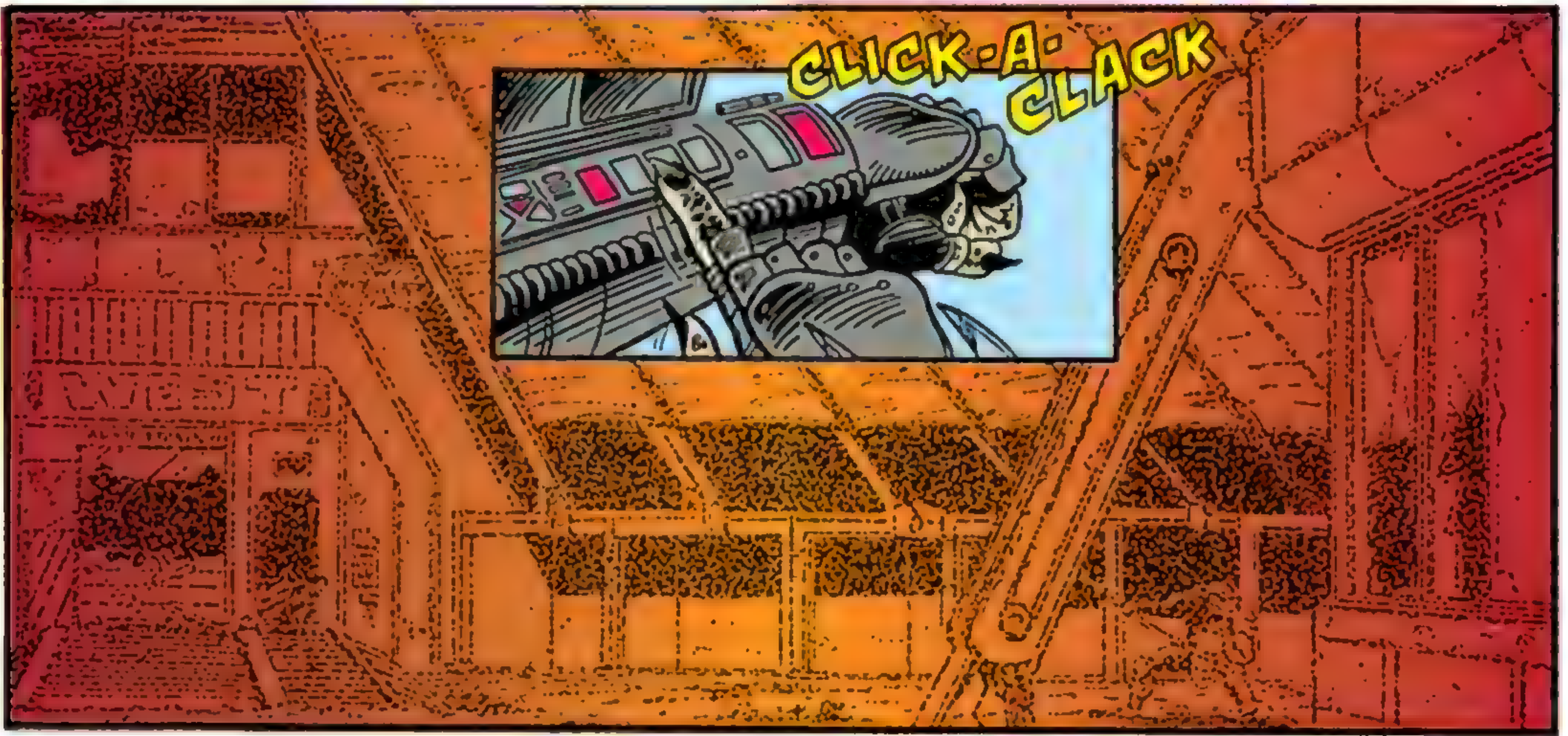
WHERE ARE WE GOING?

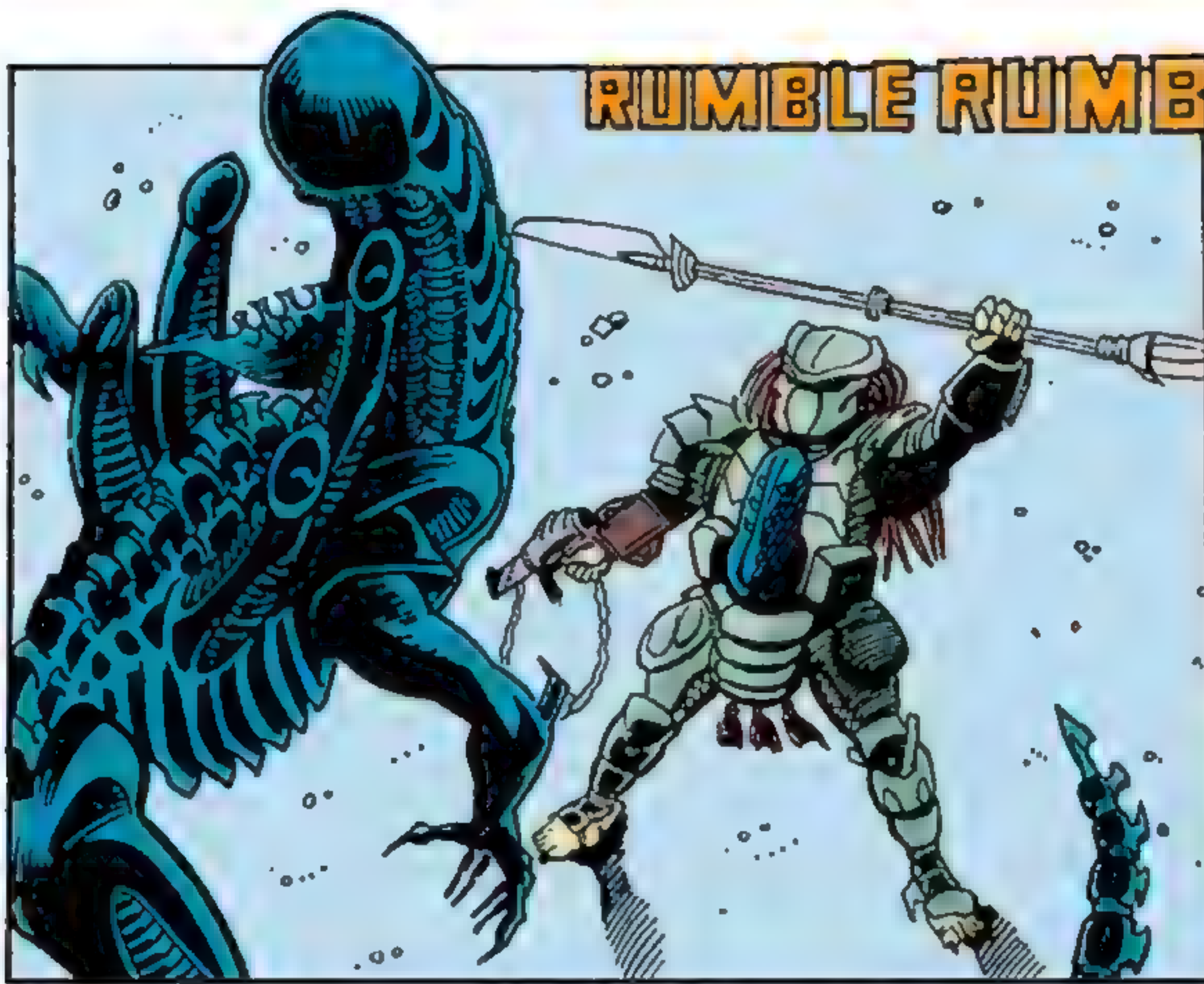


WHUP WHUP WHUP

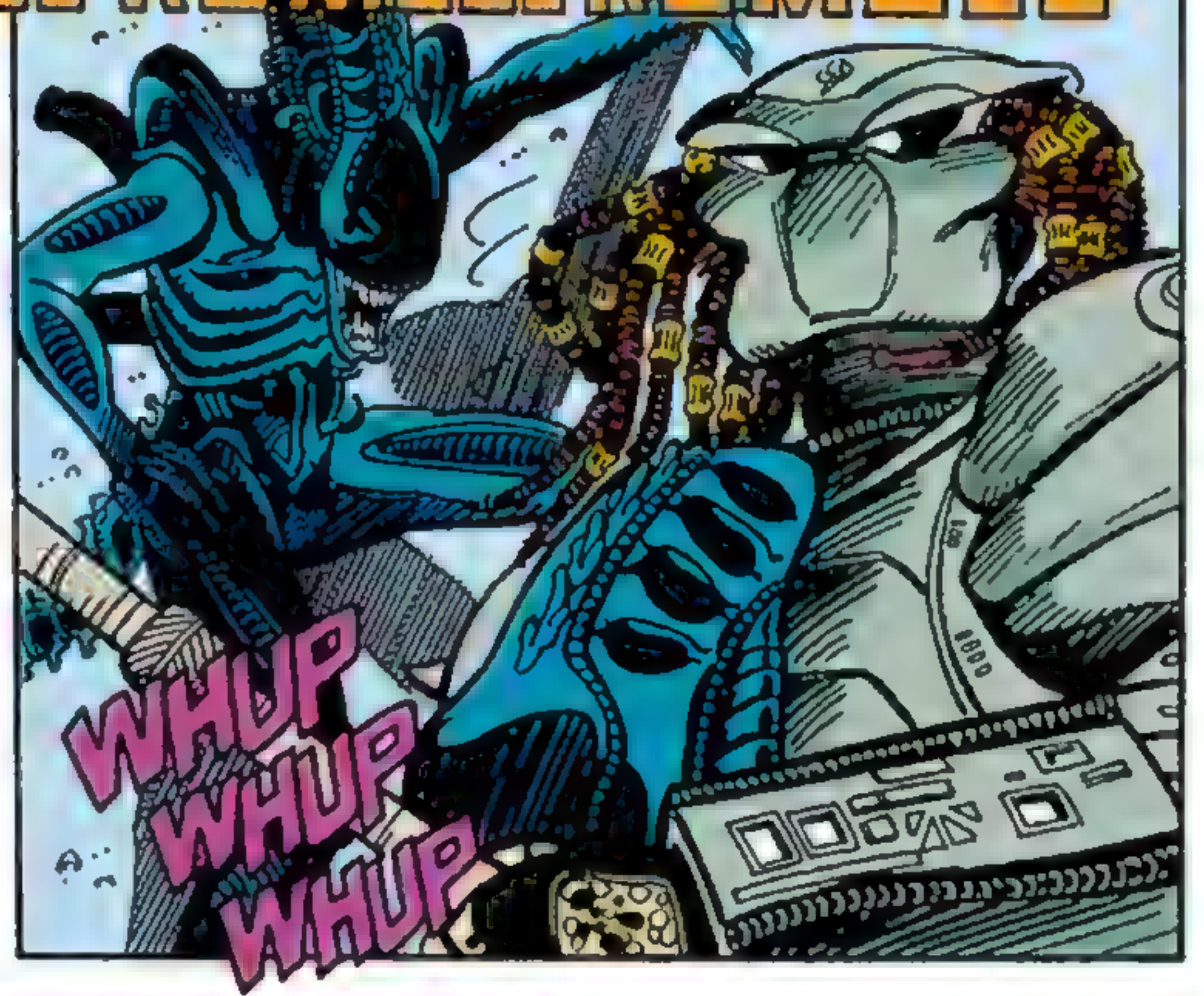
THE HOLDING PENS.





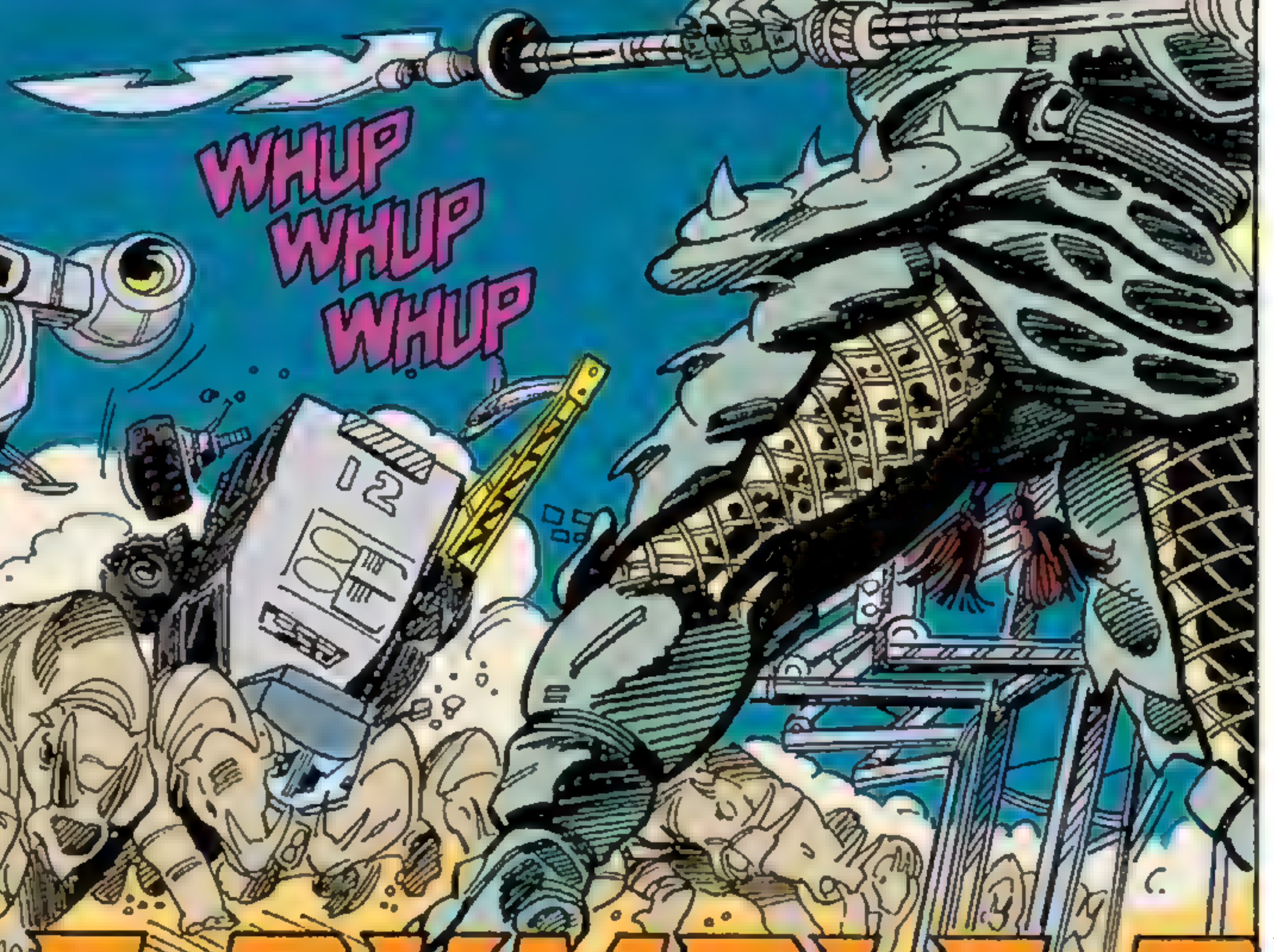


RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE



WHUP
WHUP
WHUP

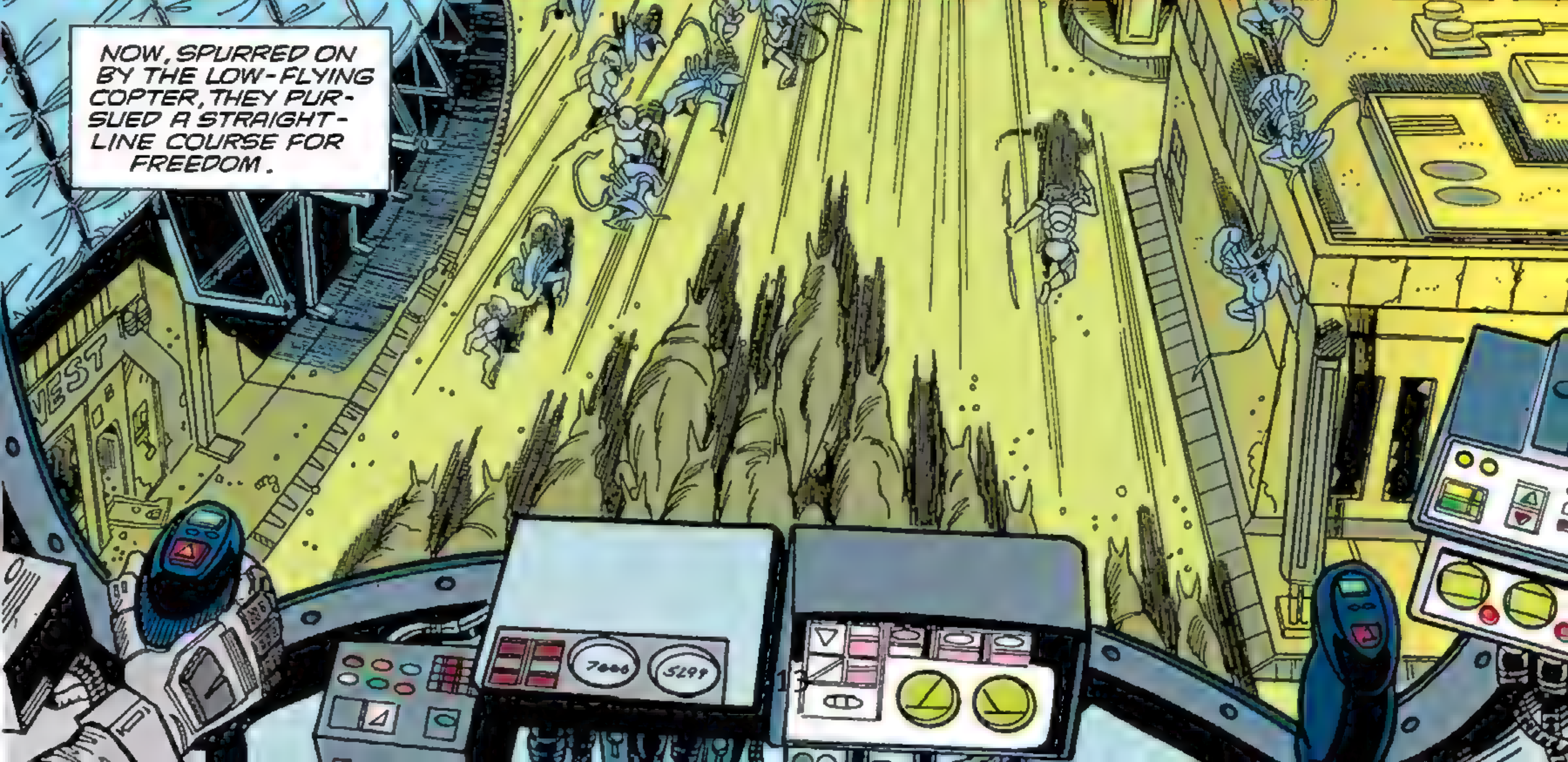
I WAS RIGHT ABOUT THE LIVESTOCK. BEING PENT UP ALL DAY UNDER BETA CYGNI'S GLARE HAD LEFT THE HERD RESTLESS AND IRRITABLE.

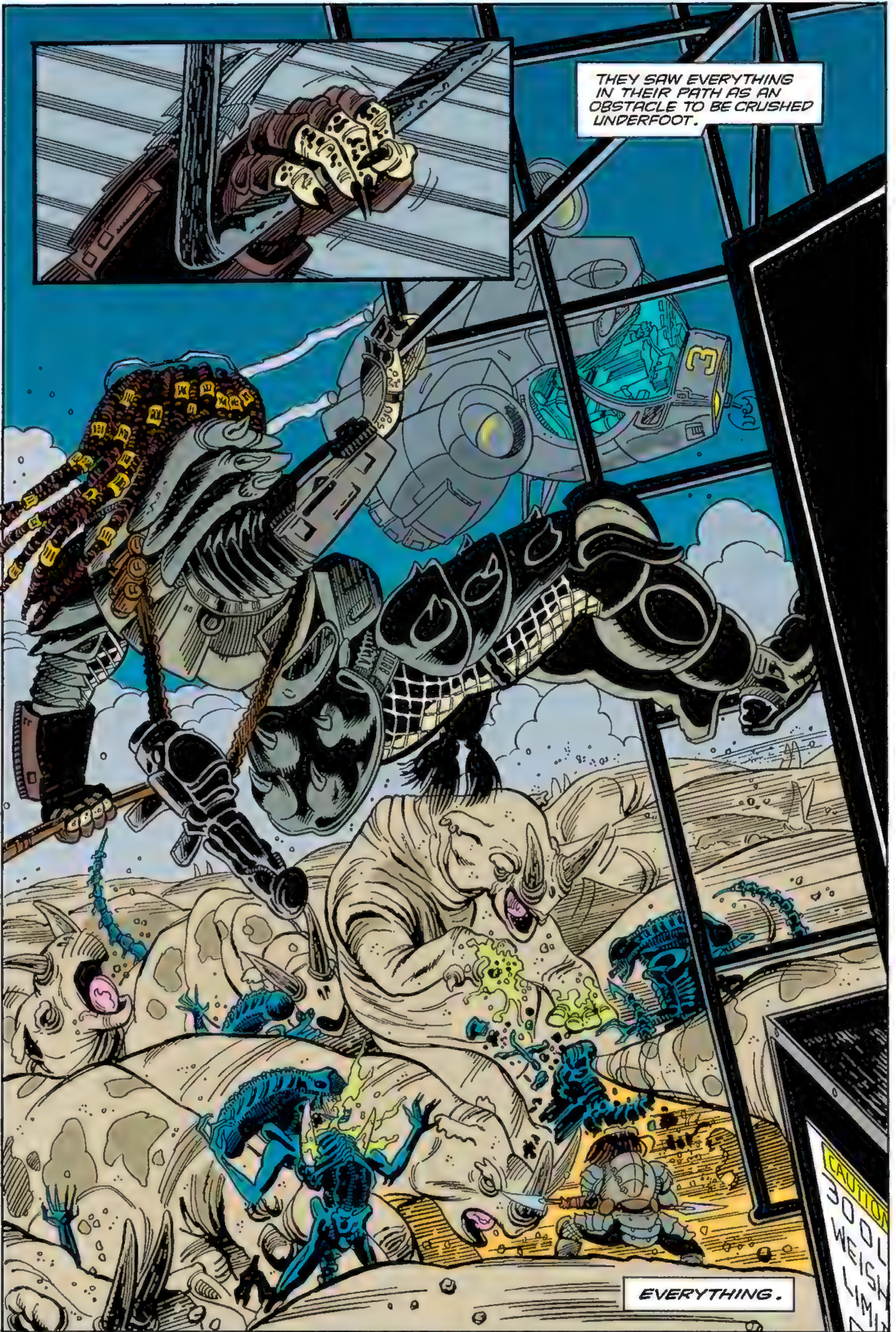


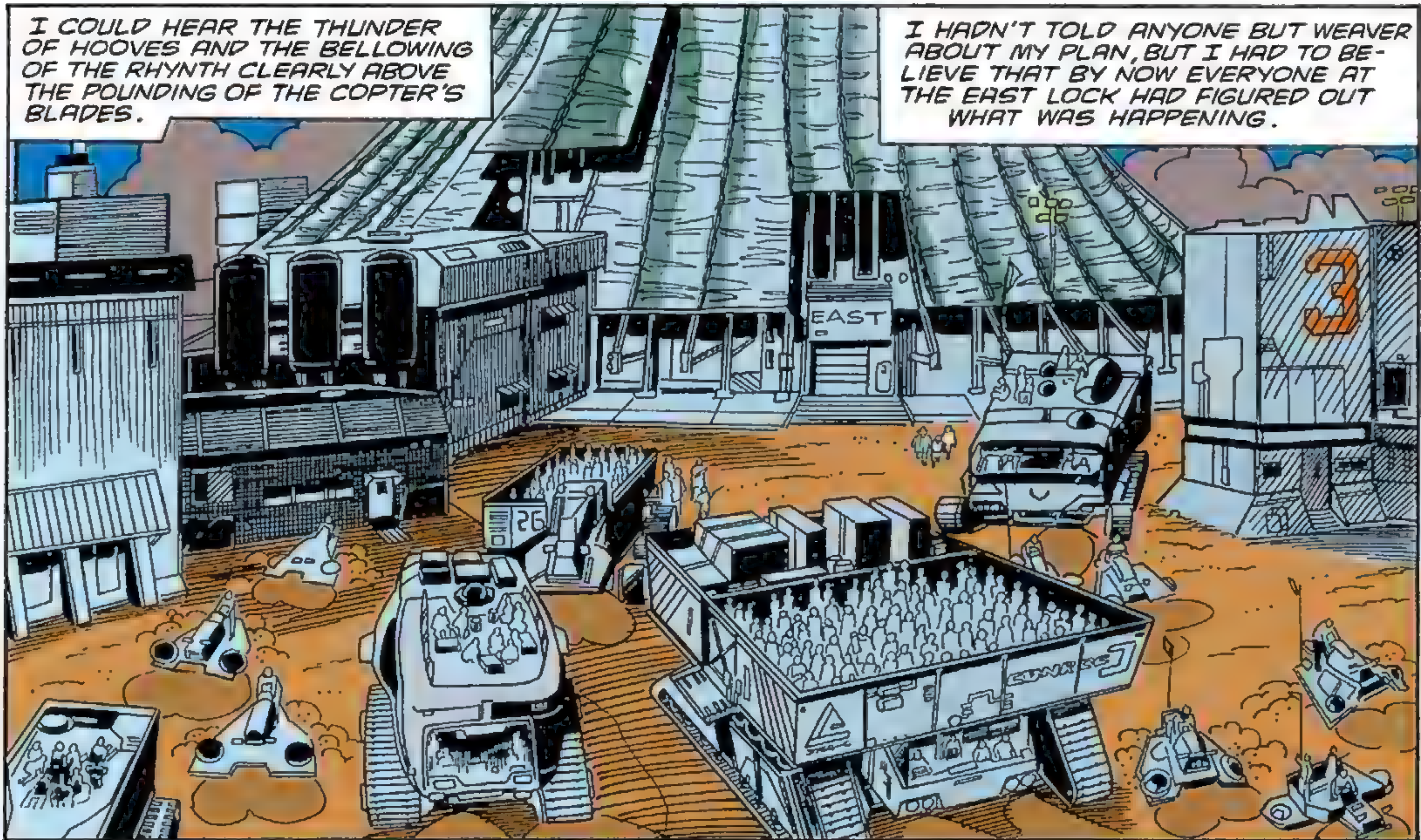
WHUP
WHUP
WHUP

RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE

NOW, SPURRED ON BY THE LOW-FLYING COPTER, THEY PURSUED A STRAIGHT-LINE COURSE FOR FREEDOM.

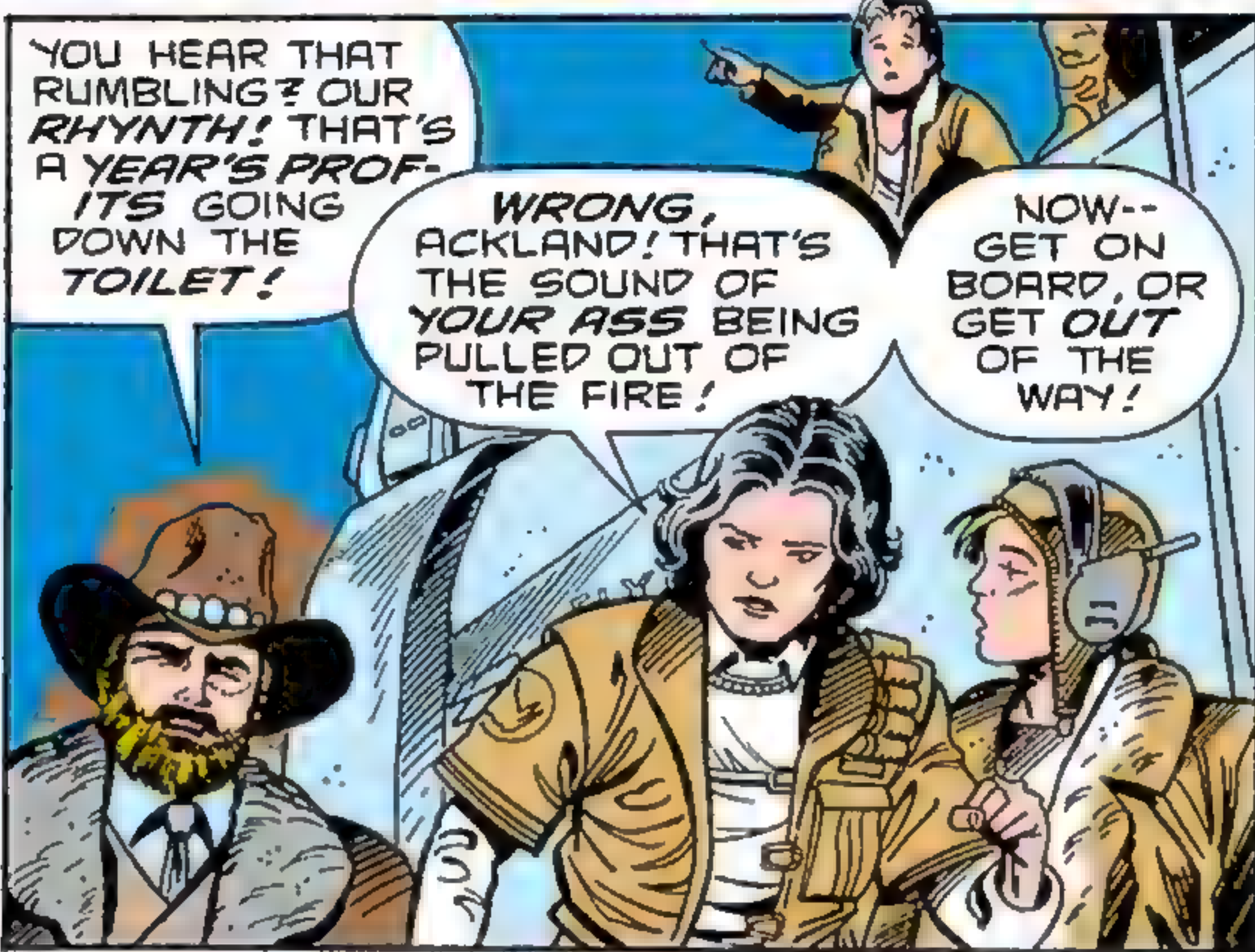






I COULD HEAR THE THUNDER OF HOOVES AND THE BELLING OF THE RHYNTH CLEARLY ABOVE THE POUNDING OF THE COPTER'S BLADES.

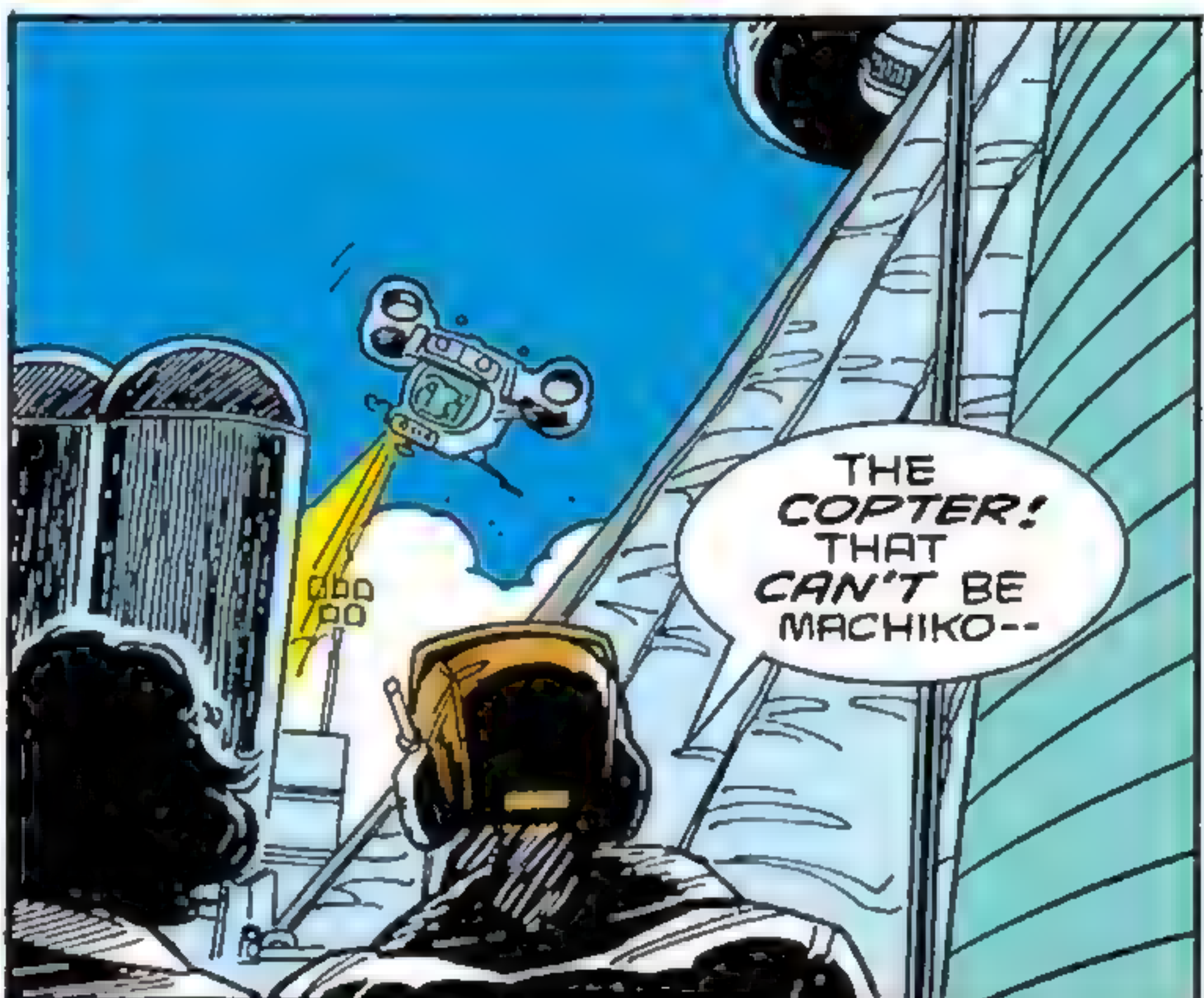
I HADN'T TOLD ANYONE BUT WEAVER ABOUT MY PLAN, BUT I HAD TO BELIEVE THAT BY NOW EVERYONE AT THE EAST LOCK HAD FIGURED OUT WHAT WAS HAPPENING.



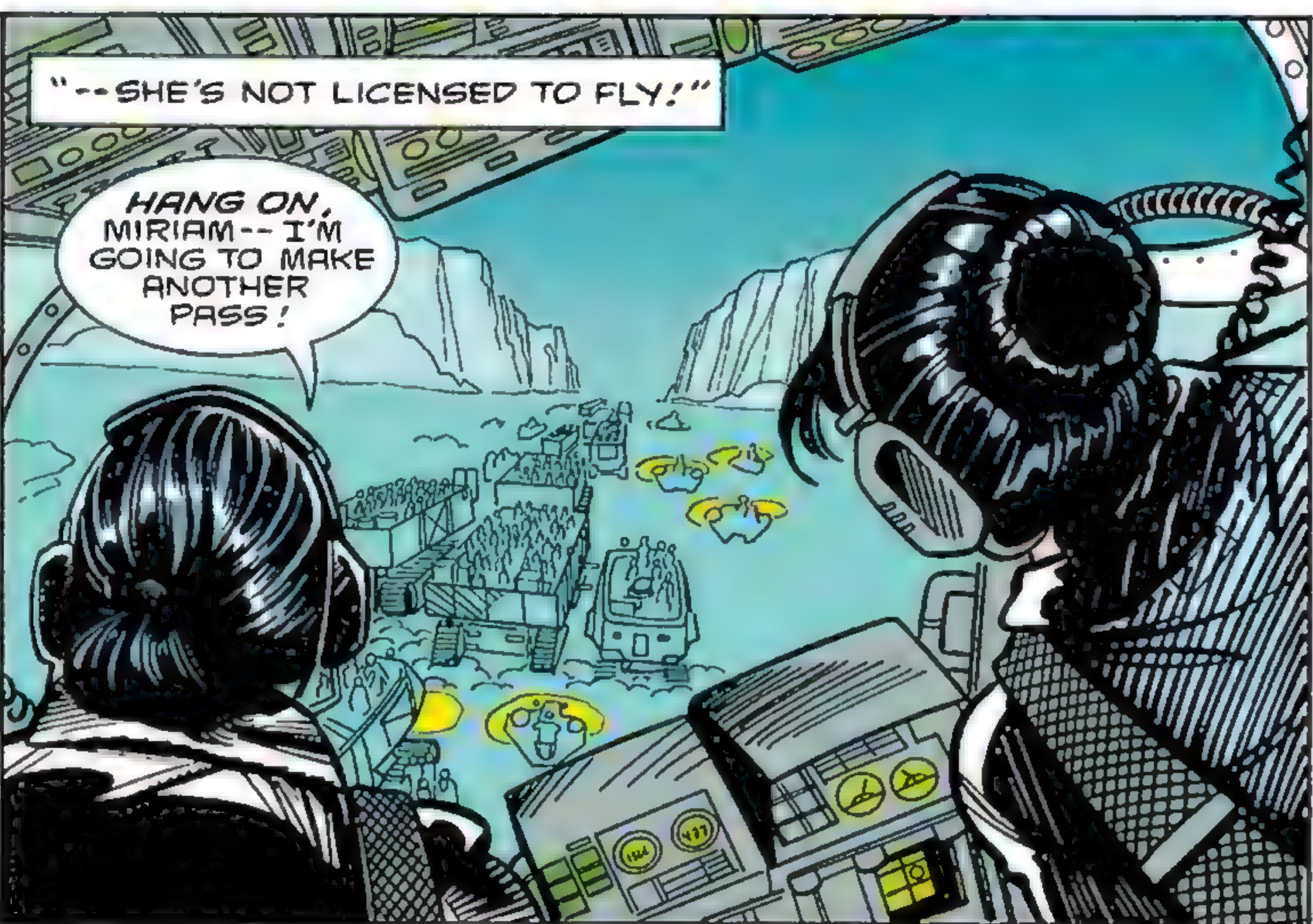
YOU HEAR THAT RUMBLING? OUR RHYNTH! THAT'S A YEAR'S PROF- ITS GOING DOWN THE TOILET!

WRONG, ACKLAND! THAT'S THE SOUND OF YOUR ASS BEING PULLED OUT OF THE FIRE!

NOW-- GET ON BOARD, OR GET OUT OF THE WAY!



THE COPTER! THAT CAN'T BE MACHIKO--

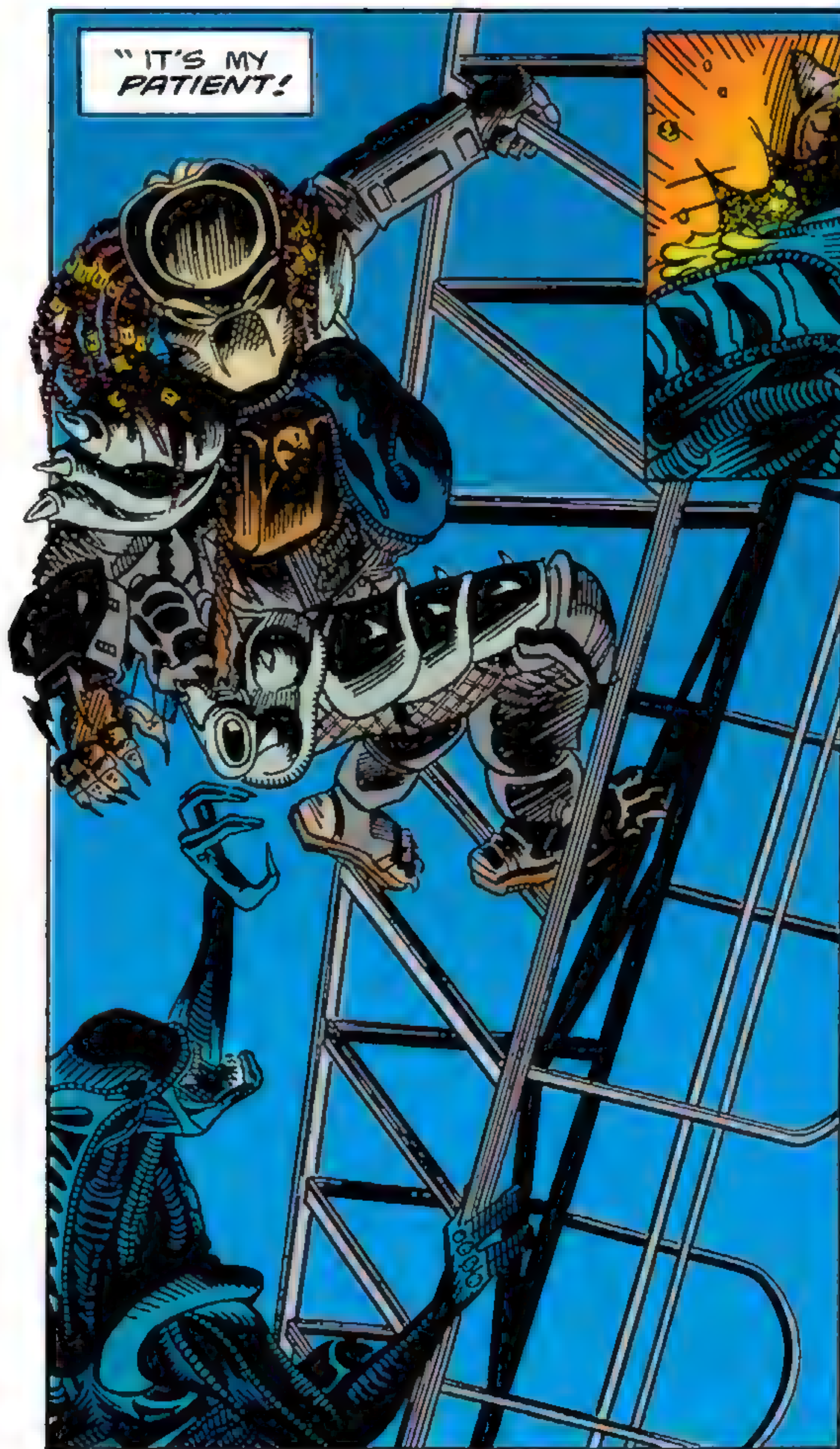


"--SHE'S NOT LICENSED TO FLY!"

HANG ON, MIRIAM-- I'M GOING TO MAKE ANOTHER PASS!



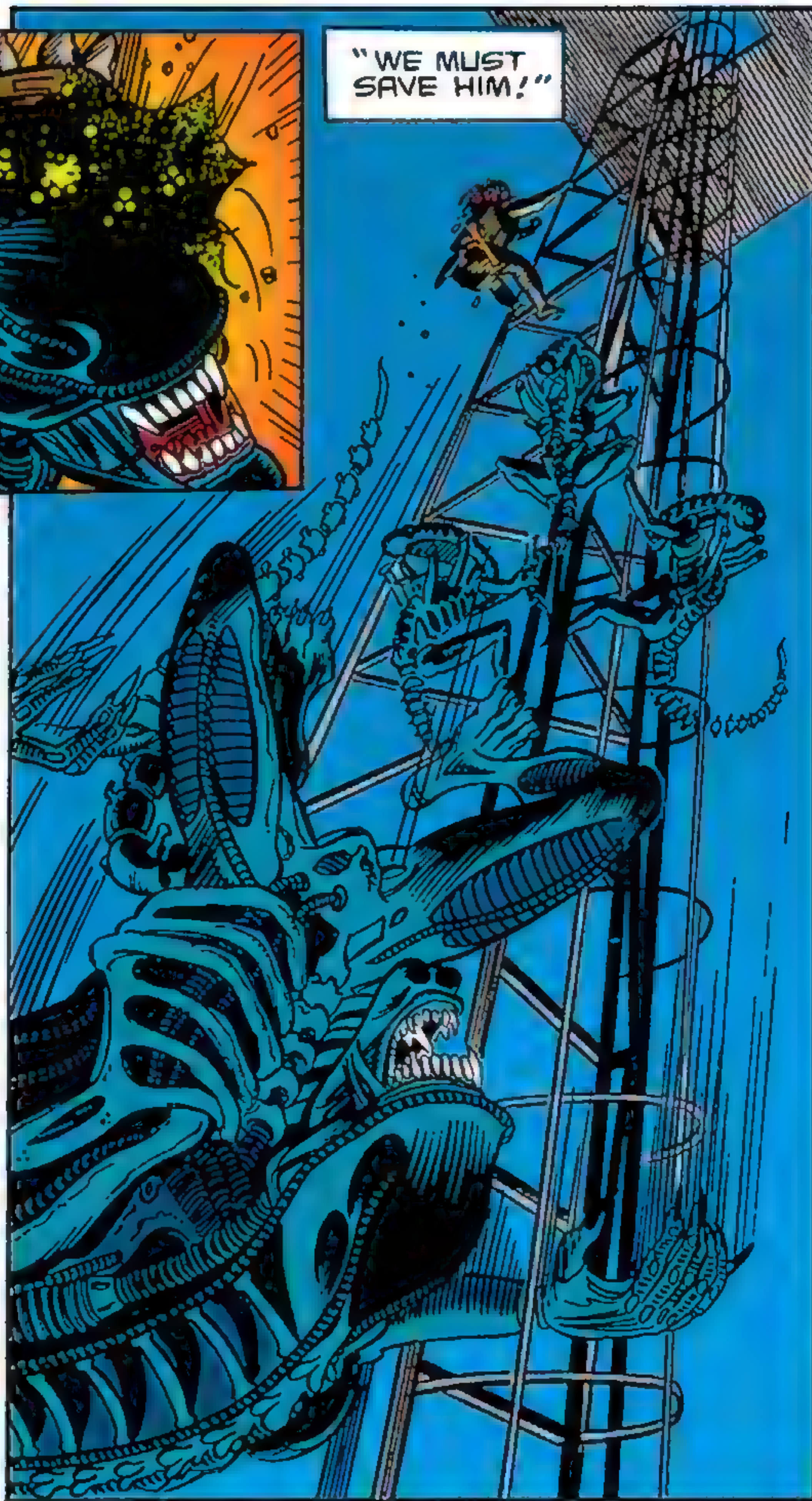
MACHIKO, LOOK!



"IT'S MY
PATIENT!"



"WE MUST
SAVE HIM!"



ARE YOU **CRAZY?**
MIRIAM--THOSE THINGS
ARE THE **REASON**
WE'RE IN THIS MESS!

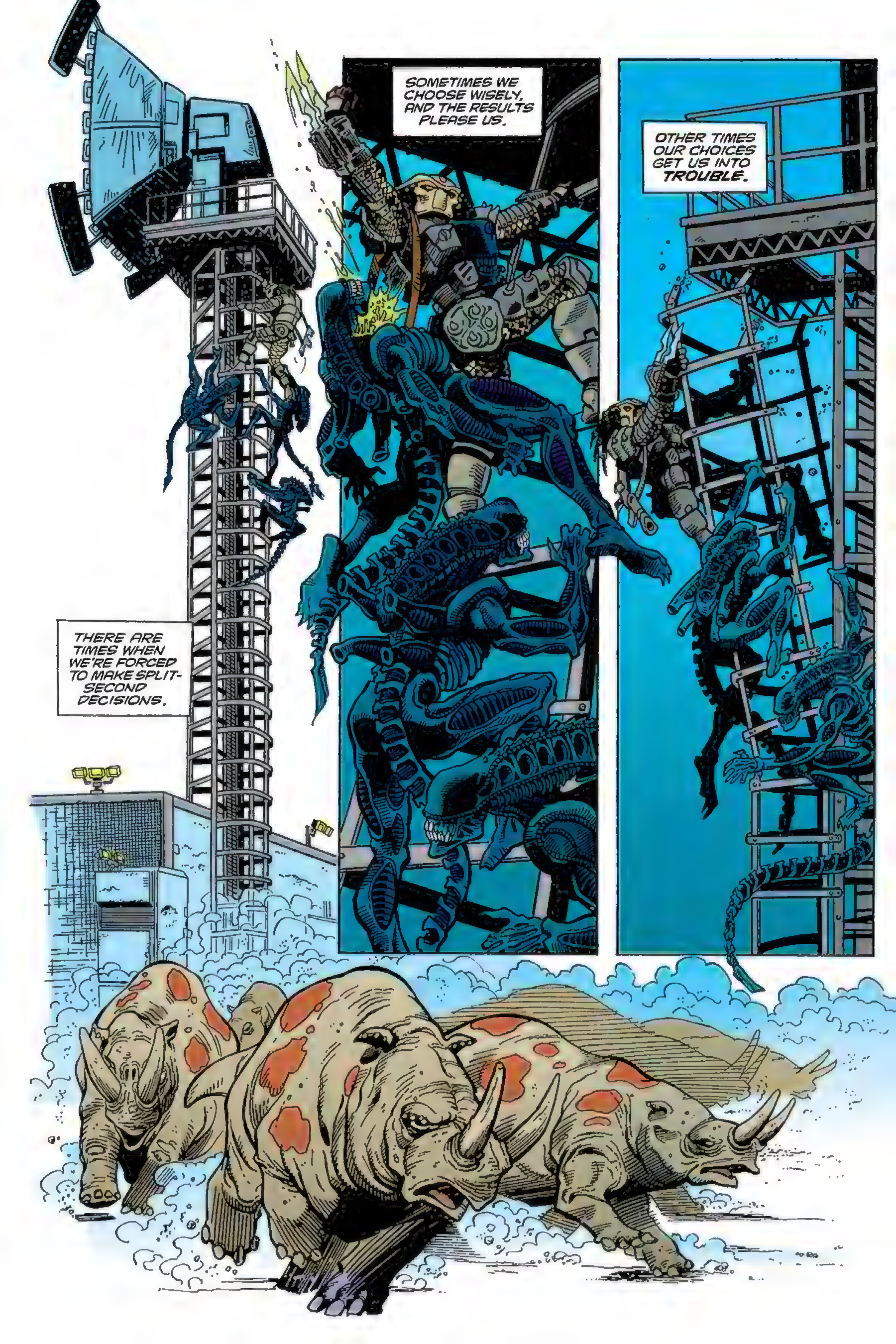
BUT THAT
ONE RISKED
HIS LIFE TO
SAVE **MINE!**



AS YOU GO THROUGH
LIFE, YOU MAKE RULES
FOR YOURSELF--LIKE
NOT ALIGNING YOURSELF
WITH LOSERS--

PLEASE,
MACHIKO...

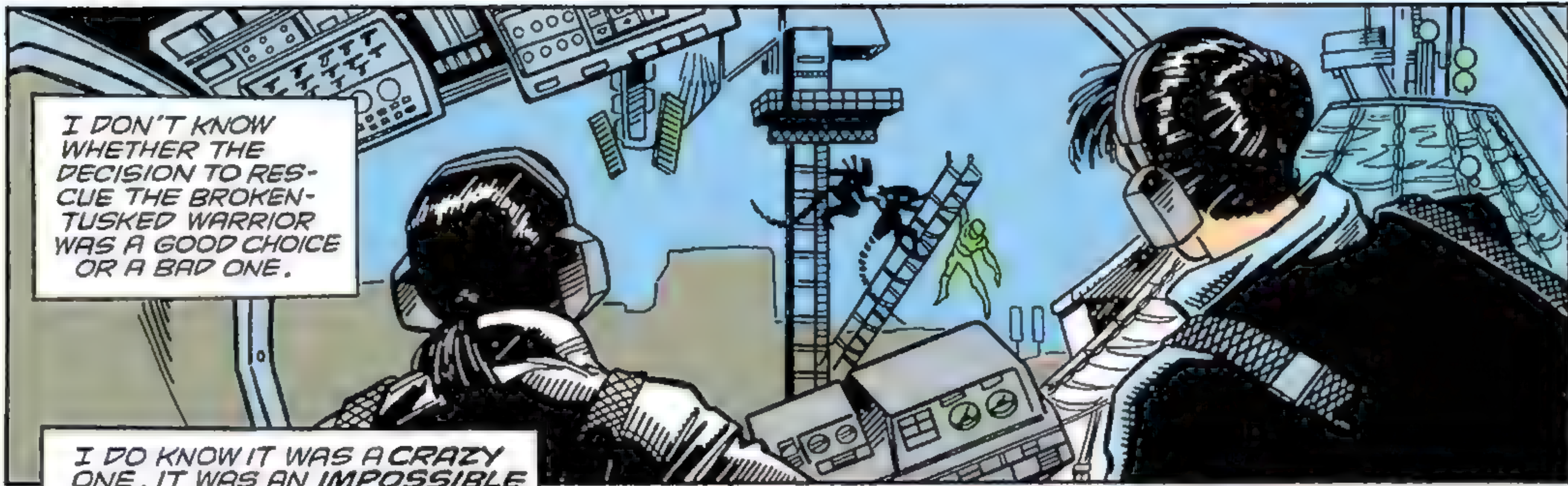
--AND SOMETIMES THE RULES
GO OUT THE WINDOW.



SOMETIMES WE
CHOOSE WISELY,
AND THE RESULTS
PLEASE US.

OTHER TIMES
OUR CHOICES
GET US INTO
TROUBLE.

THERE ARE
TIMES WHEN
WE'RE FORCED
TO MAKE SPLIT-
SECOND
DECISIONS.



I DON'T KNOW
WHETHER THE
DECISION TO RES-
CUE THE BROKEN-
TASKED WARRIOR
WAS A GOOD CHOICE
OR A BAD ONE.

I DO KNOW IT WAS A CRAZY
ONE. IT WAS AN IMPOSSIBLE
RESCUE--EVEN A TRAINED
PILOT WOULD HAVE BALKED.

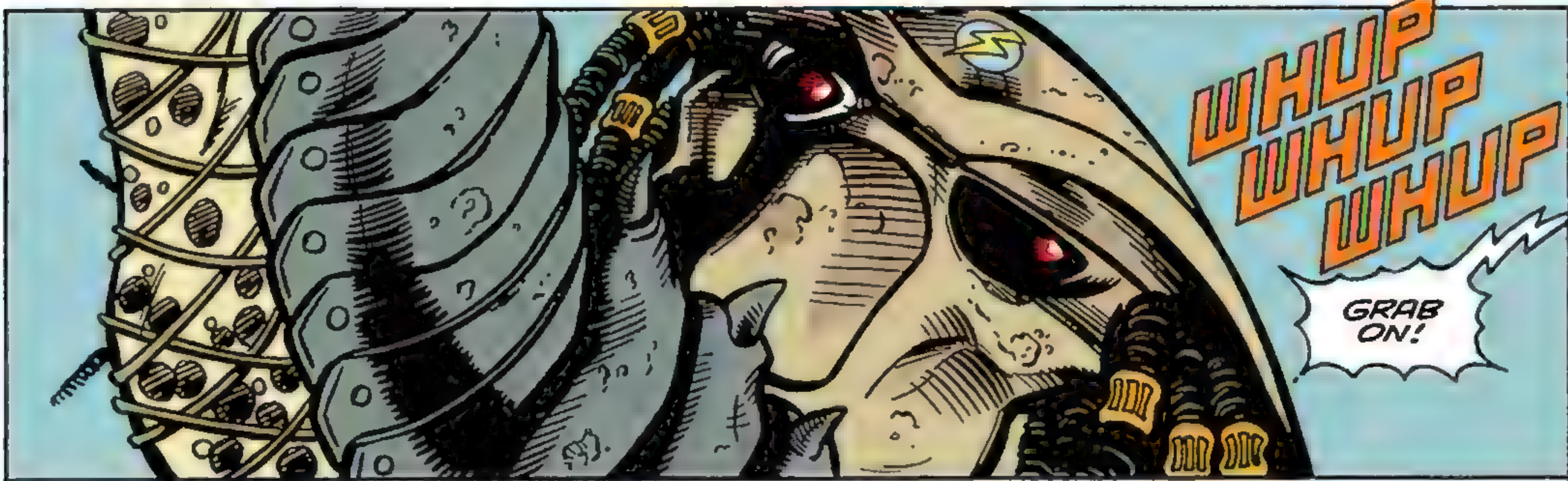


BUT THE WARRIOR HAD
PROVED HIMSELF
DIFFERENT FROM
THOSE OF HIS KIND WHO
HAD KILLED HIROKI AND
THE OTHERS. BY SAVING
MIRIAM'S LIFE...

...AND, LIKE
HIROKI, HE
REFUSED TO
GIVE UP FIGHTING.

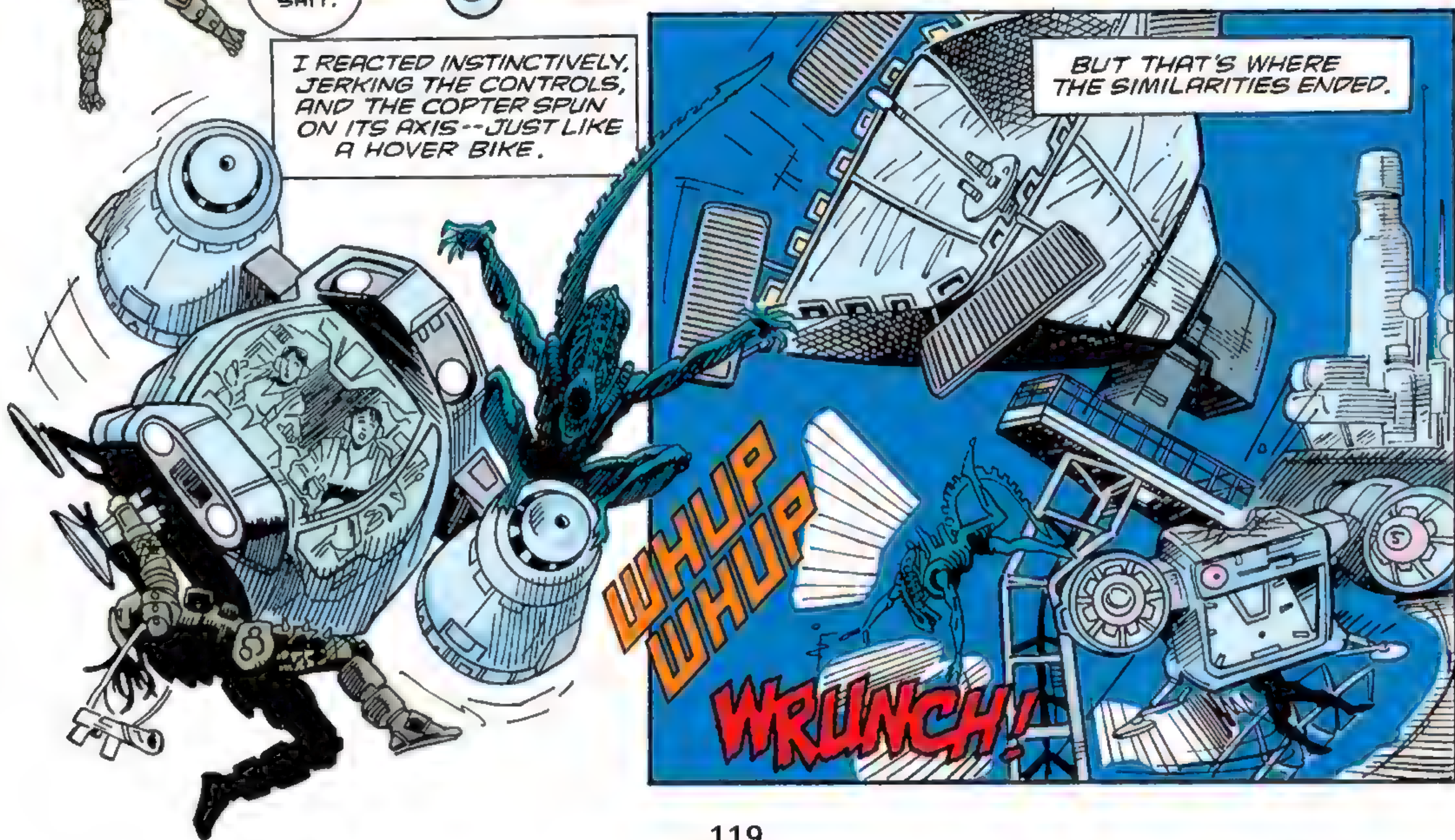
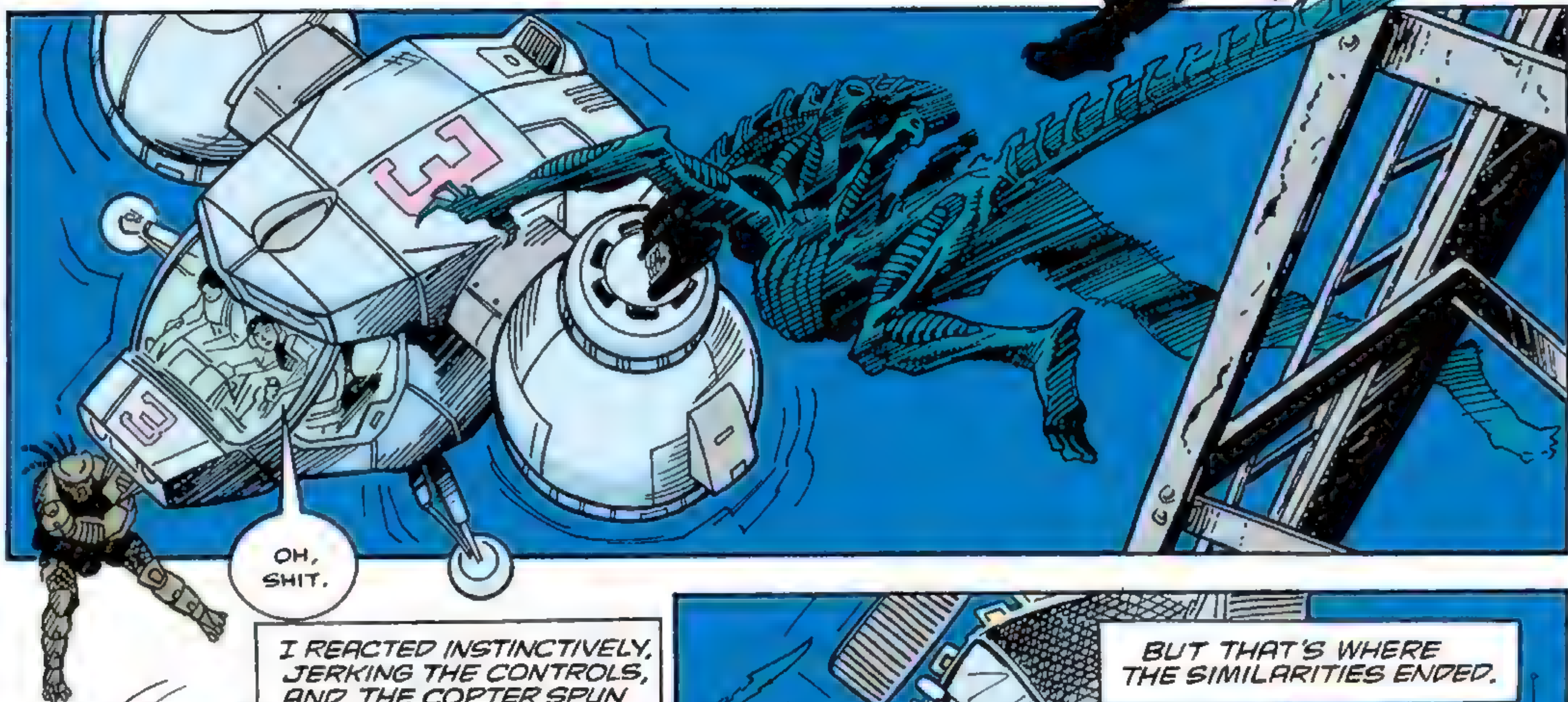
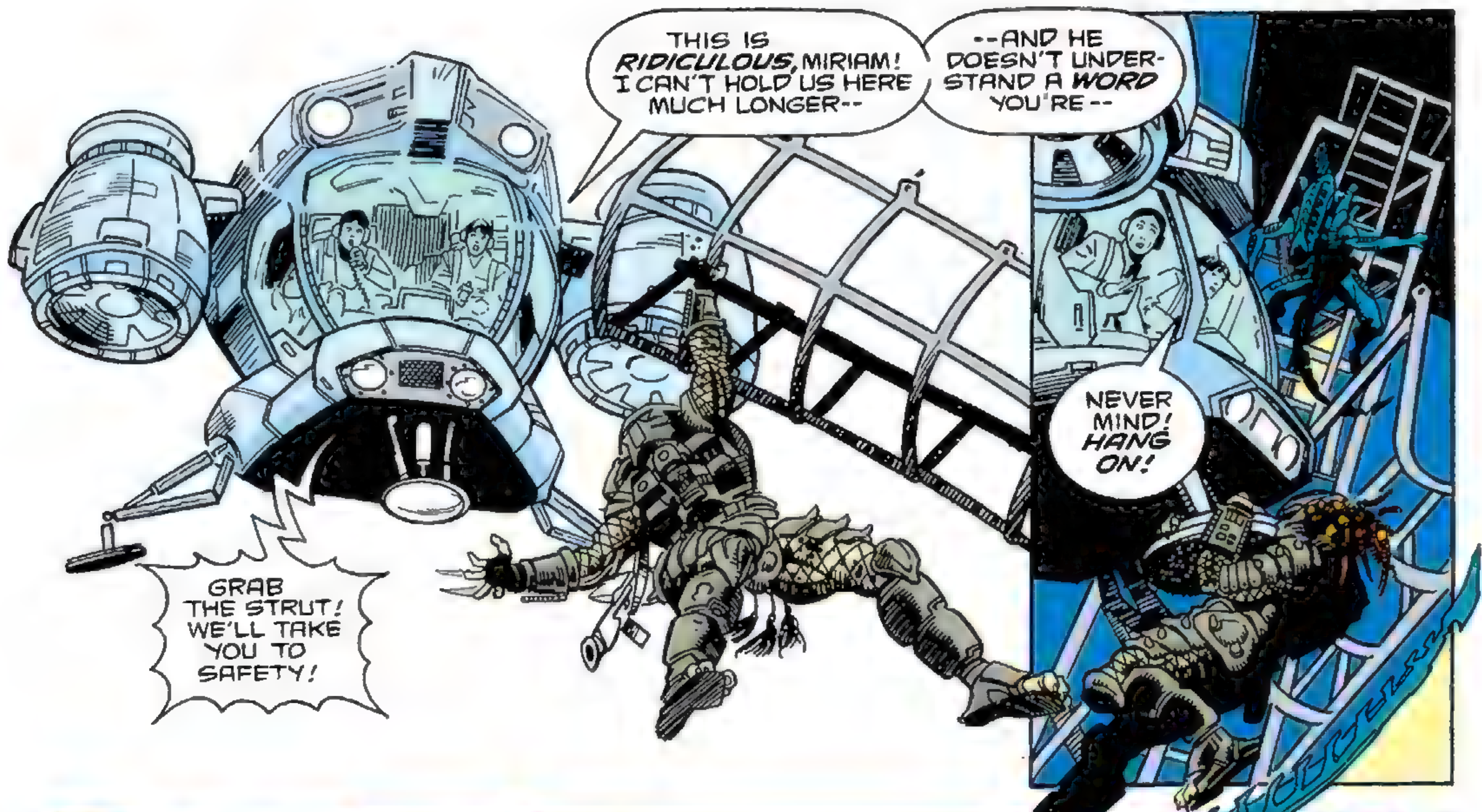


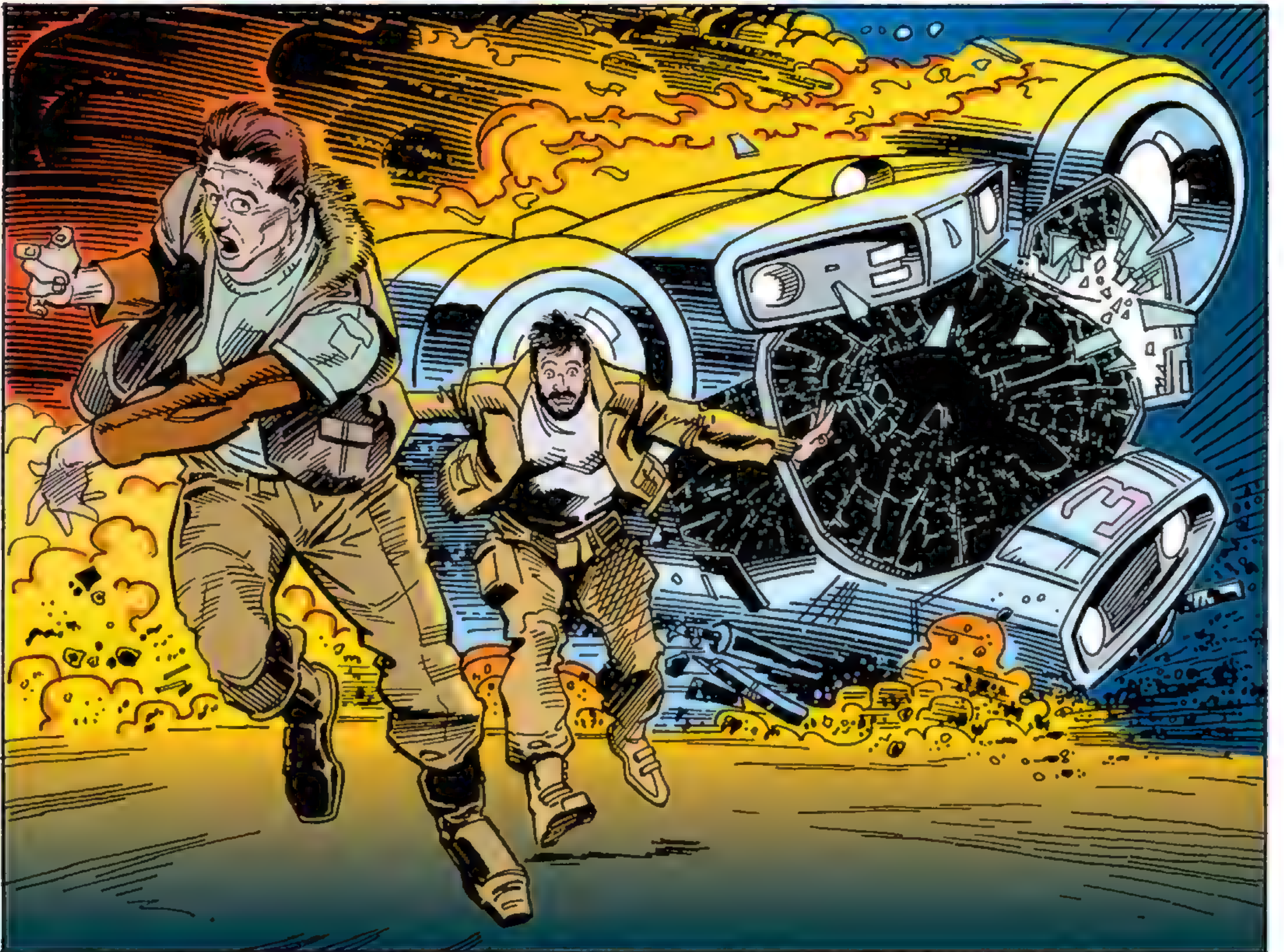
I COULD
RESPECT
THAT.

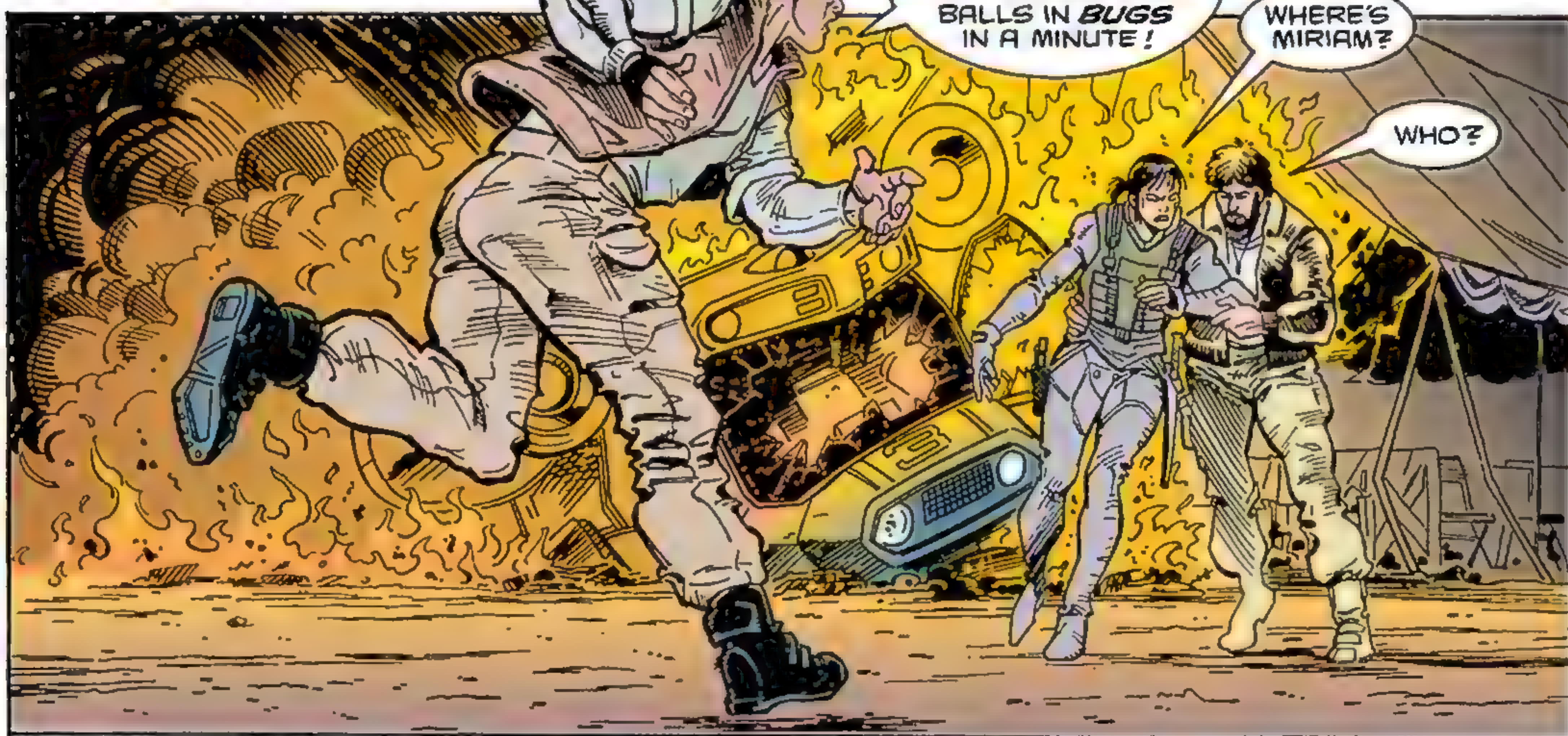
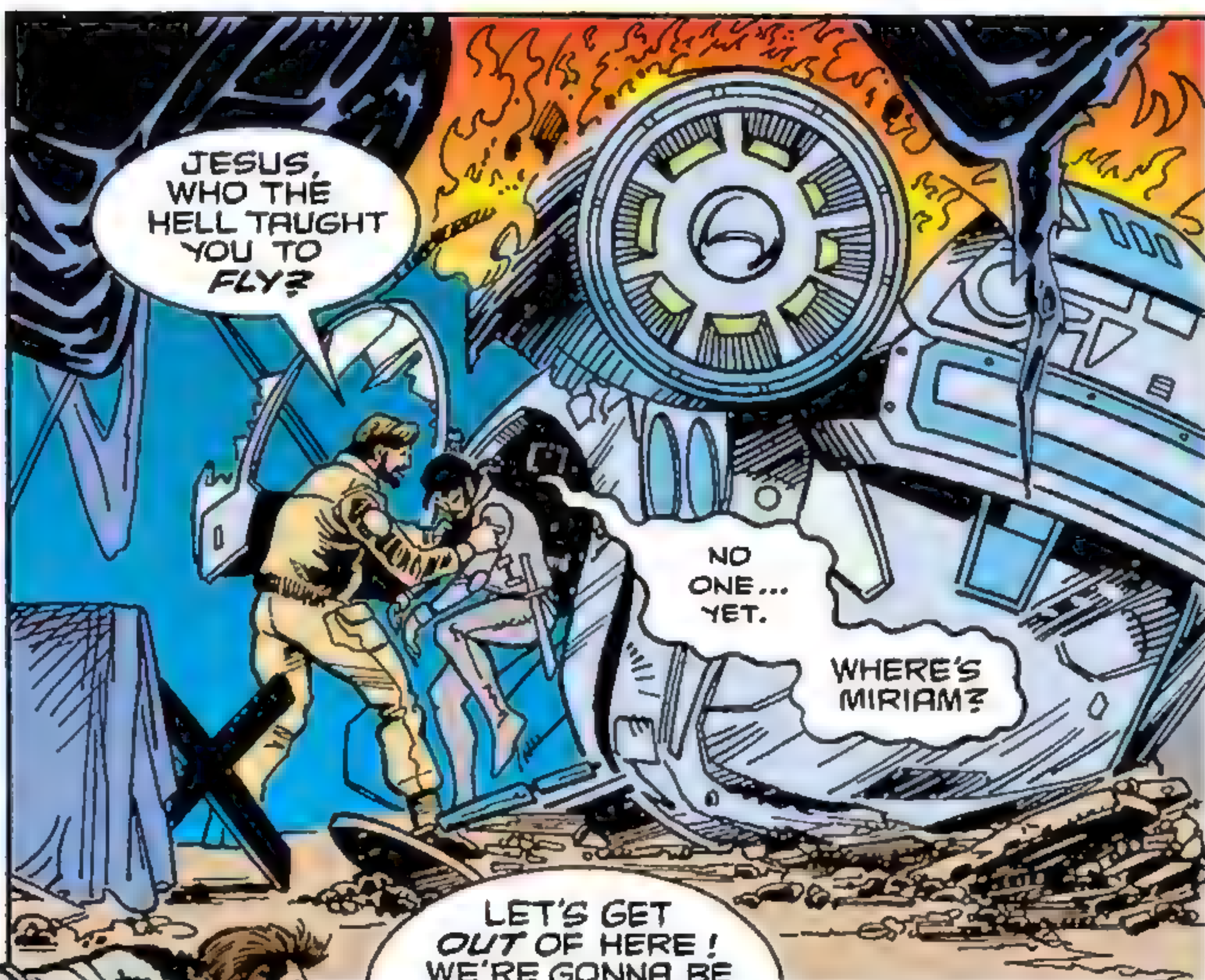
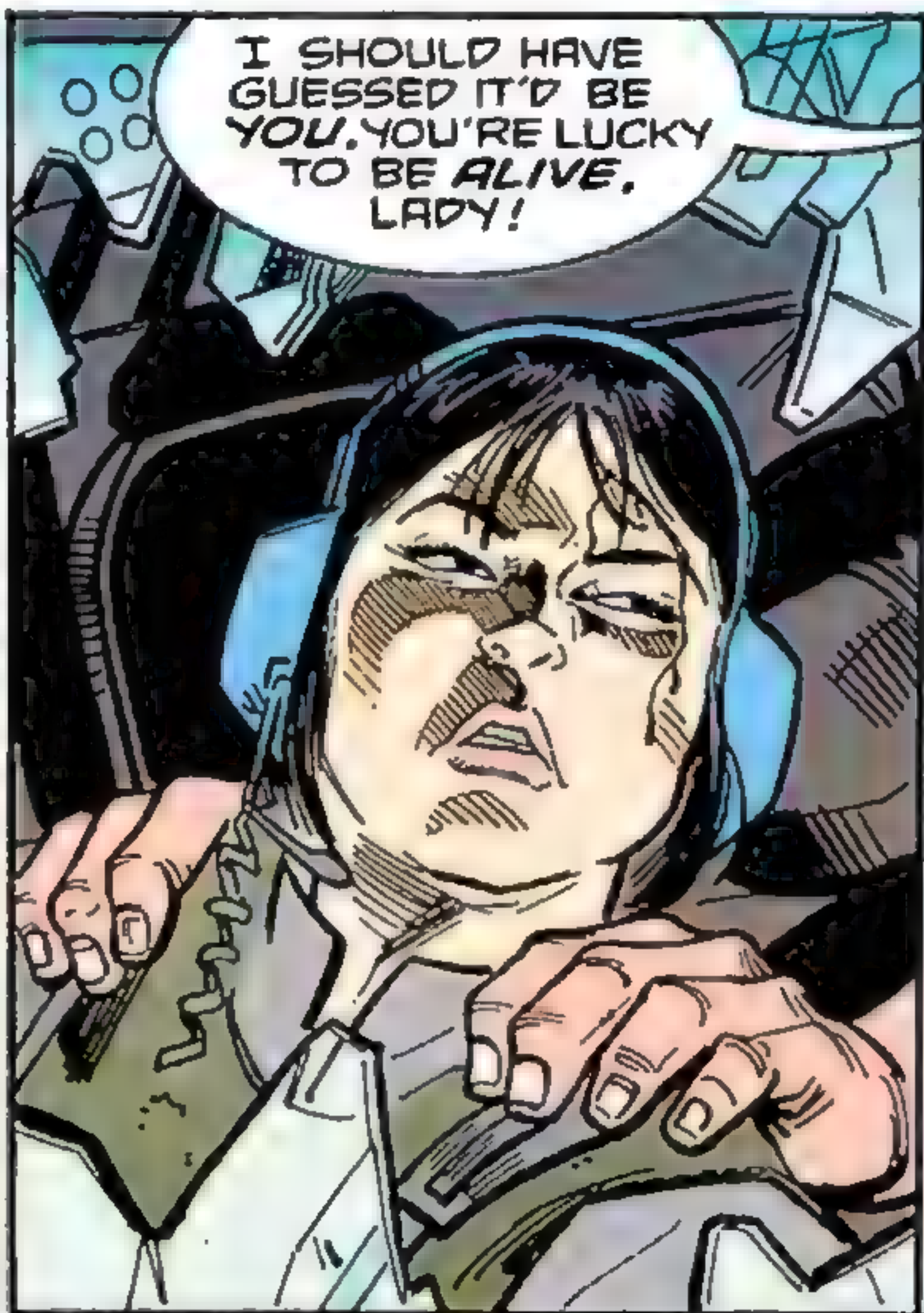


WHUP
WHUP
WHUP

GRAB
ON!

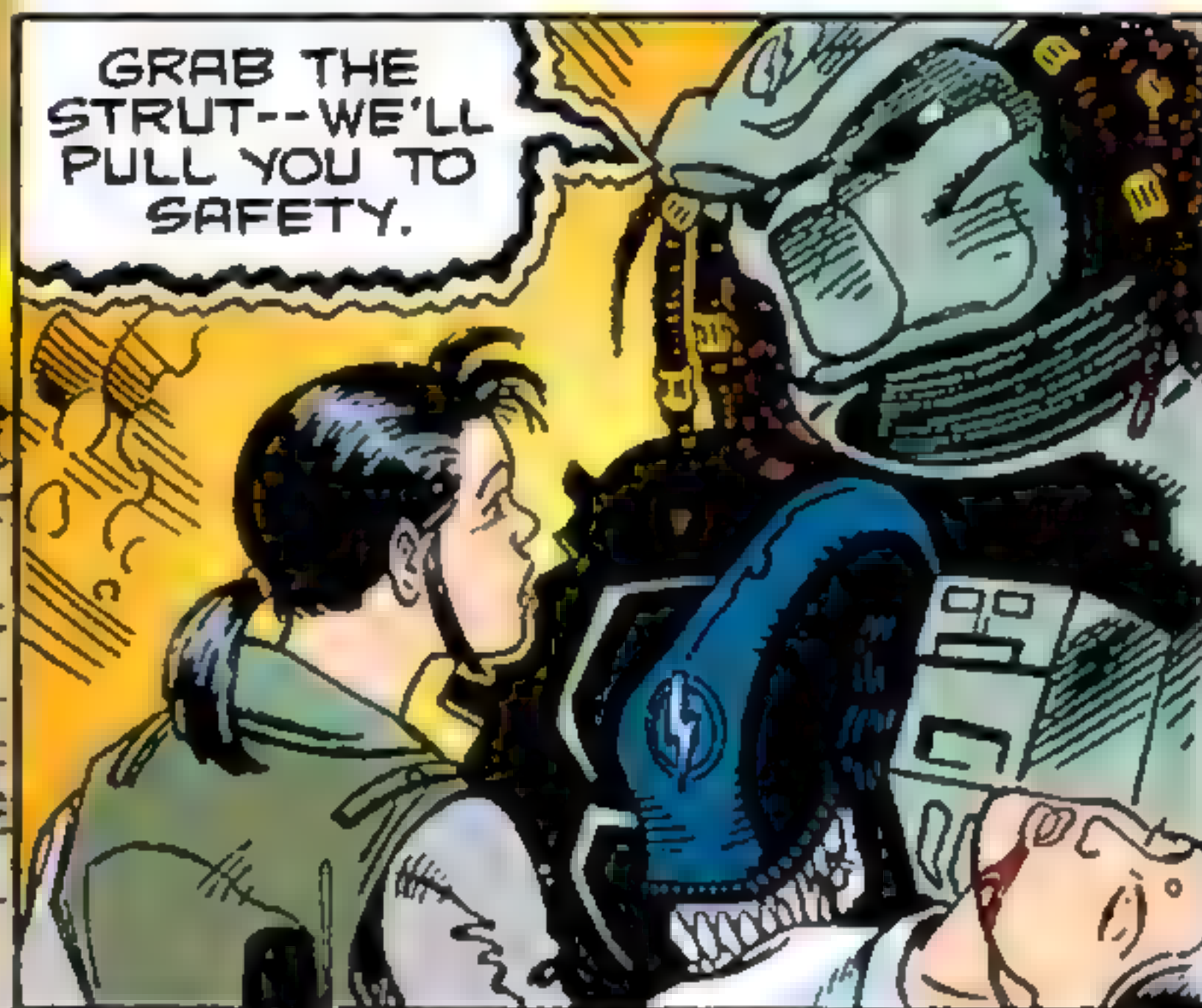
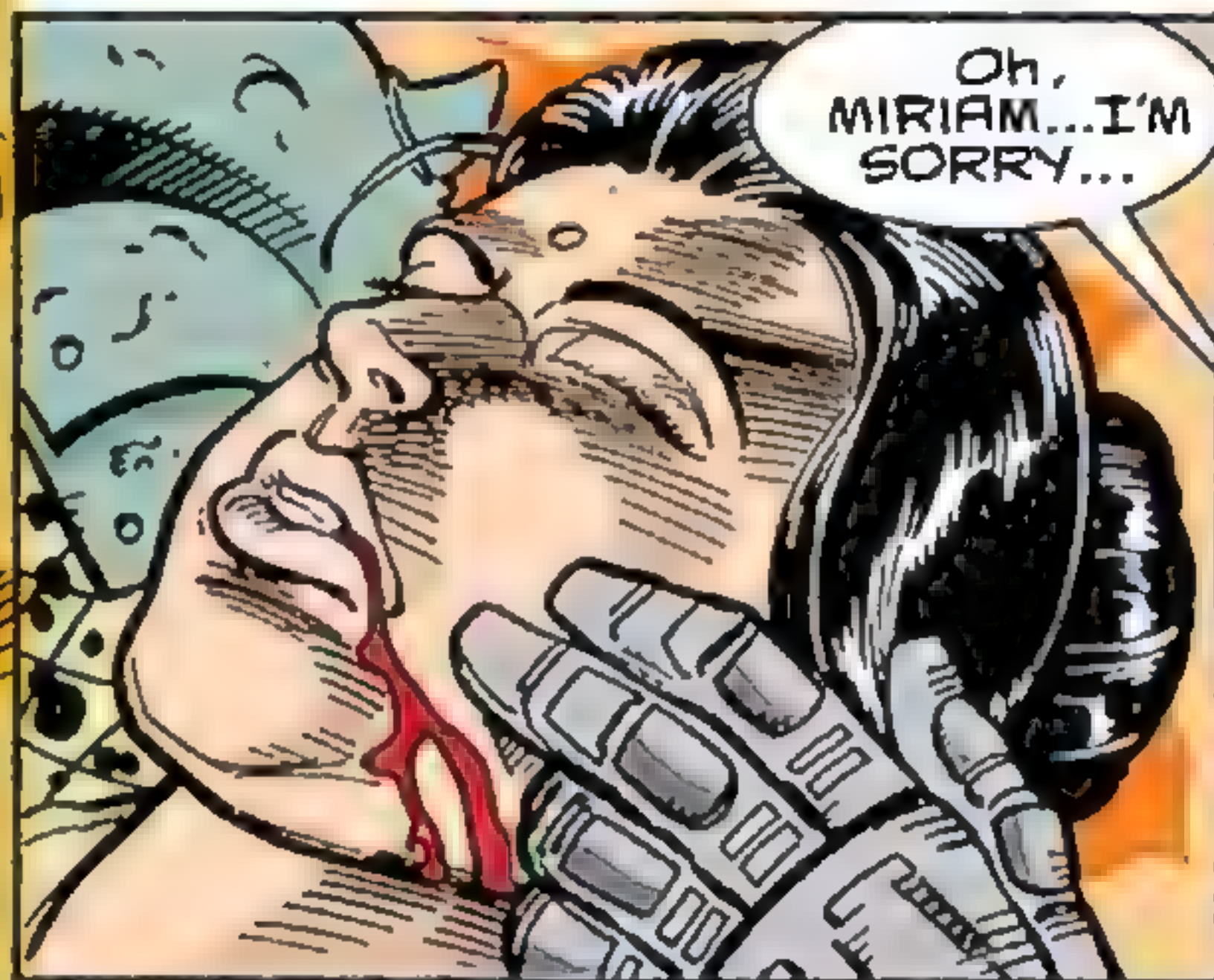
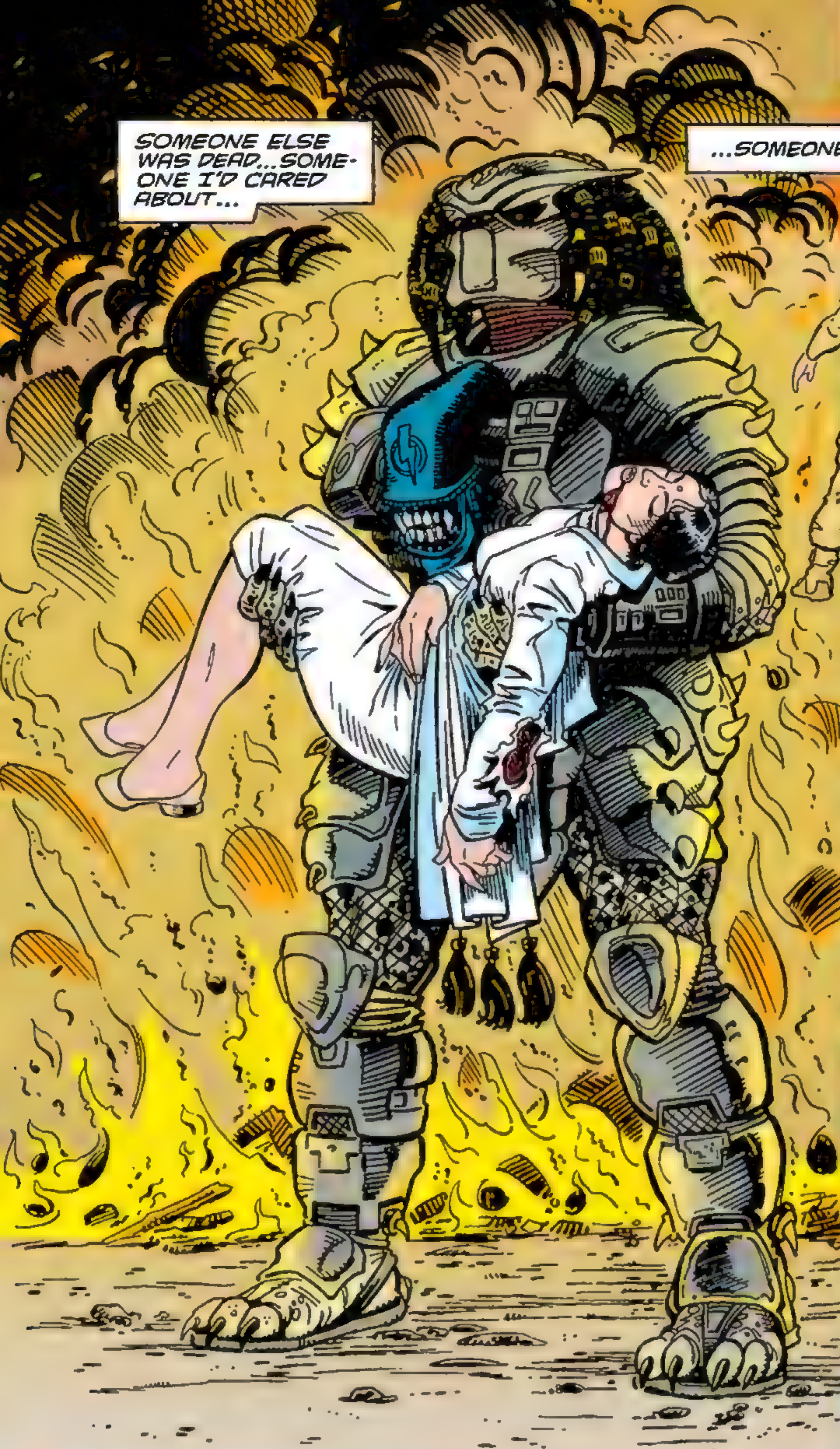






SOMEONE ELSE
WAS DEAD... SOME-
ONE I'D CARED
ABOUT...

...SOMEONE WHO'D DEPENDED ON ME.



CONOVER AND STRANDBERG WERE THE LAST TWO PEOPLE IN PROSPERITY WELLS I'D HAVE WISHED TO BE STRANDED WITH, BUT NOW THAT MIRIAM WAS DEAD, THEY WERE THE LAST TWO PEOPLE.

SOMEHOW, THEY'D MISSED THE EVENTS OF THE PAST TWENTY- EIGHT HOURS. I BROUGHT THEM UP TO DATE...

I TOLD THEM WHAT I KNEW OF OUR COMPANION AND HIS KIND-- HOW THEY HAD ARRIVED EQUIPPED FOR A SAFARI. I EXPLAINED MY THEORY ABOUT THE BUGS-- AS THEY CALLED THEM--AND THE WARRIORS BEING SOMEHOW CONNECTED.

ARE YOU SAYING THEY LET THOSE BUGS LOOSE ON A POPULATED PLANET SO THEY COULD HUNT THEM?

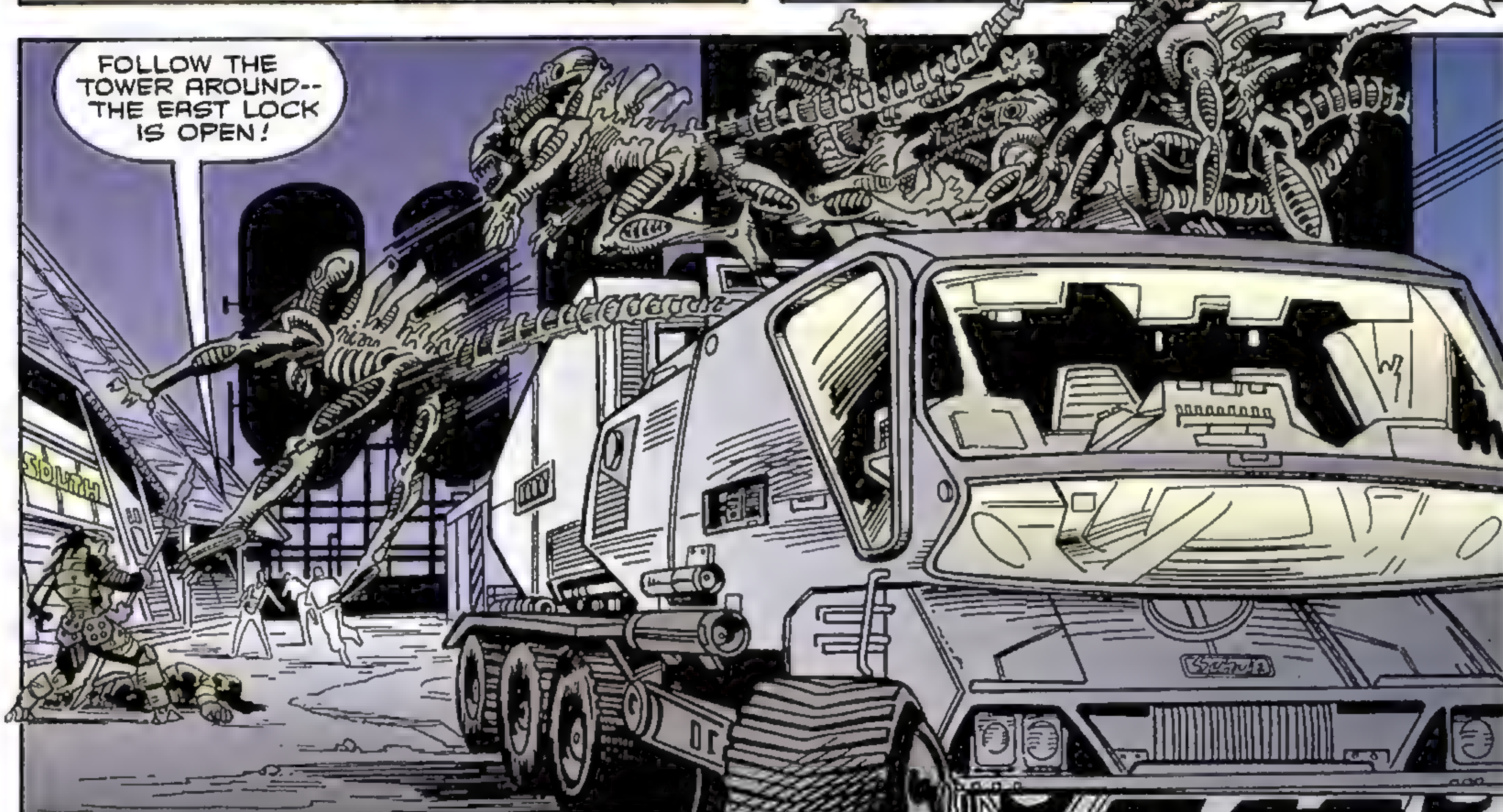
I DON'T BELIEVE HIS KIND *KNEW* THERE WERE HUMANS ON RYUSHI. WE HAVEN'T BEEN HERE LONG-- I *DOUBT* WE WERE HERE THE LAST TIME THEY DROPPED IN.

IN FACT, OUR PRESENCE PROBABLY SCREWED UP THEIR PLANS.

OH, GREAT! I FEEL SO MUCH BETTER KNOWING THAT THIS WHOLE MESS WAS AN ACCIDENT!

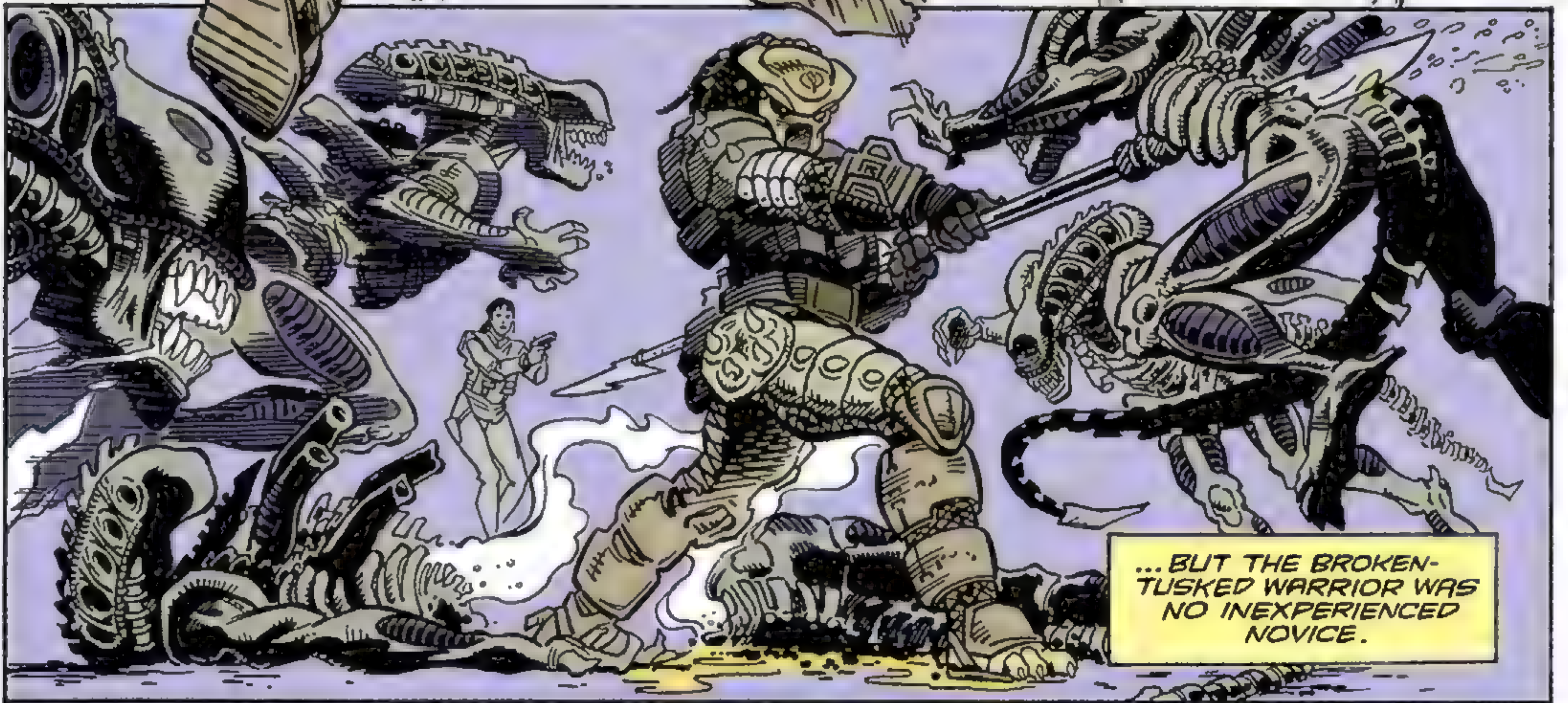
HEY, AT LEAST HE'S ON OUR SIDE.

YEAH? PROBABLY ONLY UNTIL HE GETS HUNGRY...





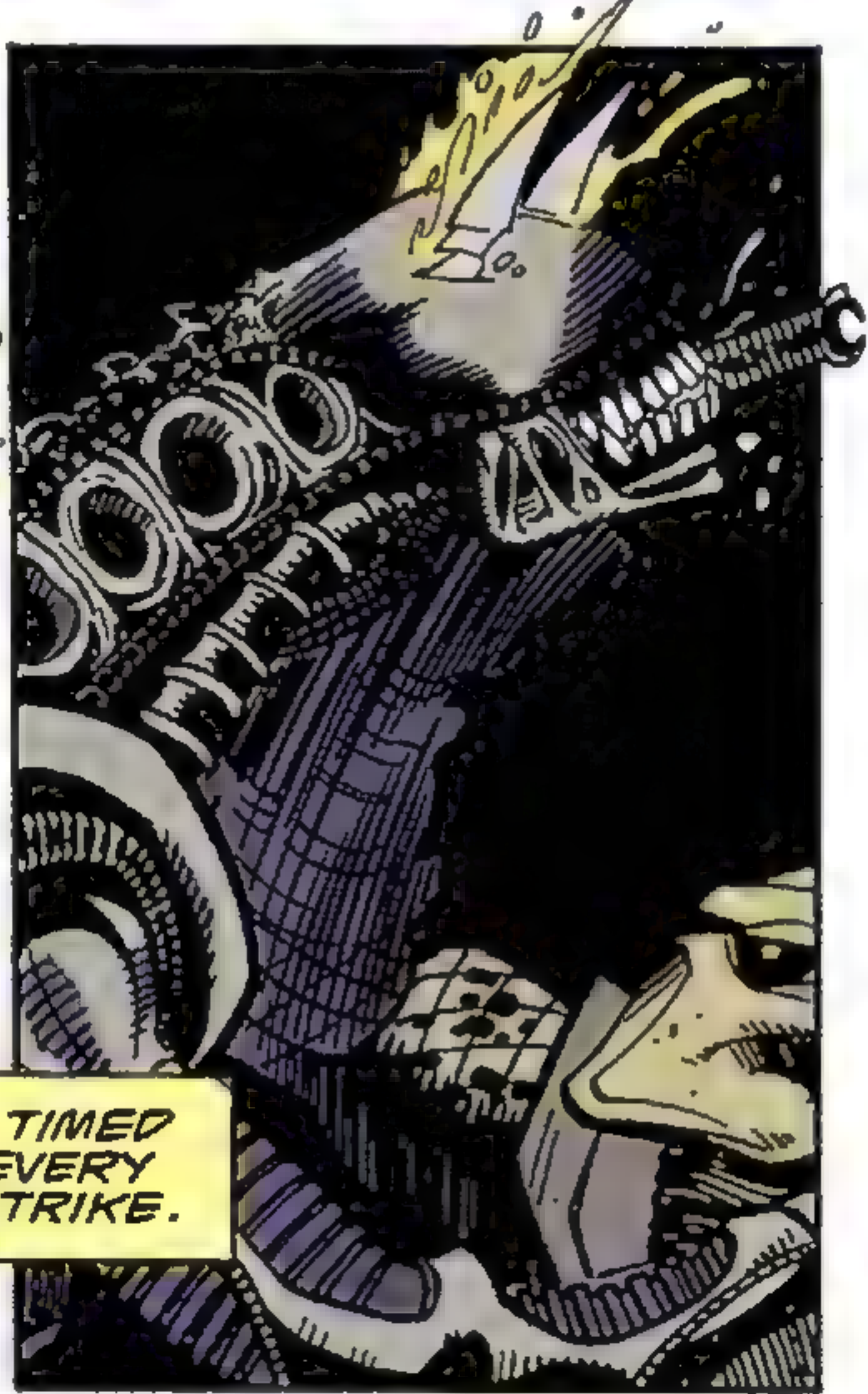
I HALF EXPECTED
A REPLAY OF THE
LOST BATTLES I'D
SEEN EARLIER...



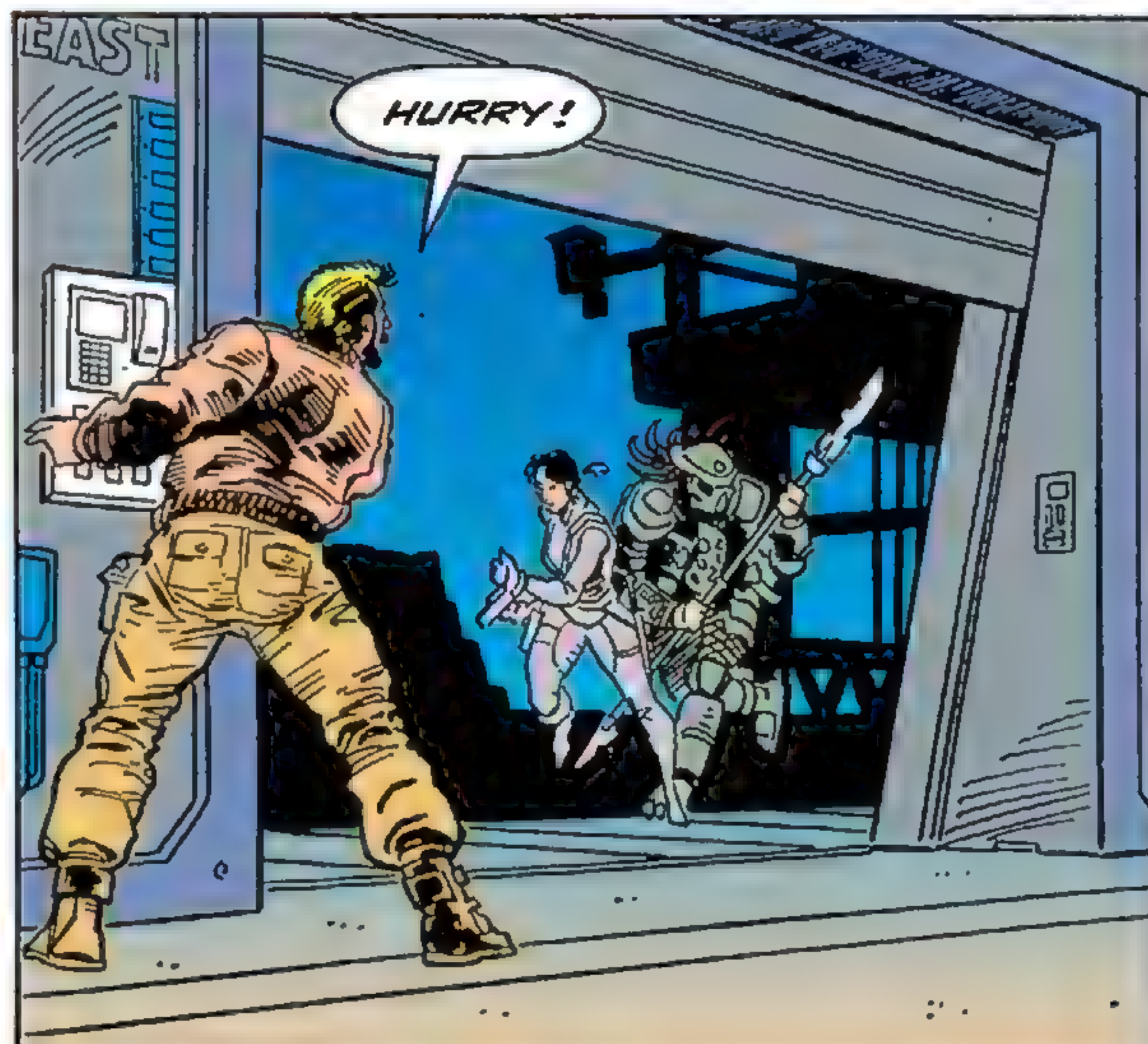
...BUT THE BROKEN-
TUSKED WARRIOR WAS
NO INEXPERIENCED
NOVICE.

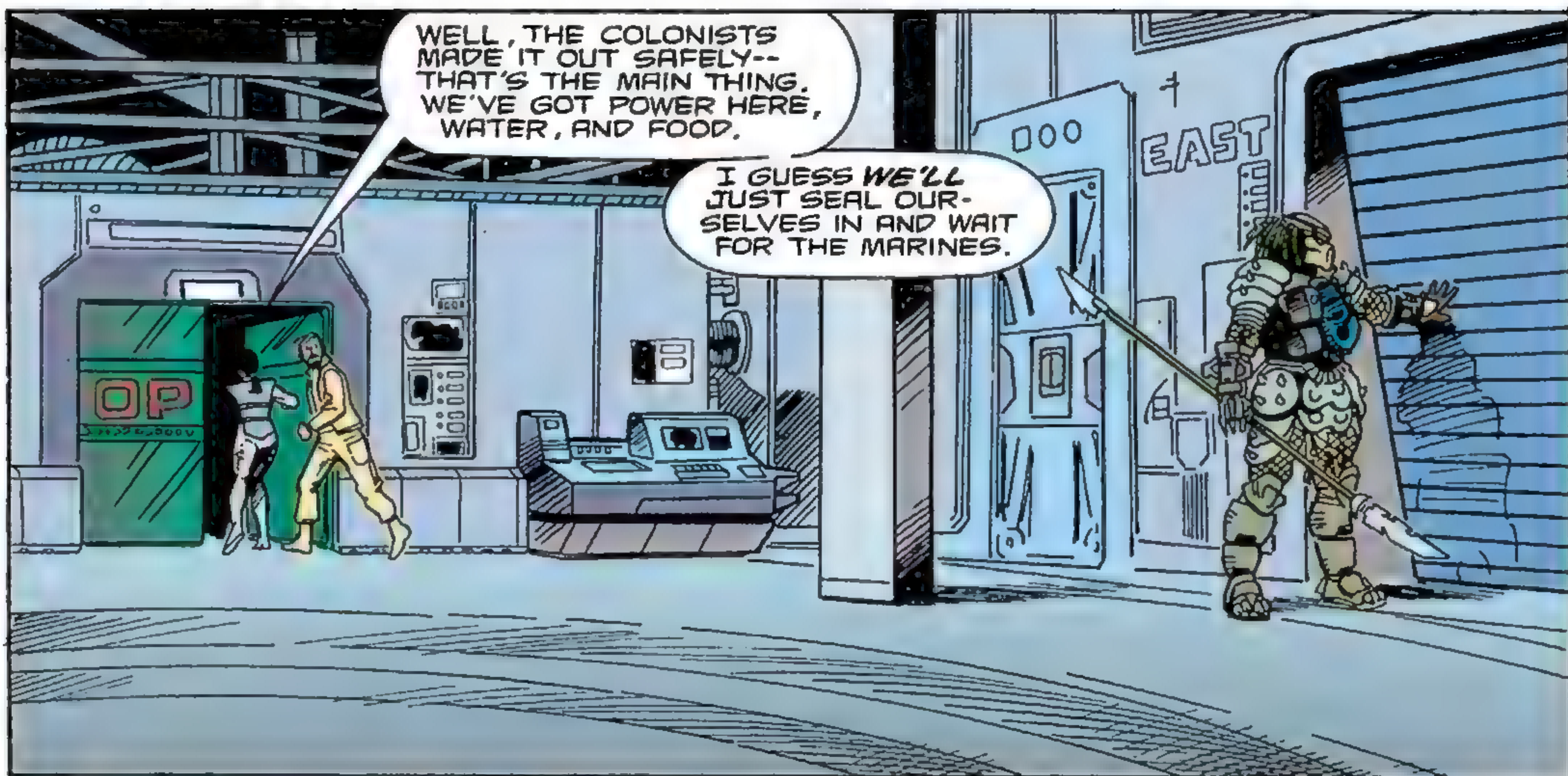


HE MEASURED
EVERY STEP--



--TIMED
EVERY
STRIKE.





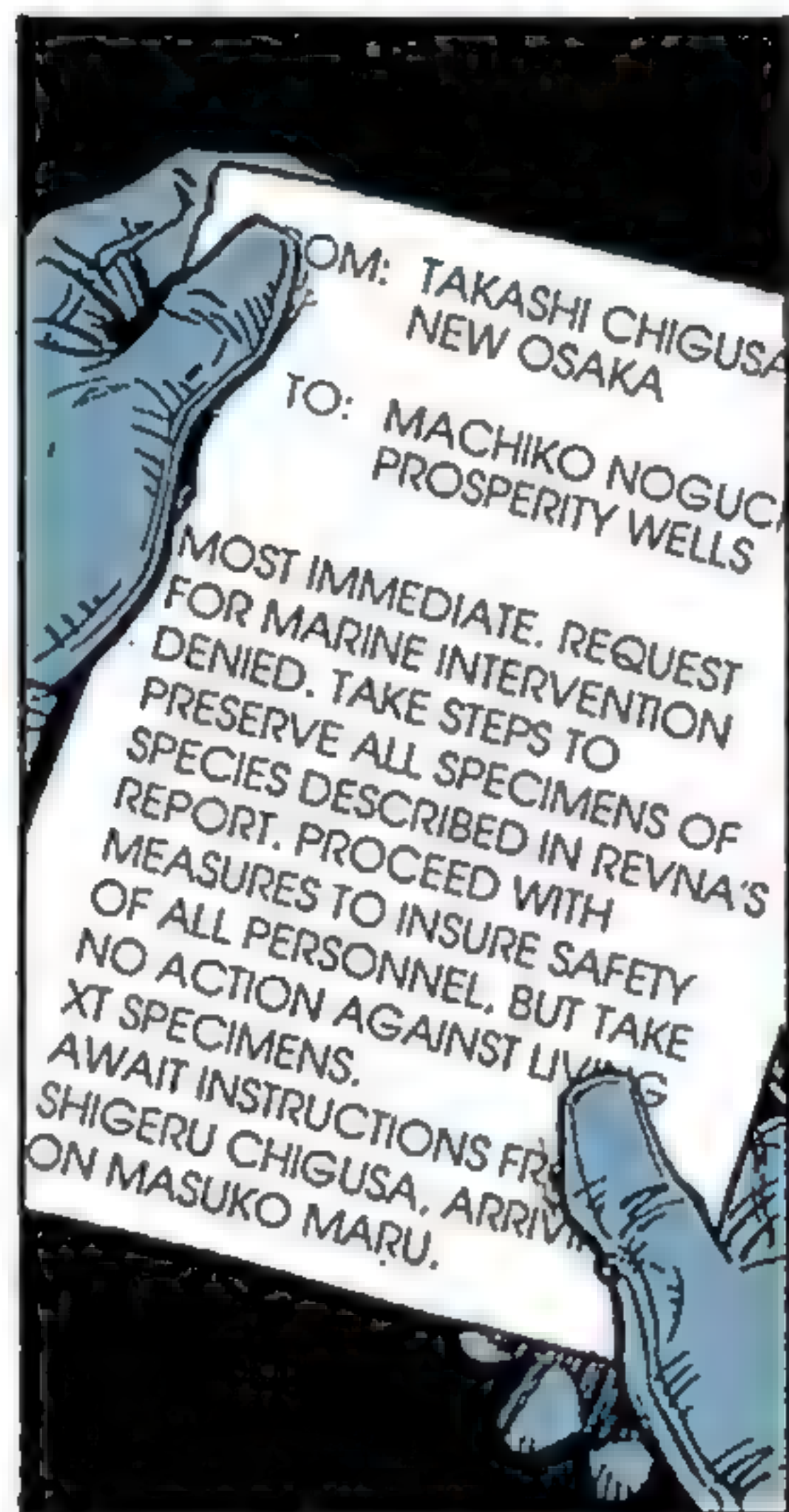
WELL, THE COLONISTS
MADE IT OUT SAFELY--
THAT'S THE MAIN THING.
WE'VE GOT POWER HERE,
WATER, AND FOOD.

I GUESS WE'LL
JUST SEAL OUR-
SELVES IN AND WAIT
FOR THE MARINES.



WRONG. THE
MARINES AREN'T
COMING. SEEMS
YOUR BOSS WANTS
THE BUGS ALIVE--

LET
ME SEE
THAT!



FROM: TAKASHI CHIGUSA
NEW OSAKA
TO: MACHIKO NOGUCHI
PROSPERITY WELLS
MOST IMMEDIATE. REQUEST
FOR MARINE INTERVENTION
DENIED. TAKE STEPS TO
PRESERVE ALL SPECIMENS OF
SPECIES DESCRIBED IN REVNA'S
REPORT. PROCEED WITH
MEASURES TO INSURE SAFETY
OF ALL PERSONNEL, BUT TAKE
NO ACTION AGAINST LIVING
SPECIMENS.
AWAIT INSTRUCTIONS FROM
SHIGERU CHIGUSA, ARRIVING
ON MASUKO MARU.



SCREW *THAT*
SHIT! I SAY WE
SCRAM OUT OF
HERE AND *JOIN*
THE COLONISTS!

YEAH? AND
HOW LONG
BEFORE THE
BUGS SPREAD
INTO THE
DESERT?



LOOK, I DON'T
KNOW ABOUT YOU
TWO, BUT I'M *TIRED*
OF BEING *PUSHED*
AROUND.

I WANT
TO START
PUSHING
BACK.



SURE--WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO? BURN DOWN THE WHOLE COMPLEX?

I DON'T THINK THAT'D WORK, SCOTT. TOO MANY OF THEM WOULD GET AWAY. IT'S GOT TO BE *coff* SOMETHING FAST...



MAYBE OUR FRIEND HERE HAS SOME IDEAS-- A DEATH RAY OR SOMETHING!

I'M SERIOUS. I THINK MACHIKO *coff* HAD THE RIGHT IDEA WITH THE STAMPEDE-- THEY'RE BUGS. WHY NOT CRUSH 'EM?

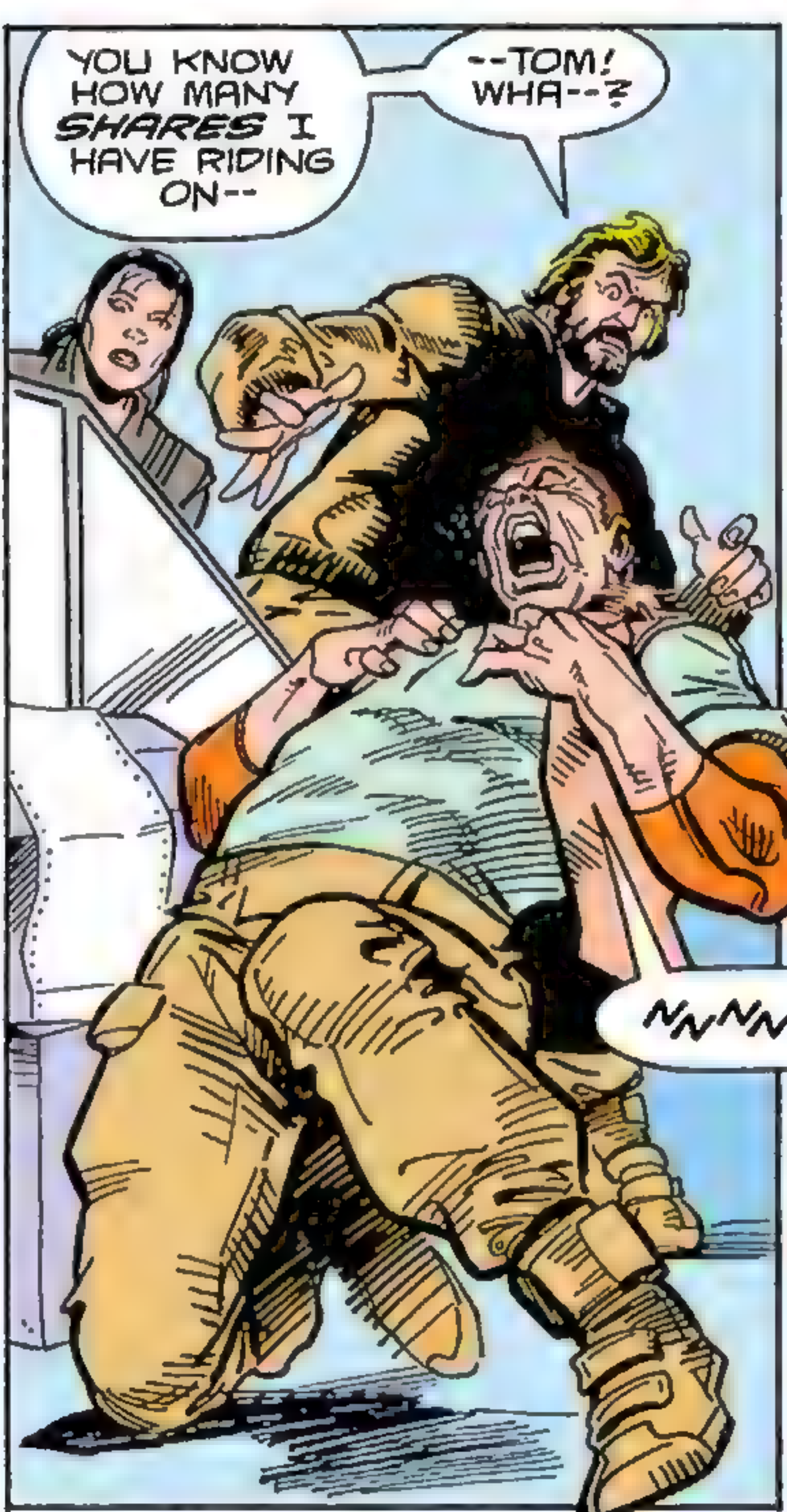
HER FOOT WAS JUST *coff* TOO SMALL. YOU NEED SOMETHING *coff* BIG ENOUGH TO TAKE OUT THE WHOLE COMPLEX--AND THE LECTOR--AT ONCE.



YOU TALKING ABOUT WHAT I THINK YOU ARE? FORGET IT!

DON'T HOLD OUT ON ME, CONOVER! IF YOU KNOW A WAY TO STOP THOSE THINGS, YOU'D BETTER TELL ME!

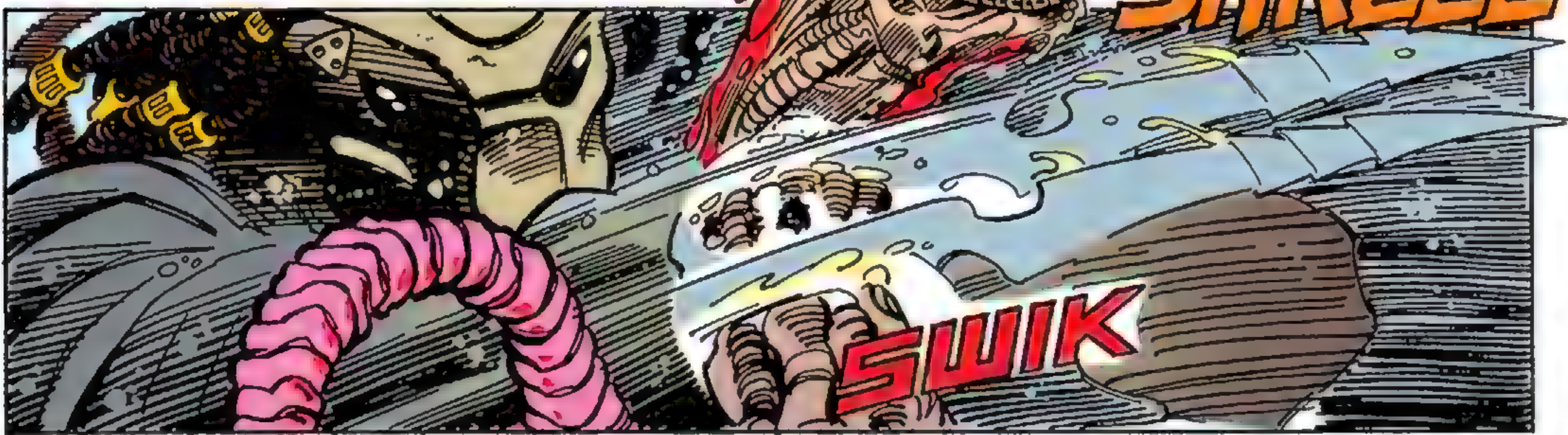
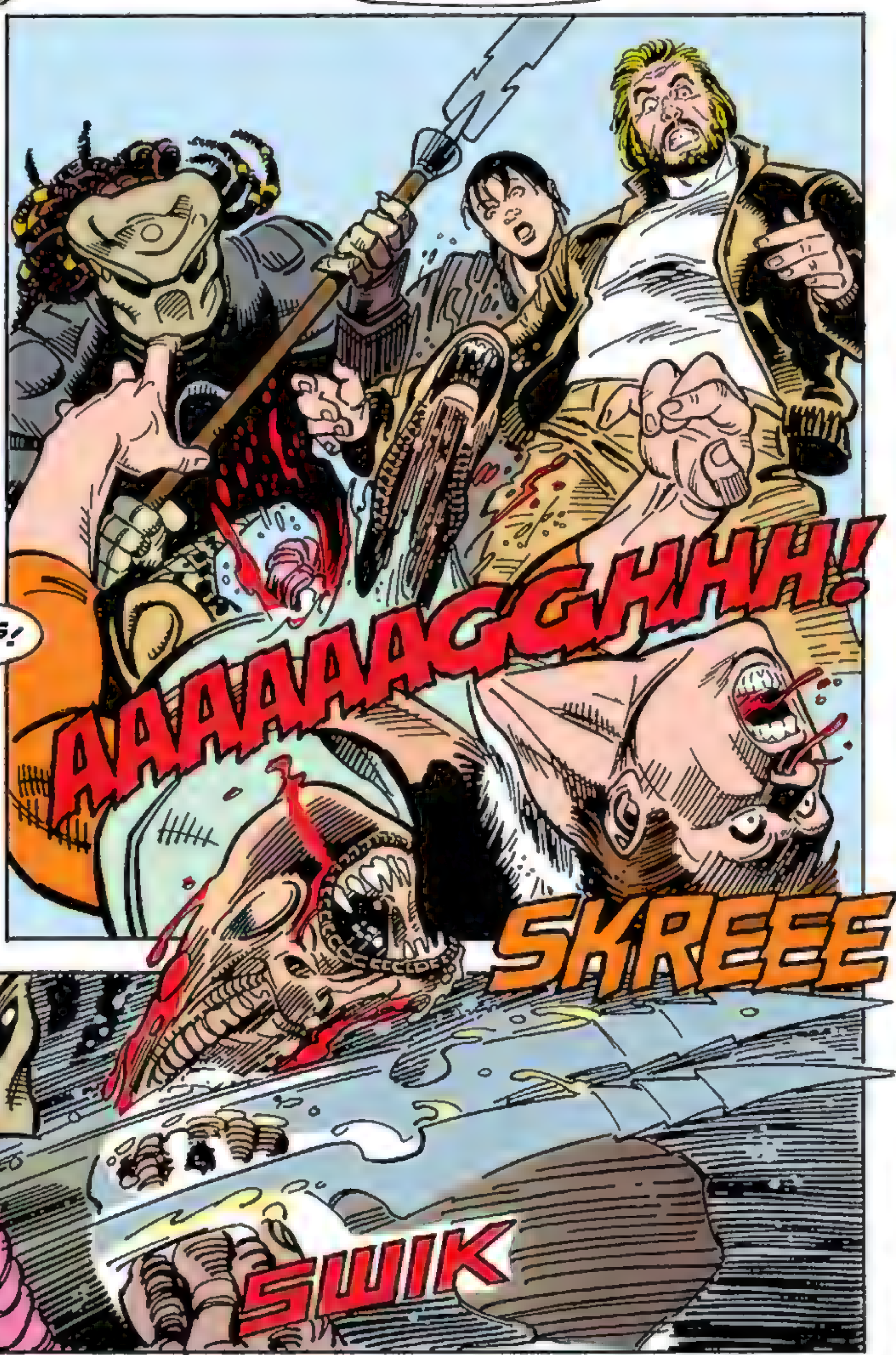
COFF COFF



YOU KNOW HOW MANY SHARES I HAVE RIDING ON--

--TOM! WHA--?

NNNG!





LOOK...uh, I KNOW STRANDBERG WAS YOUR FRIEND, BUT YOU CAN'T GO TO PIECES YET. I NEED YOU FUNCTIONING.

BEFORE STRANDBERG... uh, HE WAS ABOUT TO TELL ME SOMETHING--SOMETHING THAT COULD WIPE OUT THE BUGS...

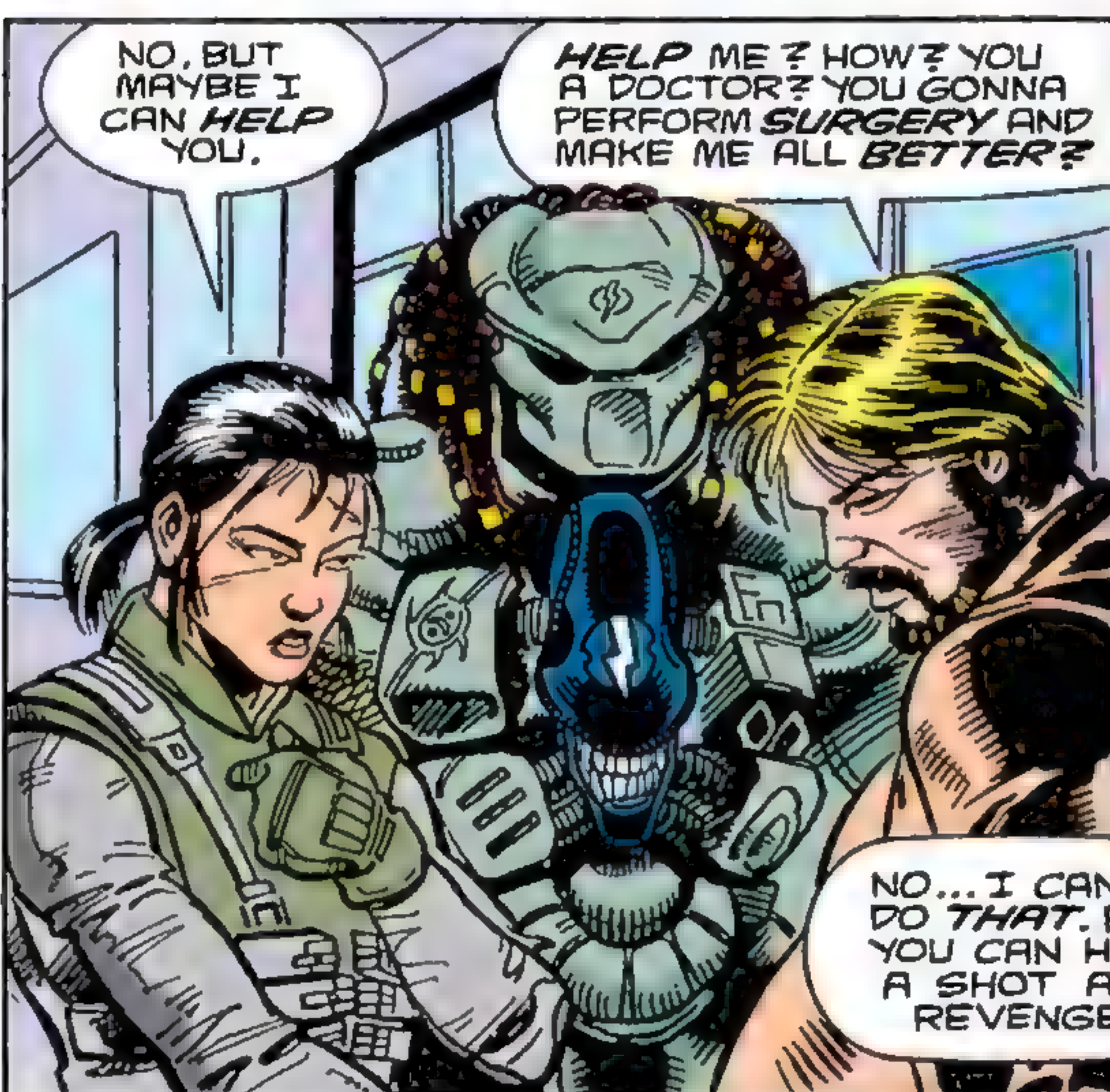
YOU DON'T GET IT, DO YOU? WHAT HAPPENED TO TOM... THAT THING THAT WAS INSIDE HIM...

WE WERE *TOGETHER* ON THE LECTOR. THAT MEANS I'VE GOT ONE INSIDE ME, TOO.

MY LIFE'S OVER. LEAVE ME ALONE.

YOU'RE NOT DEAD YET, CONOVER--AND WE STILL NEED YOUR HELP. WE'RE ALL IN THIS TOGETHER.

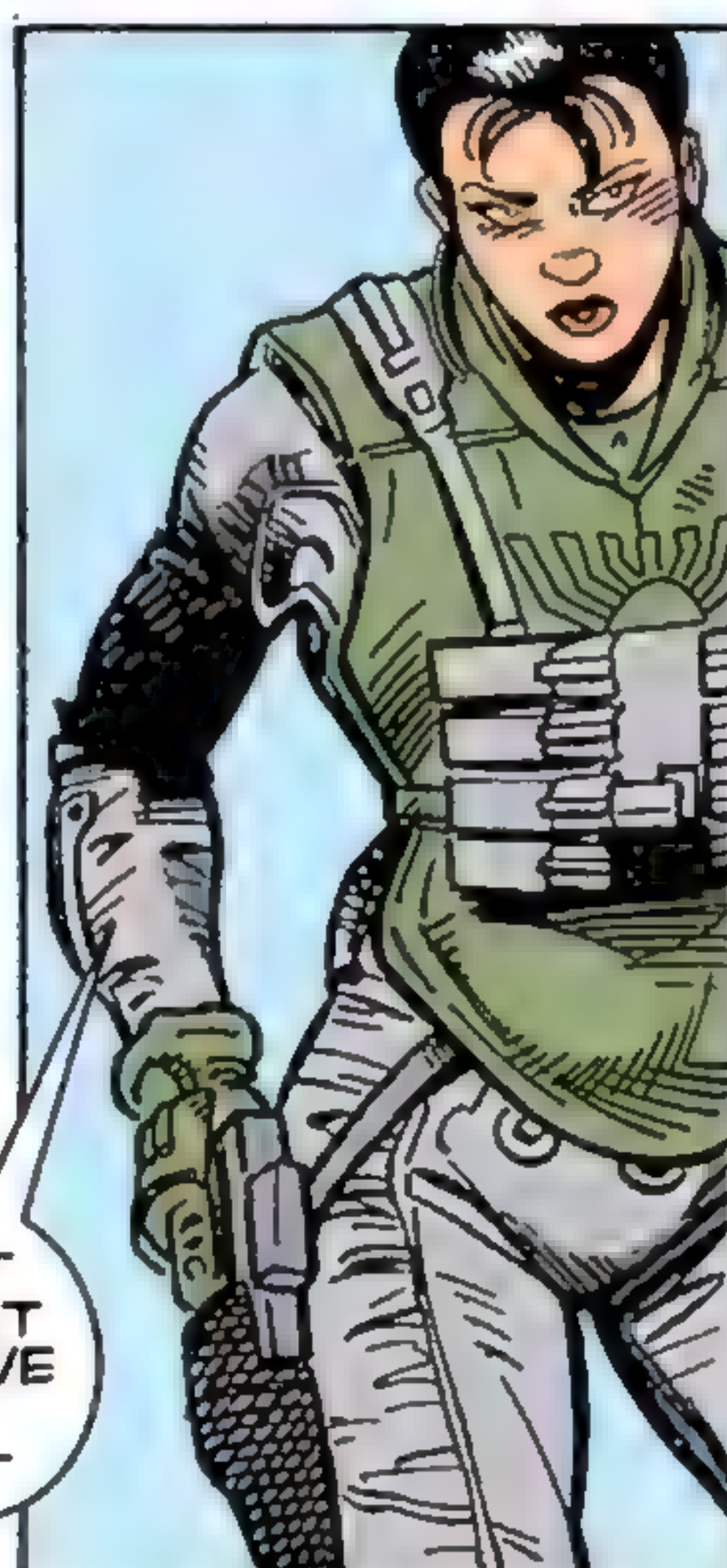
AND IF I *DON'T* HELP YOU? THINK YOU CAN *THREATEN* ME NOW?



NO, BUT MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU.

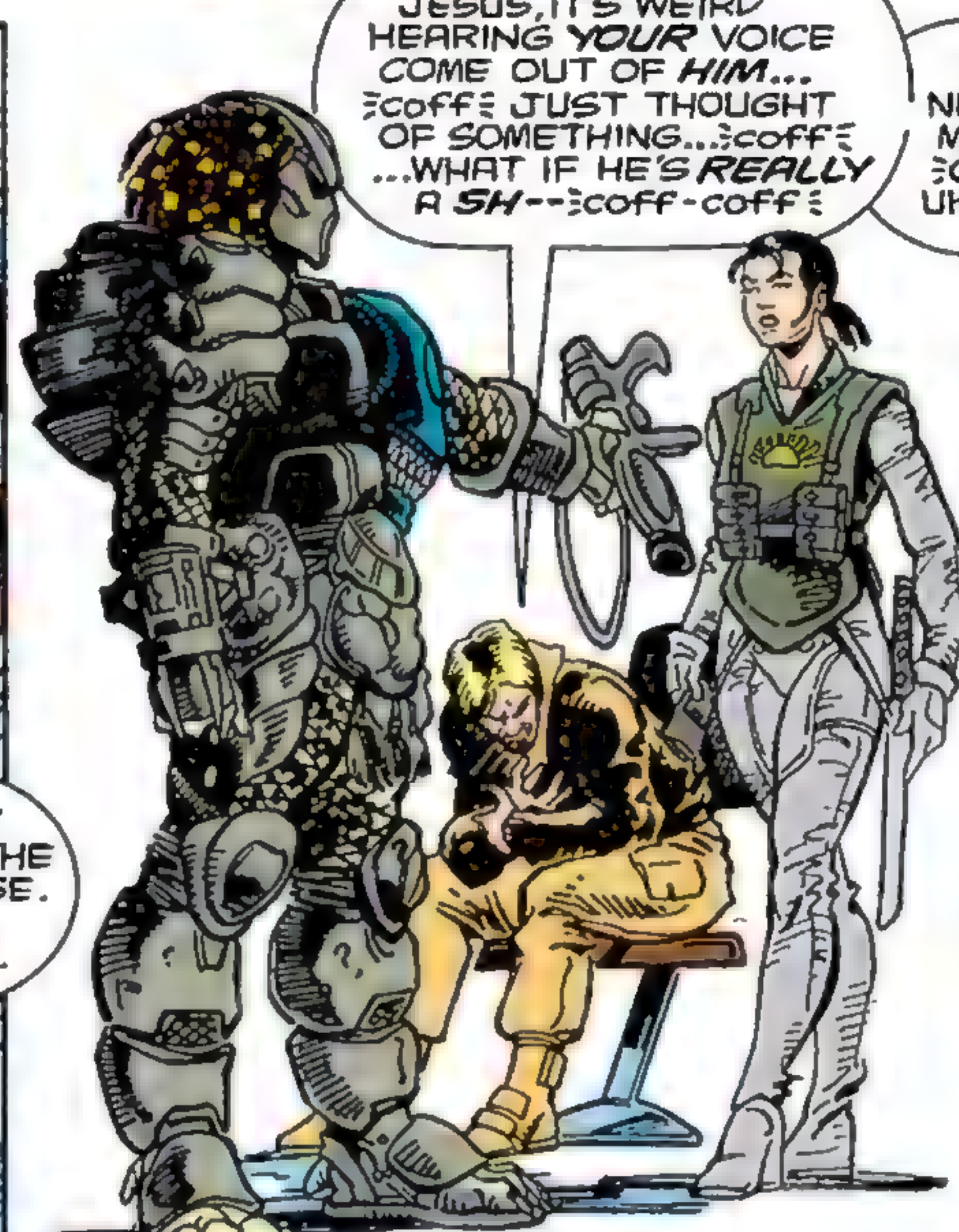
HELP ME? HOW? YOU A DOCTOR? YOU GONNA PERFORM SURGERY AND MAKE ME ALL BETTER?

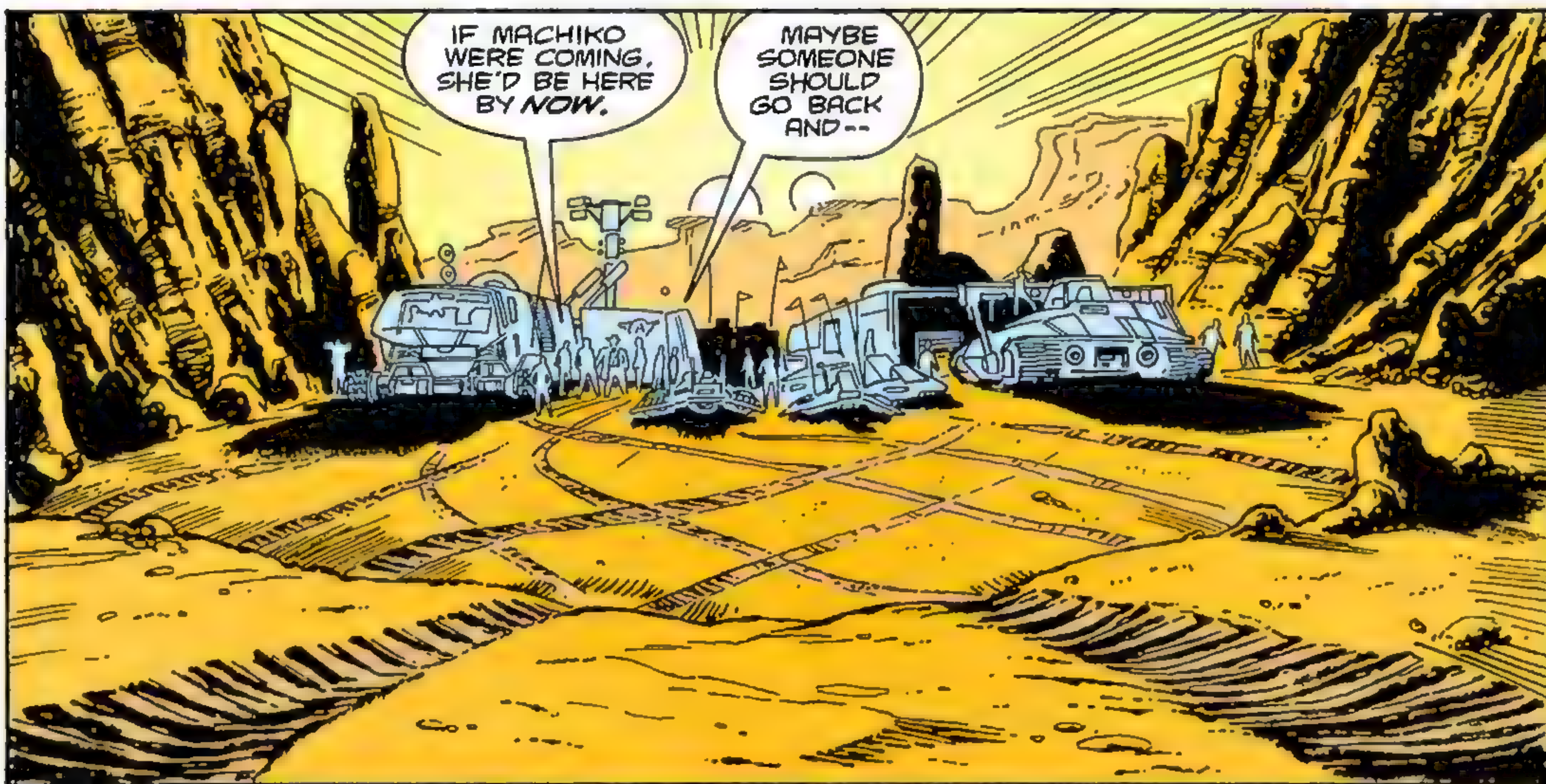
NO... I CAN'T DO *THAT*. BUT YOU CAN HAVE A SHOT AT REVENGE--



--AND WHEN THE END COMES, I CAN MAKE IT QUICKER--*EASIER*--FOR YOU.

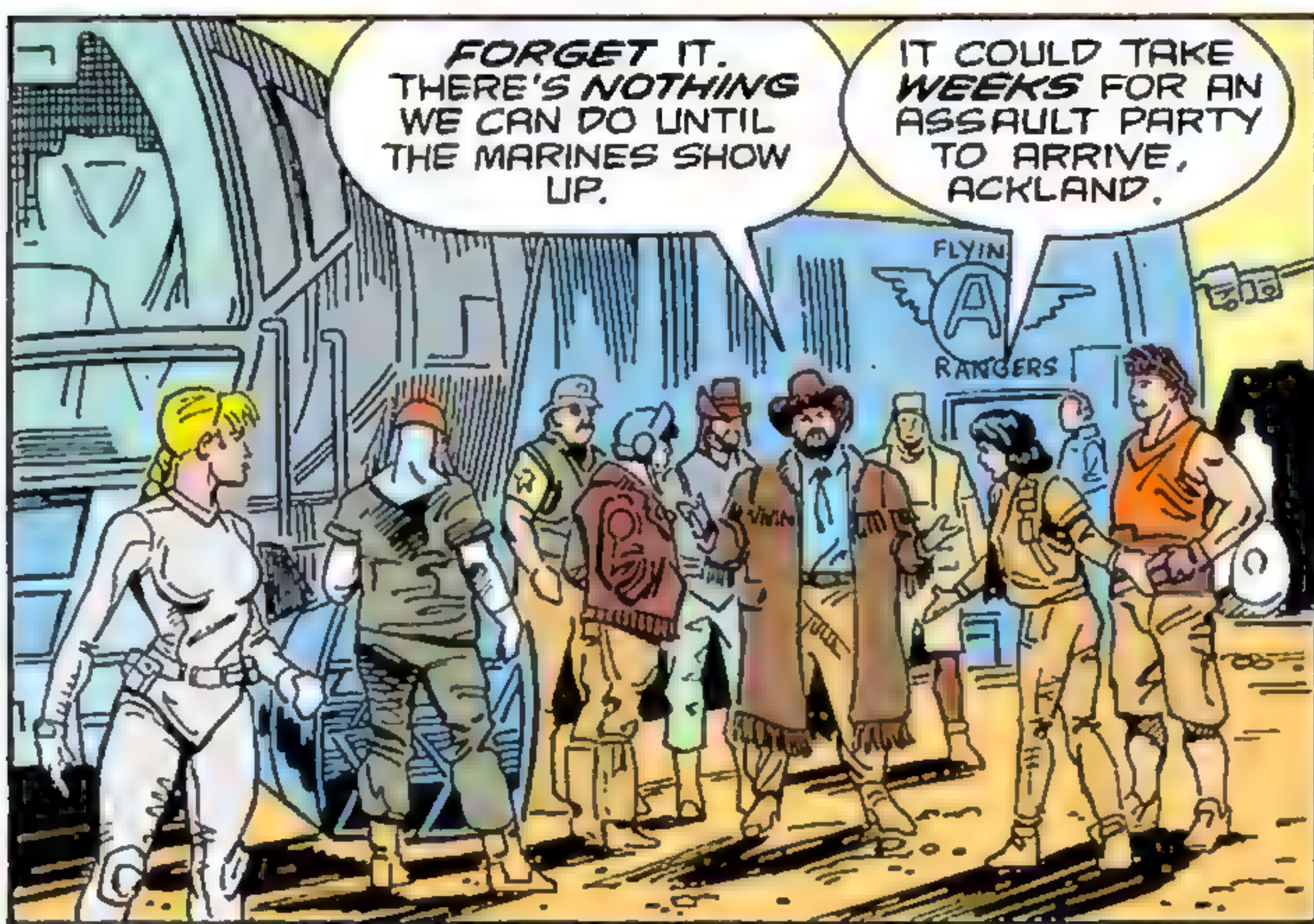






IF MACHIKO WERE COMING, SHE'D BE HERE BY NOW.

MAYBE SOMEONE SHOULD GO BACK AND --



FORGET IT. THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO UNTIL THE MARINES SHOW UP.

IT COULD TAKE WEEKS FOR AN ASSAULT PARTY TO ARRIVE, ACKLAND.



IN THE MEANTIME, MACHIKO COULD BE HURT-- OR IN NEED OF HELP.

THOSE ARE THE CHANCES SHE TOOK WHEN SHE ACCEPTED THE JOB. CHI-GUSA CORP. IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SAFETY OF THE COLONISTS-- NOT THE OTHER WAY AROUND.



YOU BASTARD! YOU CAN'T SHOVE THIS ALL OFF ON THE COMPANY--YOU HAD ME LIE TO DOC REVNA ABOUT WHERE WE FOUND THOSE CREATURES! AND IT WAS YOUR IDEA TO SNEAK THOSE SICK RHYNTH PAST QUARANTINE!

UH, LOOK, YOU KNOW WHAT A HARD-ASS NOGUCHI IS--



--I WAS JUST TRYING TO PROTECT MY INVESTMENT...UH...OUR INVESTMENTS...

SCREW OUR INVESTMENTS-- I'VE GOT A FAMILY!

SAME HERE.

YOU CAN SAY WHAT YOU WANT ABOUT NOGUCHI, ACKLAND, BUT WHEN IT CAME DOWN TO IT, SHE RISKED HER LIFE TO SAVE ALL OF US-- INCLUDING YOU!

YOU'D BETTER PRAY SHE'S STILL ALIVE WHEN THIS IS ALL OVER.

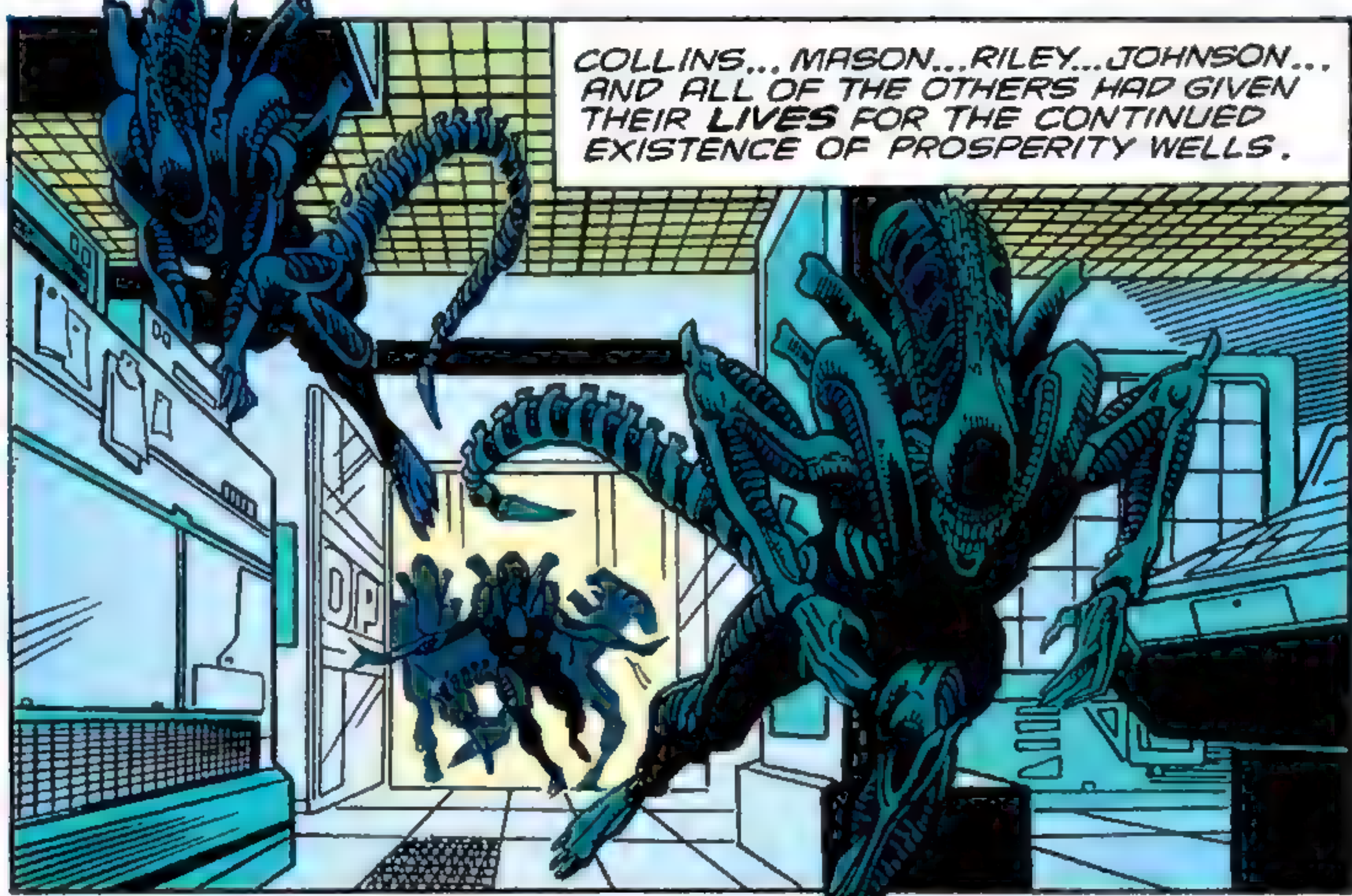




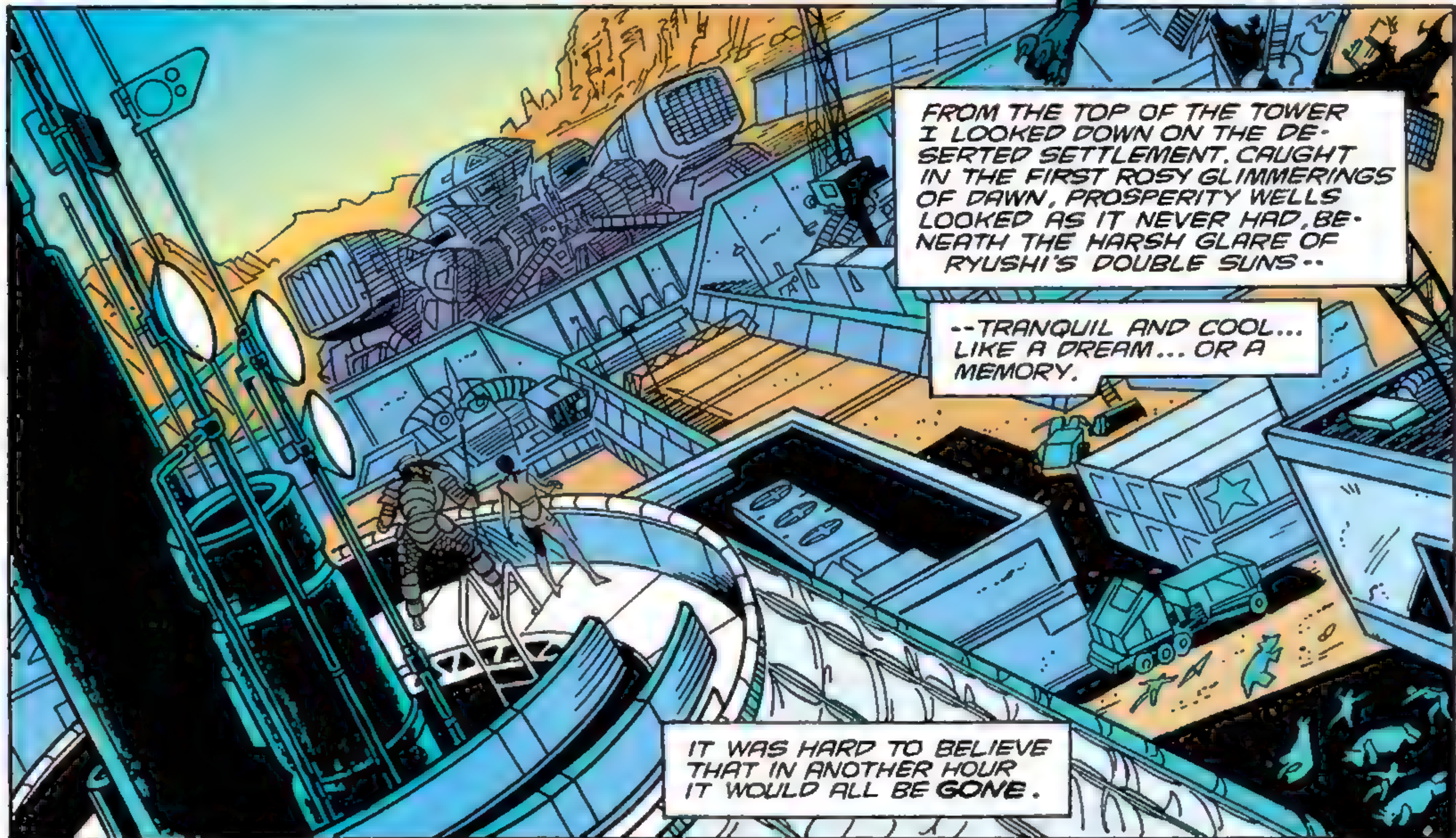
HIROKI HAD DIED FIGHTING
FOR THE SAFETY OF THE
COLONISTS...



THE REVNAS' DEDICATION
TO THEIR FRIENDS AND
PATIENTS HAD COST THEM
BOTH THEIR LIVES...



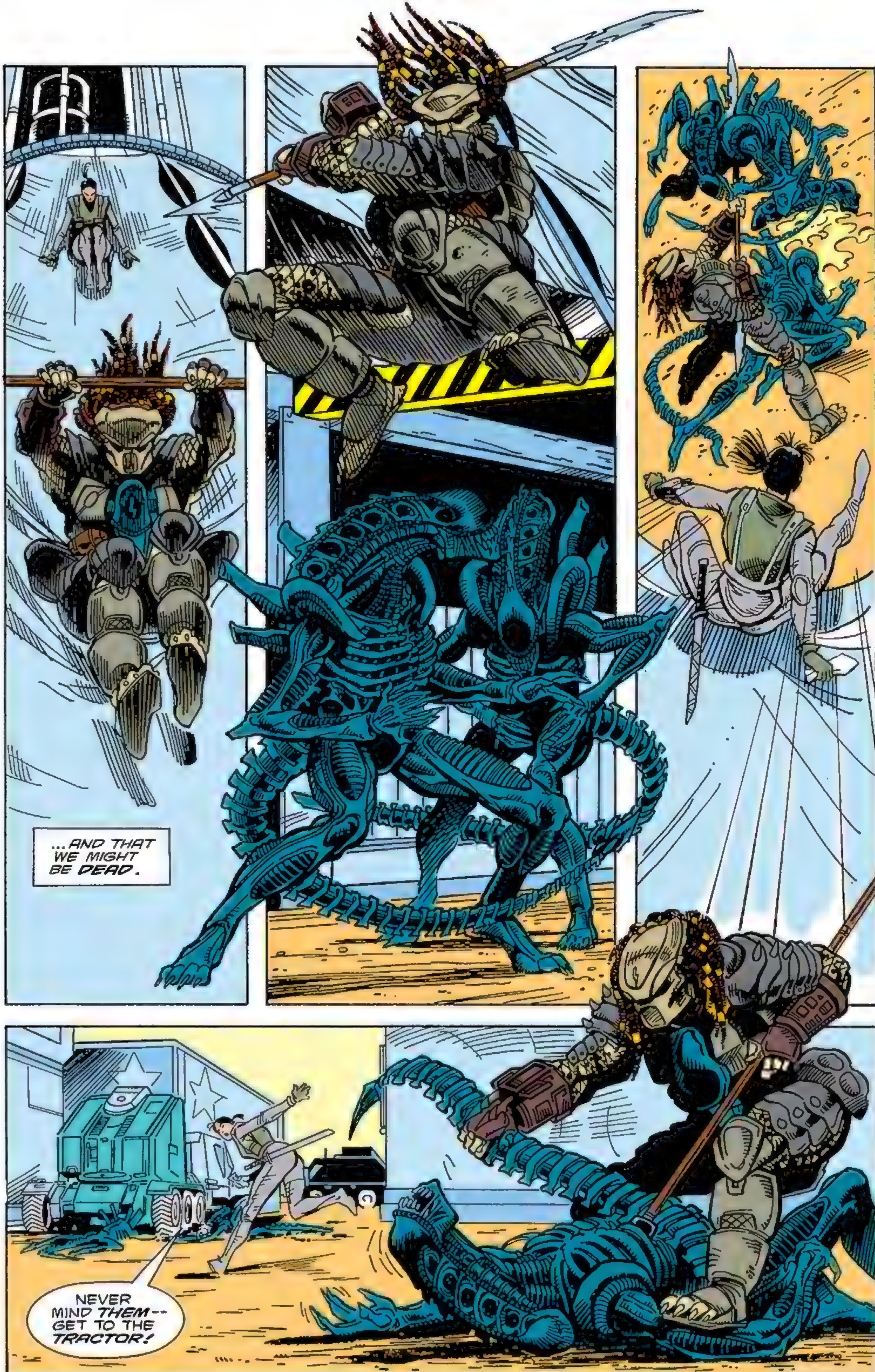
COLLINS... MASON... RILEY... JOHNSON...
AND ALL OF THE OTHERS HAD GIVEN
THEIR LIVES FOR THE CONTINUED
EXISTENCE OF PROSPERITY WELLS.



FROM THE TOP OF THE TOWER
I LOOKED DOWN ON THE DE-
SERTED SETTLEMENT. CAUGHT
IN THE FIRST ROSY GLIMMERINGS
OF DAWN, PROSPERITY WELLS
LOOKED AS IT NEVER HAD, BE-
NEATH THE HARSH GLARE OF
RYUSHI'S DOUBLE SUNS--

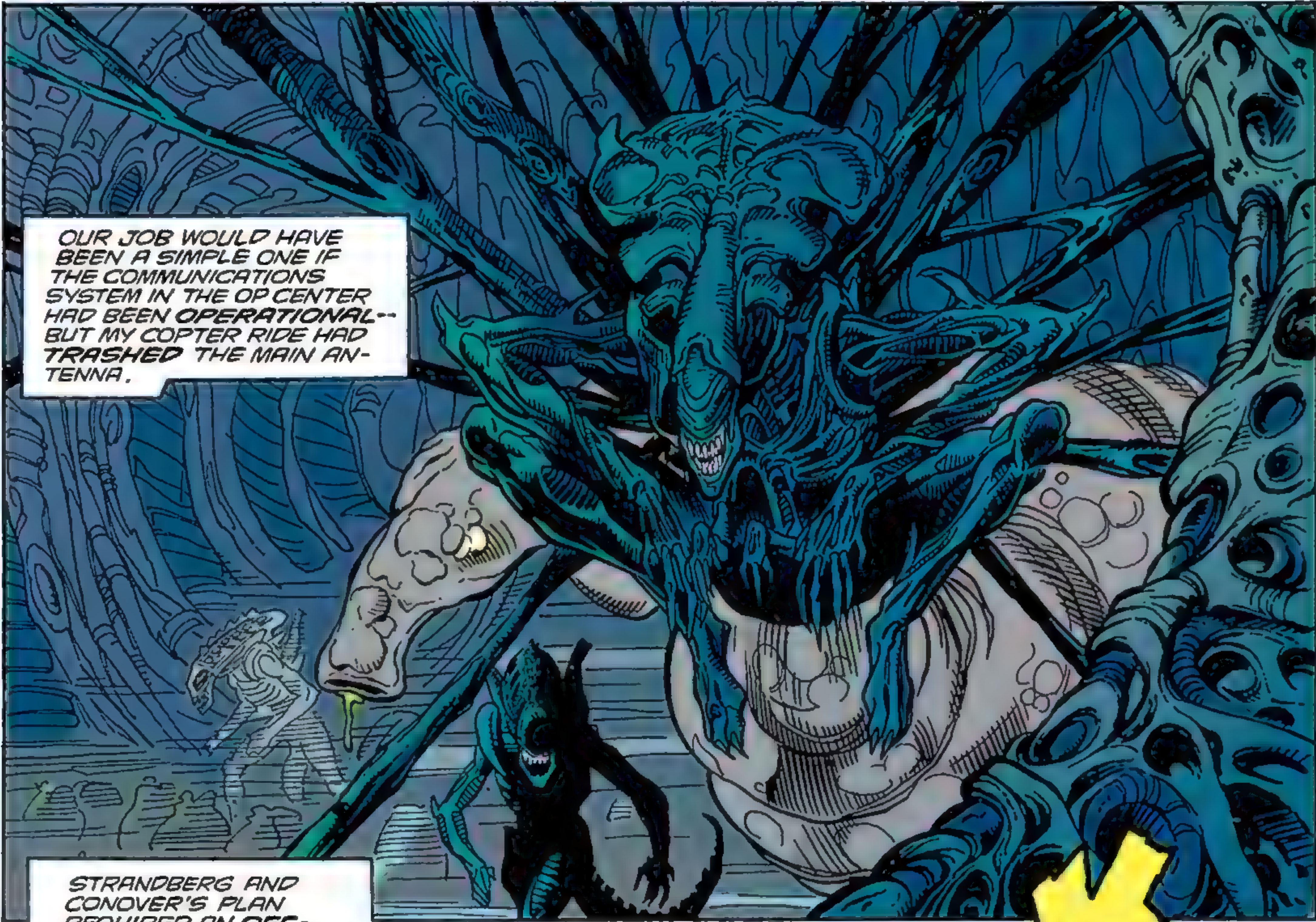
--TRANQUIL AND COOL...
LIKE A DREAM... OR A
MEMORY.

IT WAS HARD TO BELIEVE
THAT IN ANOTHER HOUR
IT WOULD ALL BE GONE.

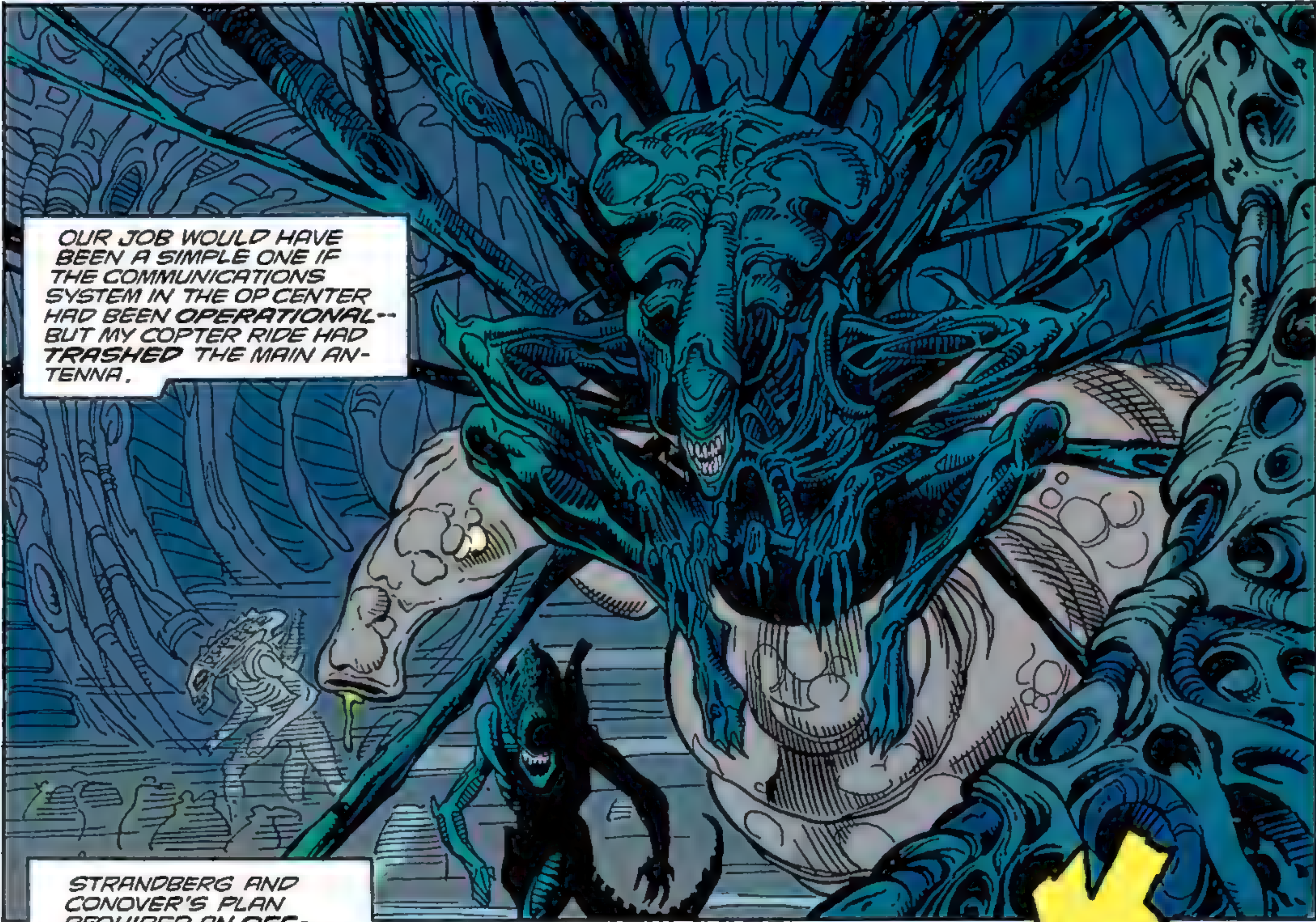


...AND THAT
WE MIGHT
BE DEAD.

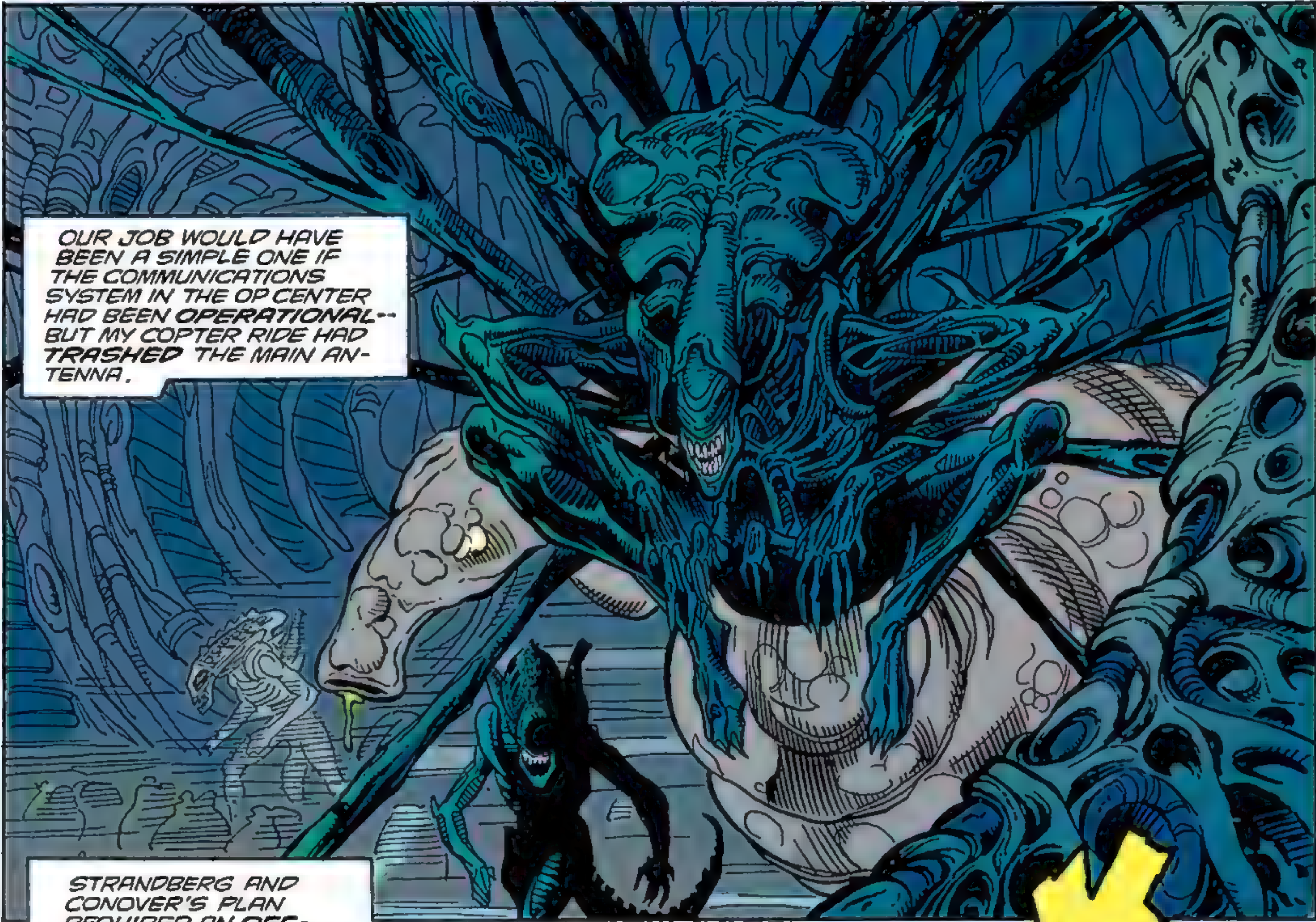
NEVER
MIND THEM--
GET TO THE
TRACTOR!



OUR JOB WOULD HAVE BEEN A SIMPLE ONE IF THE COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM IN THE OP CENTER HAD BEEN OPERATIONAL-- BUT MY COPTER RIDE HAD TRASHED THE MAIN ANTENNA.



STRANDBERG AND CONOVER'S PLAN REQUIRED AN OFF-PLANET TRANSMISSION --AND THAT MEANT A TRIP TO THE LECTOR--

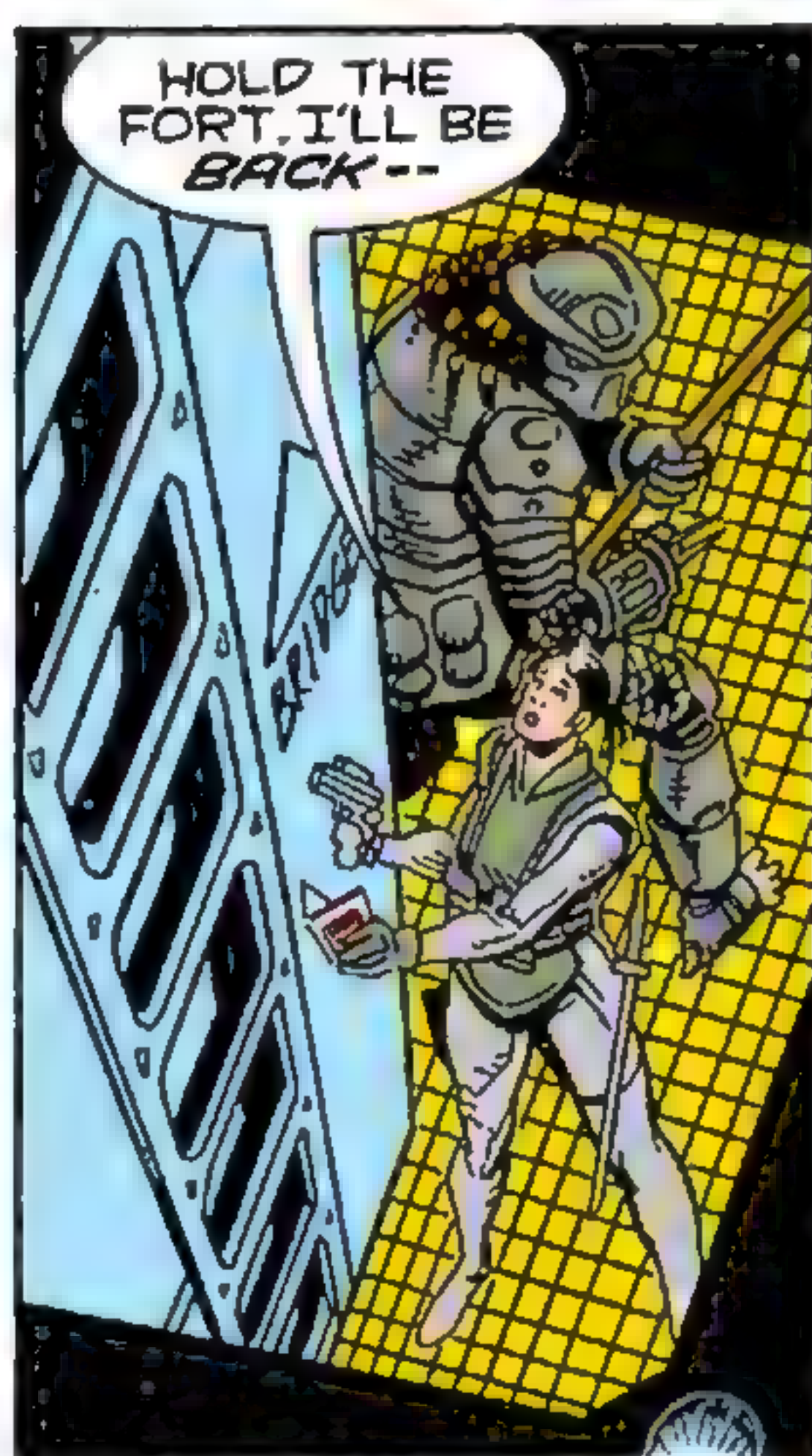
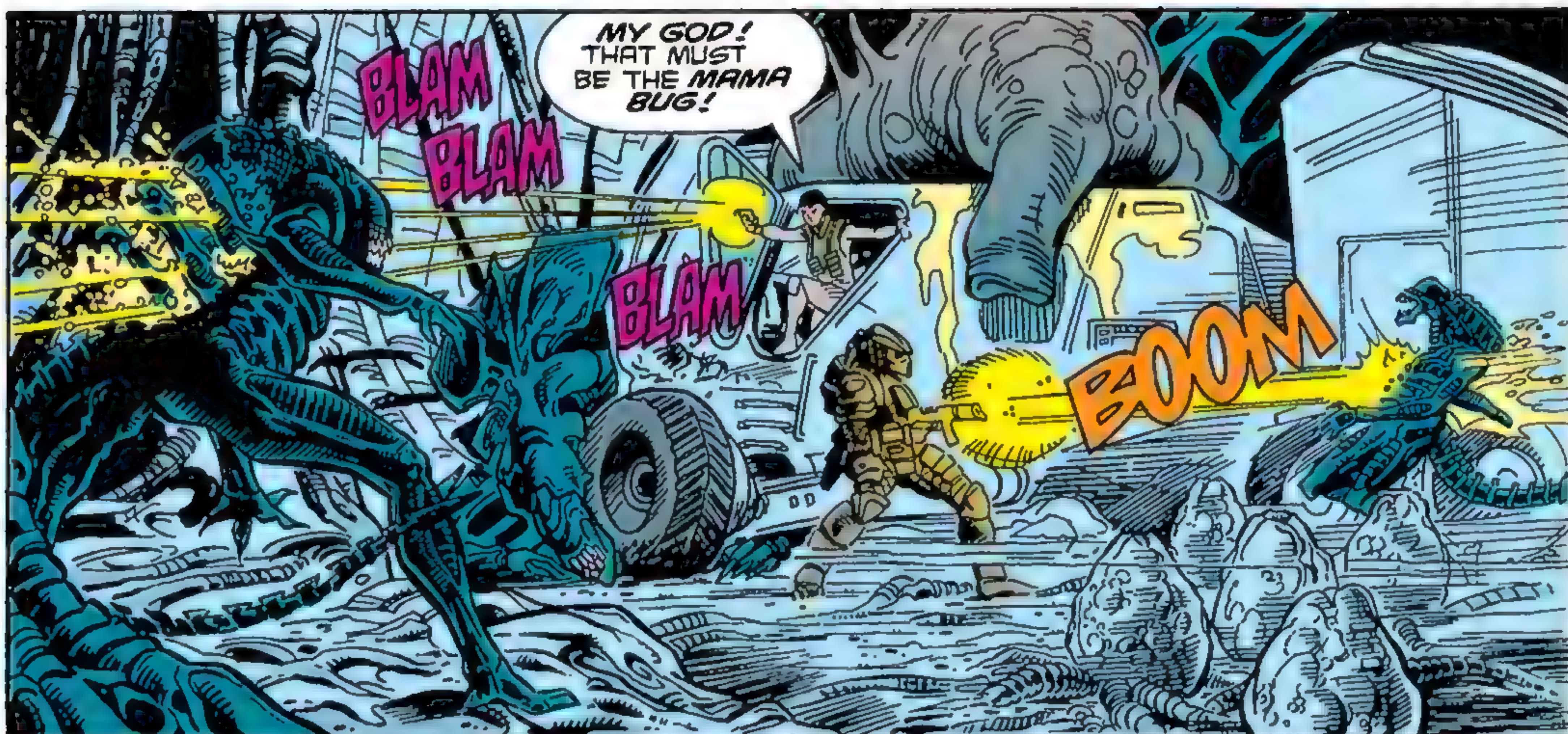


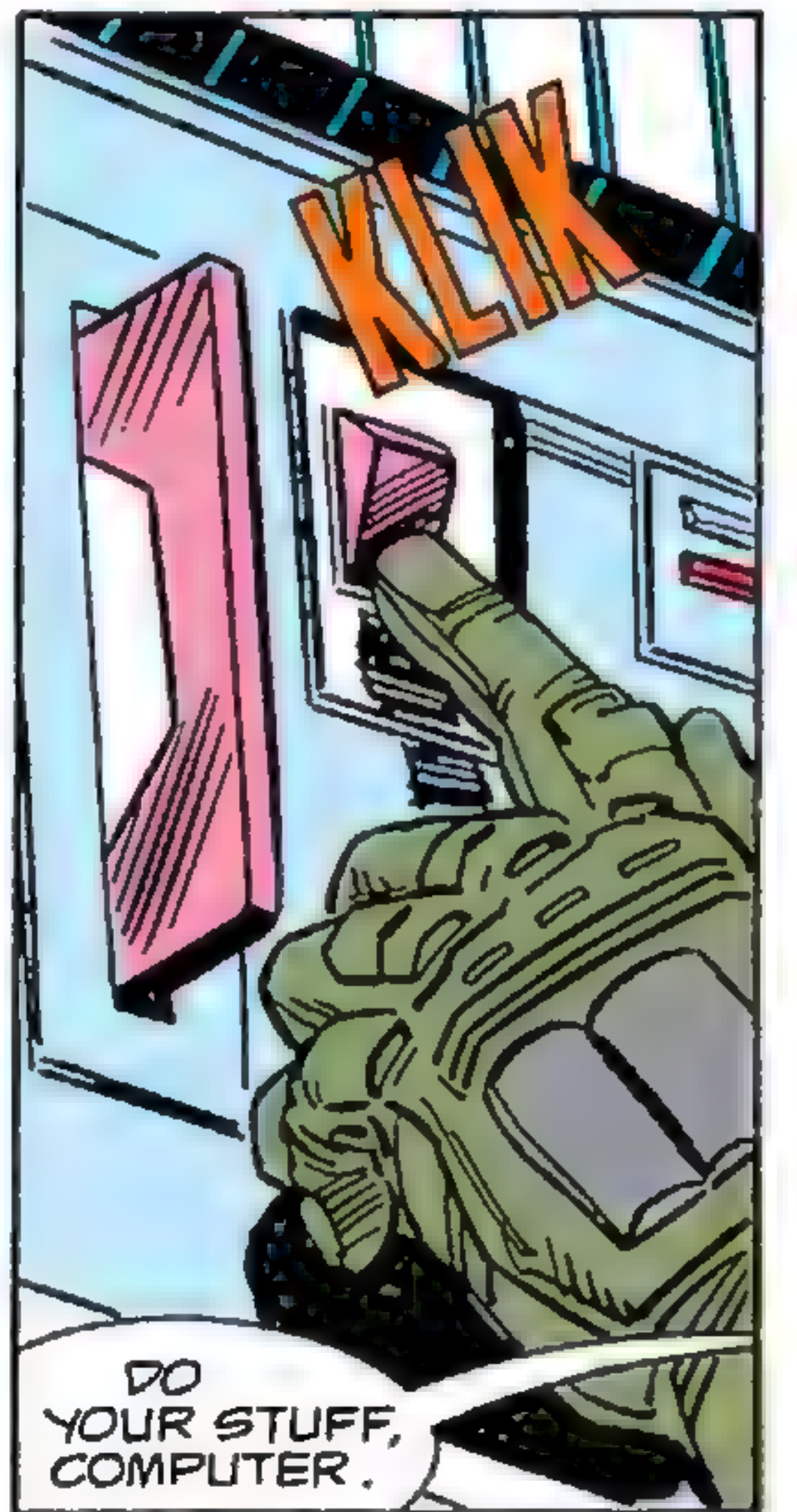
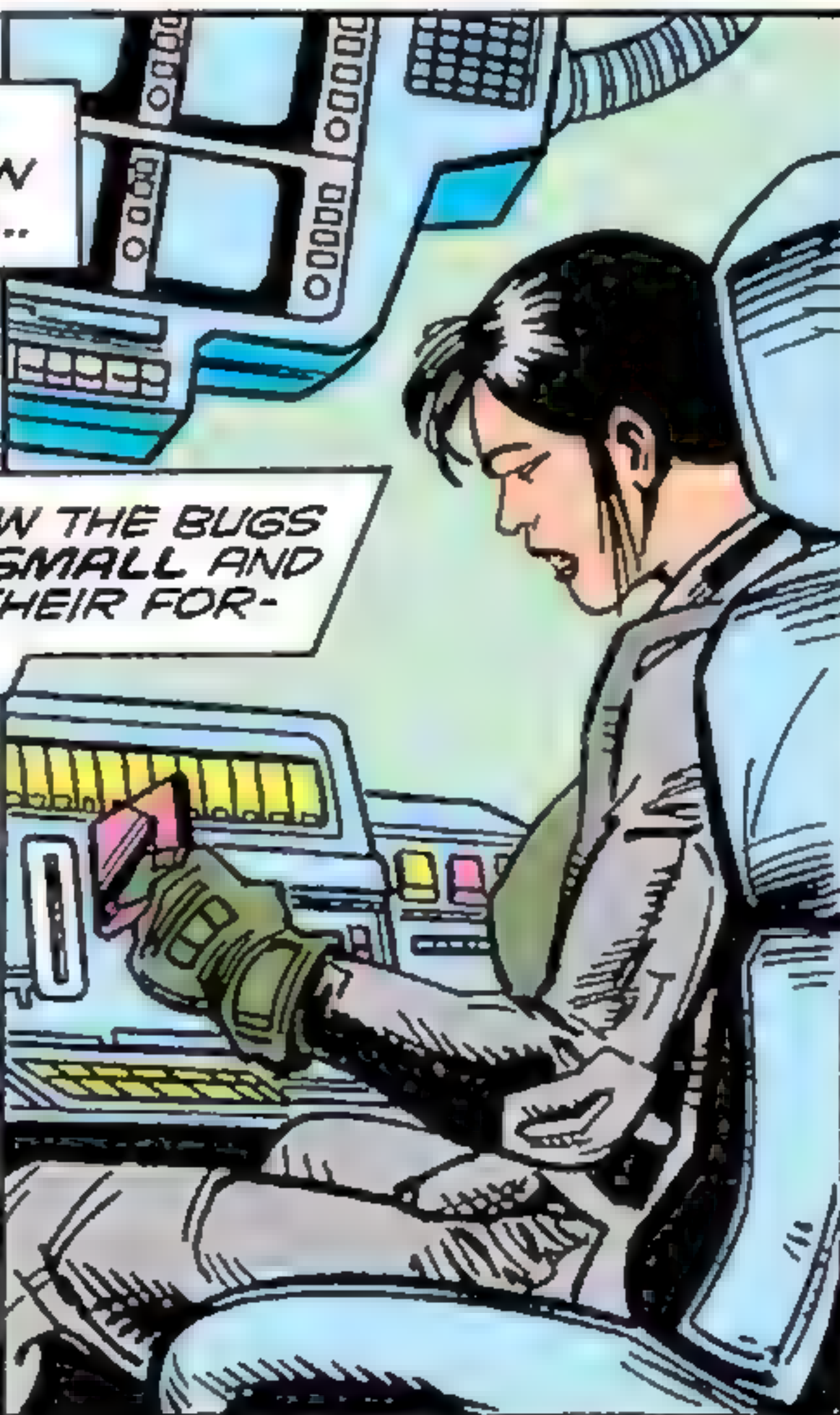
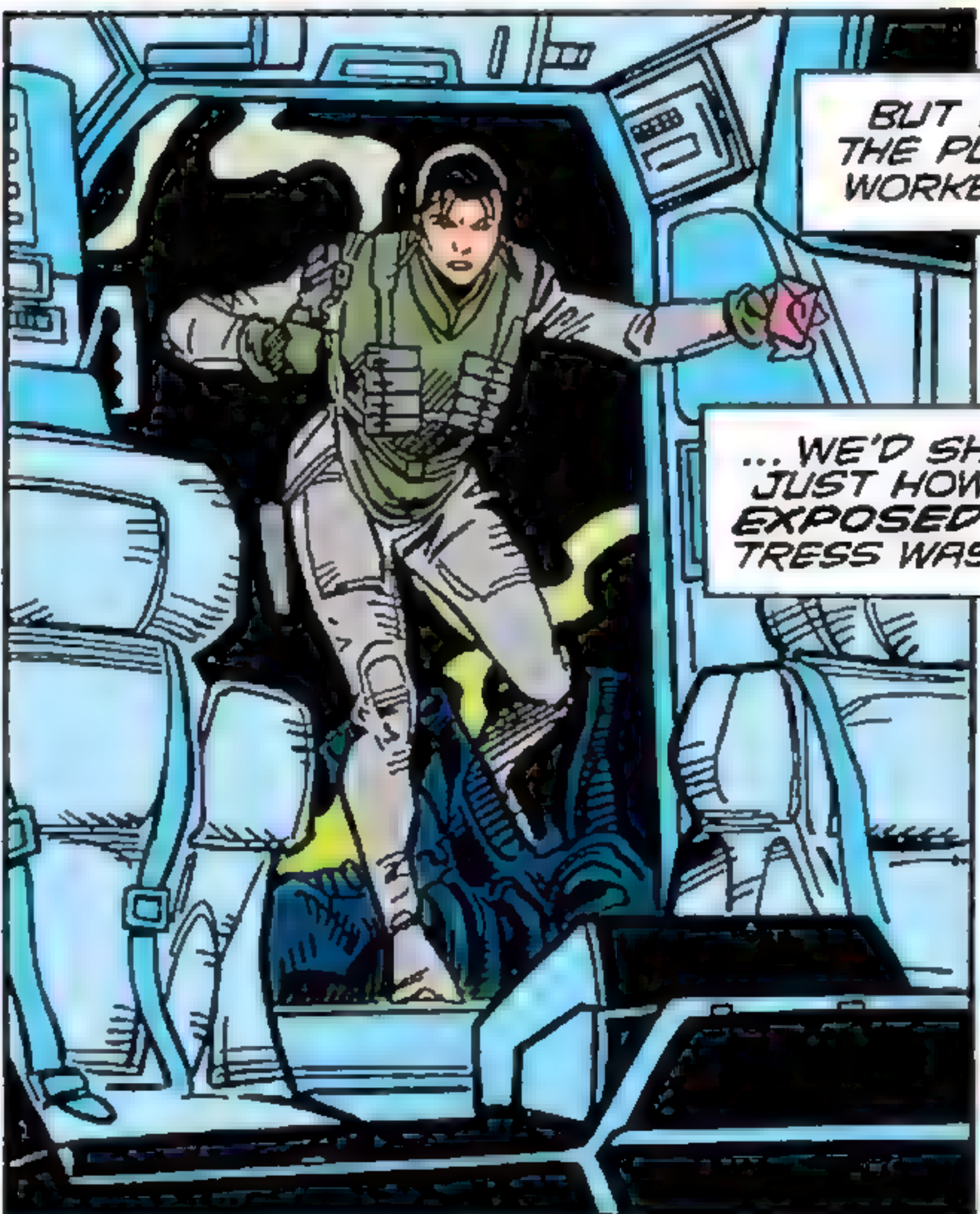
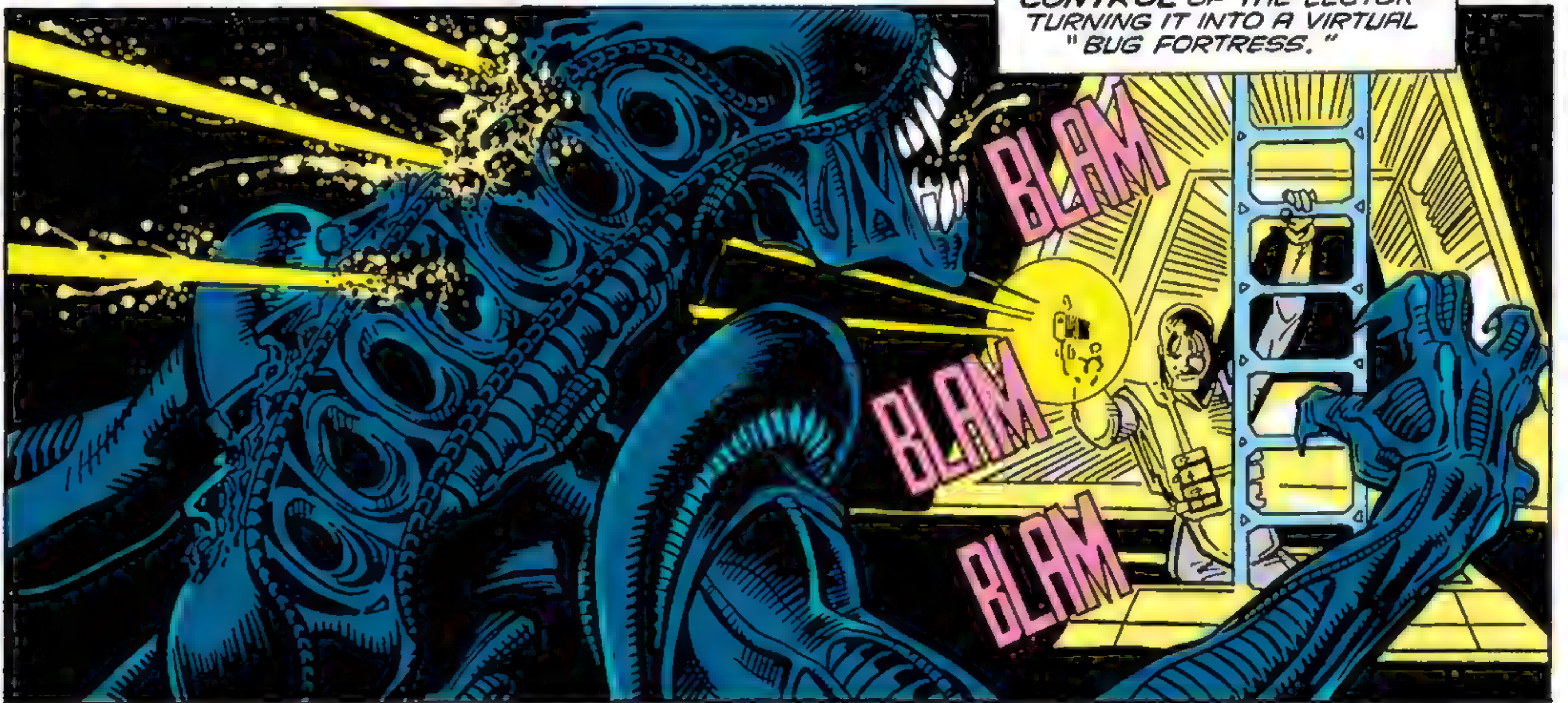
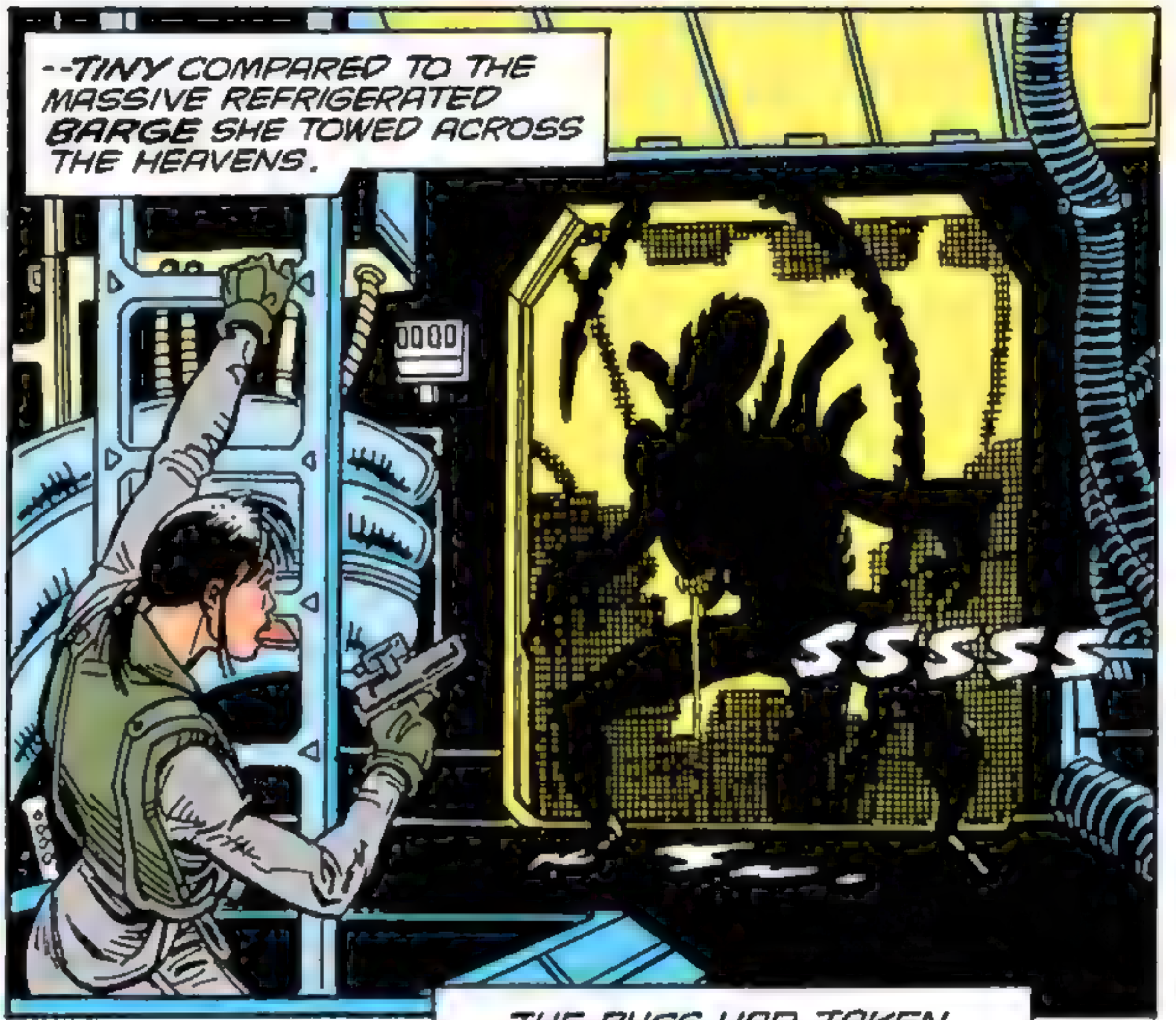
--BUG CENTRAL.

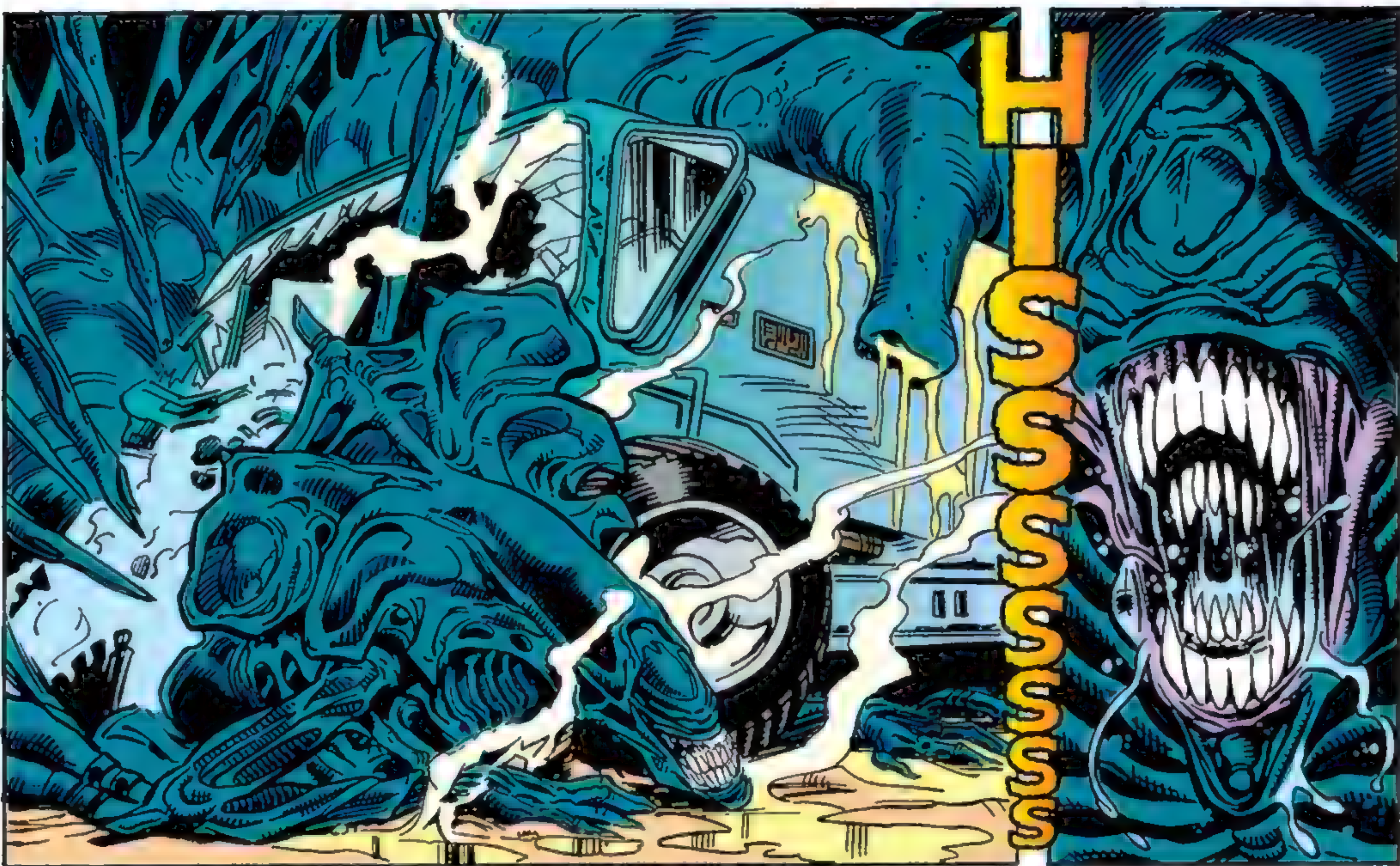
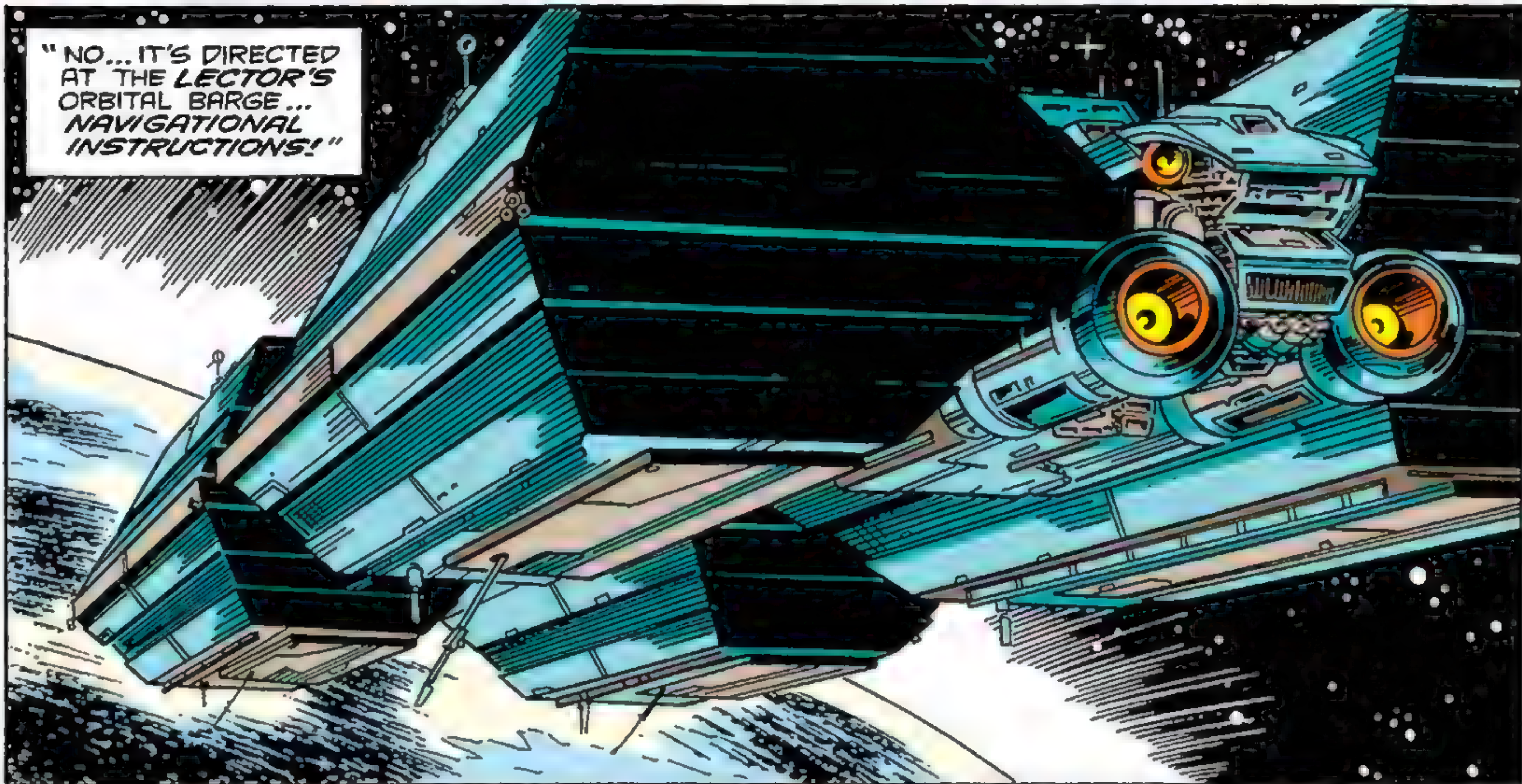
KRAASH

SKREEEEEEEE

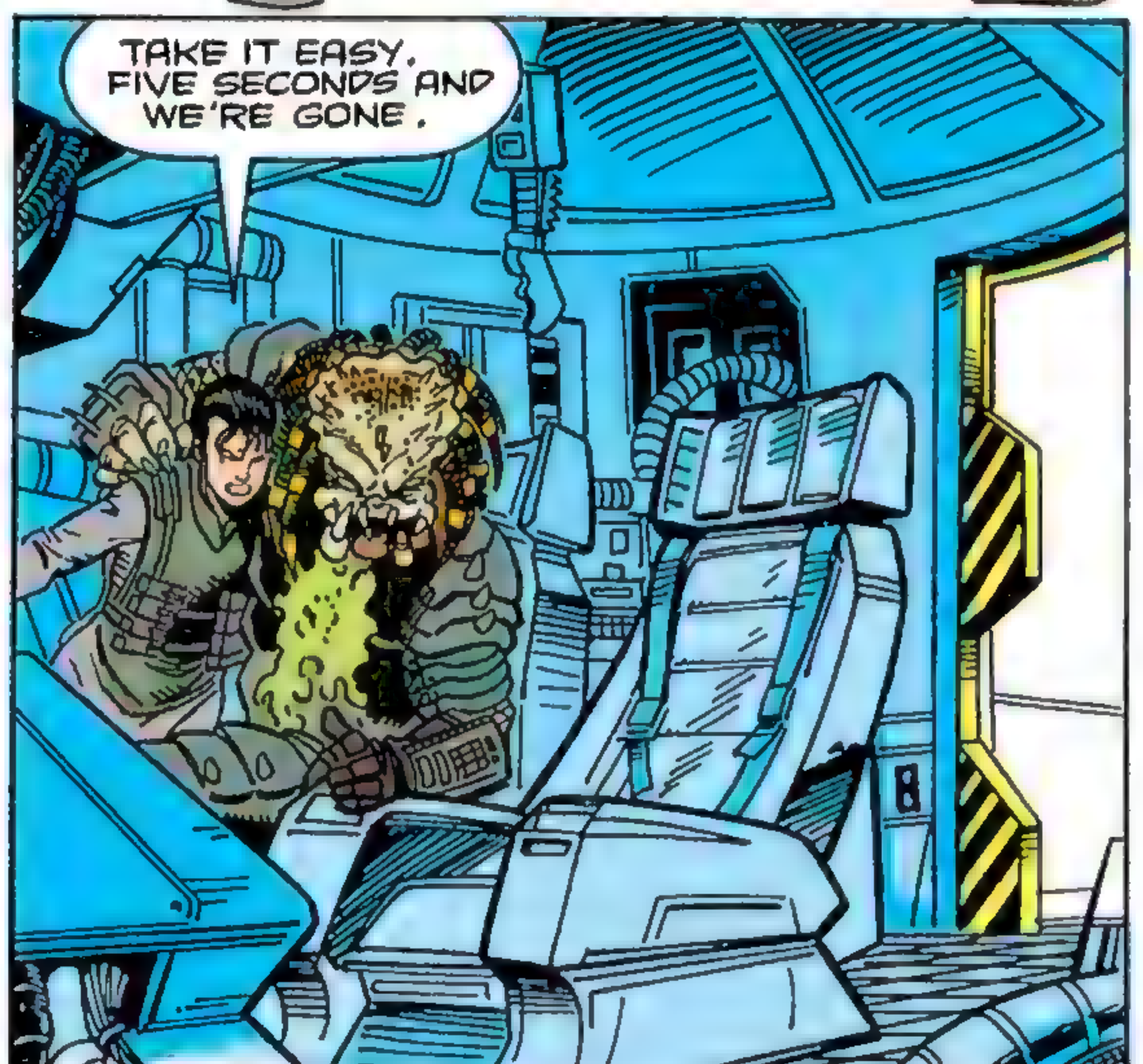
SKKRUNCH

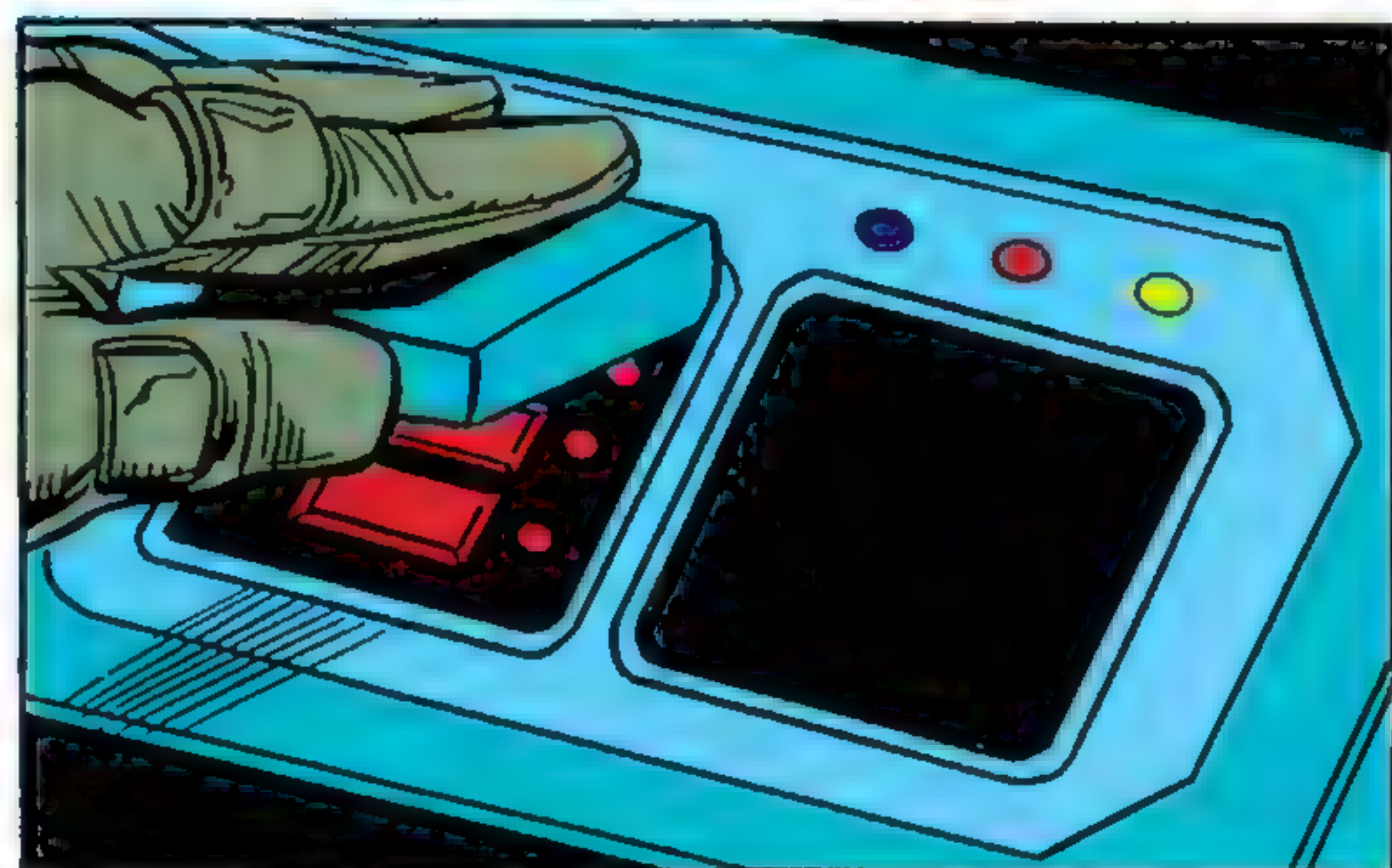


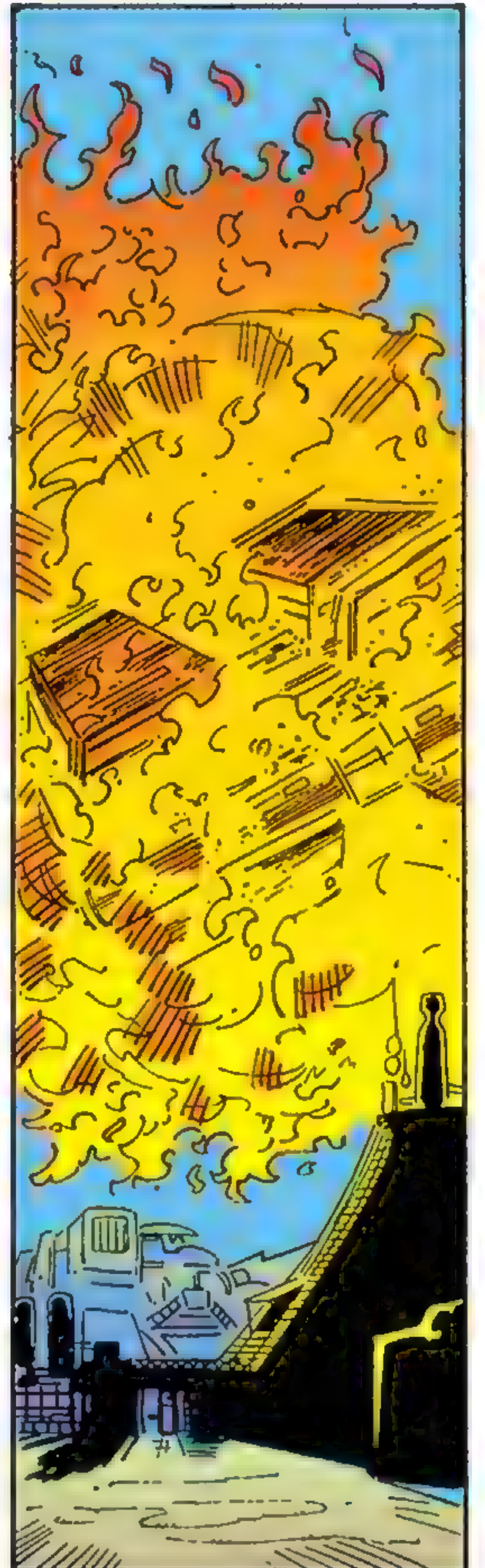
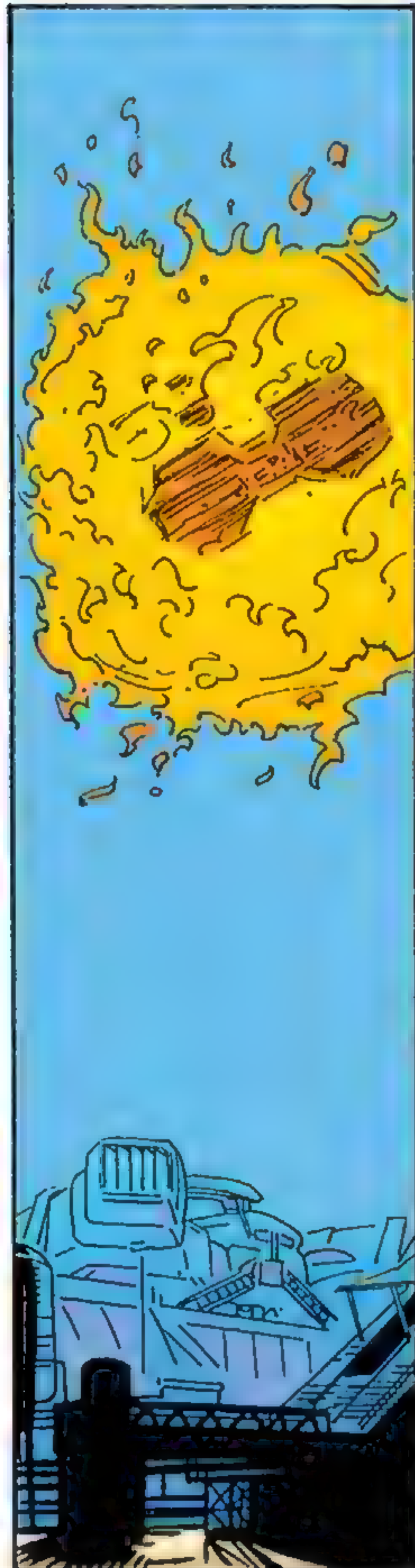
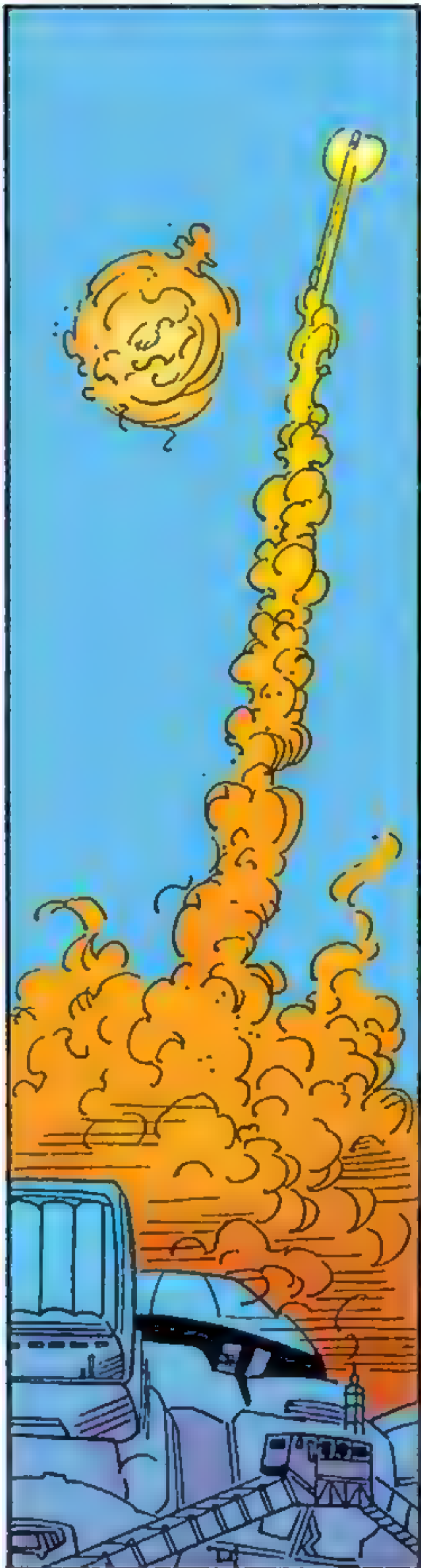
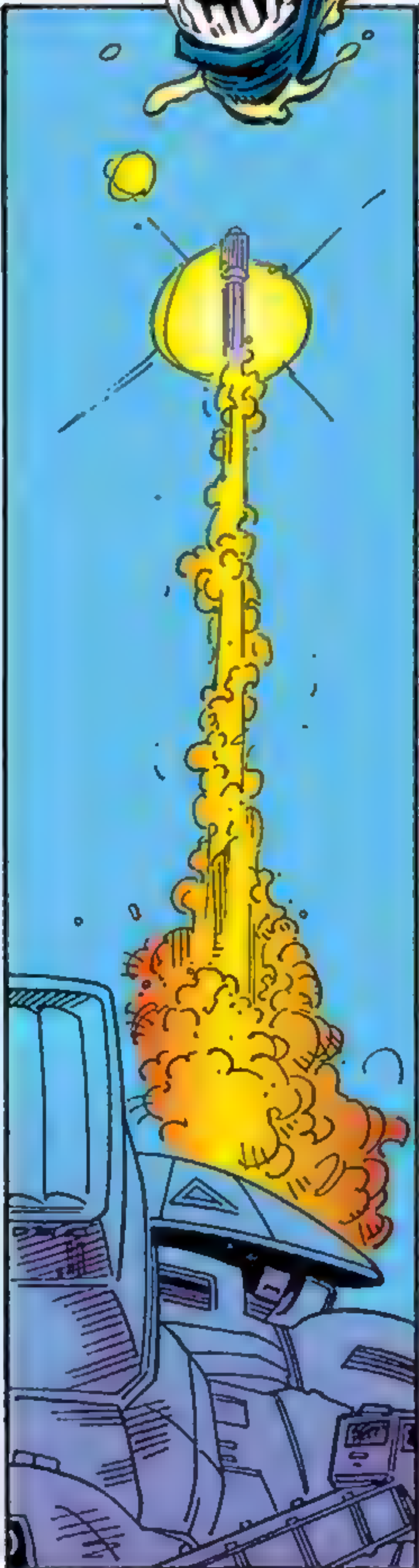




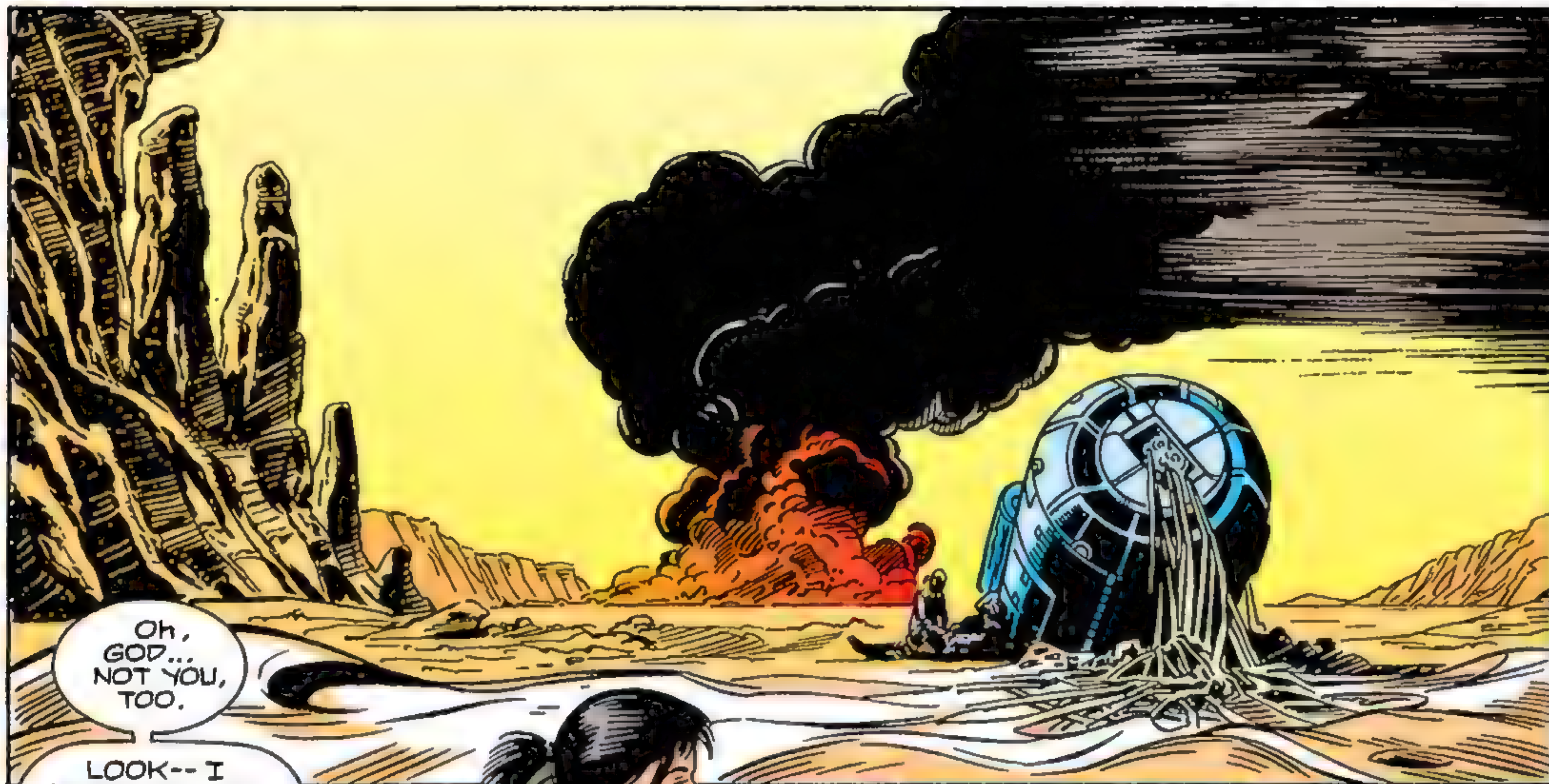












Oh,
GOD...
NOT YOU,
TOO.

LOOK-- I
THINK YOU CAN
UNDERSTAND
ME--

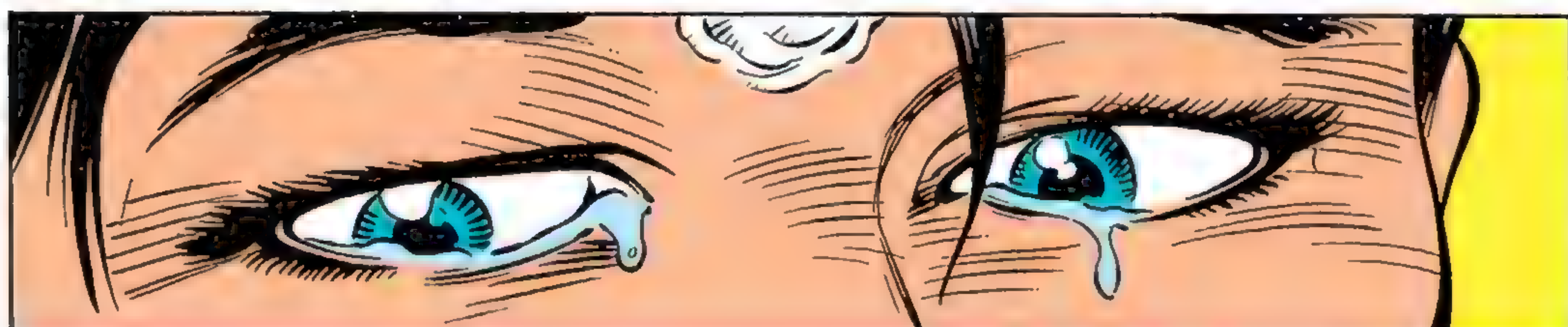
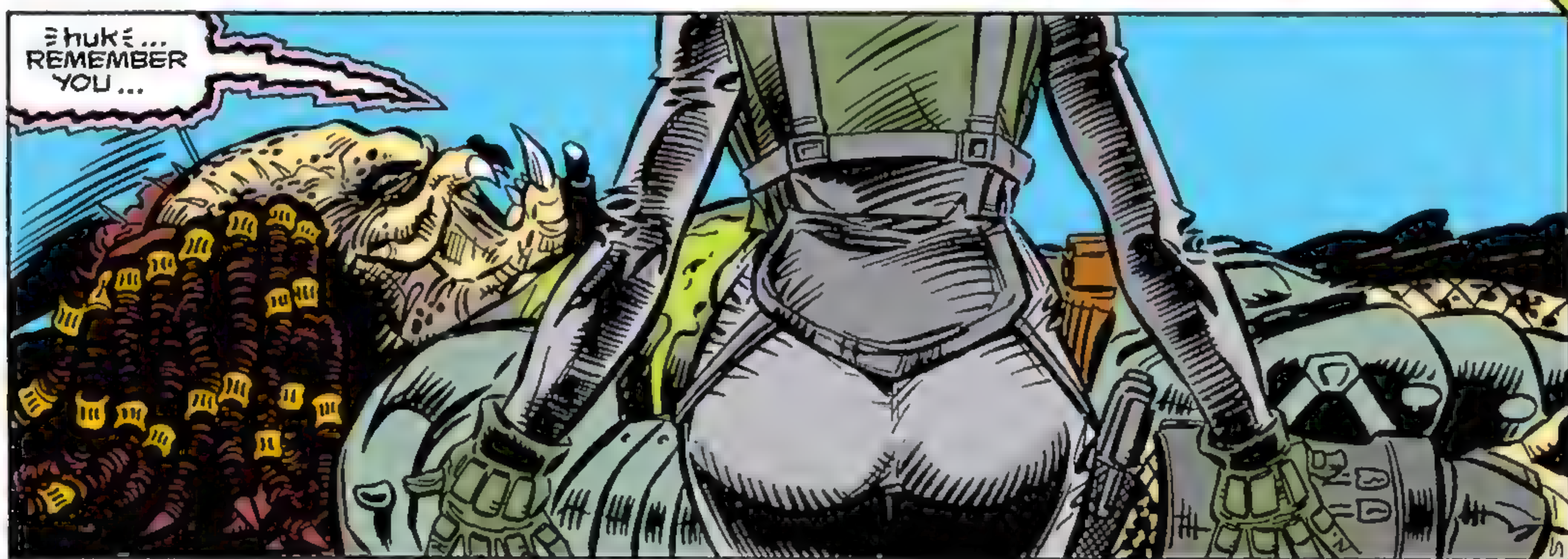


--HANG ON. HELP WILL
BE HERE SOON. THE
COLONISTS WILL COME
TO SEE WHAT'S
HAPPENED...

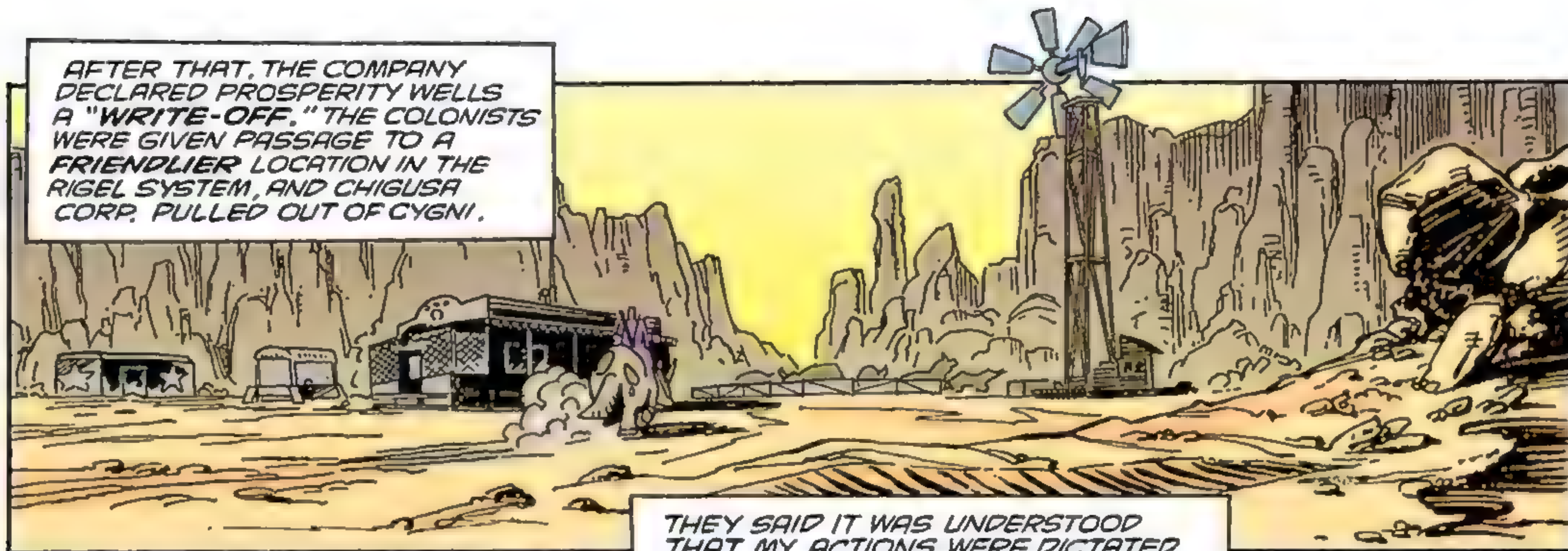
HOLD THE
FORT. I'LL BE
BACK...*shuké*...



...WHEN
I'M DONE...



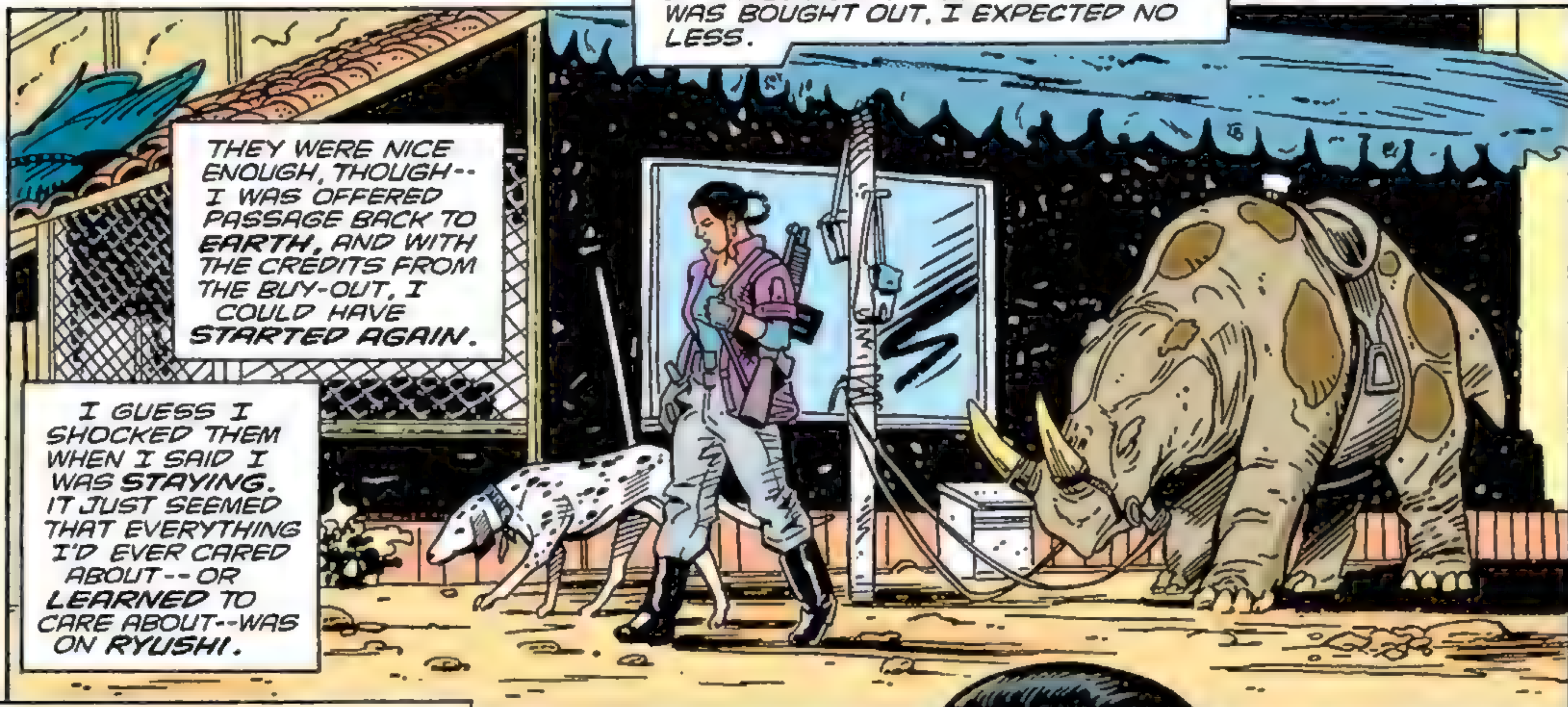
AFTER THAT, THE COMPANY DECLARED PROSPERITY WELLS A "WRITE-OFF." THE COLONISTS WERE GIVEN PASSAGE TO A FRIENDLIER LOCATION IN THE RIGEL SYSTEM, AND CHIGUSA CORP. PULLED OUT OF CYGNI.



THEY SAID IT WAS UNDERSTOOD THAT MY ACTIONS WERE DICTATED BY NECESSITY-- BUT MY CONTRACT WAS BOUGHT OUT, I EXPECTED NO LESS.

THEY WERE NICE ENOUGH, THOUGH-- I WAS OFFERED PASSAGE BACK TO EARTH, AND WITH THE CREDITS FROM THE BUY-OUT, I COULD HAVE STARTED AGAIN.

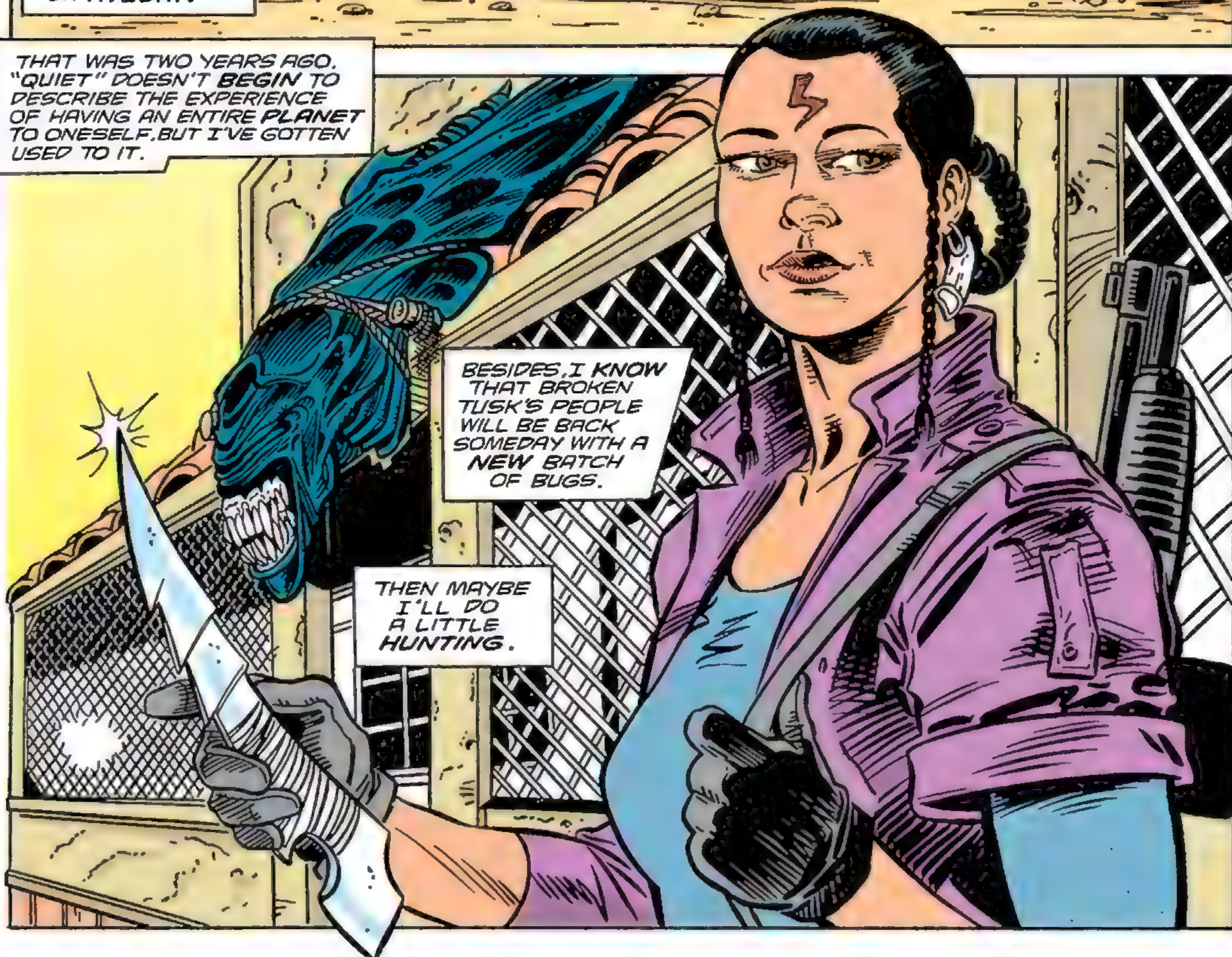
I GUESS I SHOCKED THEM WHEN I SAID I WAS STAYING. IT JUST SEEMED THAT EVERYTHING I'D EVER CARED ABOUT-- OR LEARNED TO CARE ABOUT-- WAS ON RYUSHI.



THAT WAS TWO YEARS AGO. "QUIET" DOESN'T BEGIN TO DESCRIBE THE EXPERIENCE OF HAVING AN ENTIRE PLANET TO ONESELF. BUT I'VE GOTTEN USED TO IT.

BESIDES, I KNOW THAT BROKEN TUSK'S PEOPLE WILL BE BACK SOMEDAY WITH A NEW BATCH OF BUGS.

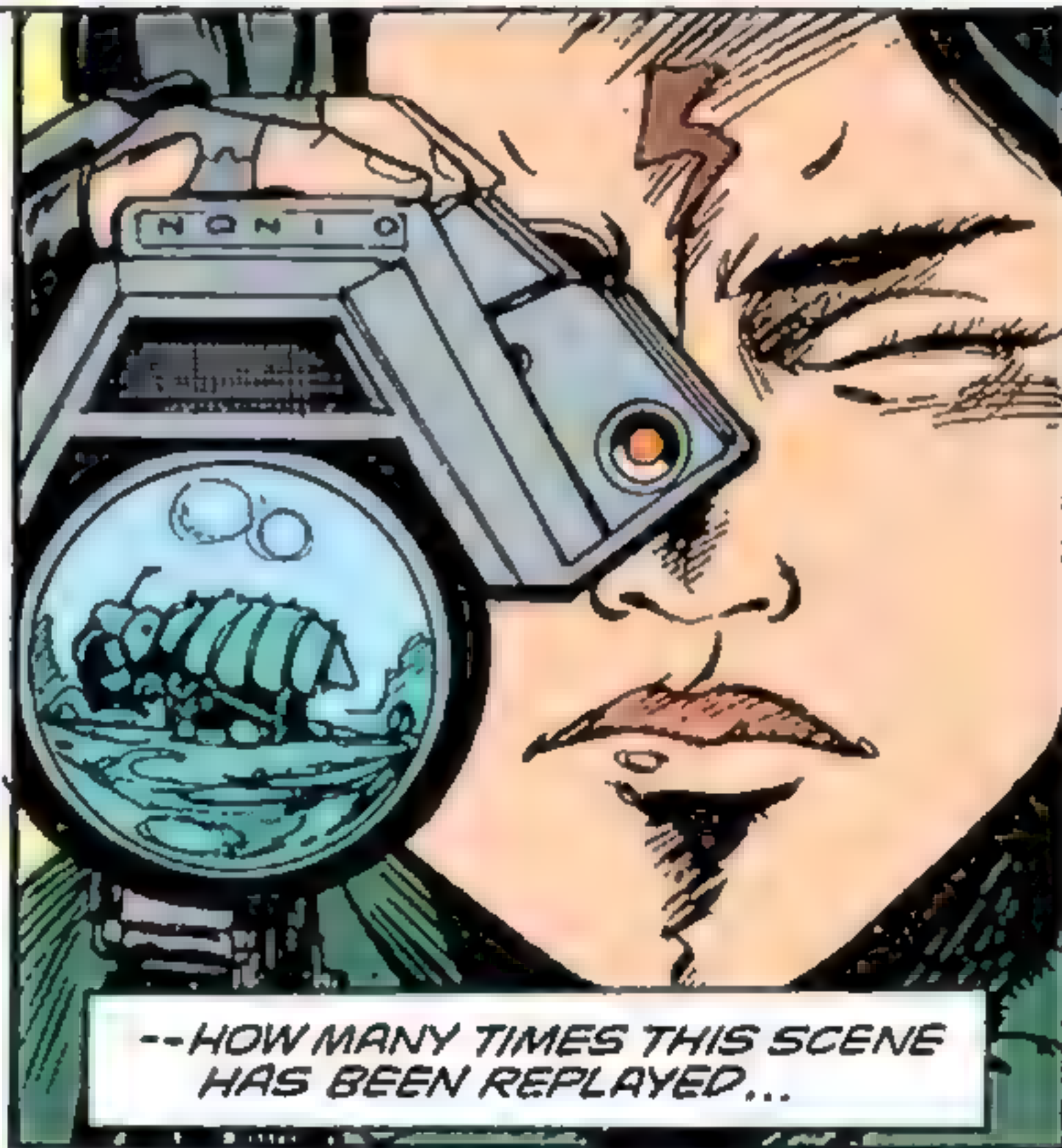
THEN MAYBE I'LL DO A LITTLE HUNTING.







FULLY AUTOMATED, VERY SLICK--LIKE STOCKING A POND WITH TROUT. I WONDER HOW LONG THIS HAS GONE ON--



--HOW MANY TIMES THIS SCENE HAS BEEN REPLAYED...

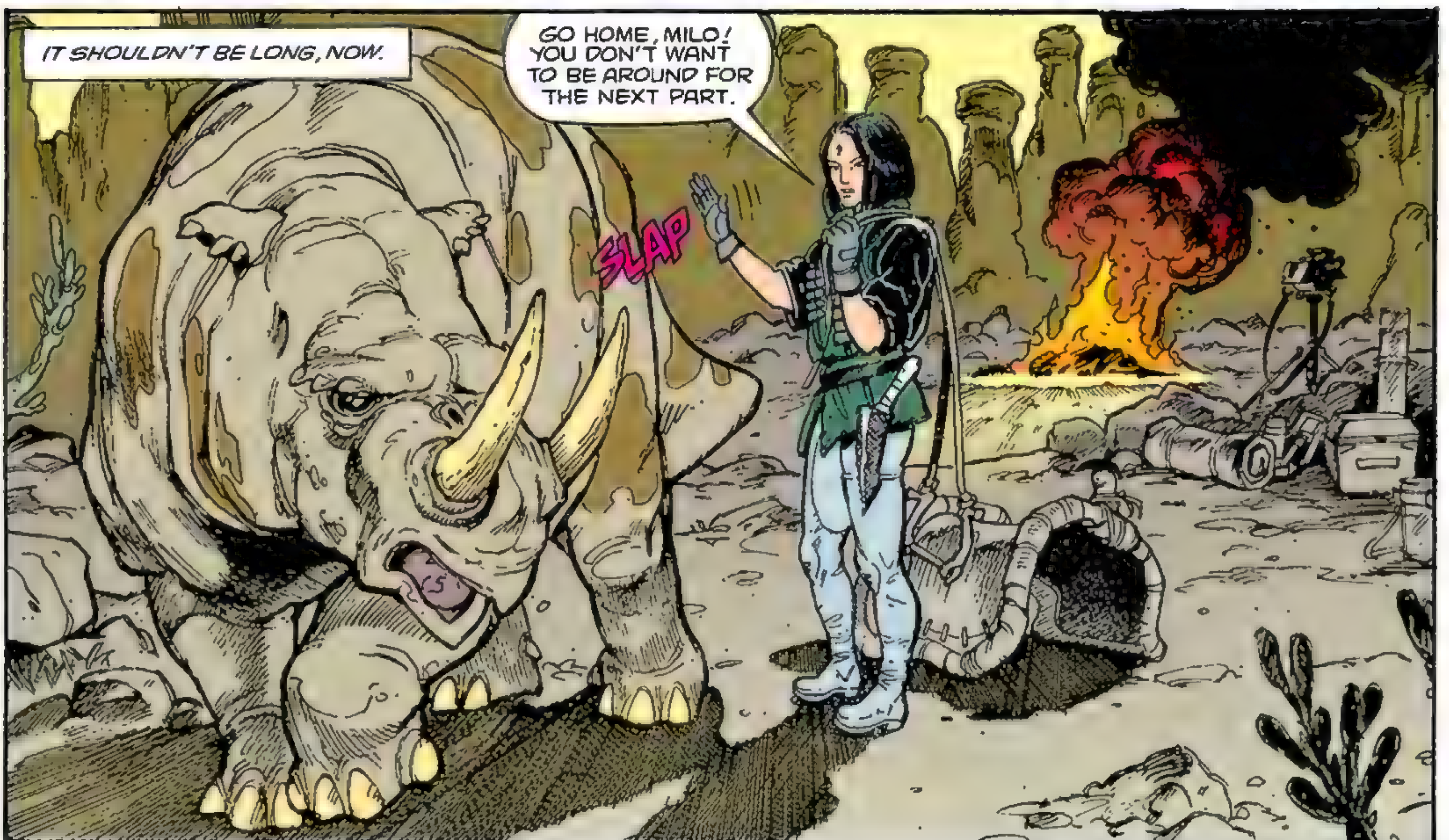


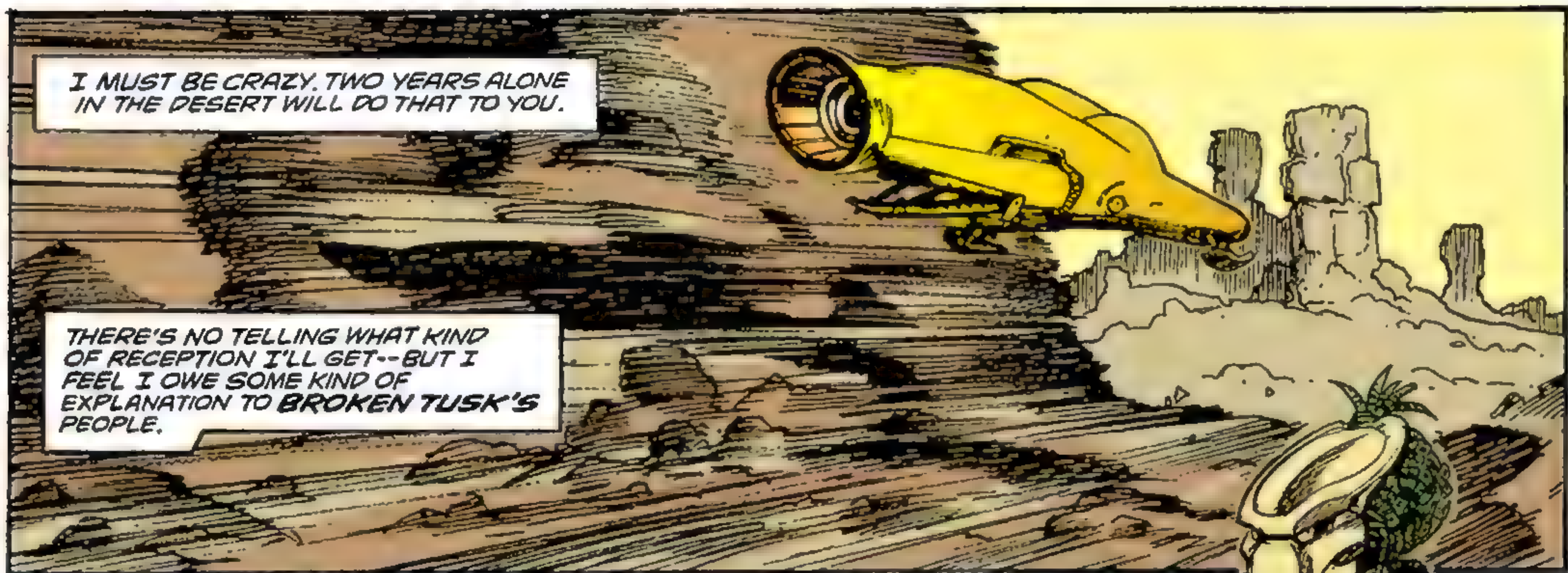
SELF-DESTRUCTING. THAT EXPLAINS WHY CHIGUSA'S CLEAN-UP SQUAD COULDN'T FIND ANY TRACE OF A LANDER FOR THE BUGS.



IT SHOULDN'T BE LONG, NOW.

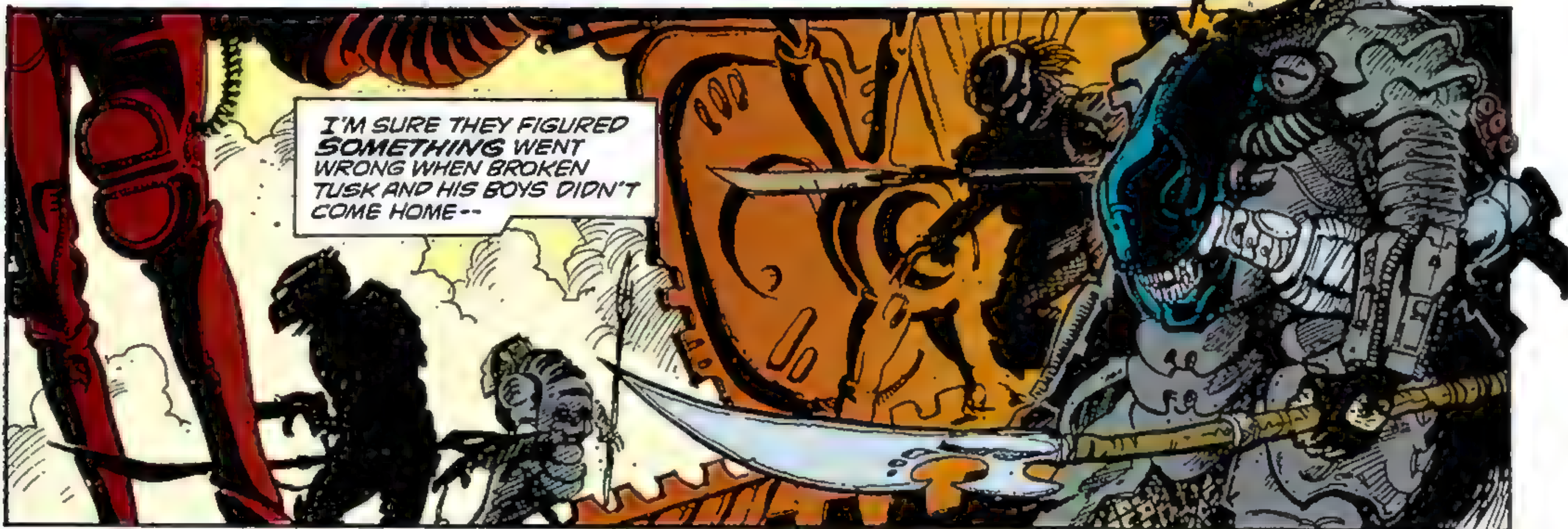
GO HOME, MILO!
YOU DON'T WANT
TO BE AROUND FOR
THE NEXT PART.



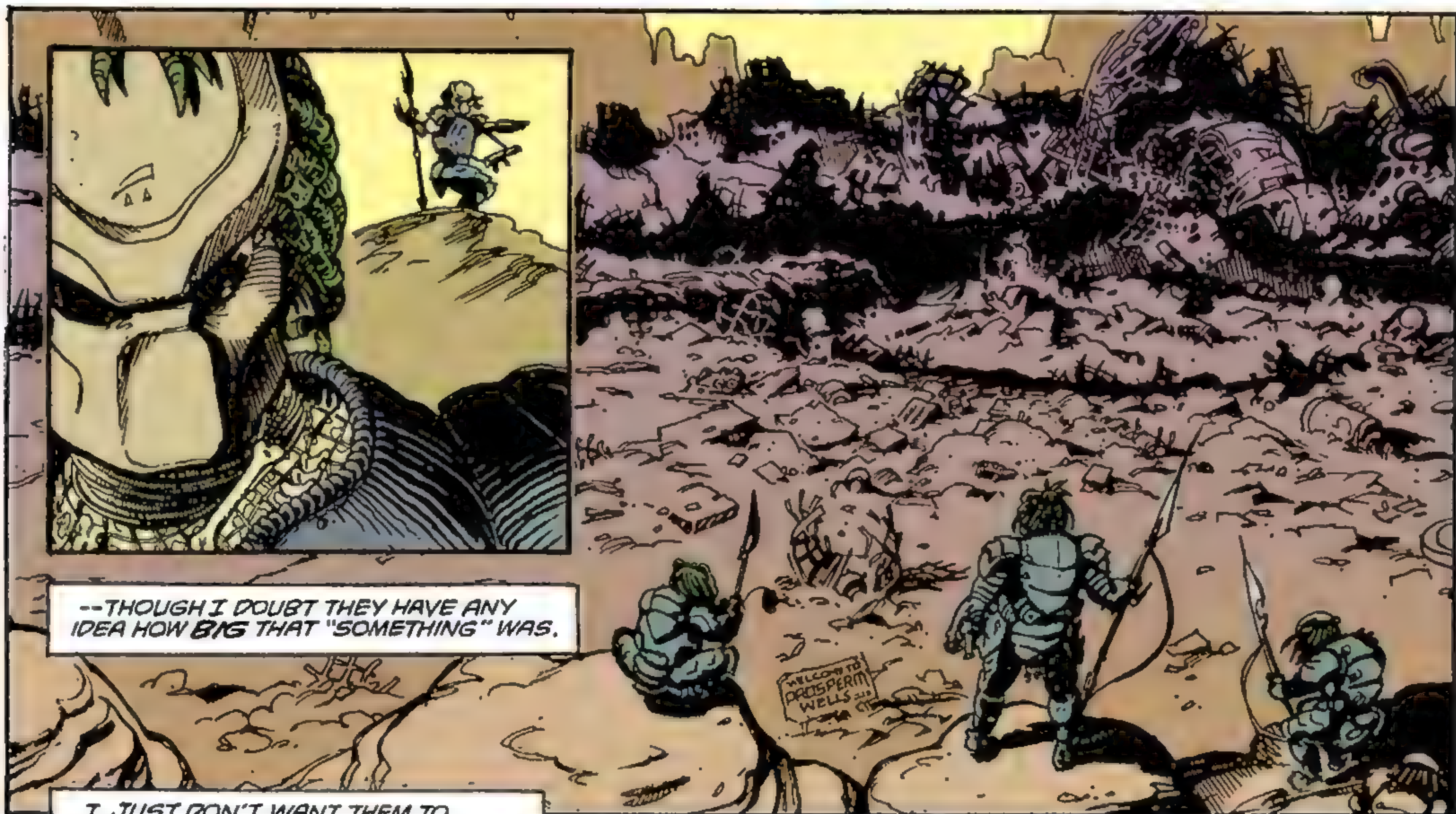


I MUST BE CRAZY. TWO YEARS ALONE
IN THE DESERT WILL DO THAT TO YOU.

THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT KIND
OF RECEPTION I'LL GET-- BUT I
FEEL I OWE SOME KIND OF
EXPLANATION TO **BROKEN TUSK'S**
PEOPLE.

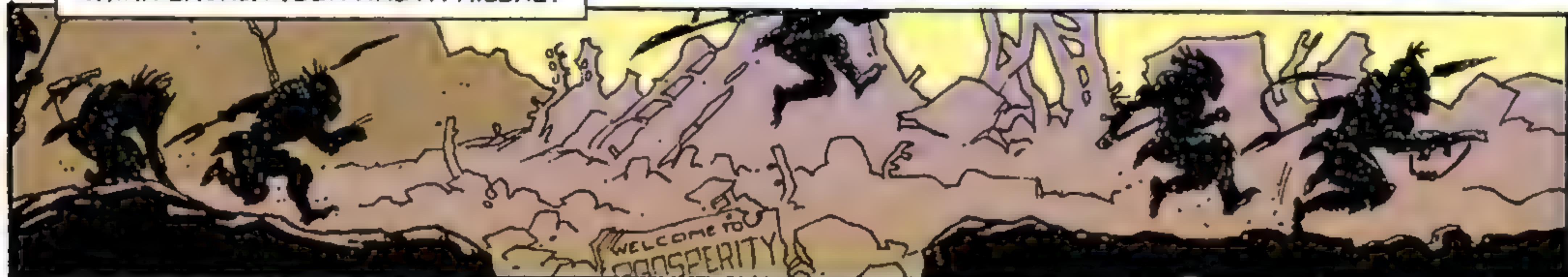


I'M SURE THEY FIGURED
SOMETHING WENT
WRONG WHEN **BROKEN**
TUSK AND HIS BOYS DIDN'T
COME HOME--

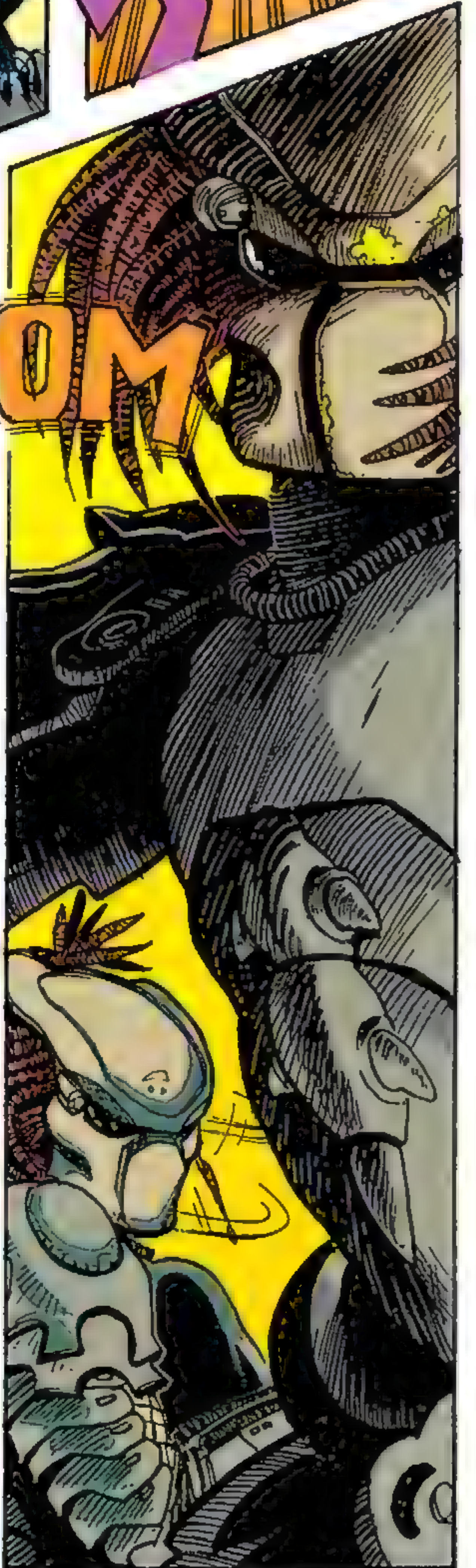
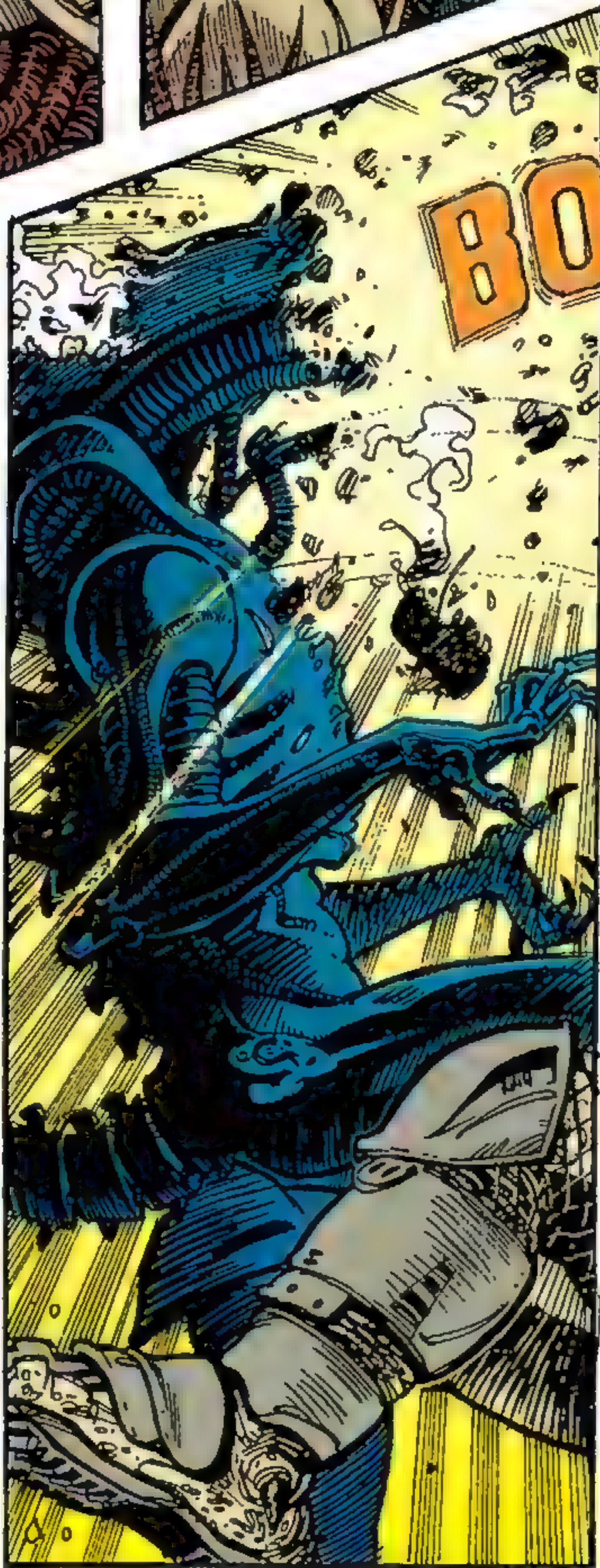
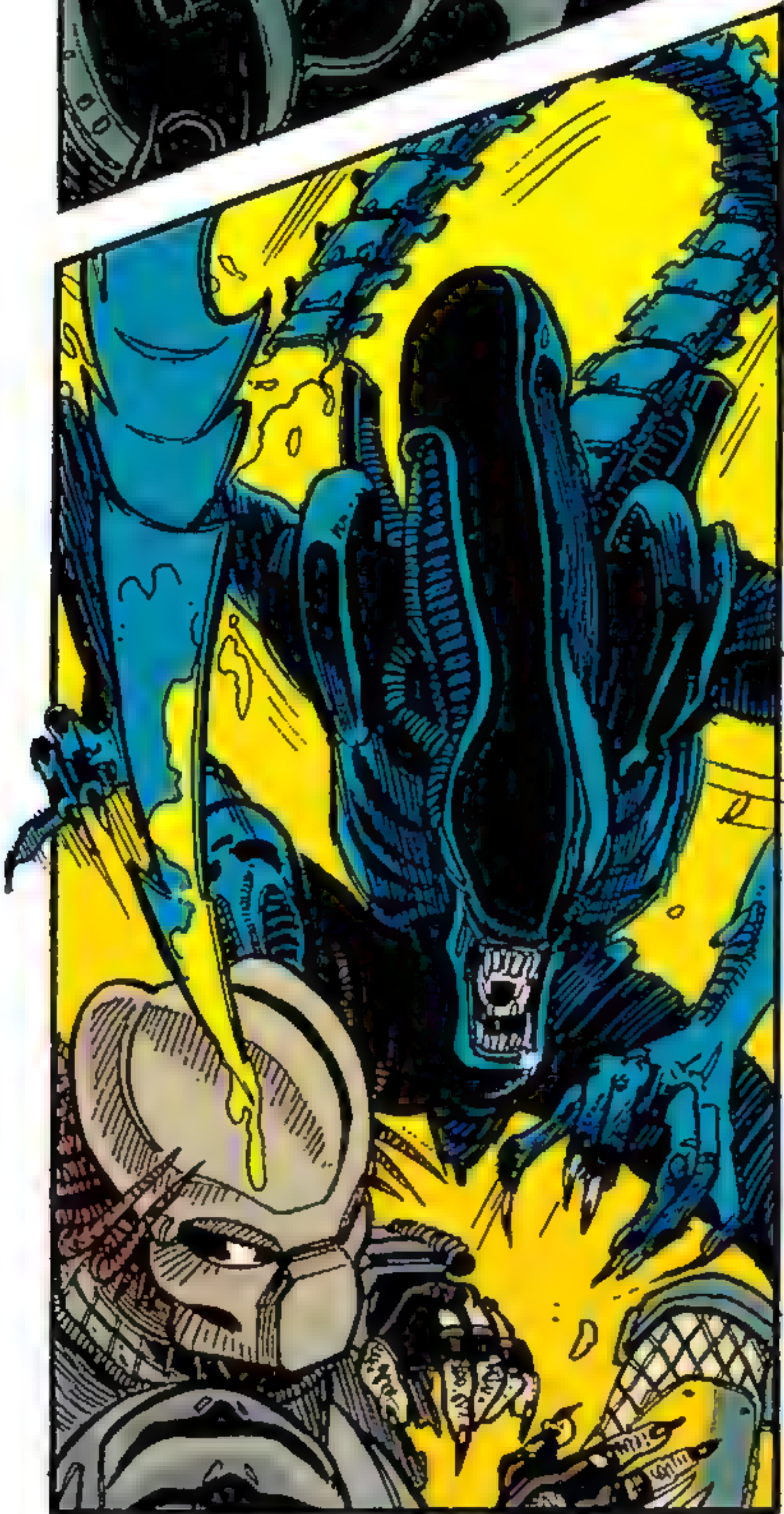
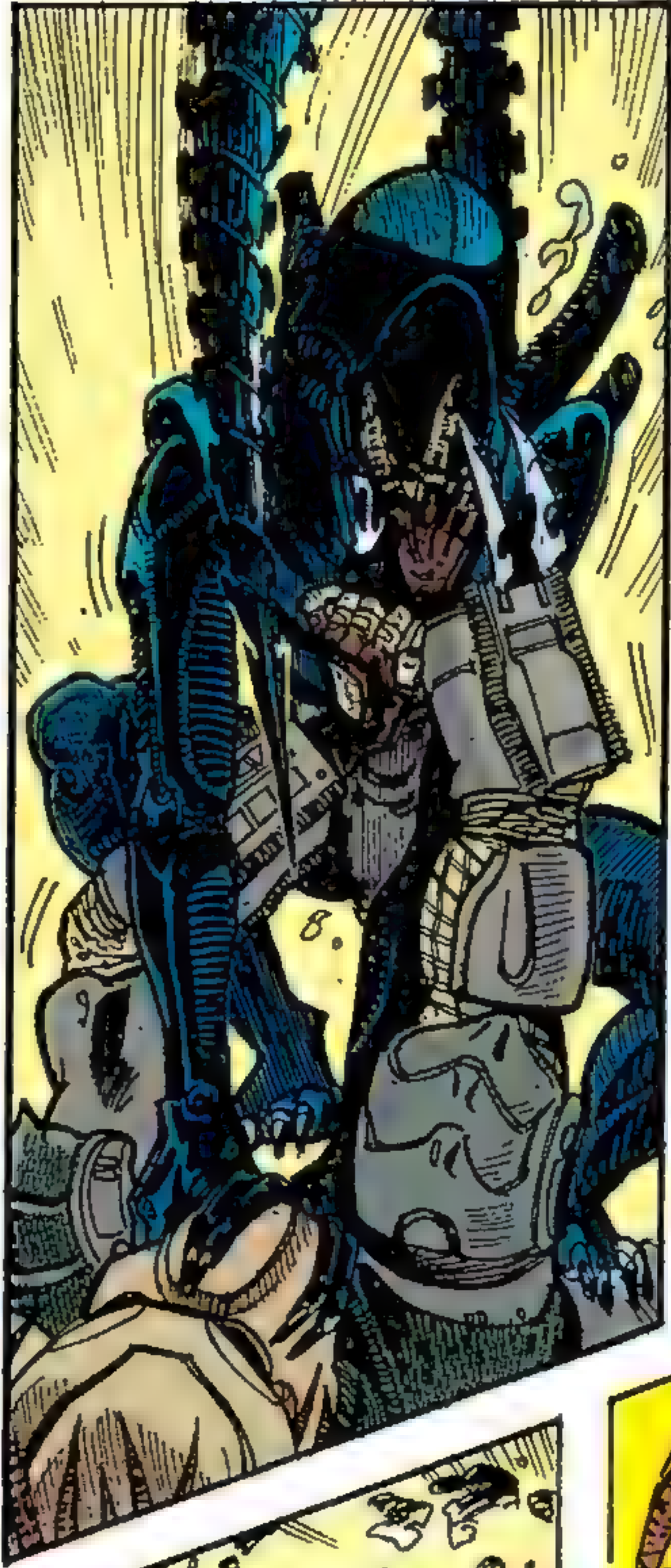
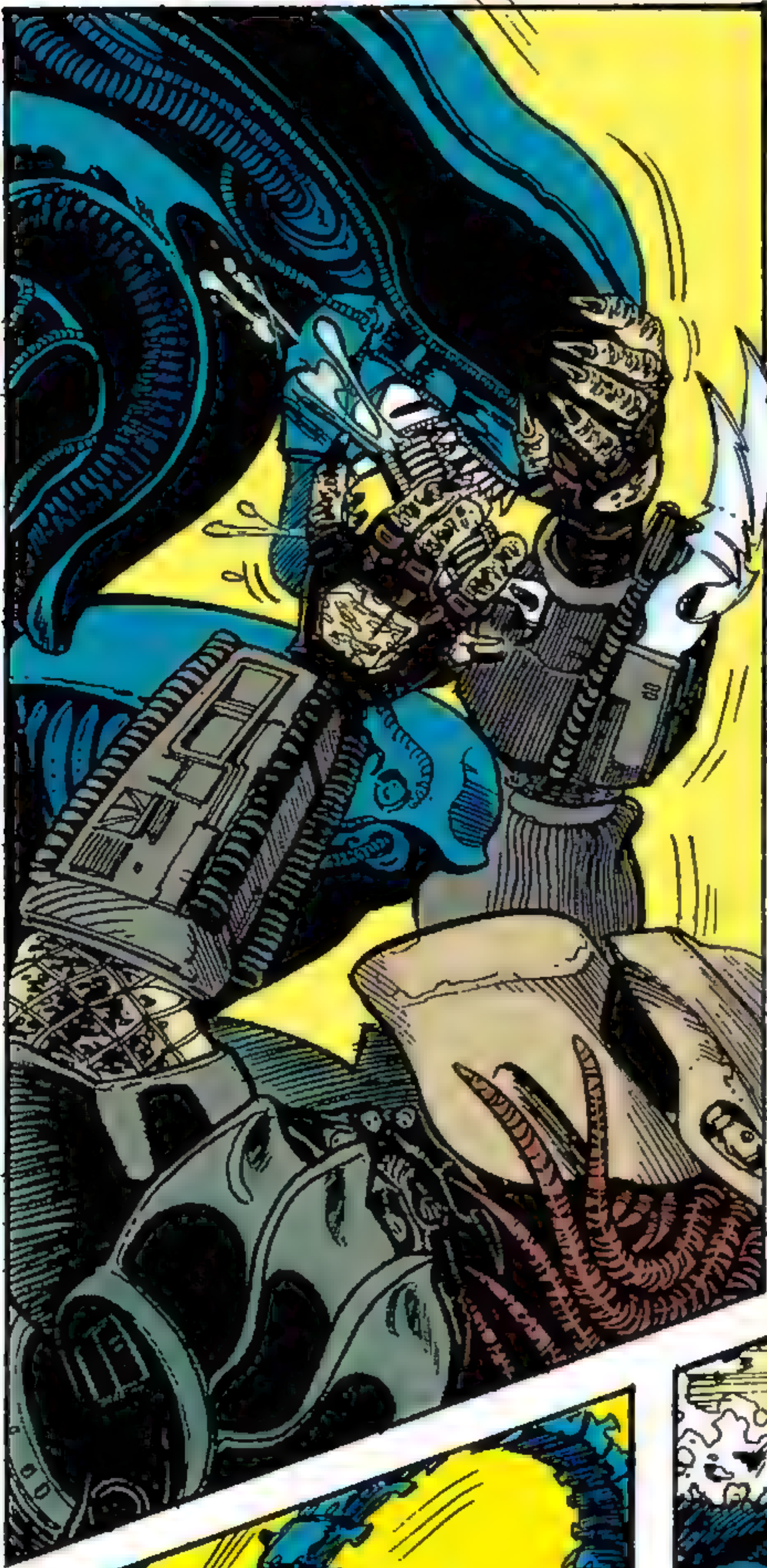


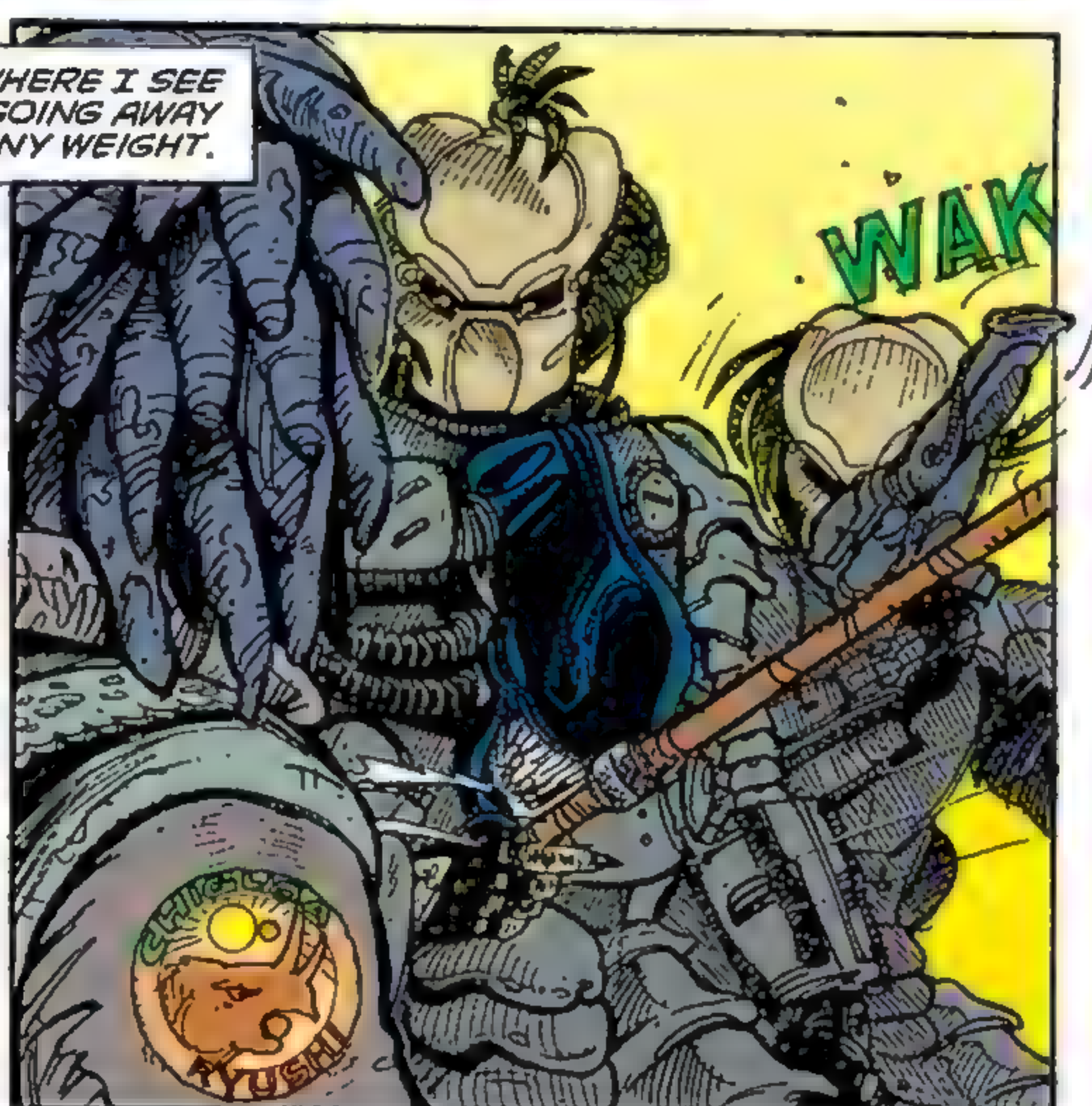
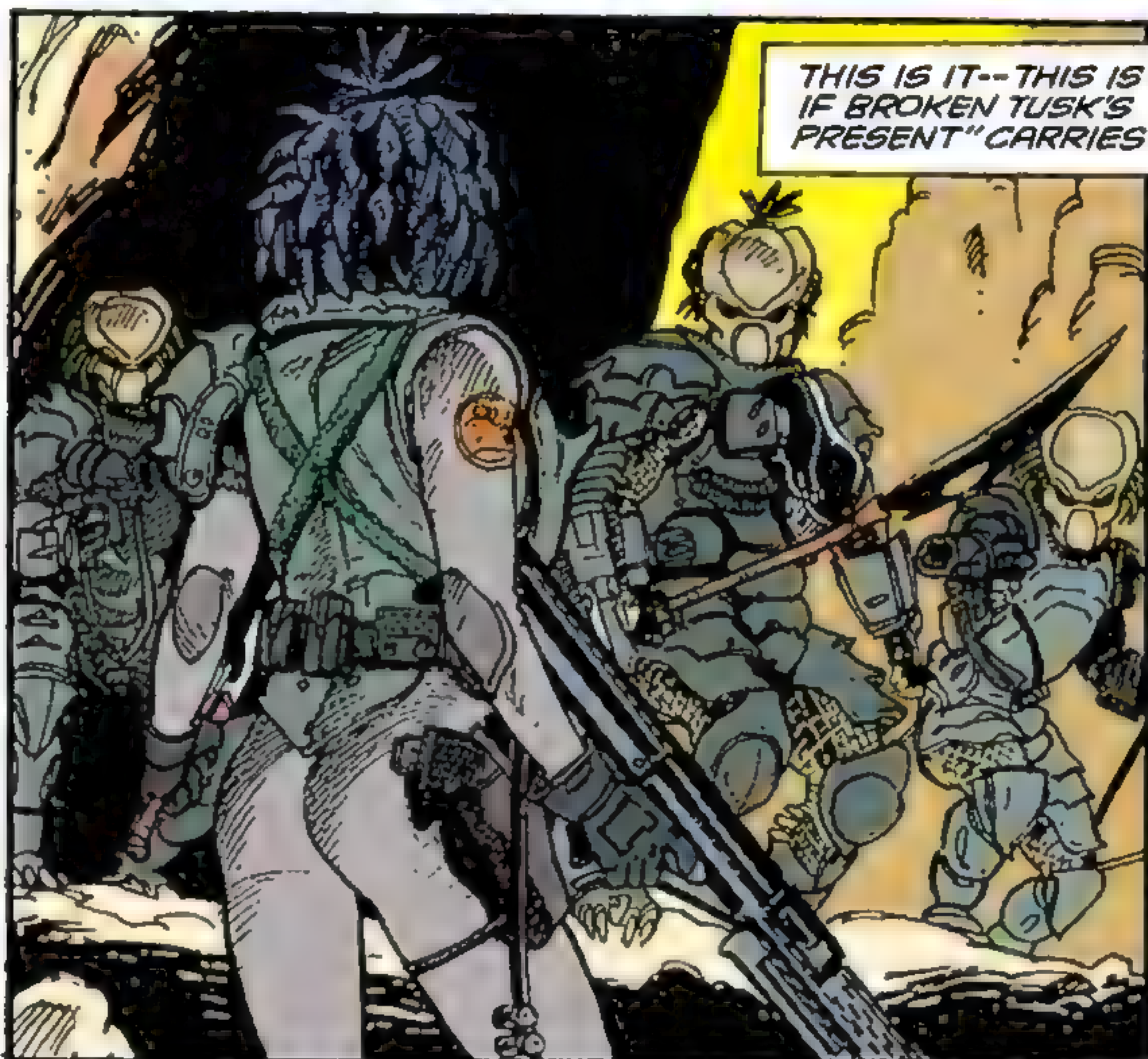
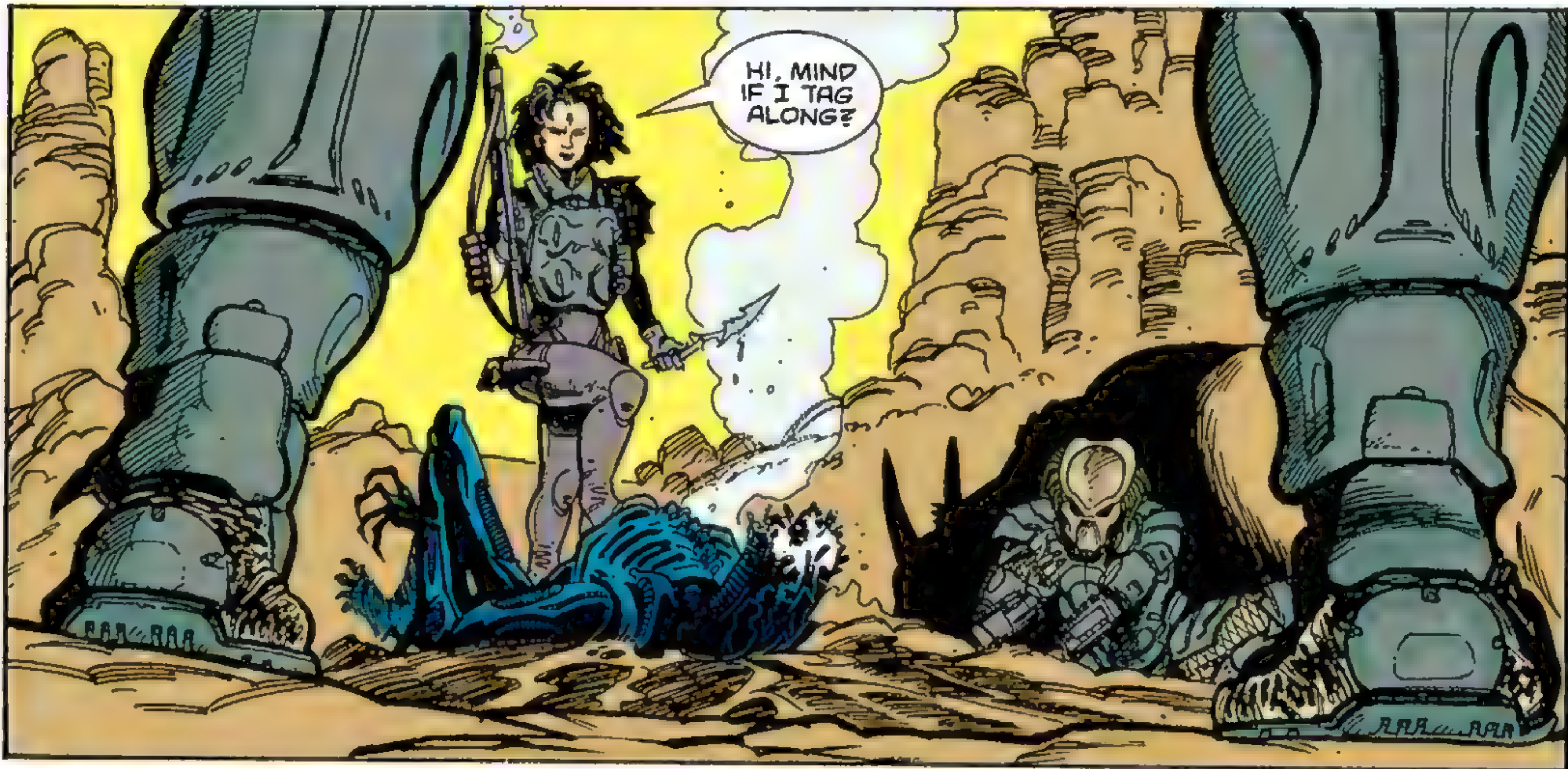
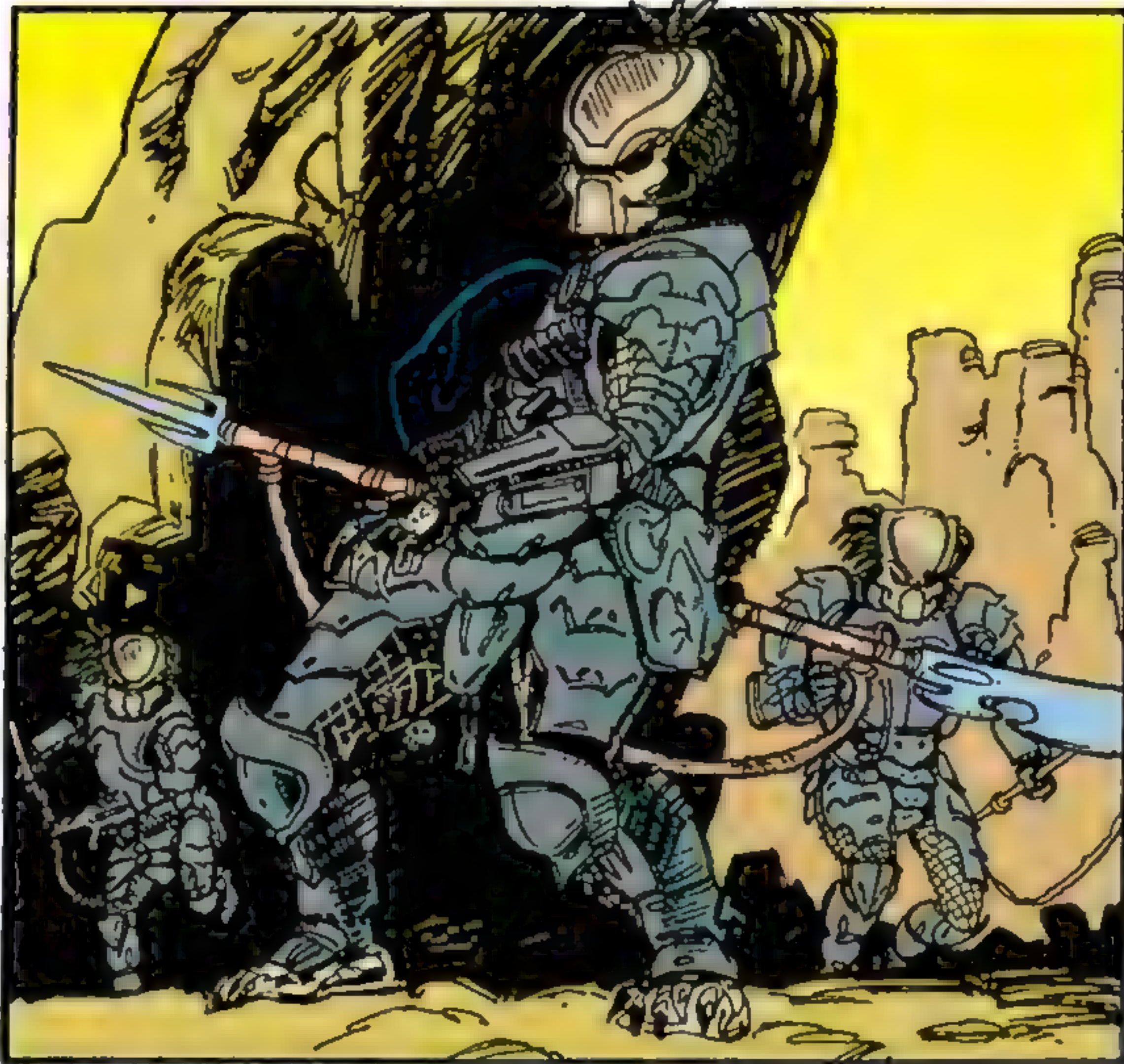
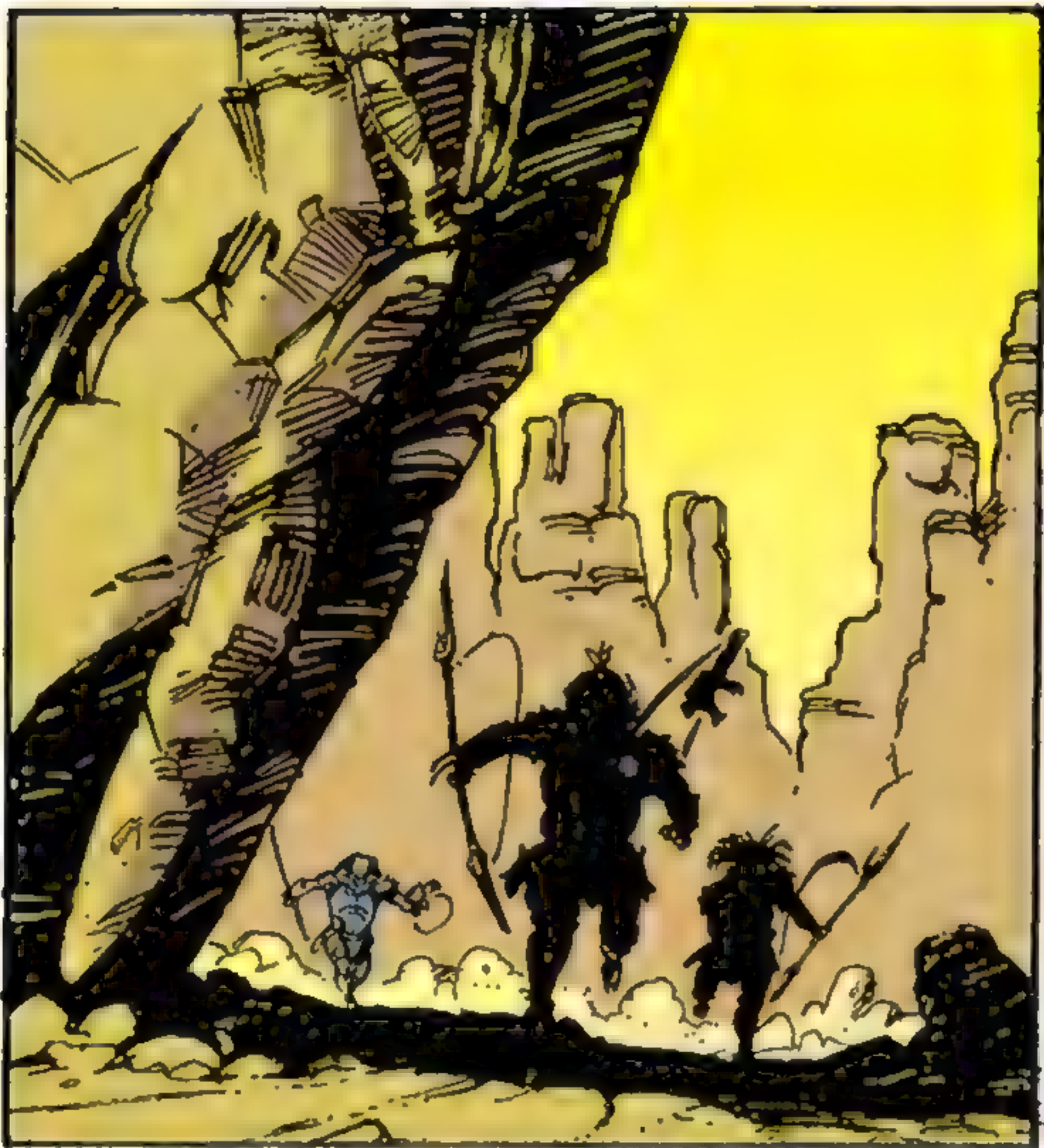
--THOUGH I DOUBT THEY HAVE ANY
IDEA HOW **BIG** THAT "**SOMETHING**" WAS.

I JUST DON'T WANT THEM TO
THINK **BROKEN TUSK** WAS A FAILURE.

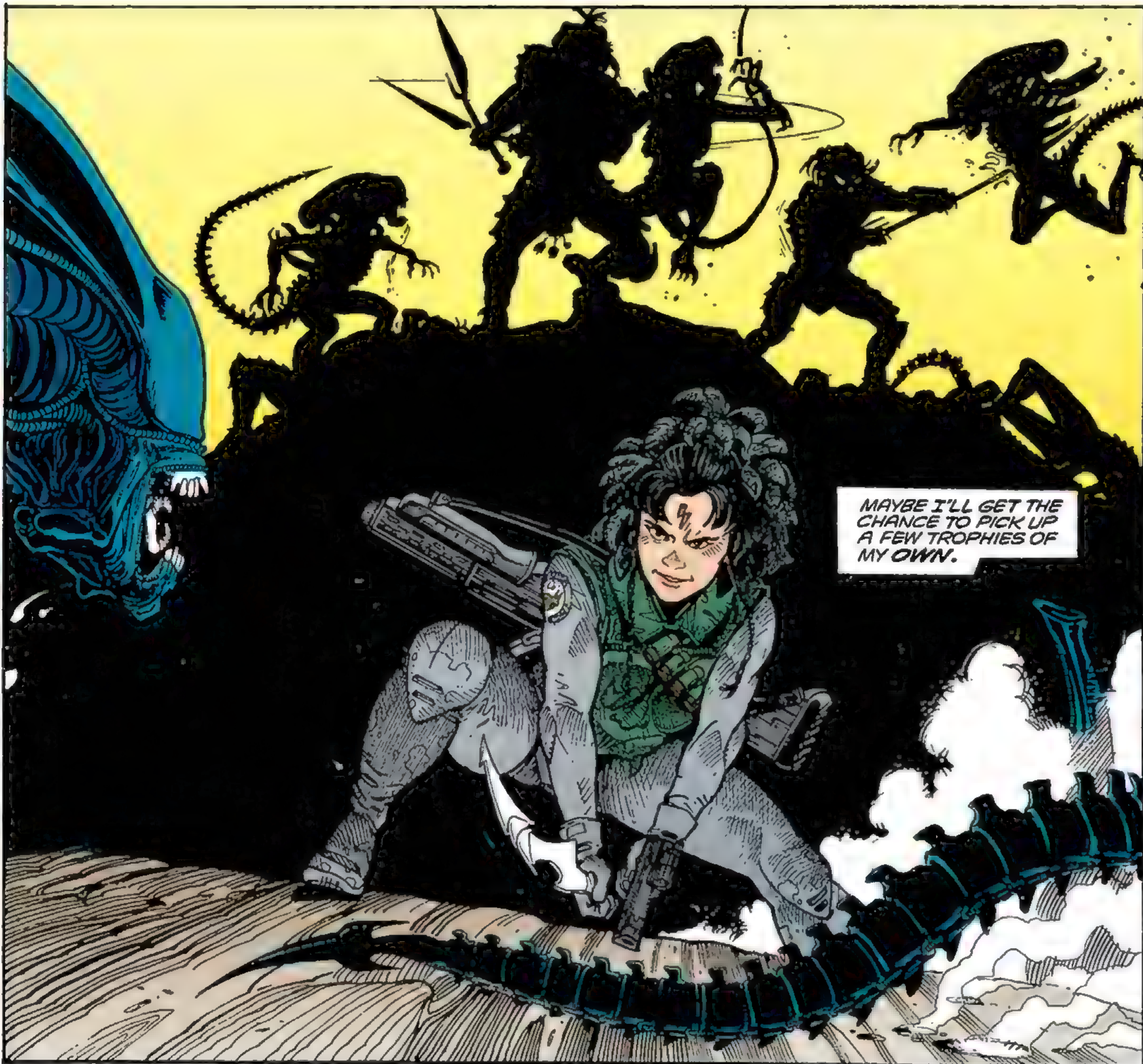
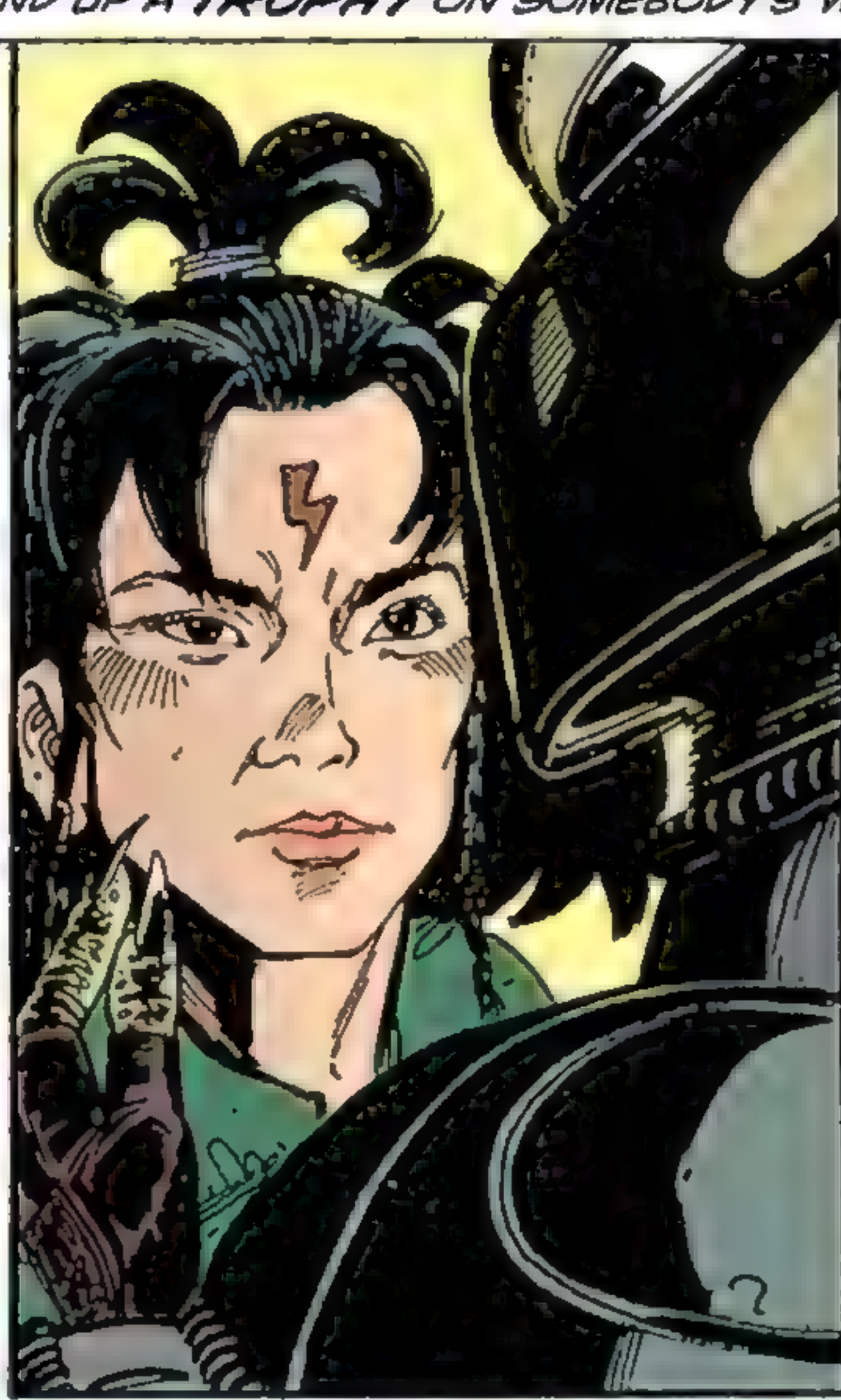








IF I DON'T END UP A TROPHY ON SOMEBODY'S WALL --



MAYBE I'LL GET THE
CHANCE TO PICK UP
A FEW TROPHIES OF
MY OWN.

BLOOD TIME



script
RANDY STRADLEY

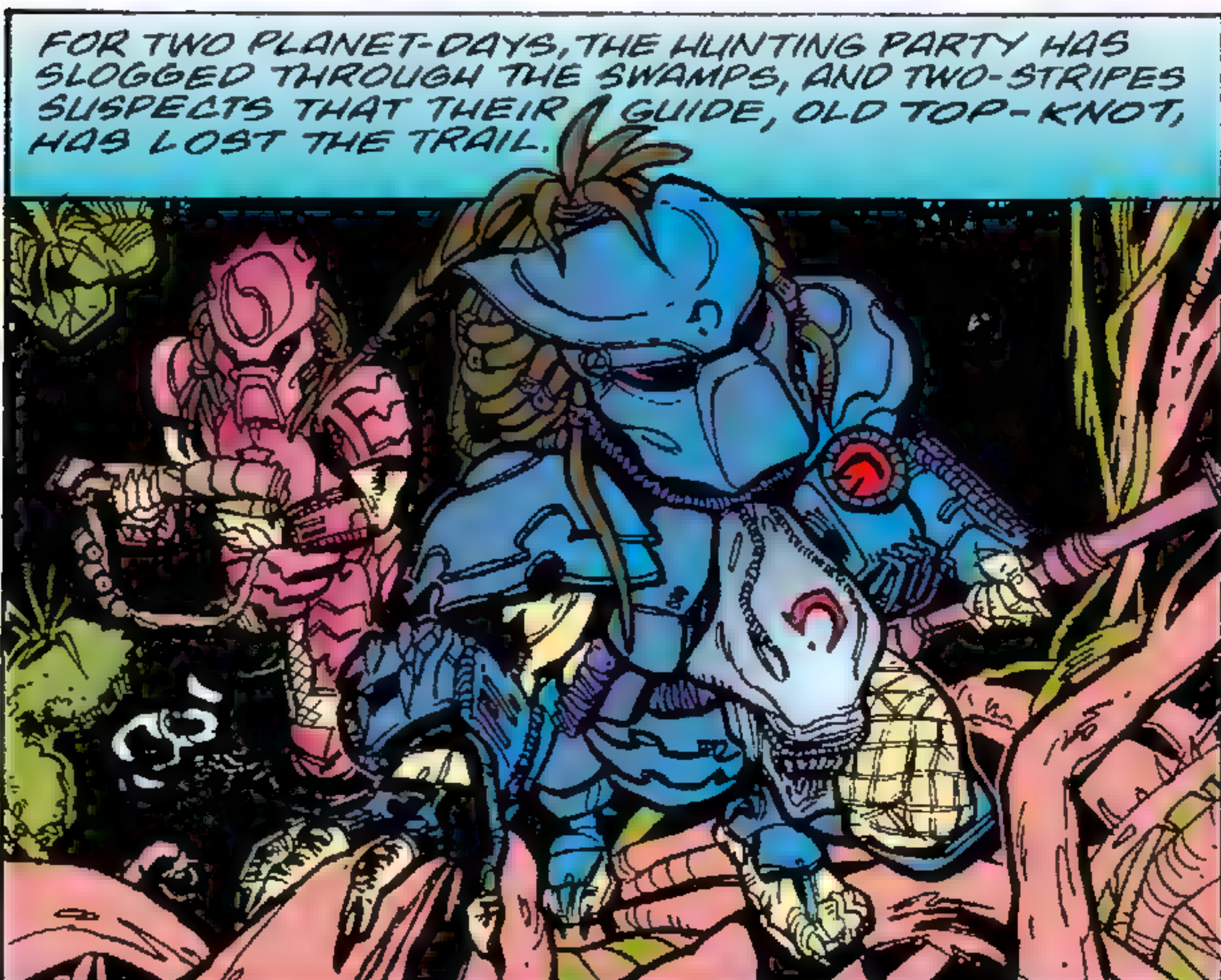
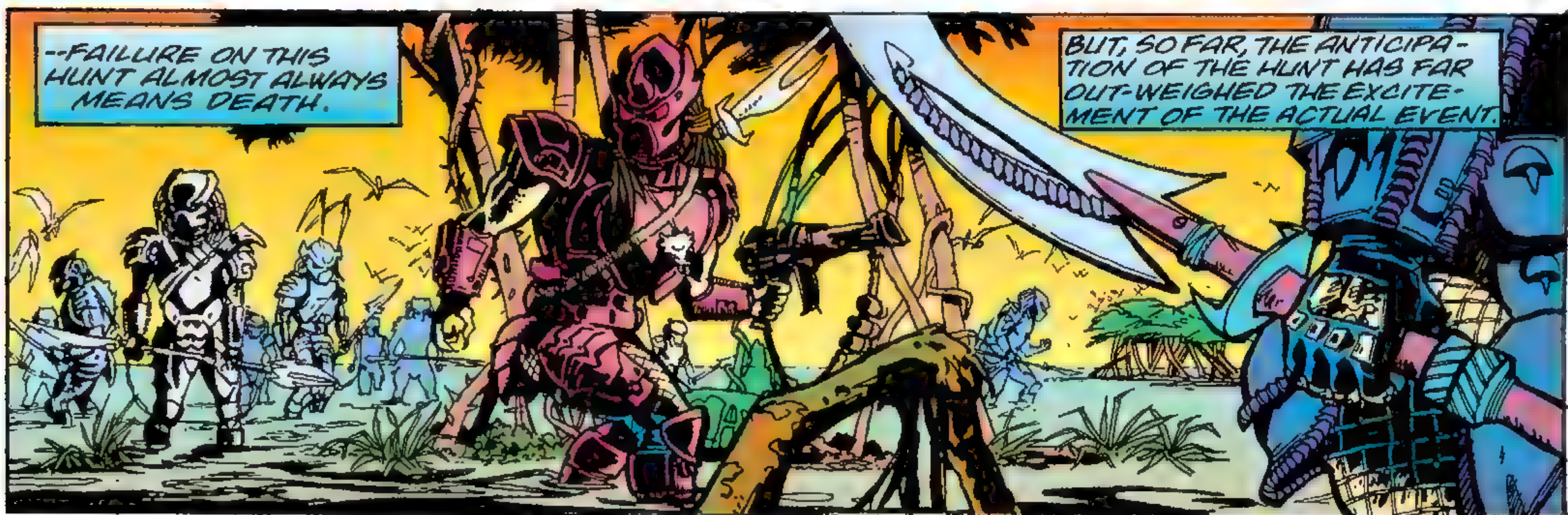
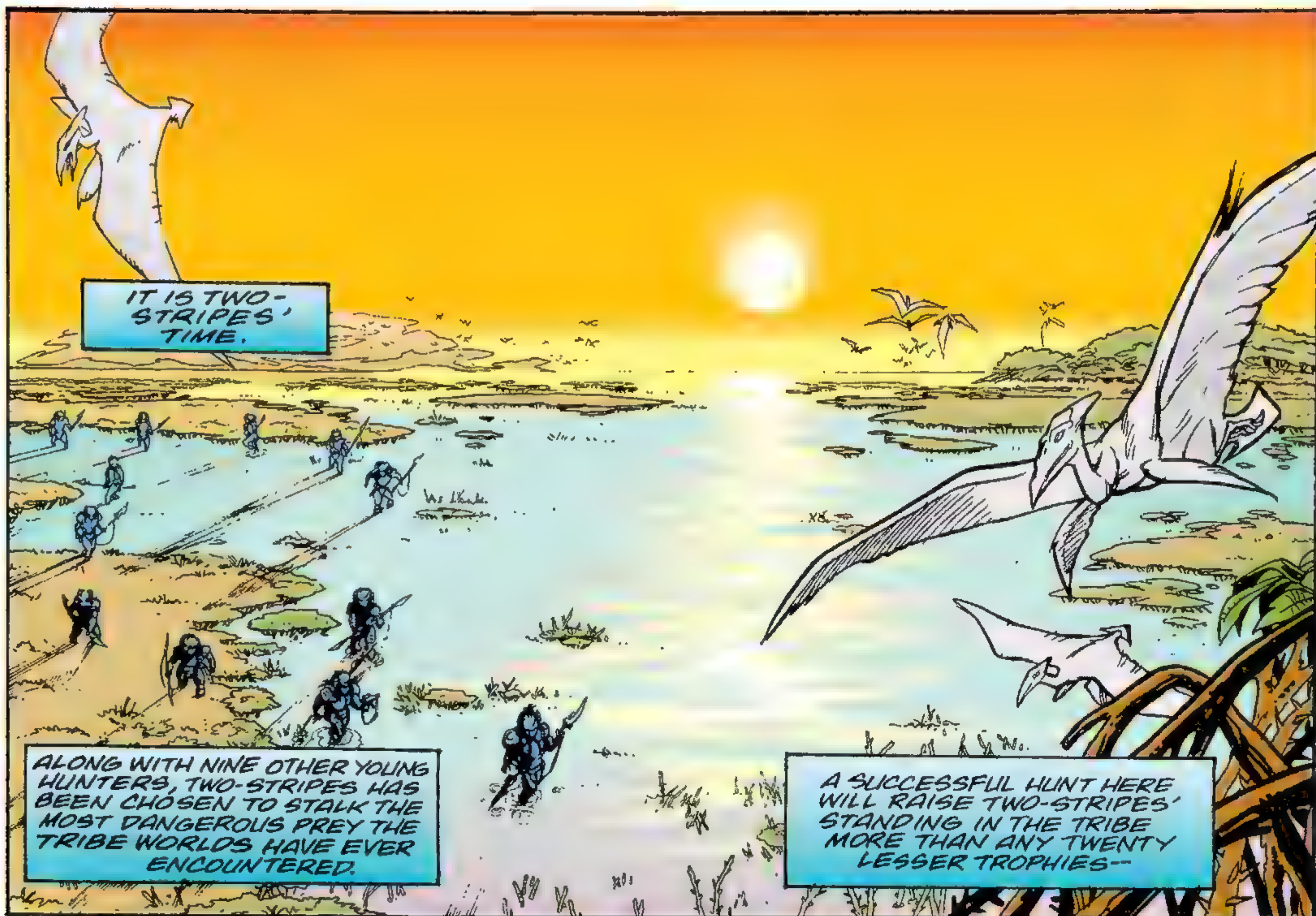
art
PHILL NORWOOD

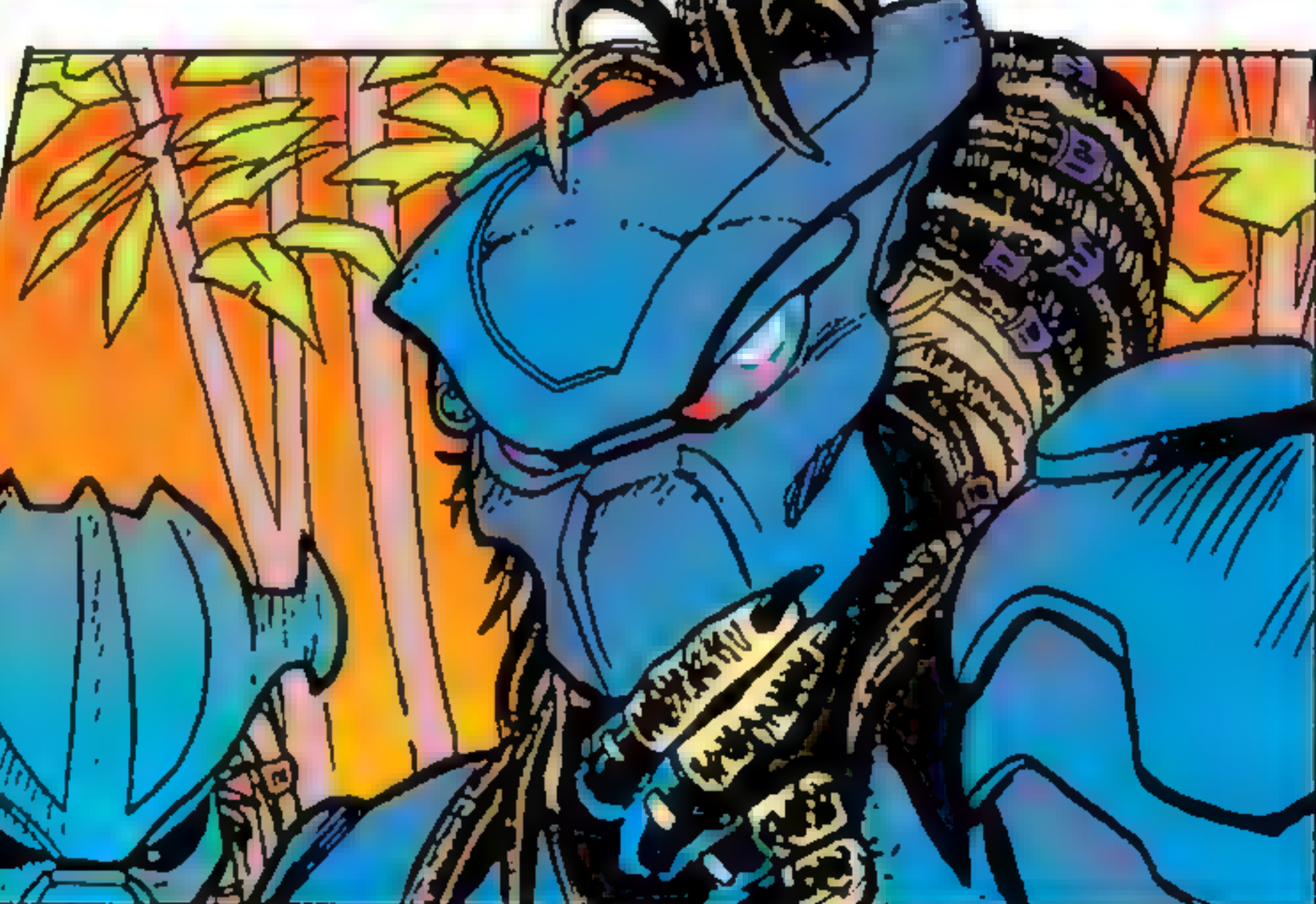
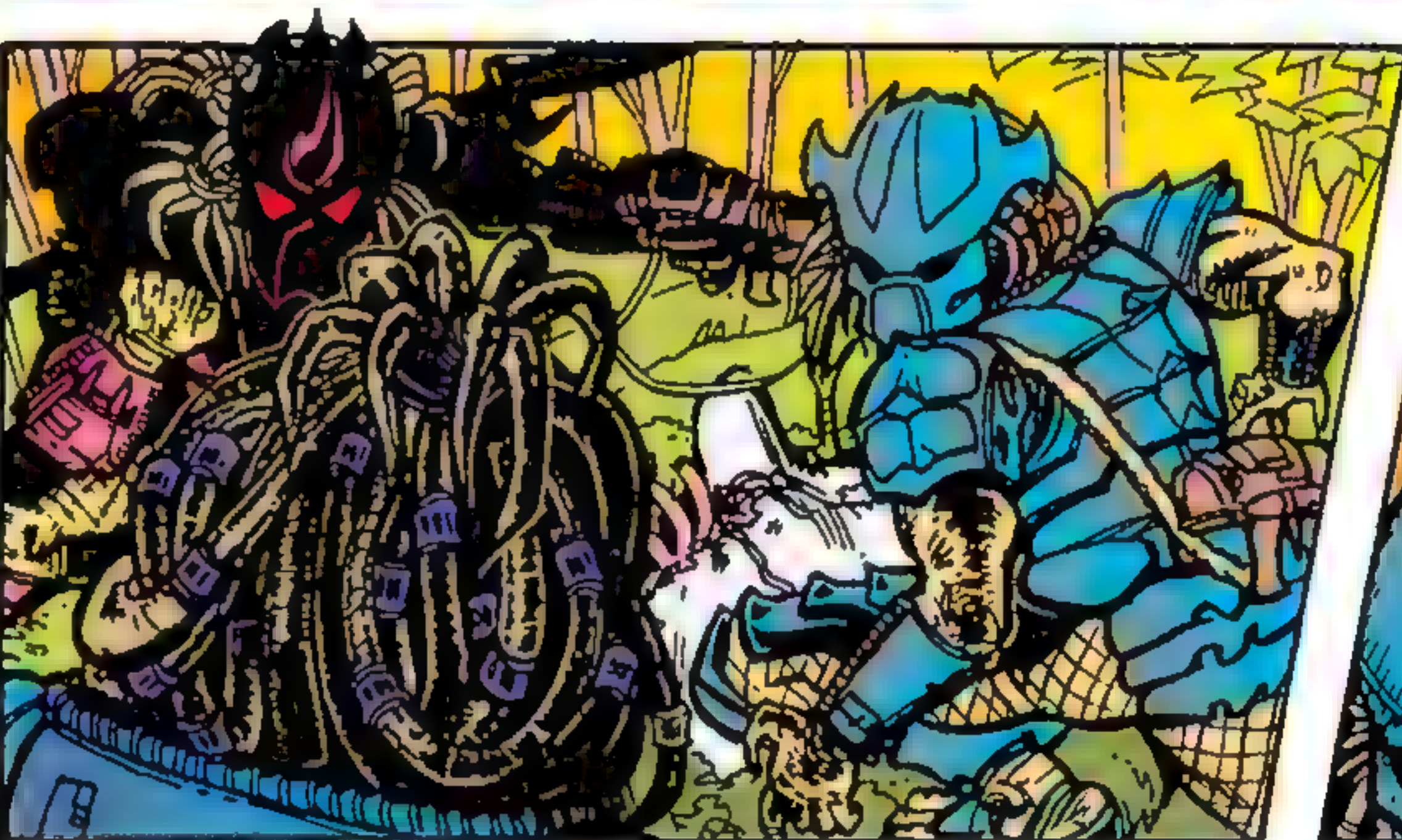
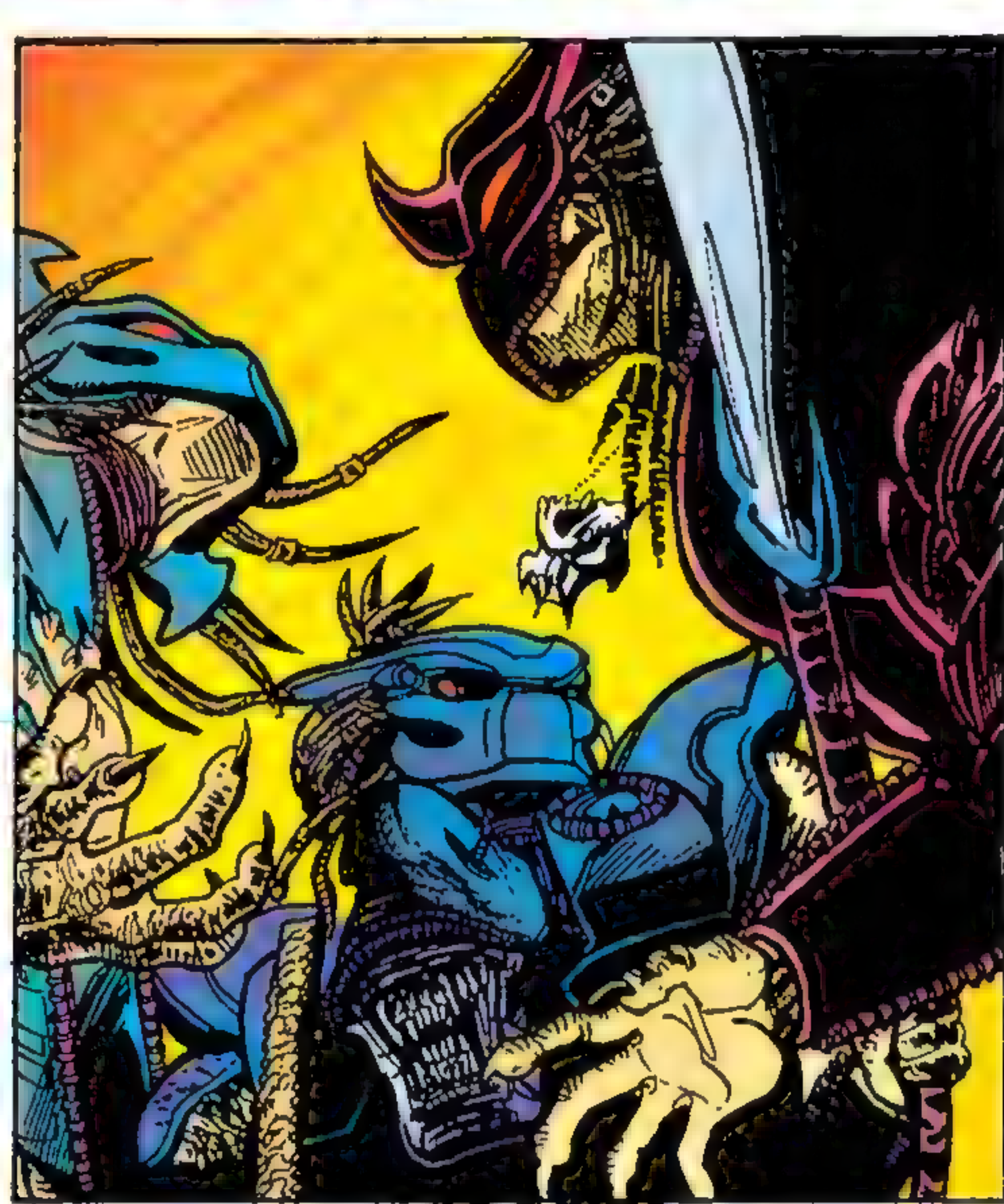
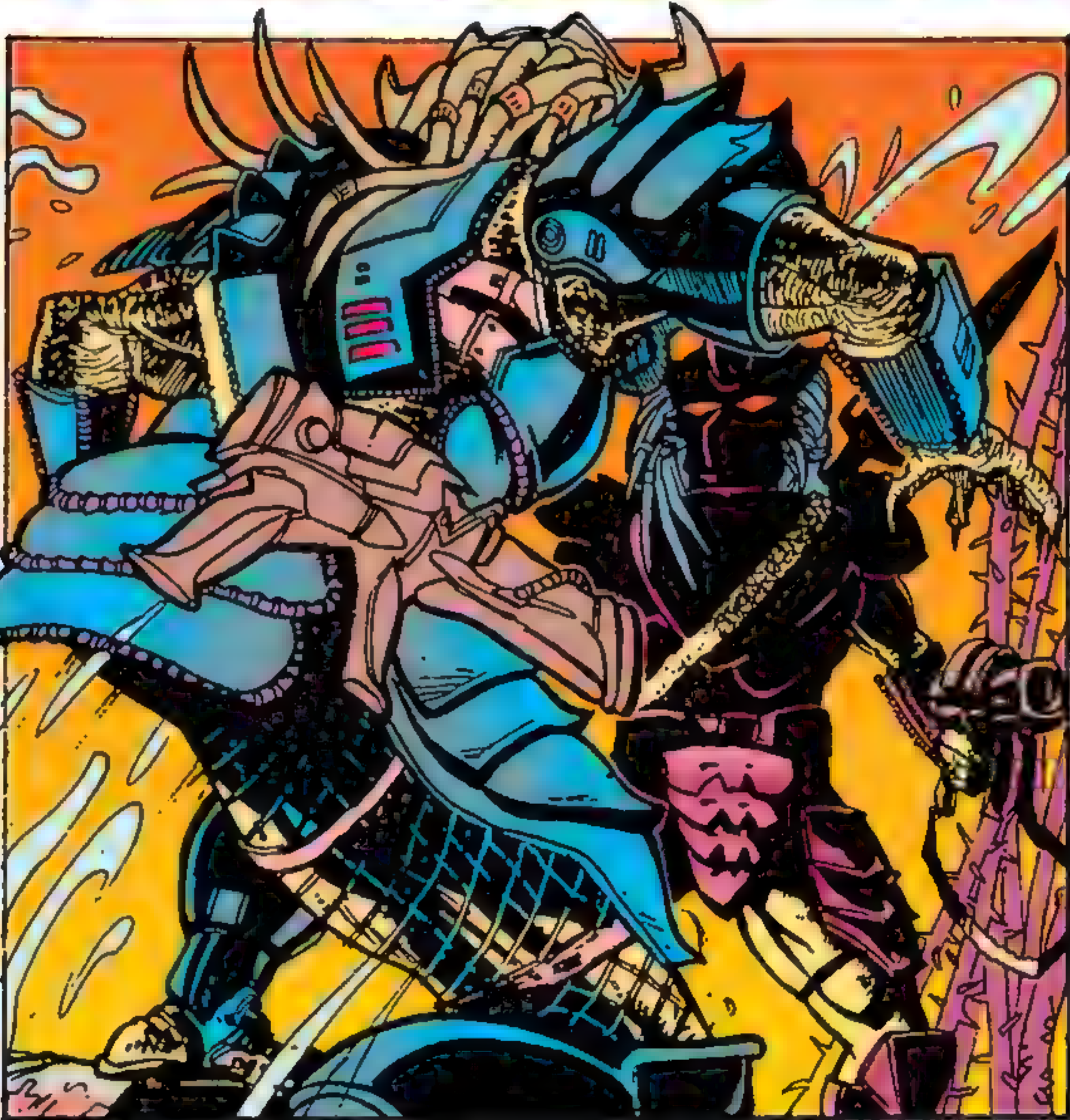
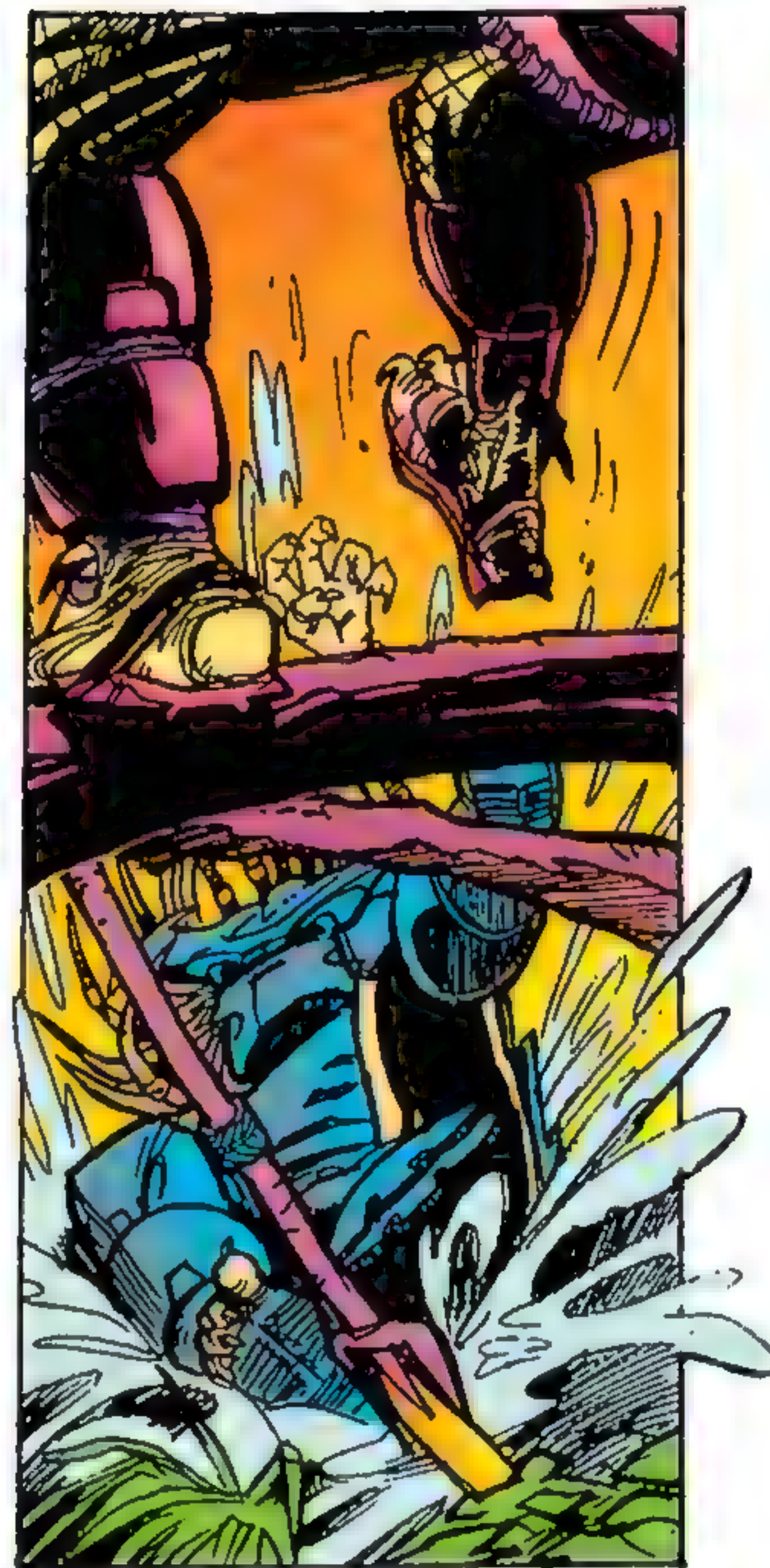
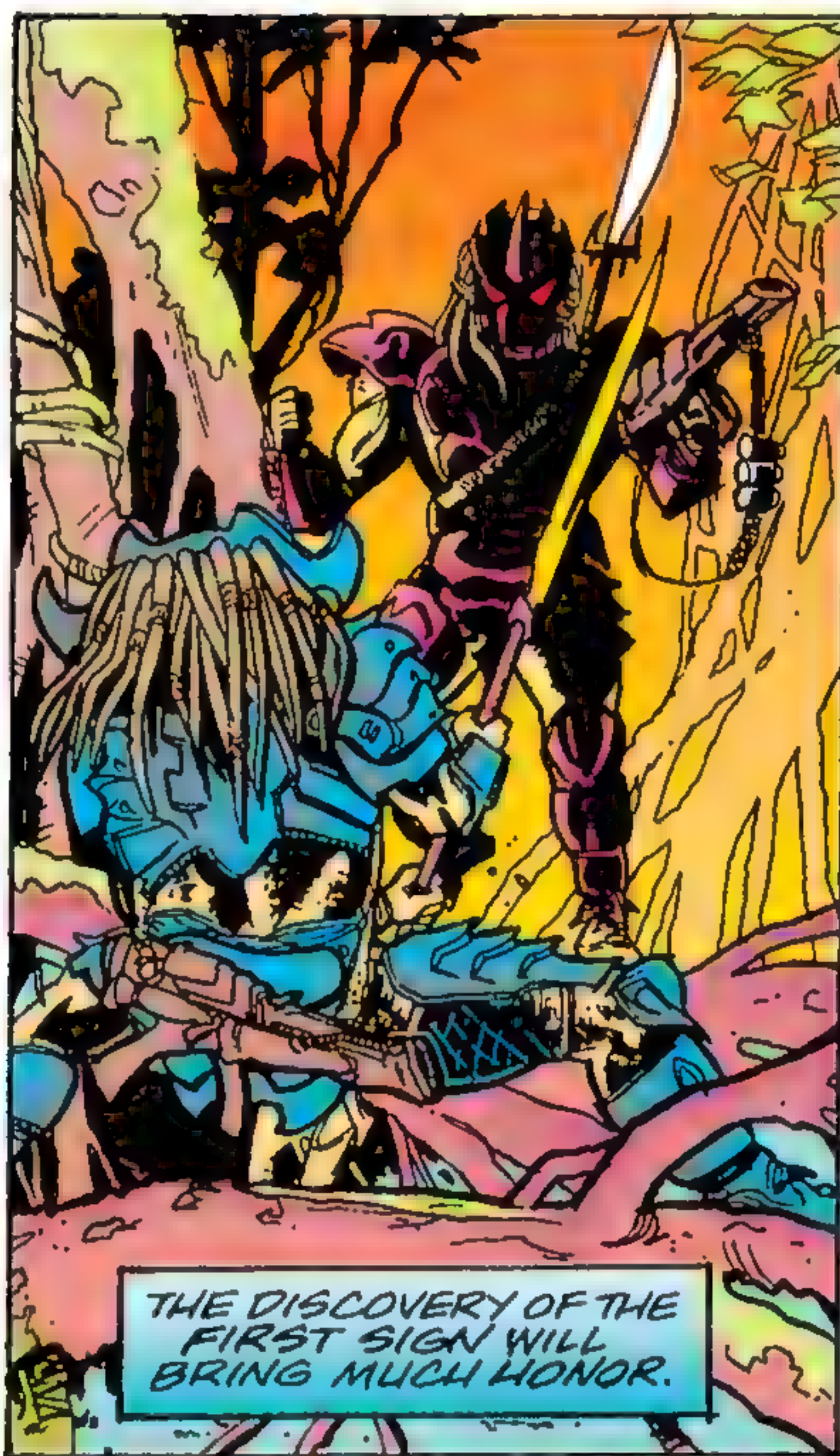
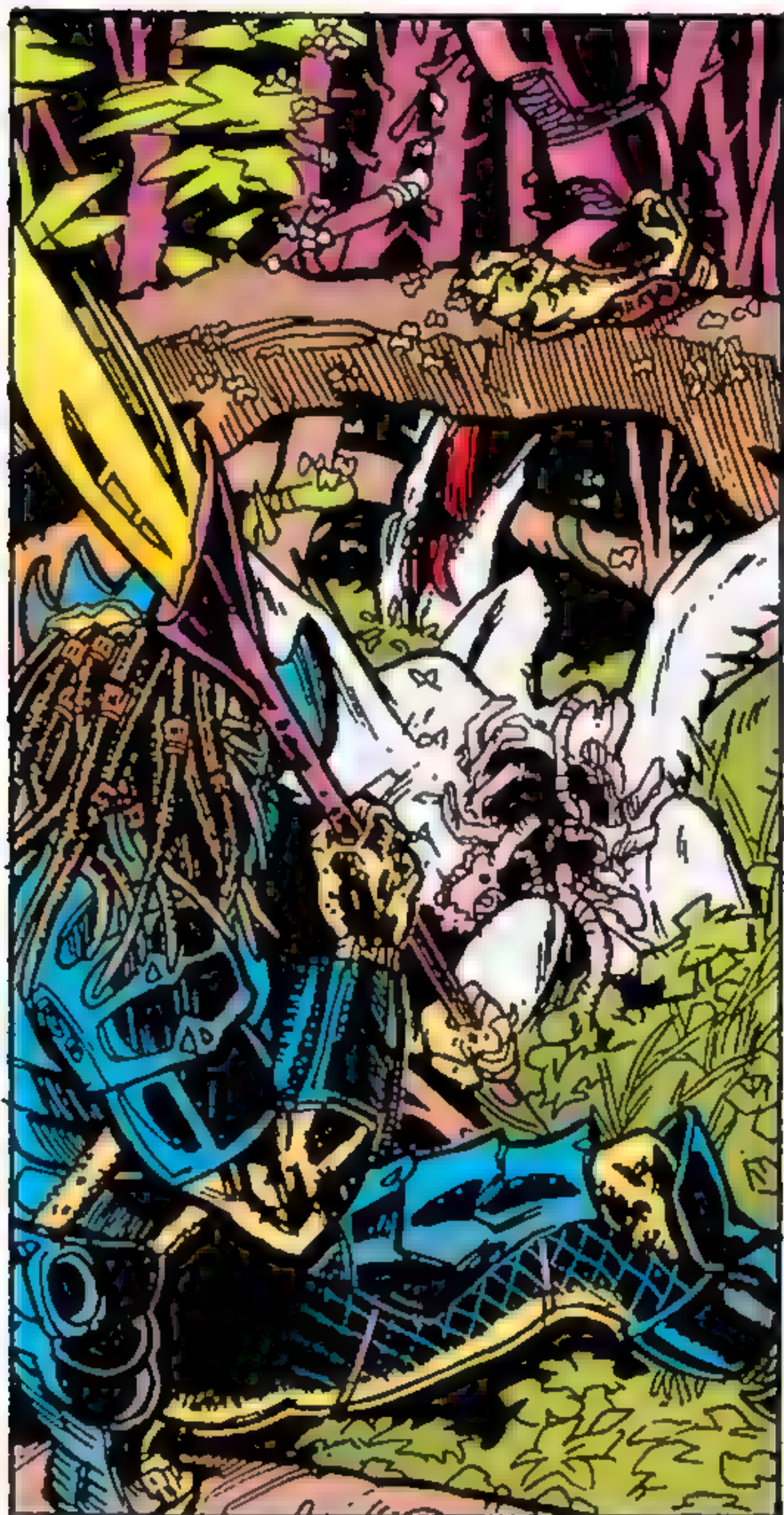
colors
FRANK LOPEZ

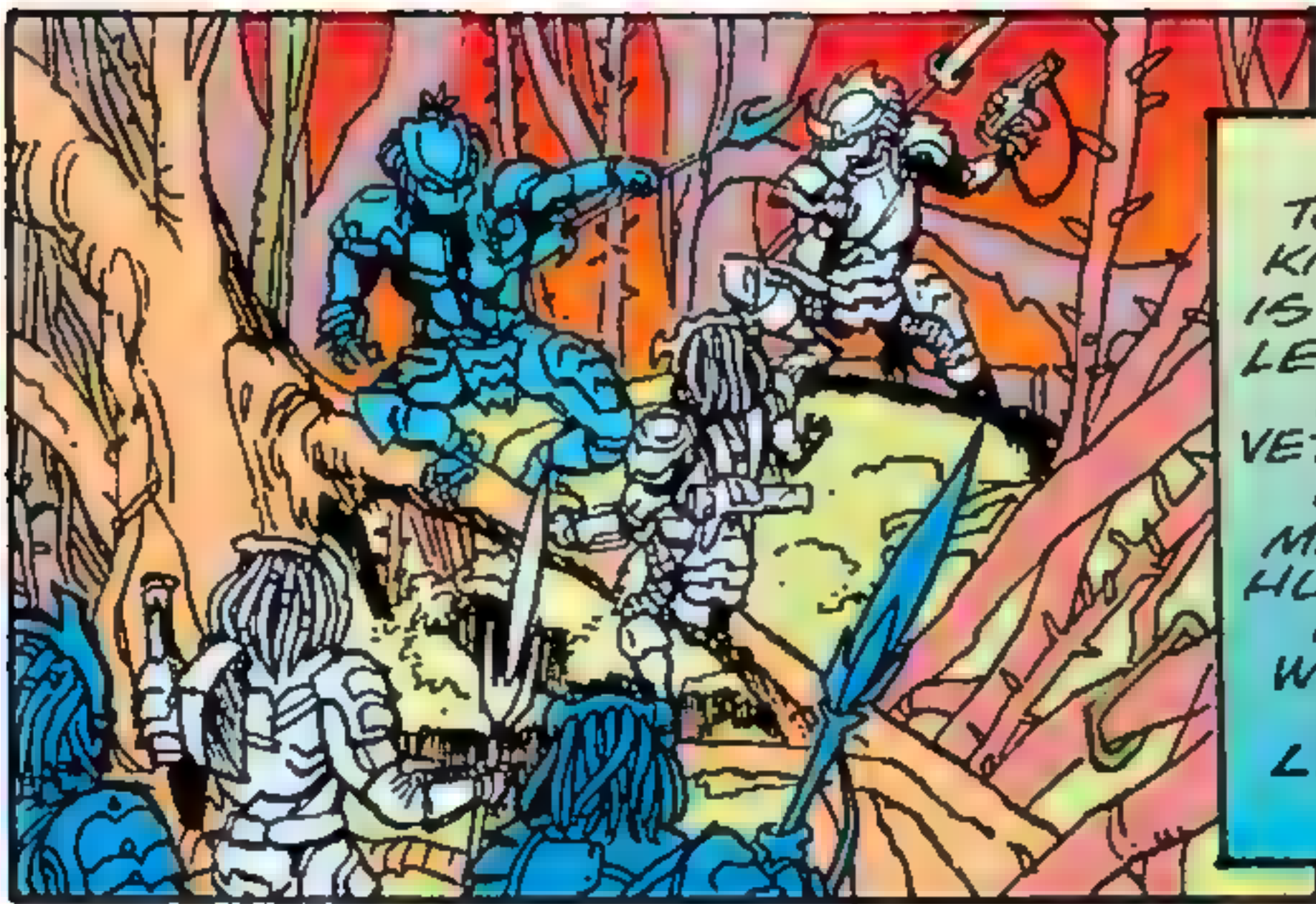
lettering
VICKIE WILLIAMS

title illustration
RICHARD CORBEN

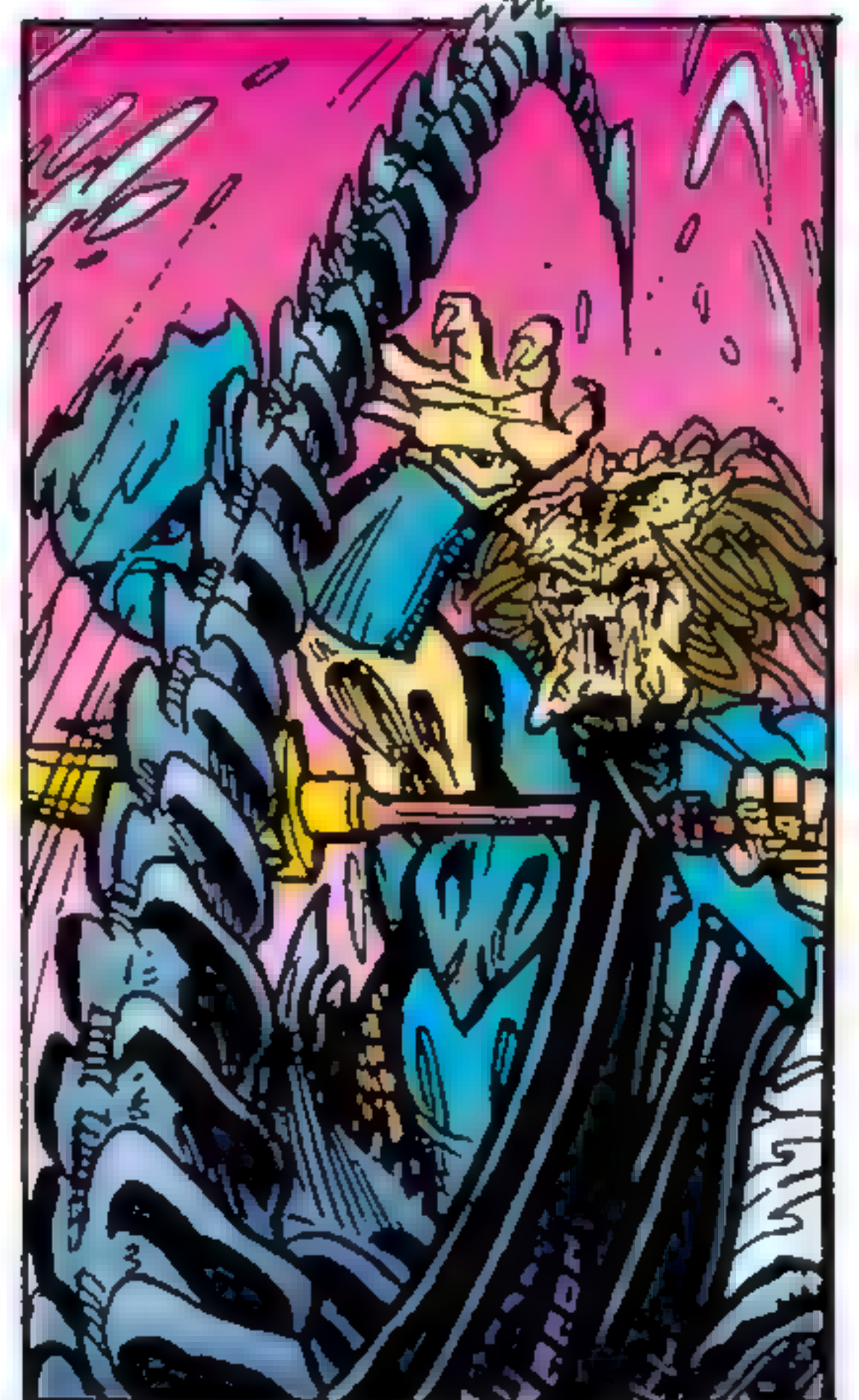
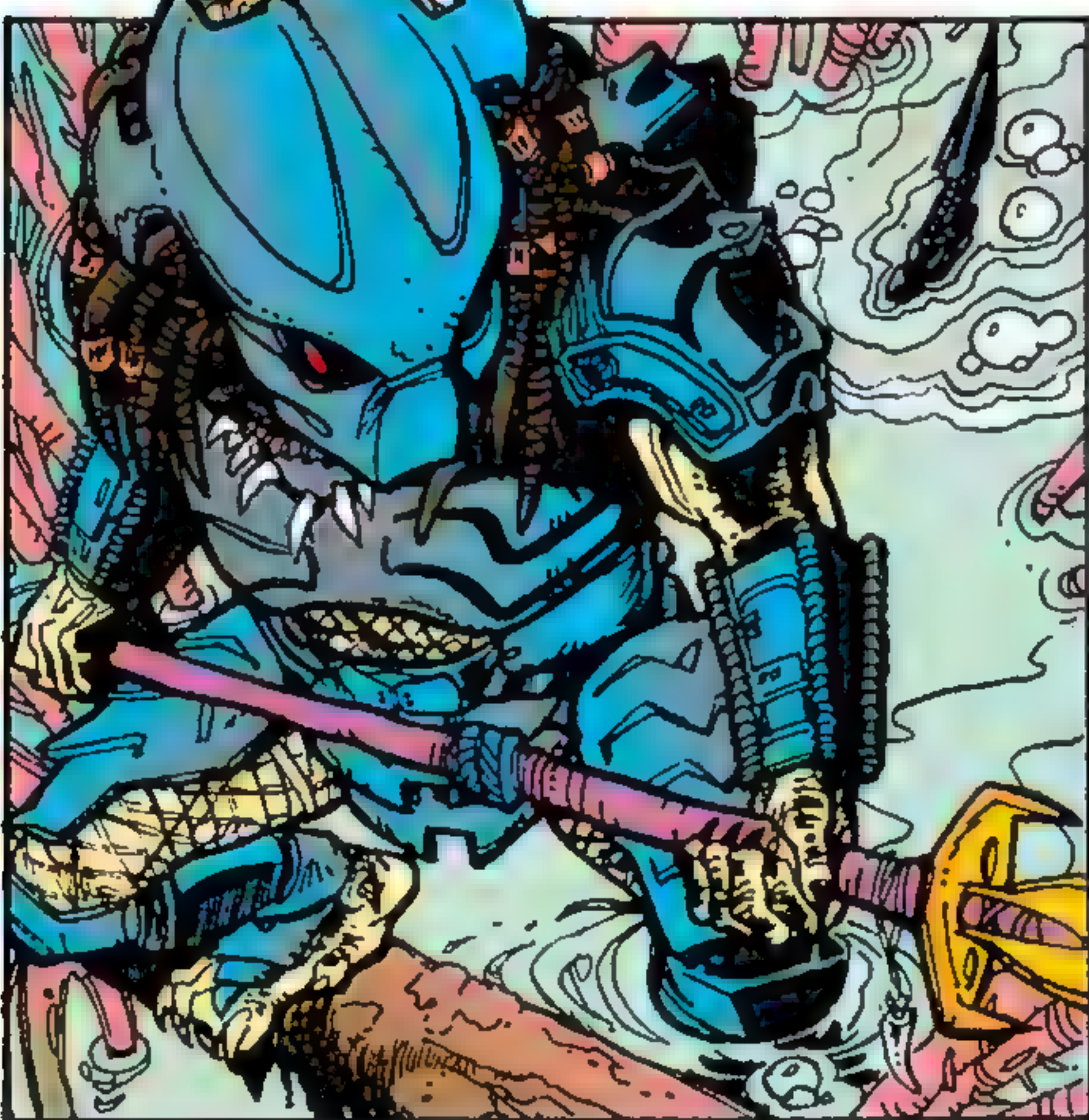
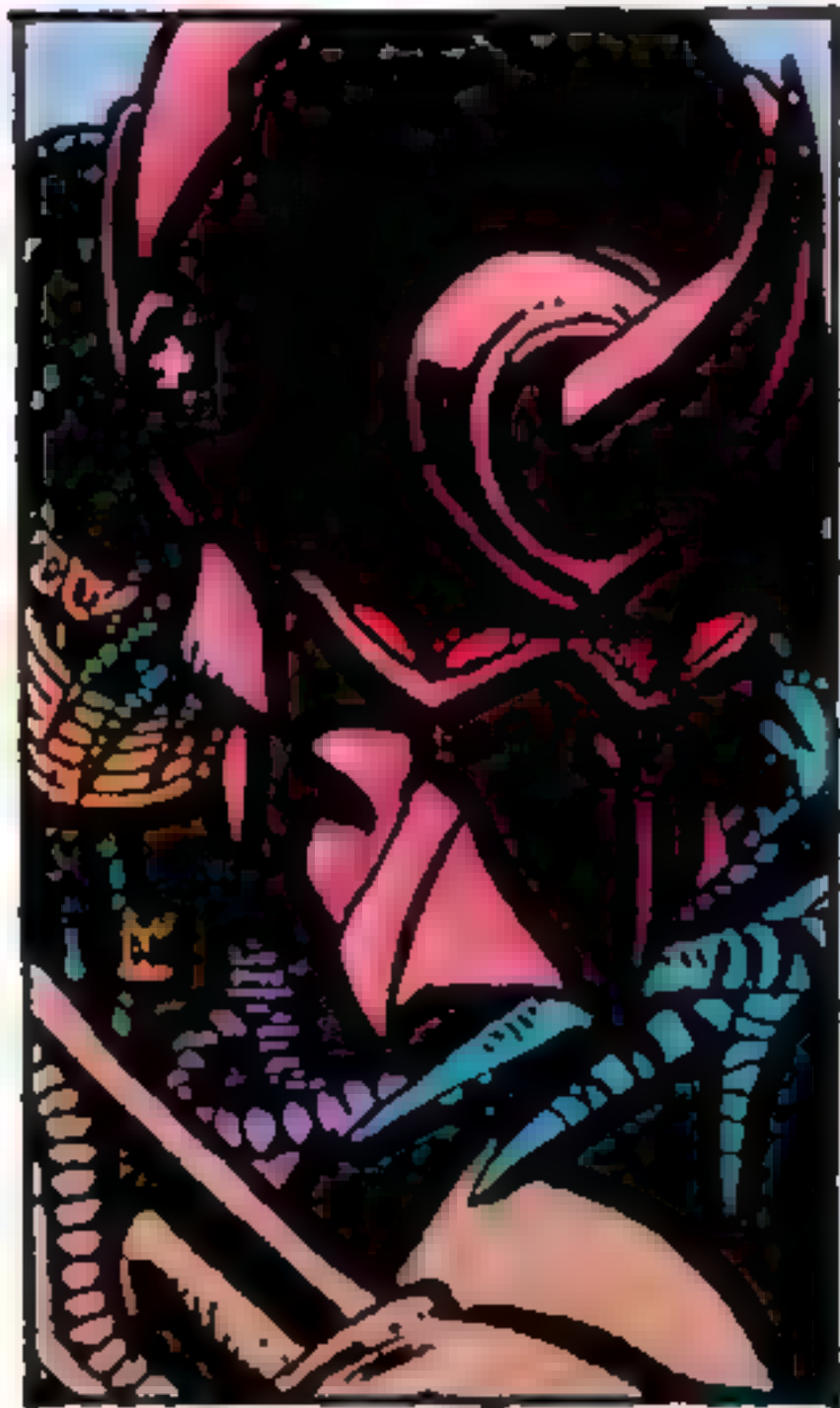
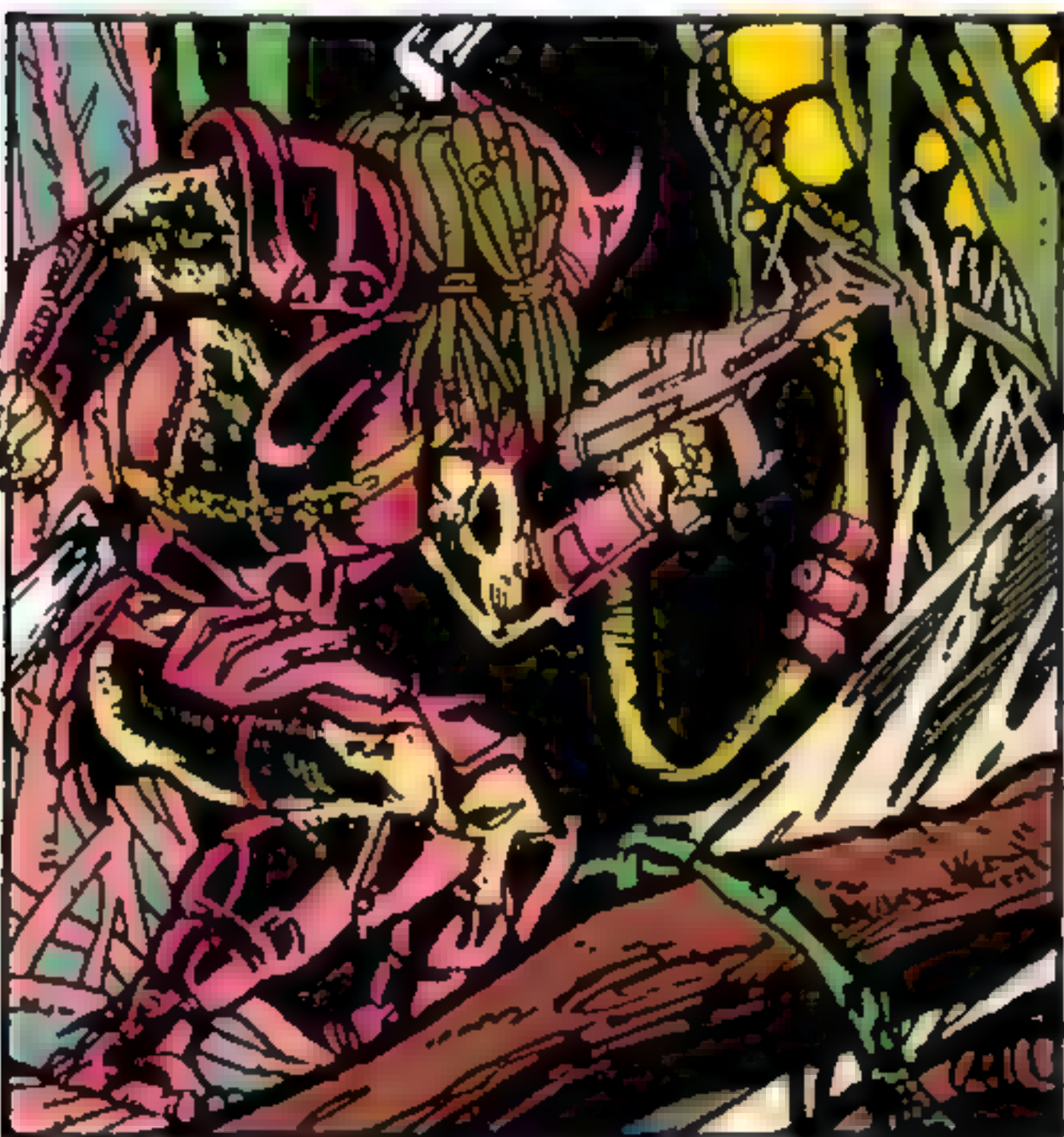
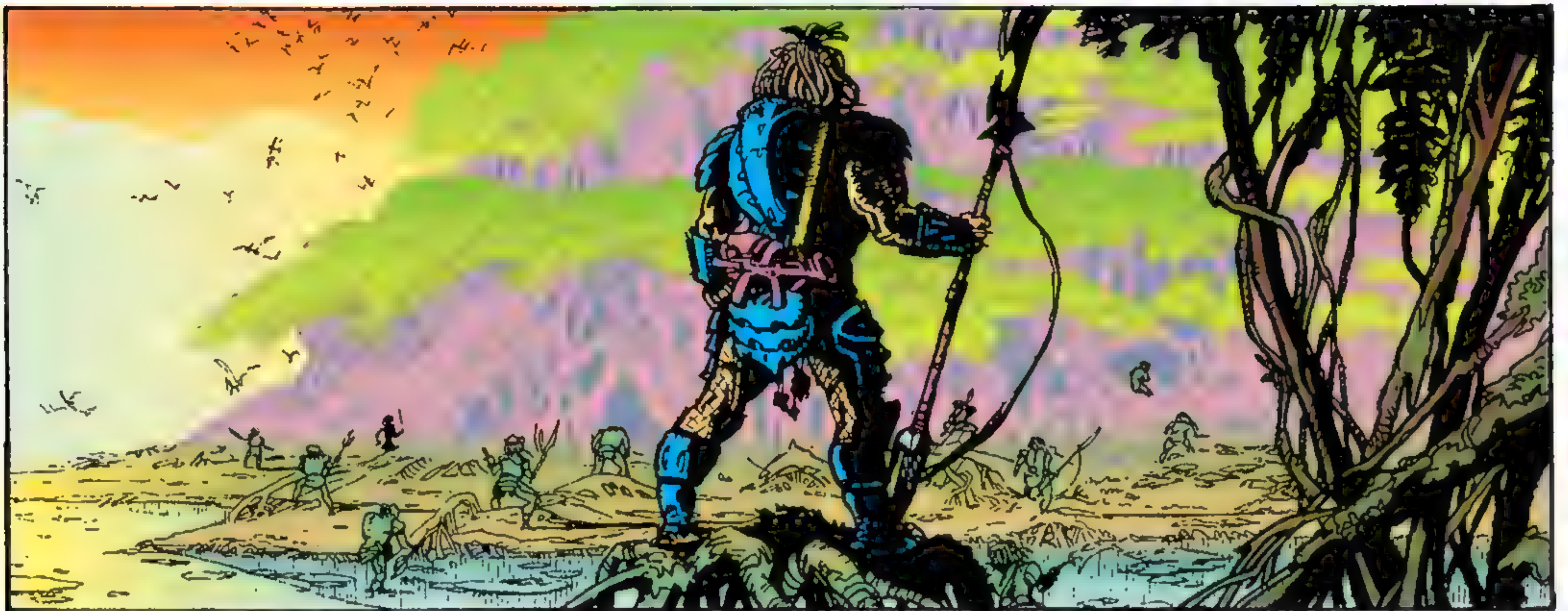


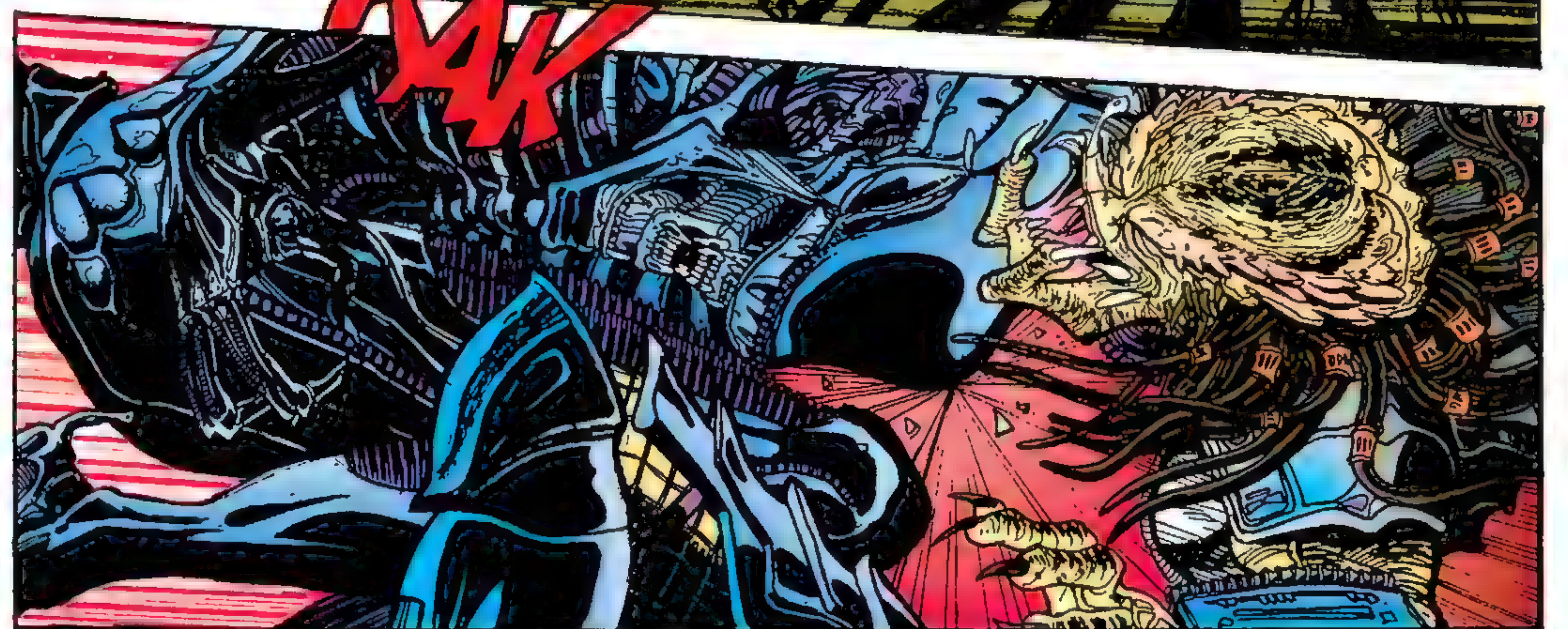
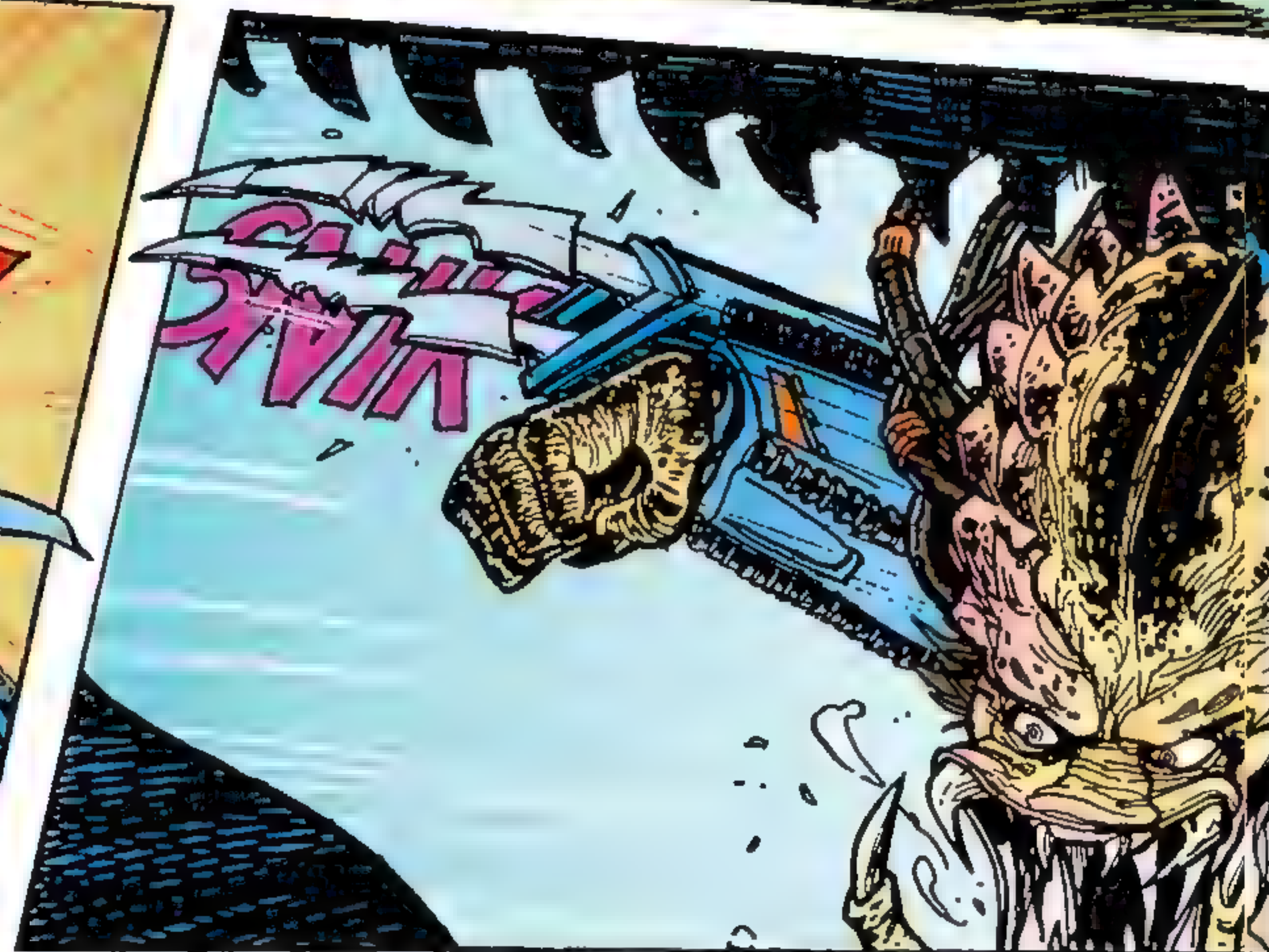
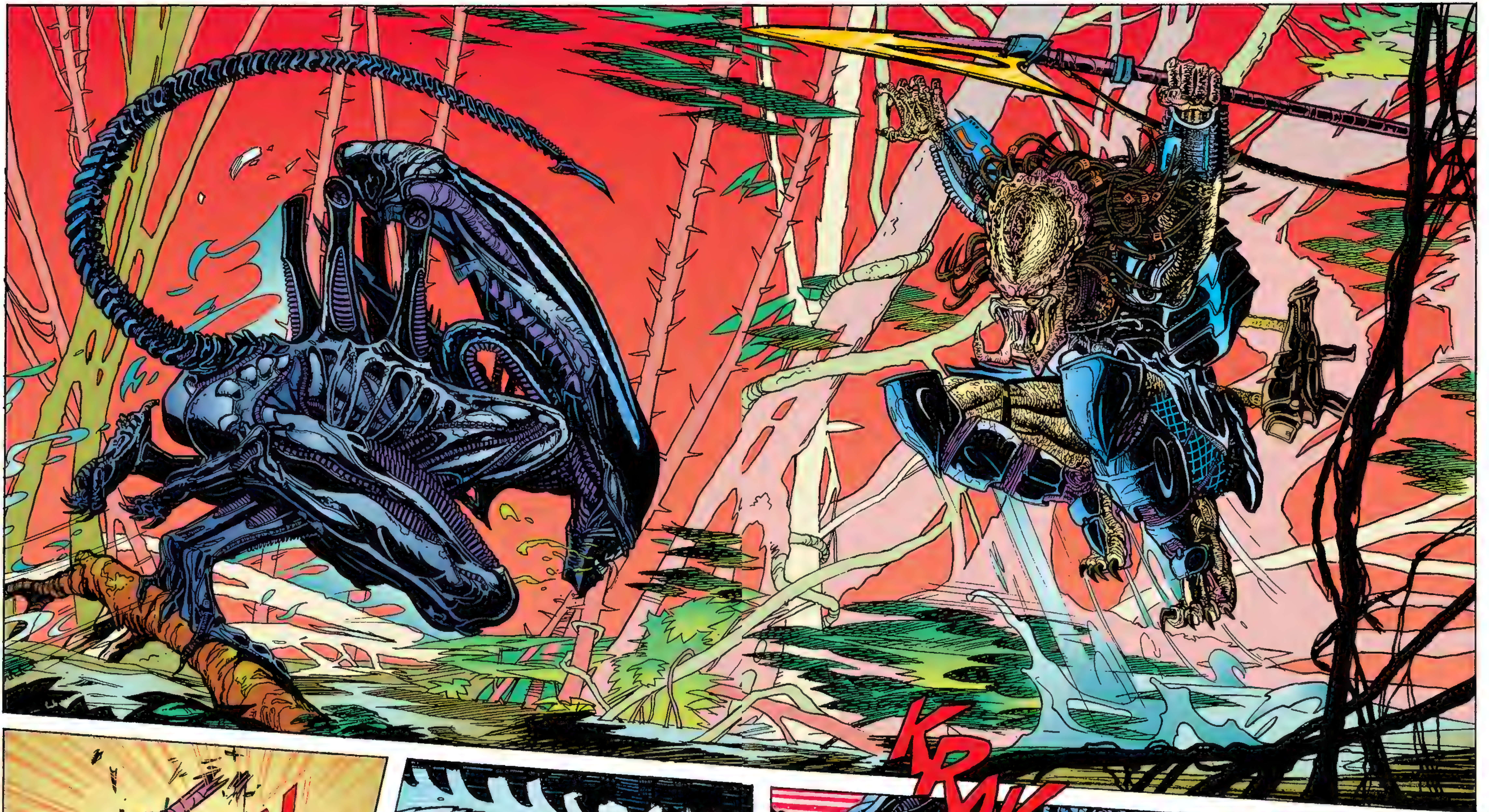


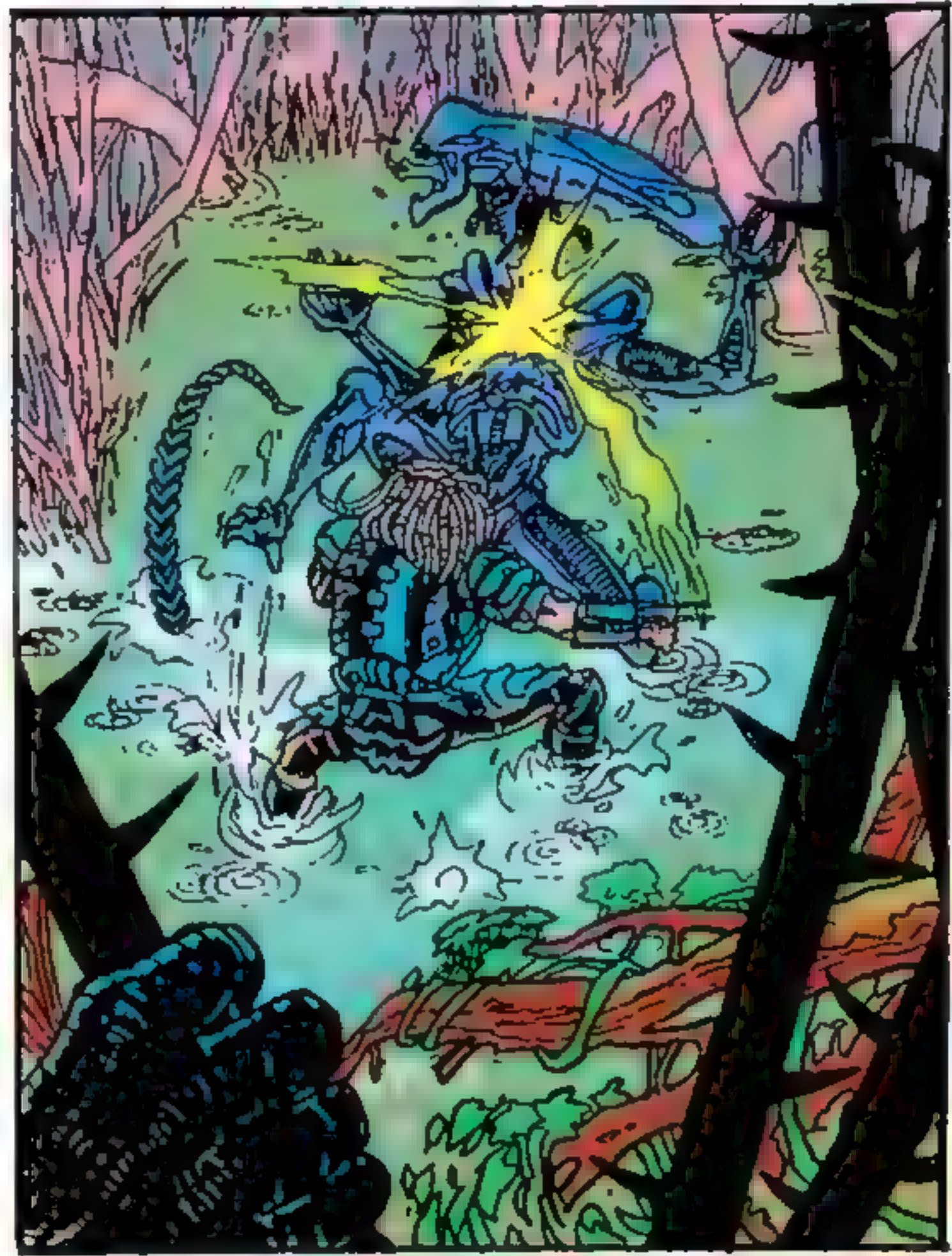
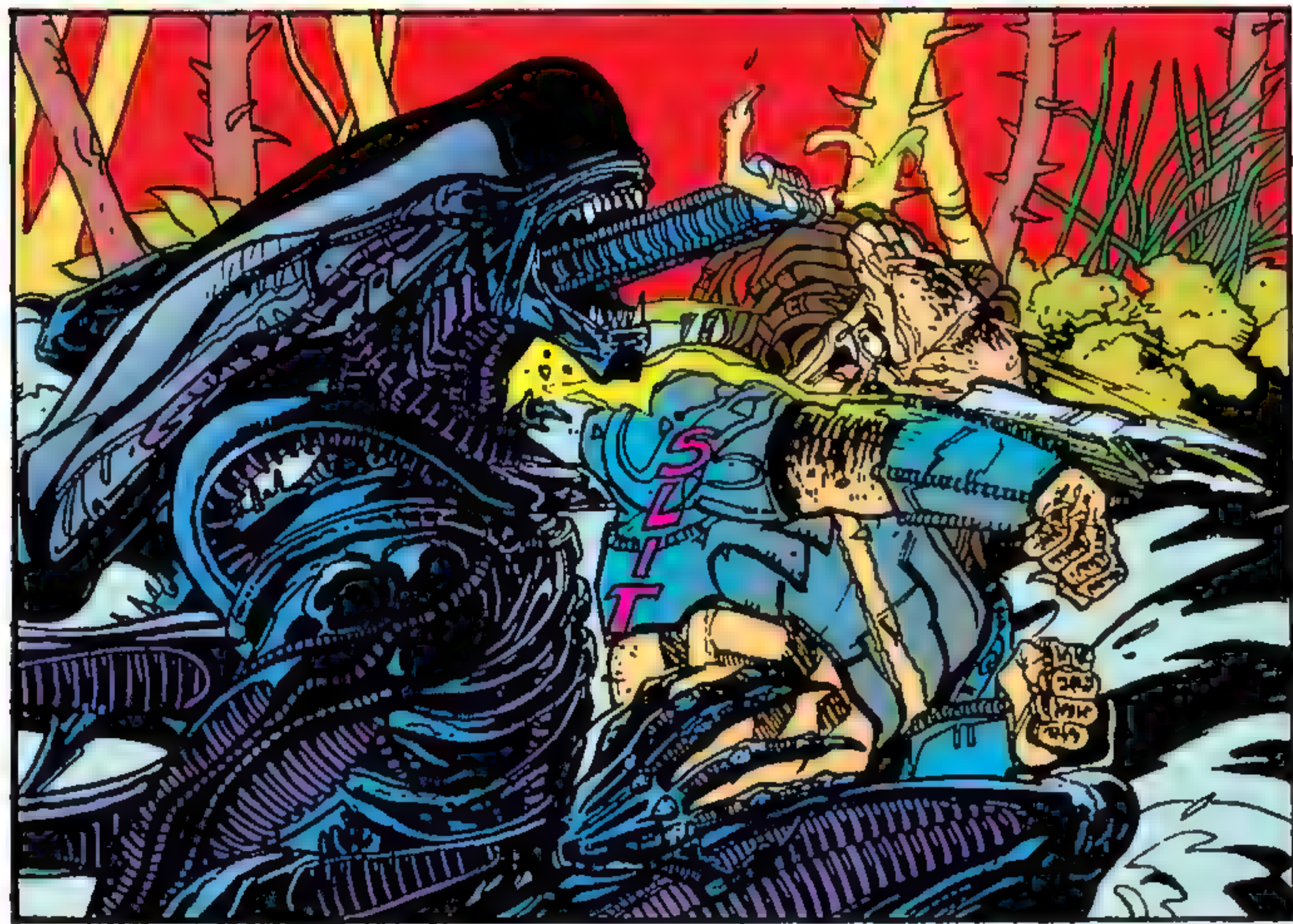
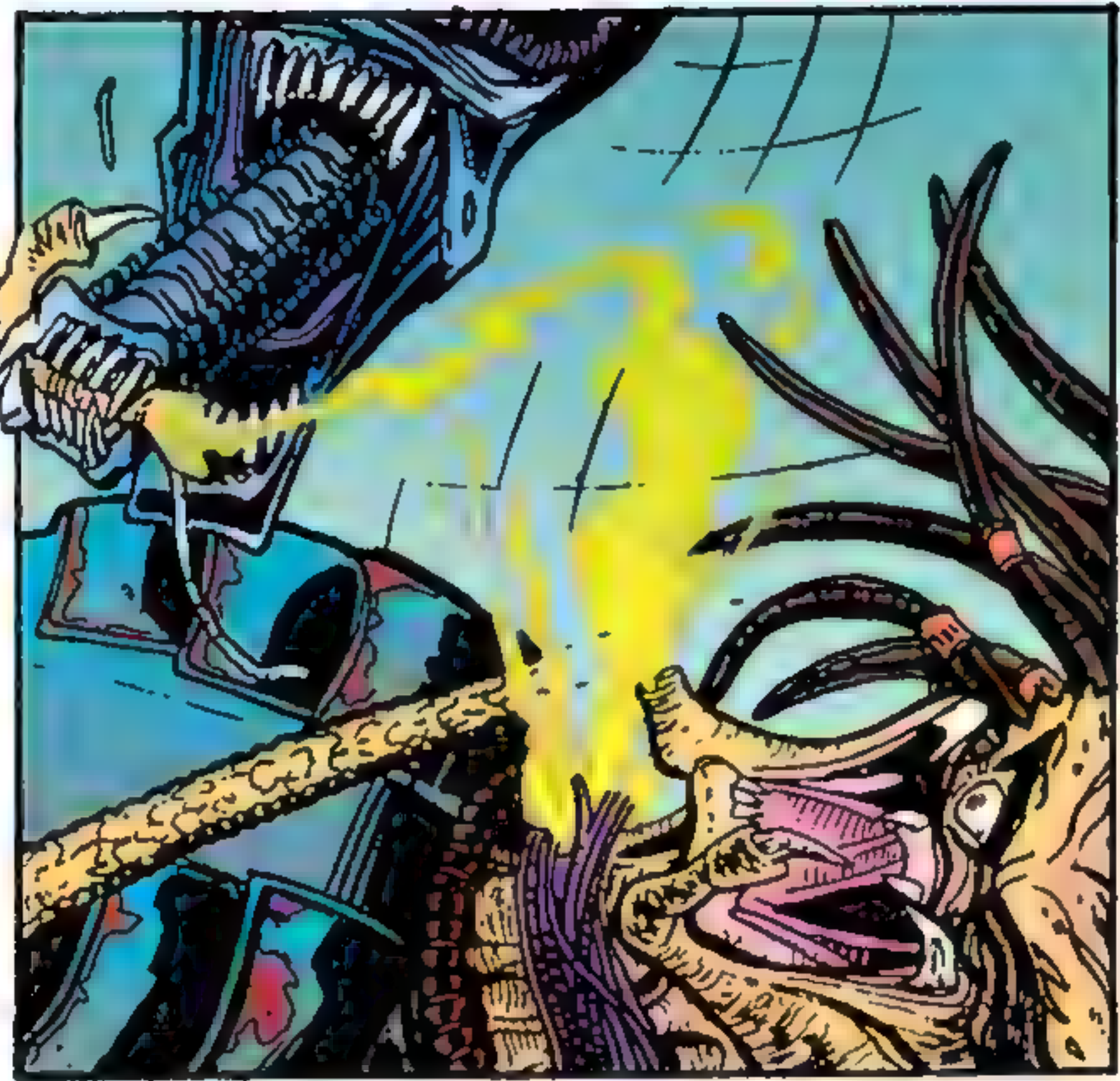
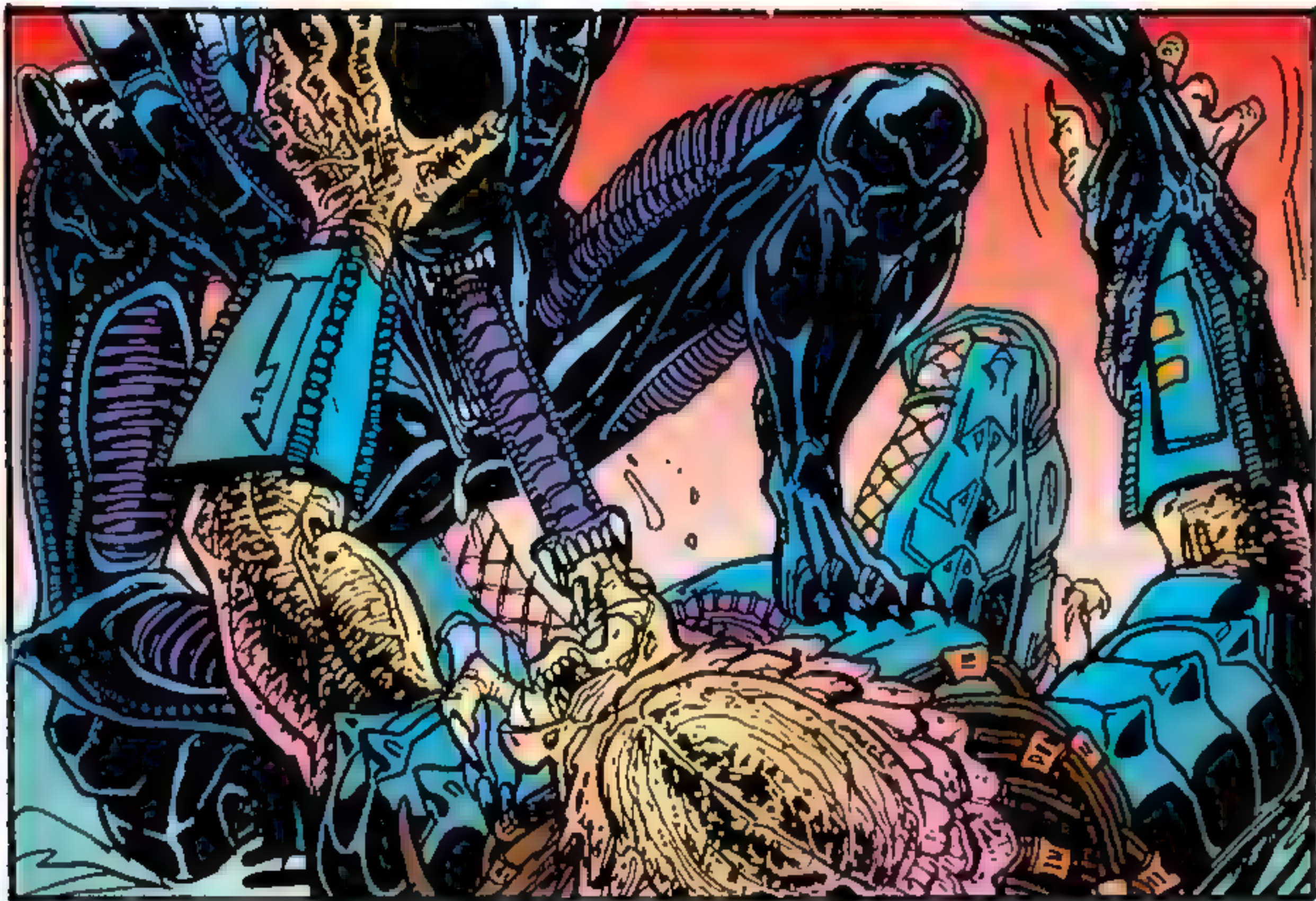




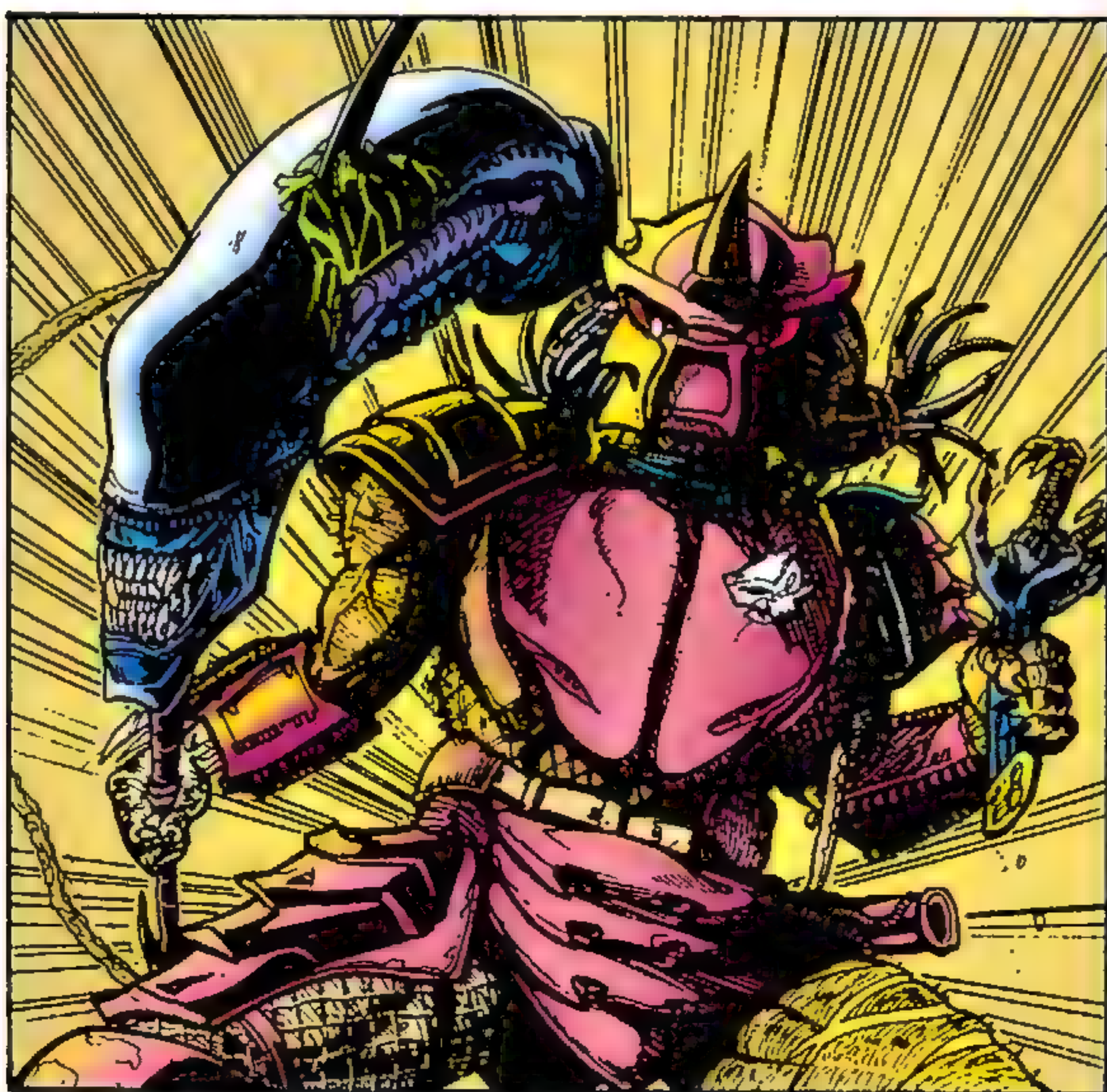
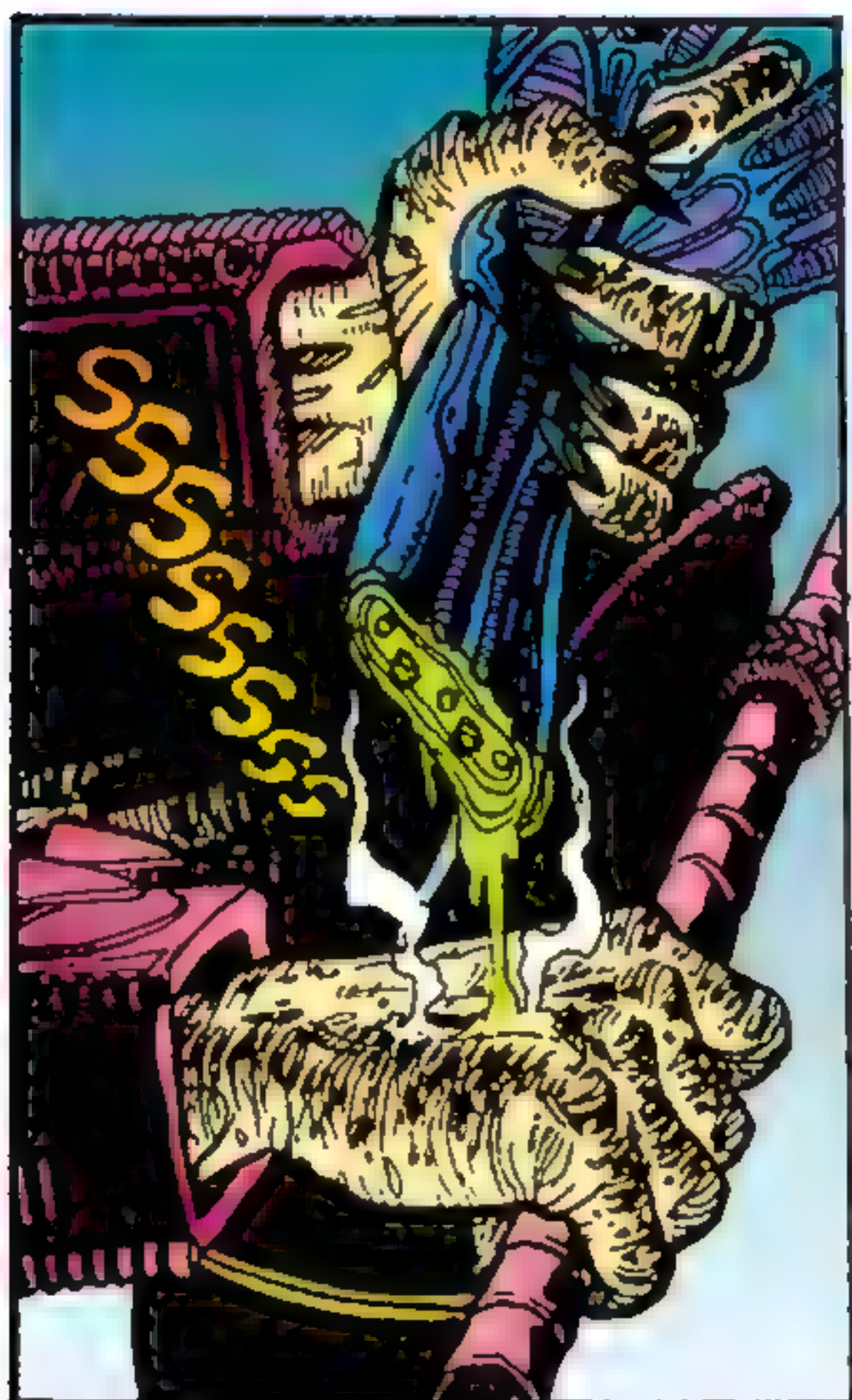
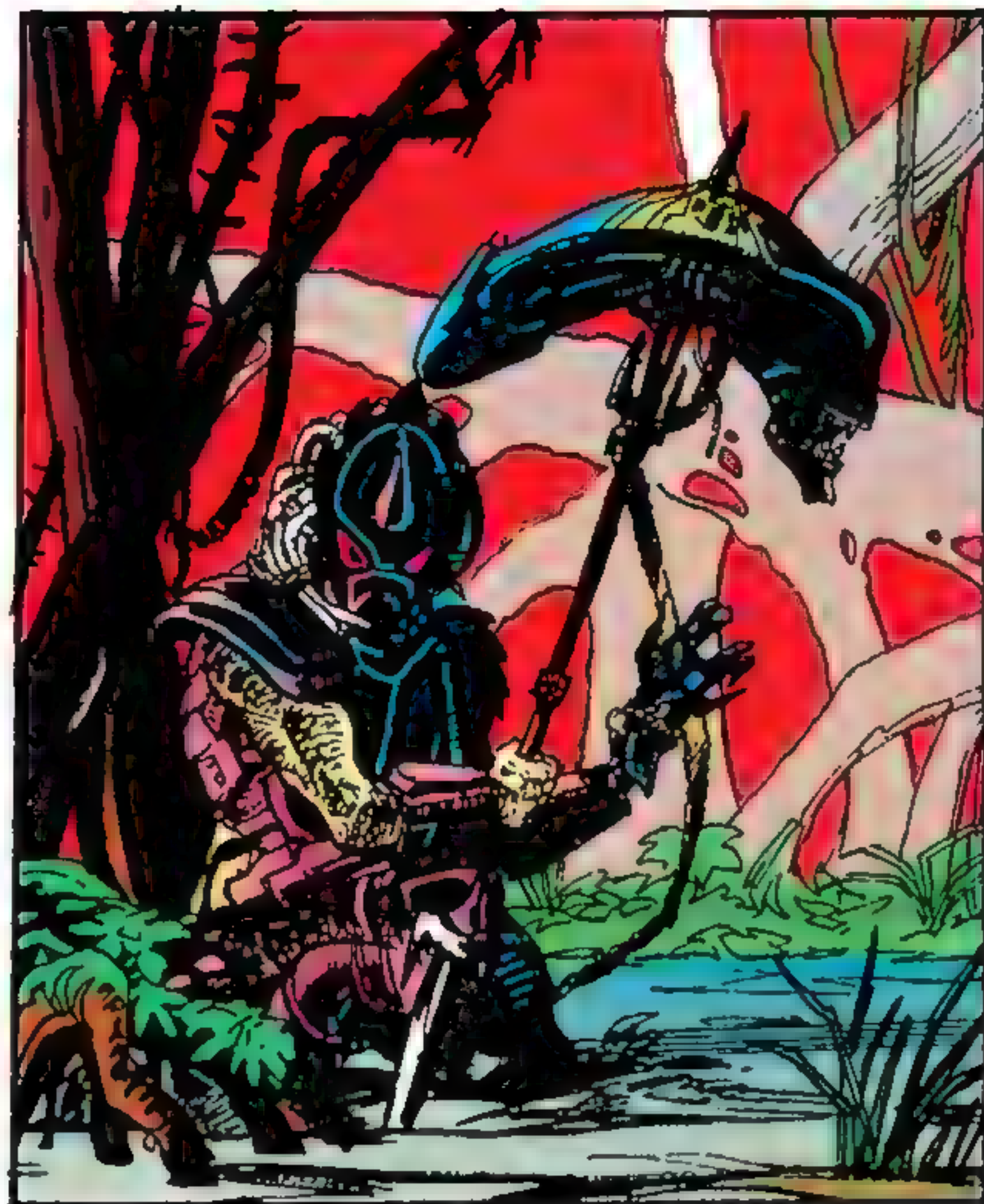
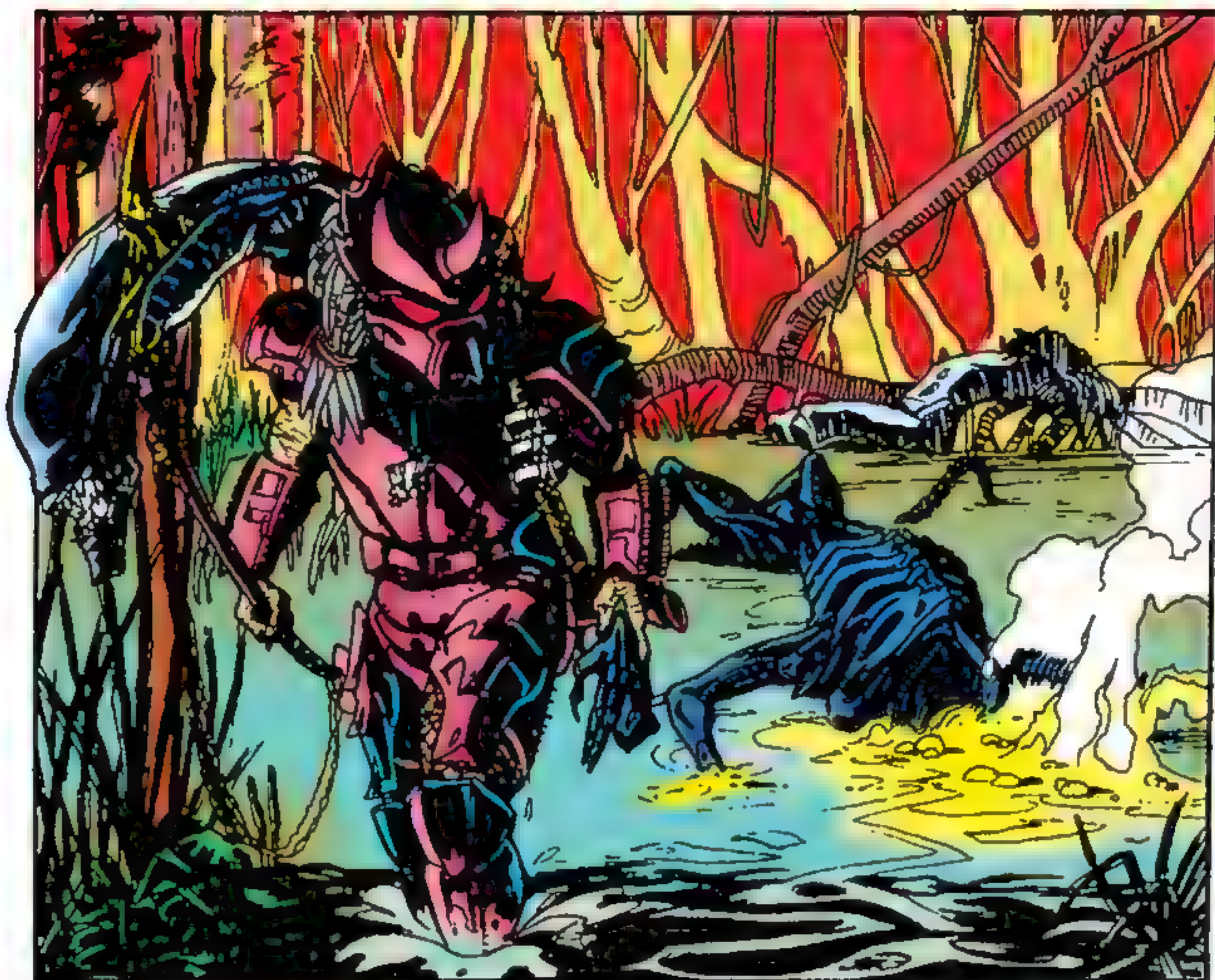
TOP-KNOT IS THE LEADER. A VETERAN OF MANY HUNTS. HIS WORD IS LAW.

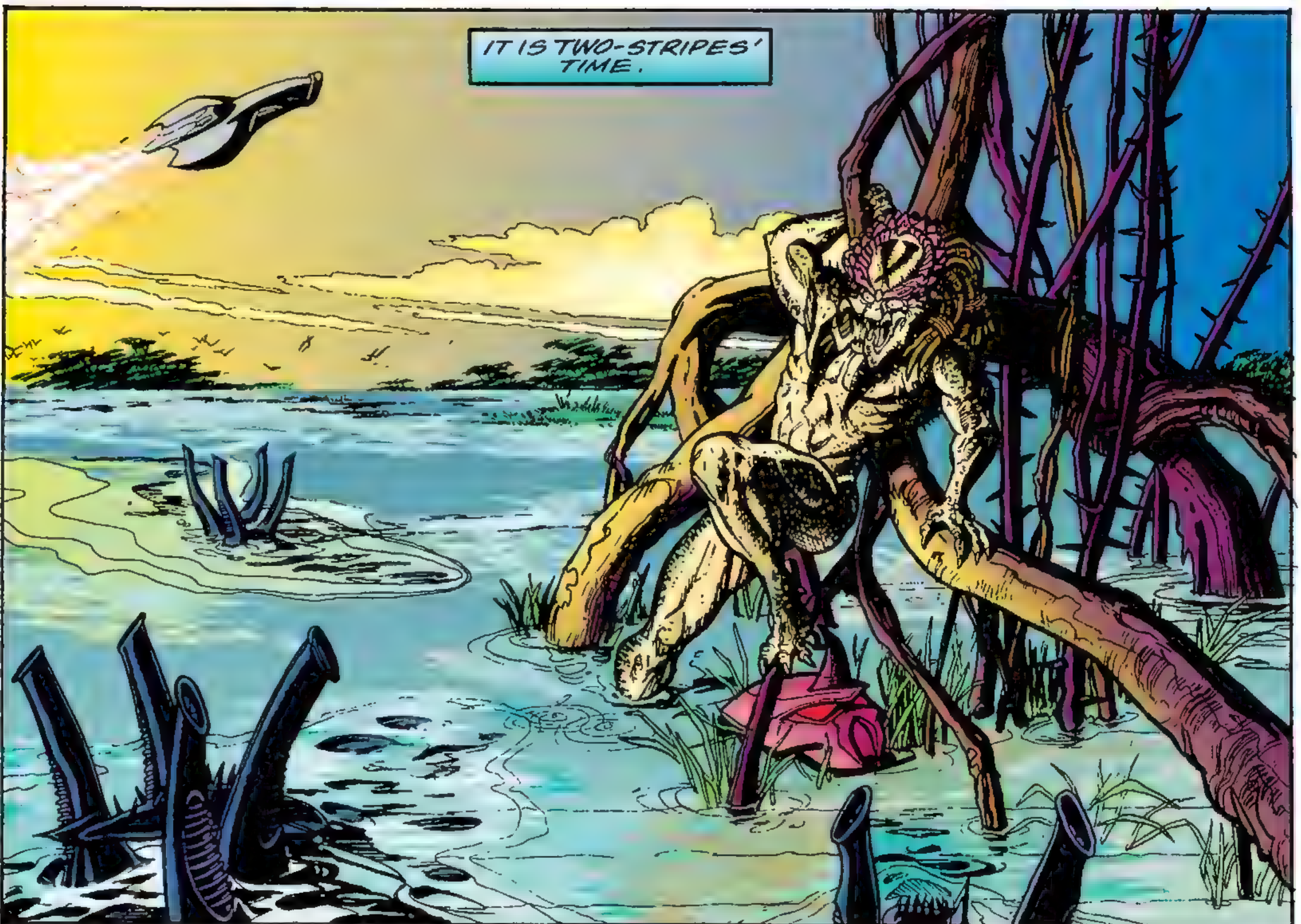
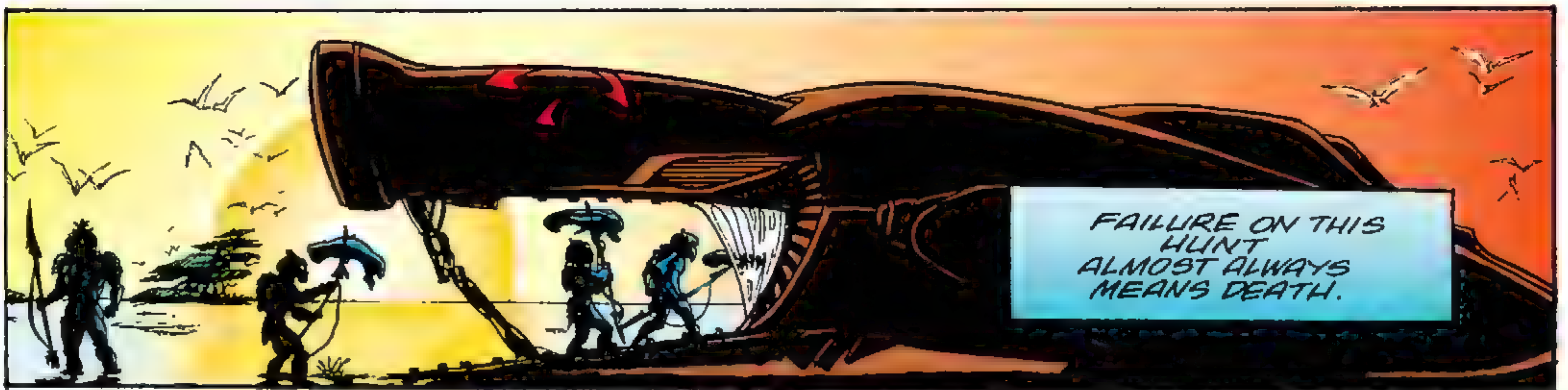
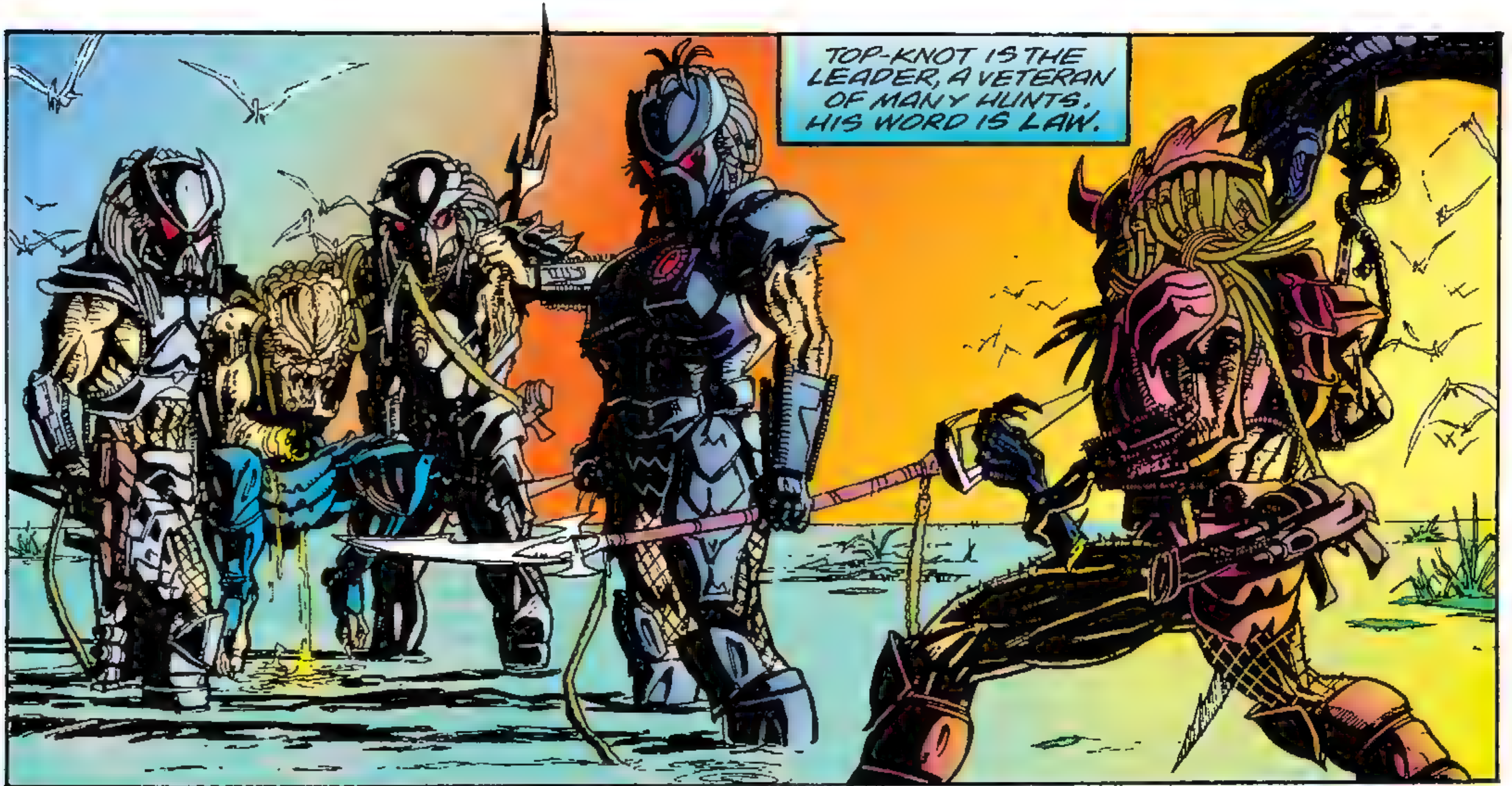






TWO-STRIPES KNOWS WHAT
MUST BE DONE,
AND TIME IS SHORT.





DUEL



script
RANDY STRADLEY

pencils
JAVIER SALTARES

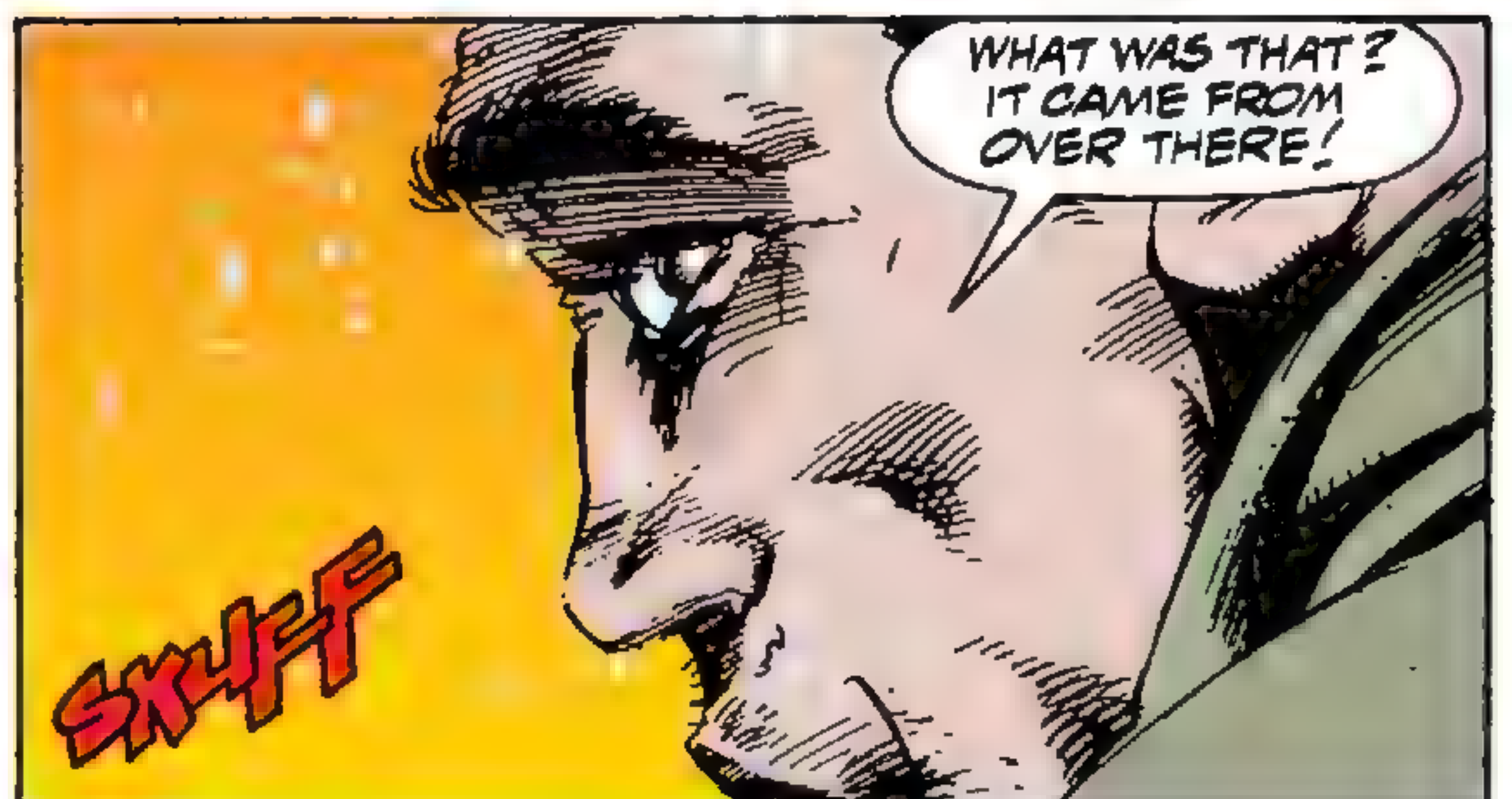
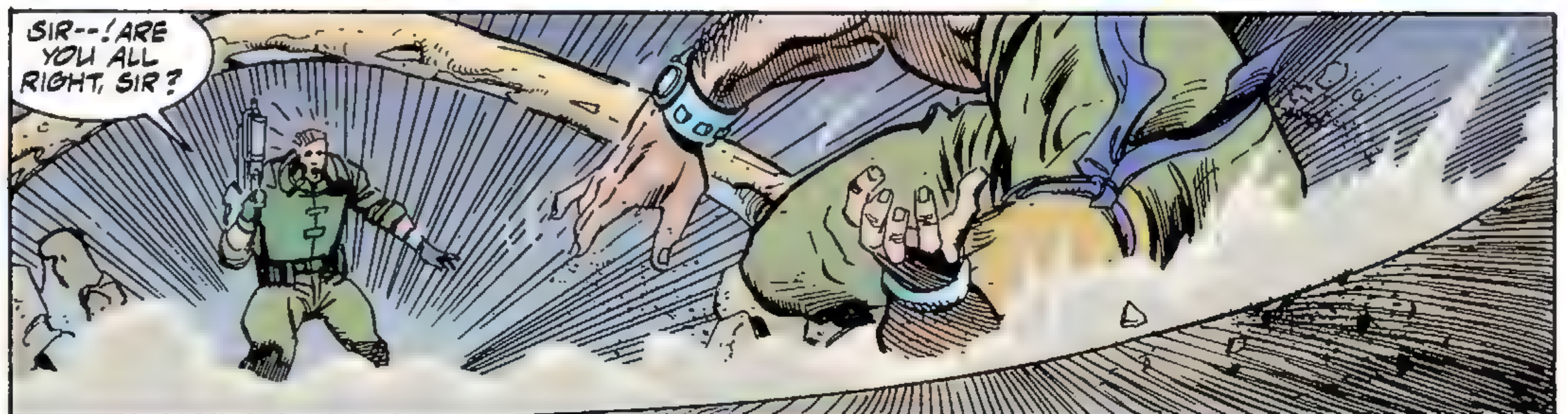
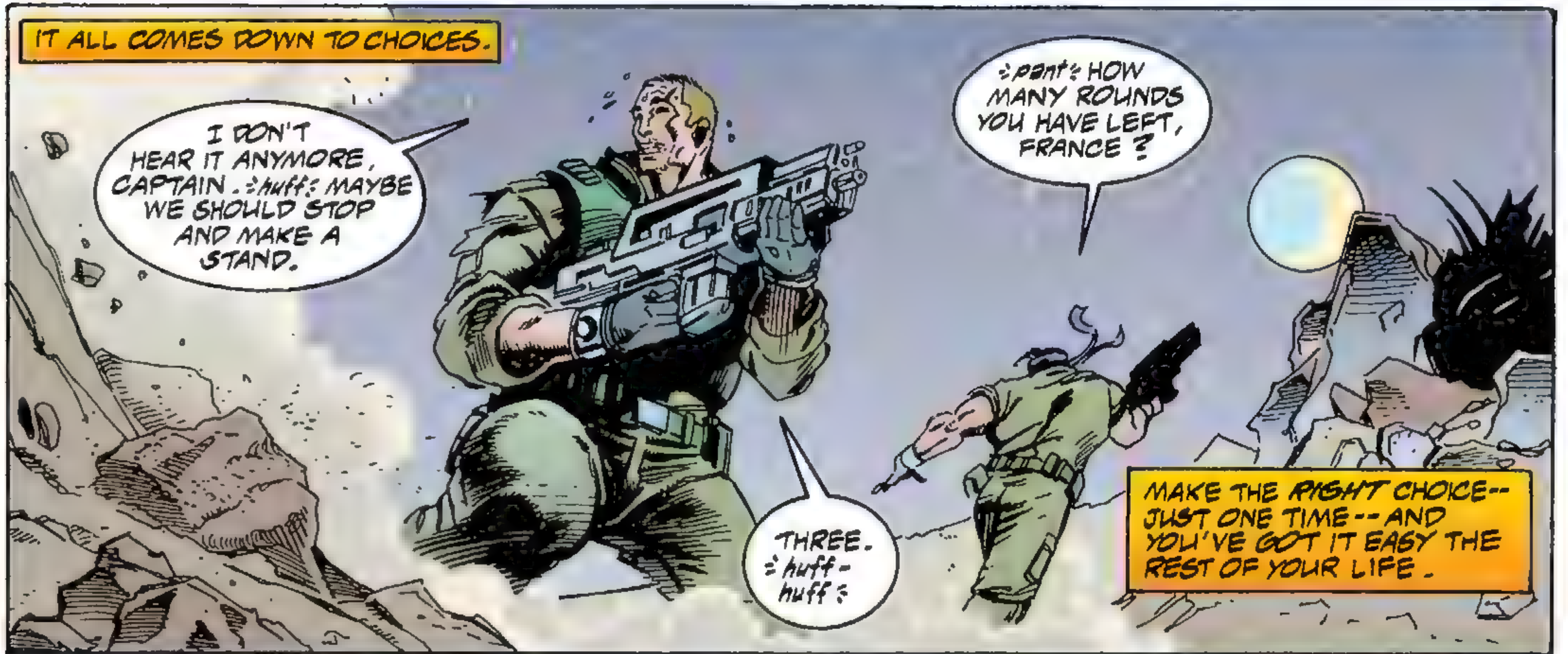
inks
JIMMY PALMIOTTI

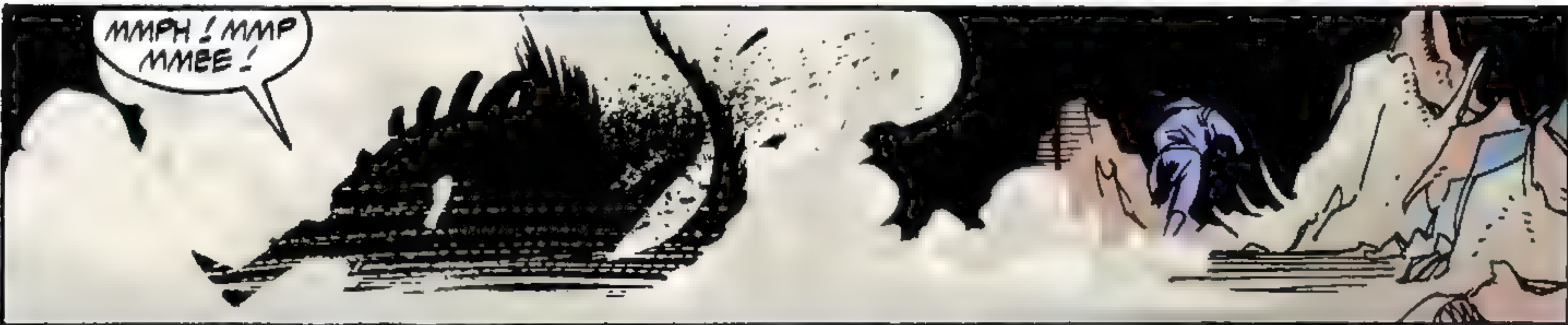
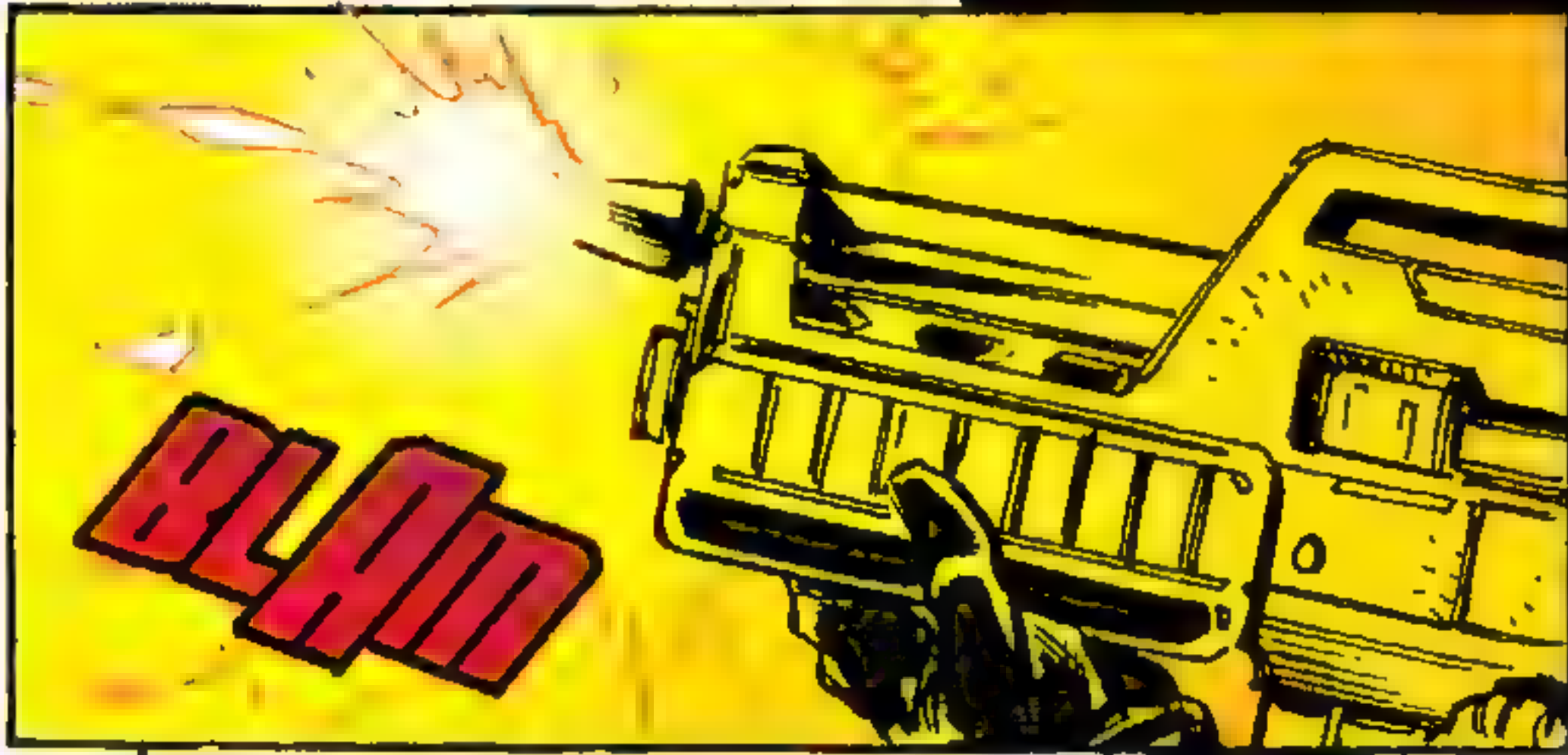
colors
JAMES SINCLAIR

lettering
STEVE DUTRO

title illustration
CHRIS WARNER









CHOICES.



SOMETIMES IT'S
PRACTICALLY
IMPOSSIBLE TO
MAKE A GOOD
ONE.



AND SOMETIMES
THE DECISION IS
TAKEN OUT OF
YOUR HANDS.



--WE'VE GOT NO CHOICE, GLASS. THE COMPUTER'S 82% CERTAIN THE SIGNAL IS A DISTRESS CALL. WE HAVE TO RESPOND.

I ASKED YOU NOT TO TELL ME THAT. GREAT.



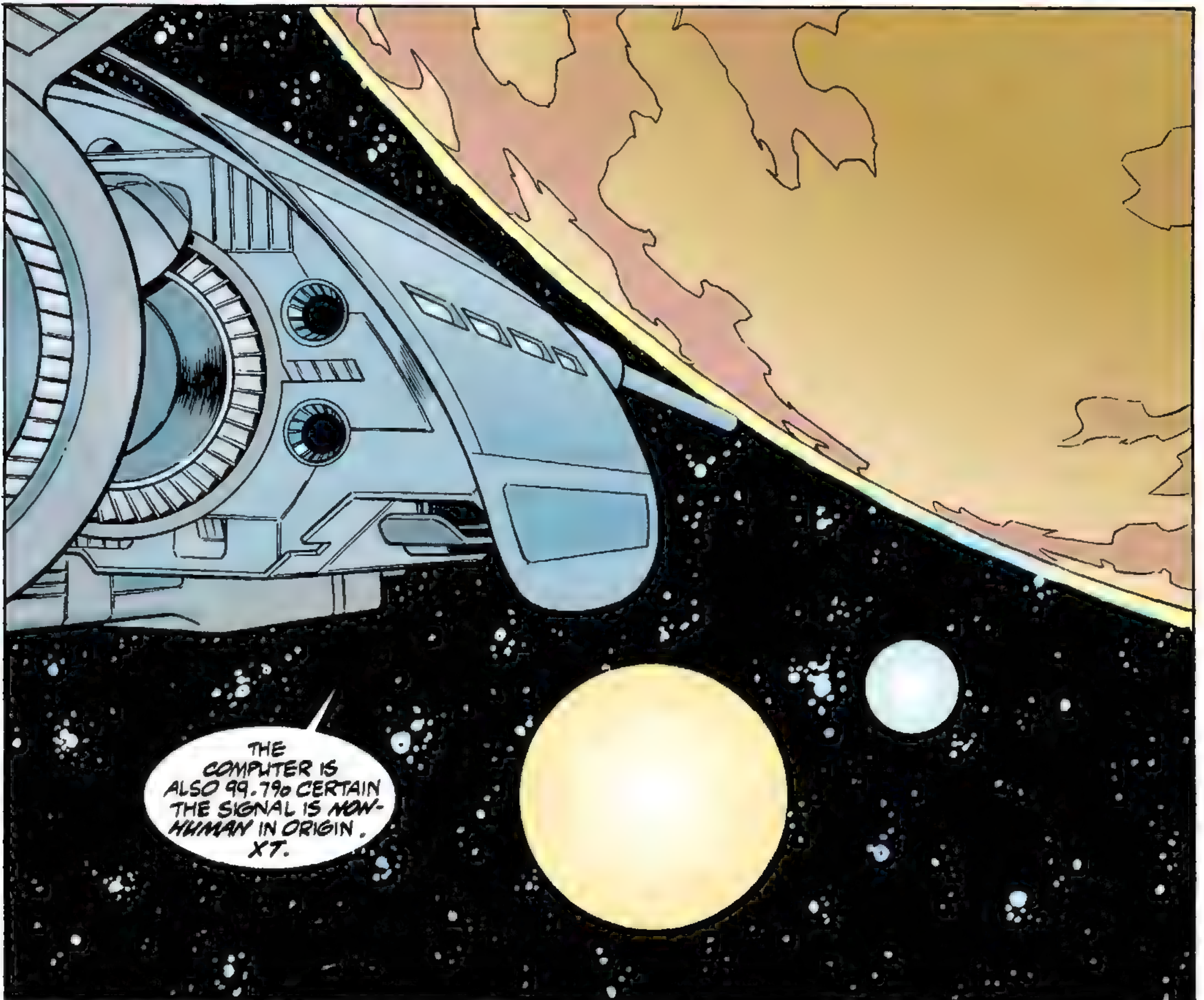
MURPHY, TAKE US IN.

ROGER, CAPTAIN.

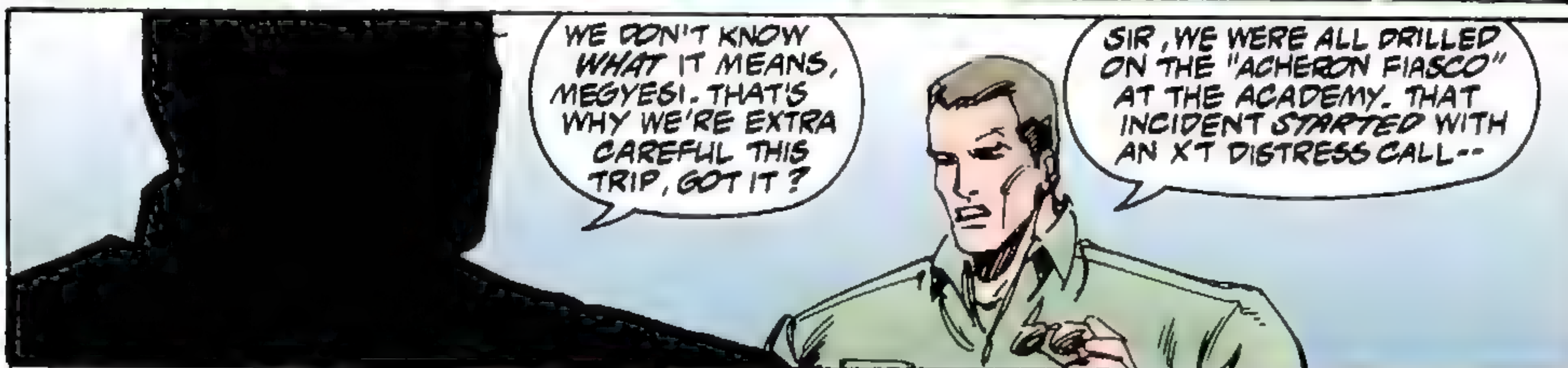
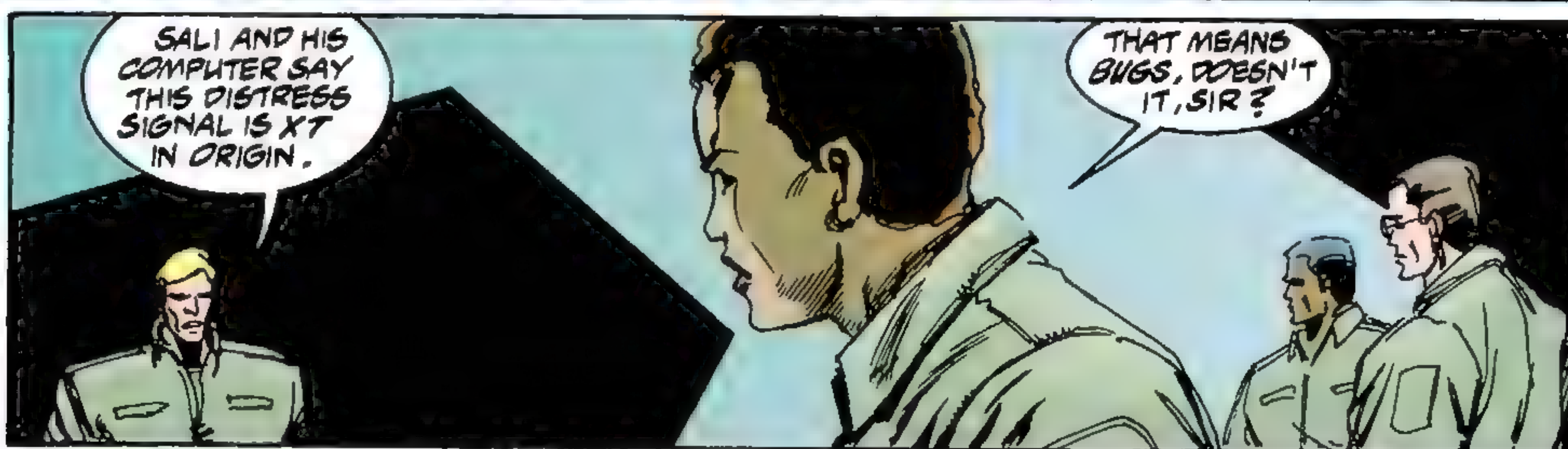
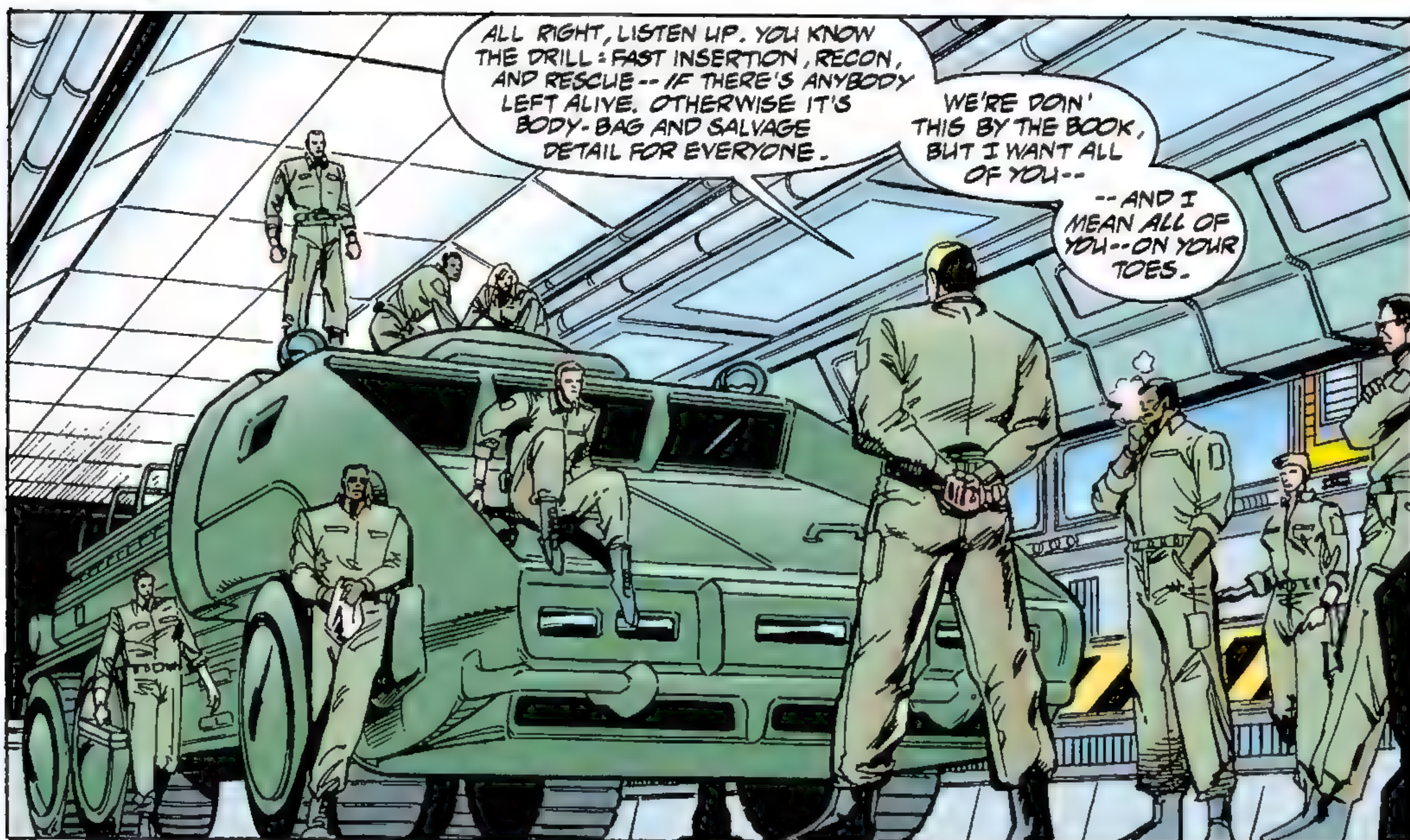
LEGGIER, SEE WHAT INFO THE CORPS HAS ON--WHAT DID YOU CALL THIS DUST-BALL?

RYUSHI, SIR. I'M ALREADY PULLING UP THE FILES.

YOU READY FOR THE REALLY GOOD NEWS?



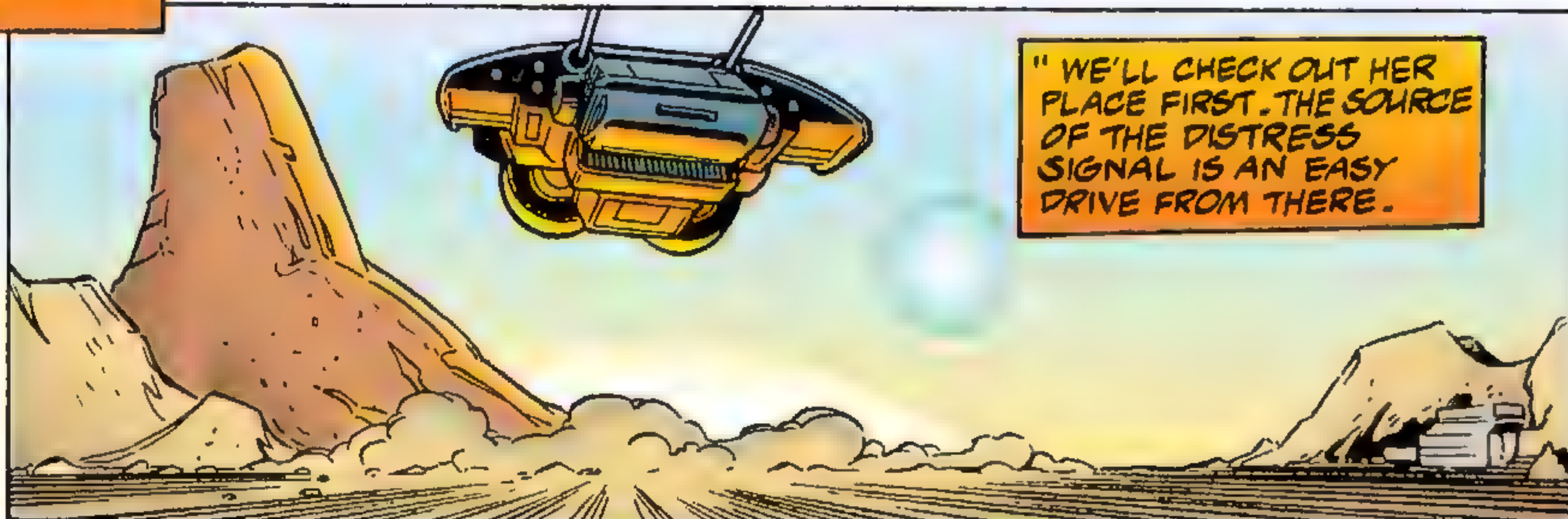
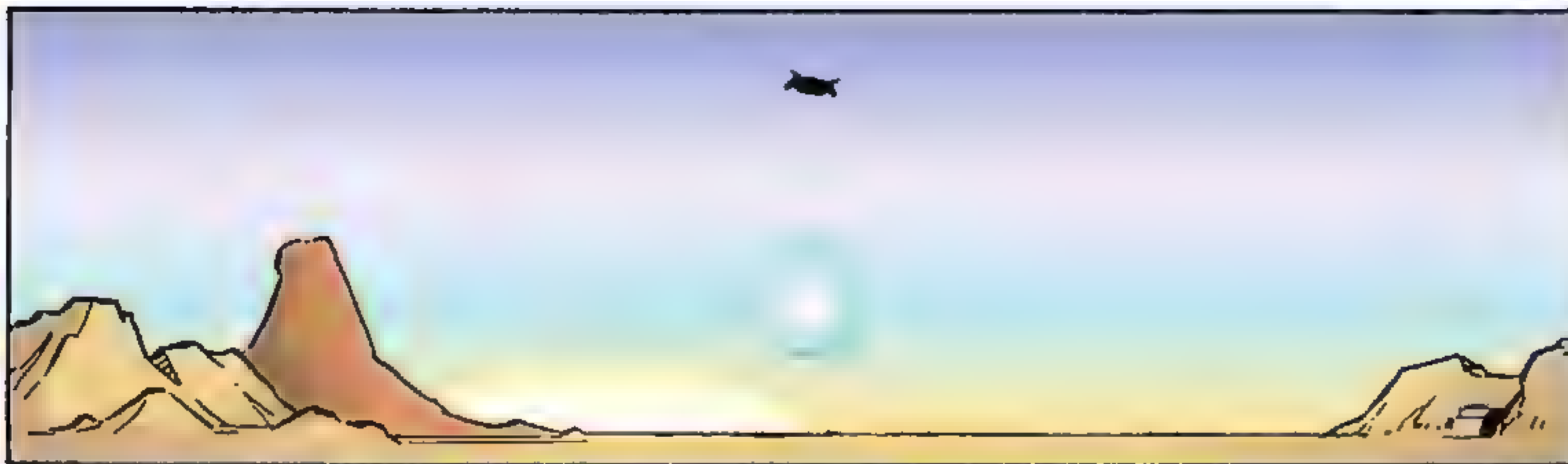
THE COMPUTER IS ALSO 99.79% CERTAIN THE SIGNAL IS NON-HUMAN IN ORIGIN. XT.



" THE PLANET IS CLAIMED BY THE CHIGUSA CORPORATION, BUT THEY DON'T SEEM TO KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH IT. TOO HOT. TOO DRY. TOO FAR FROM THE CORE COLONIES.

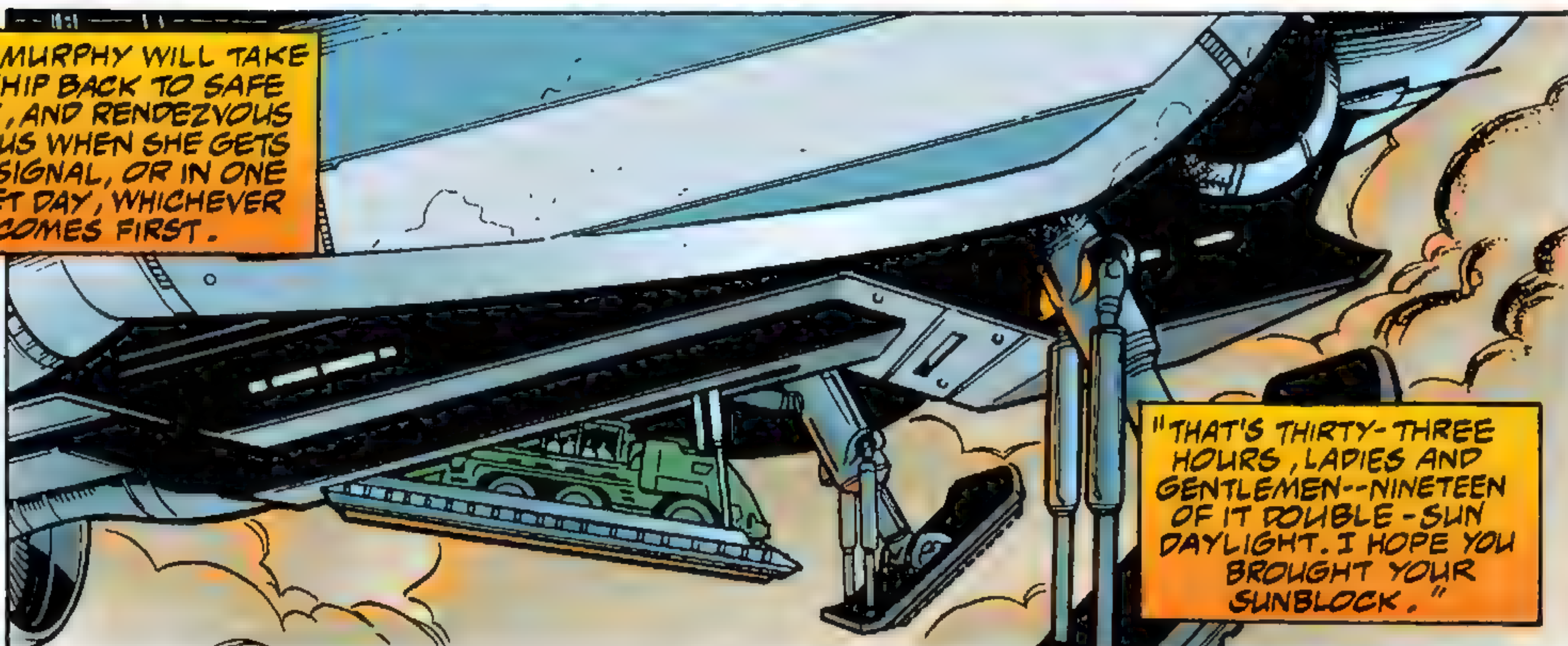
" THEY TRIED SETTLING IT, BUT GAVE UP ON IT FOR SOME REASON. NOW THERE'S ONLY ONE HUMAN INHABITANT LISTED--

" --A MACHIKO NOGUCHI-- AND WE'VE BEEN UNABLE TO CONTACT HER.

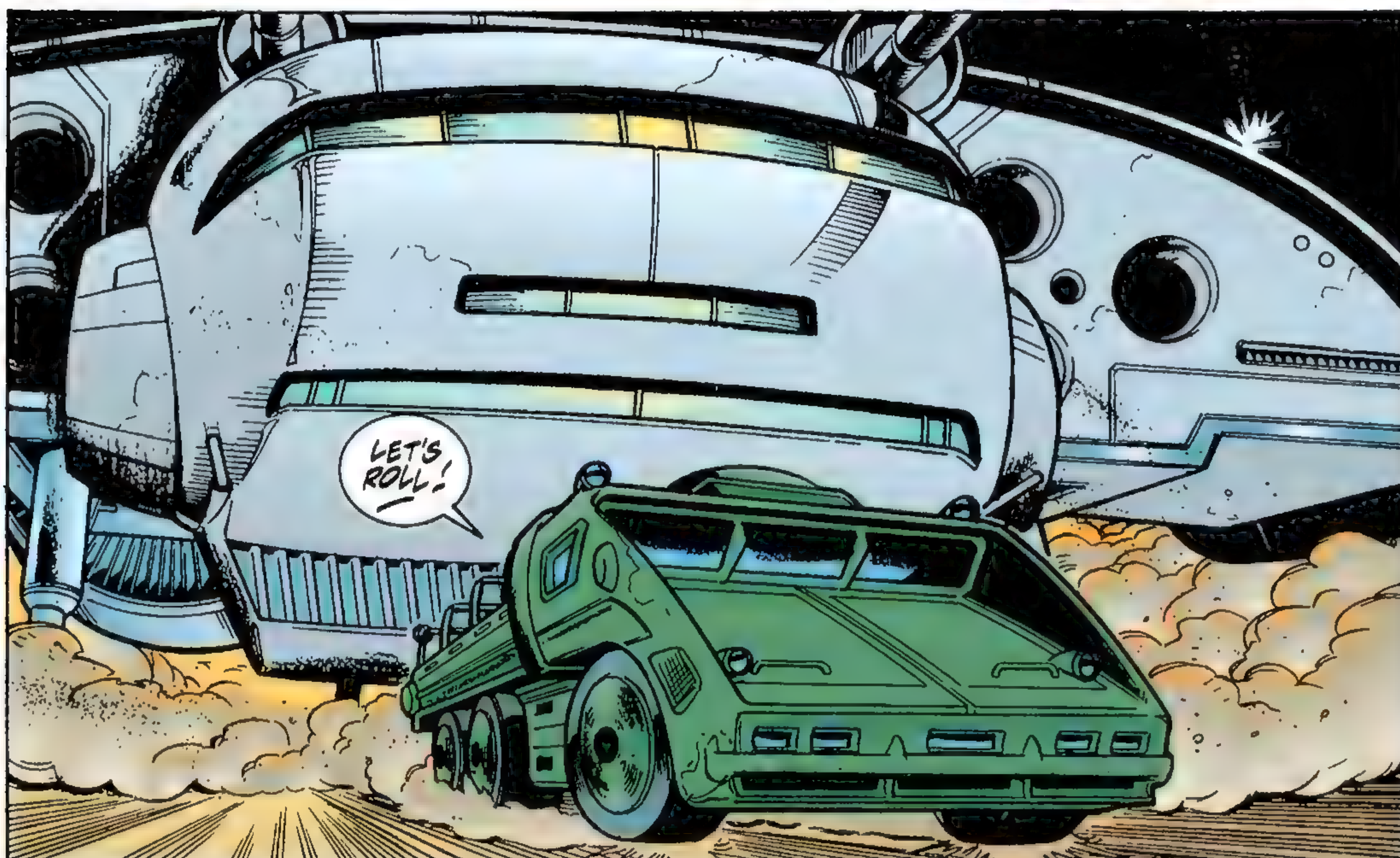


" WE'LL CHECK OUT HER PLACE FIRST. THE SOURCE OF THE DISTRESS SIGNAL IS AN EASY DRIVE FROM THERE.

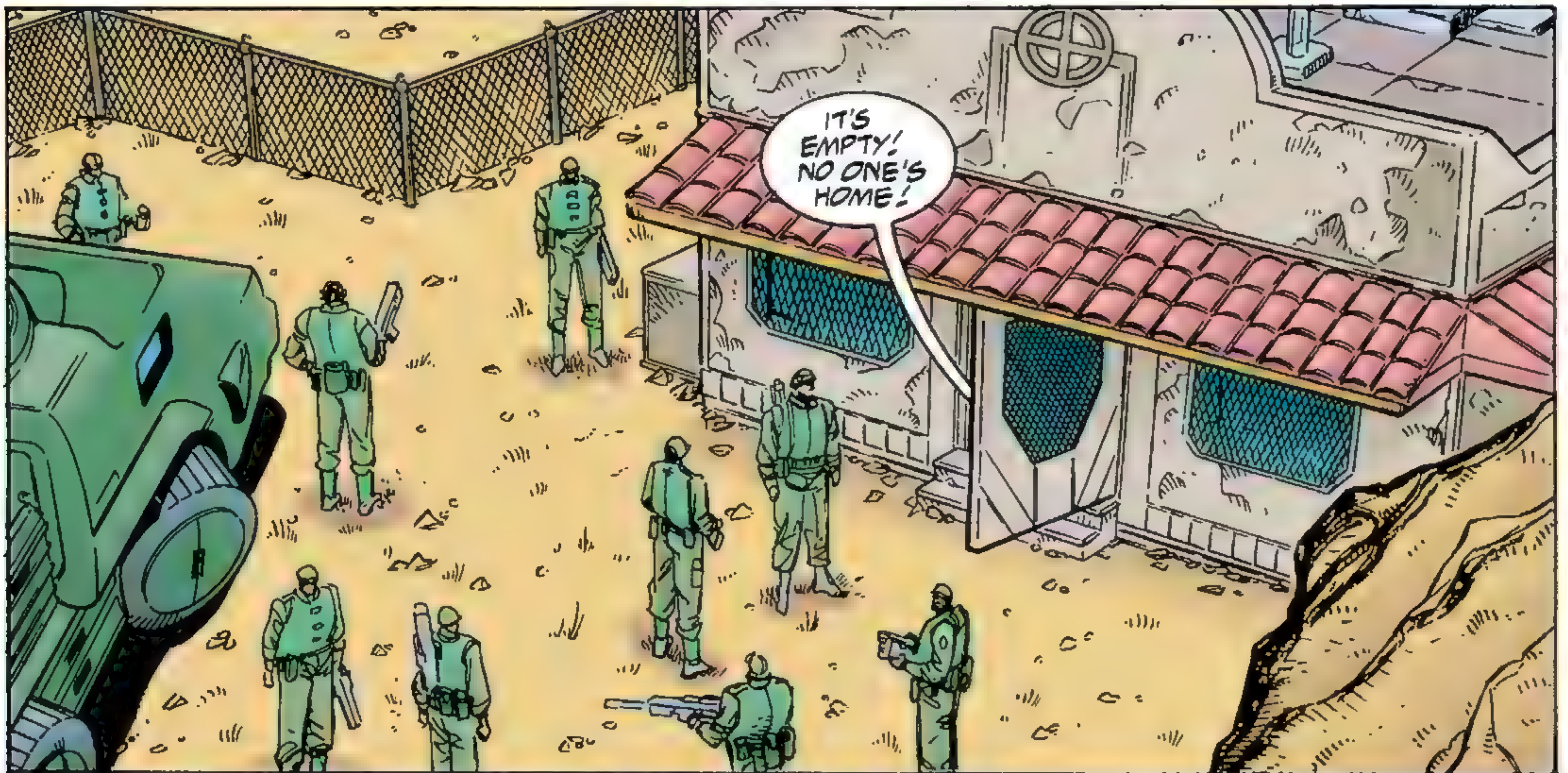
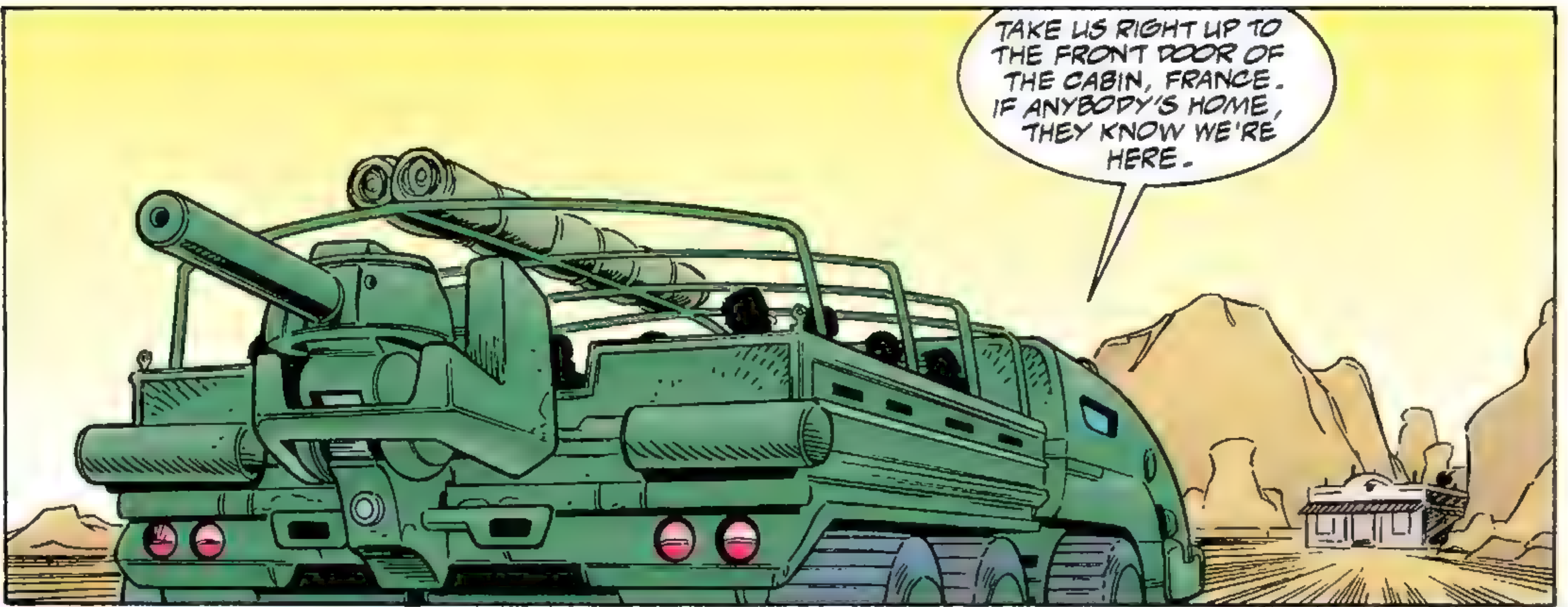
" LT. MURPHY WILL TAKE THE SHIP BACK TO SAFE ORBIT, AND RENDEZVOUS WITH US WHEN SHE GETS OUR SIGNAL, OR IN ONE PLANET DAY, WHICHEVER COMES FIRST.

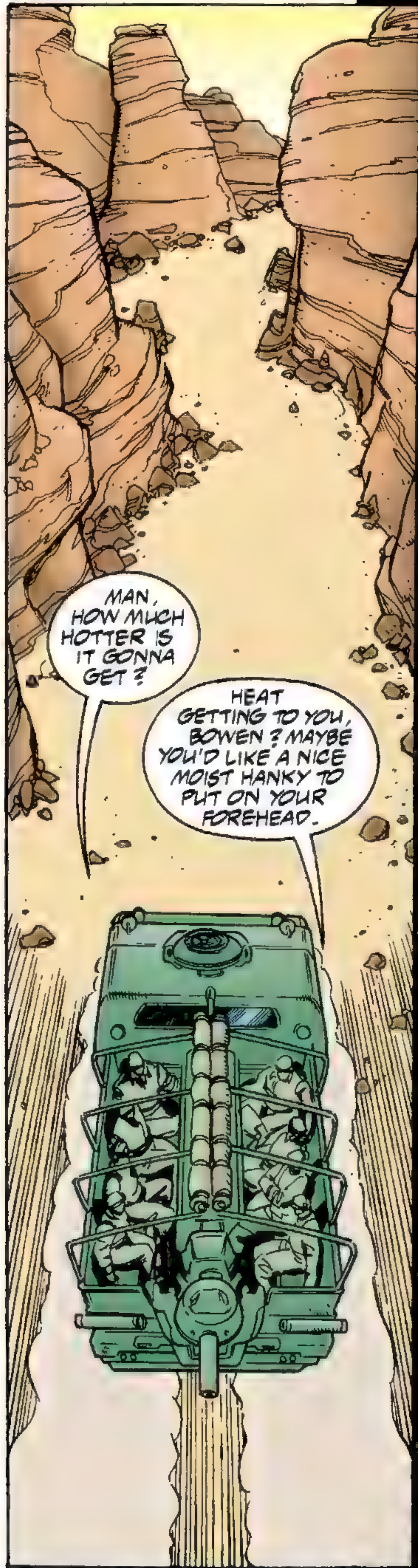


" THAT'S THIRTY-THREE HOURS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--NINETEEN OF IT DOUBLE-SUN DAYLIGHT. I HOPE YOU BROUGHT YOUR SUNBLOCK."

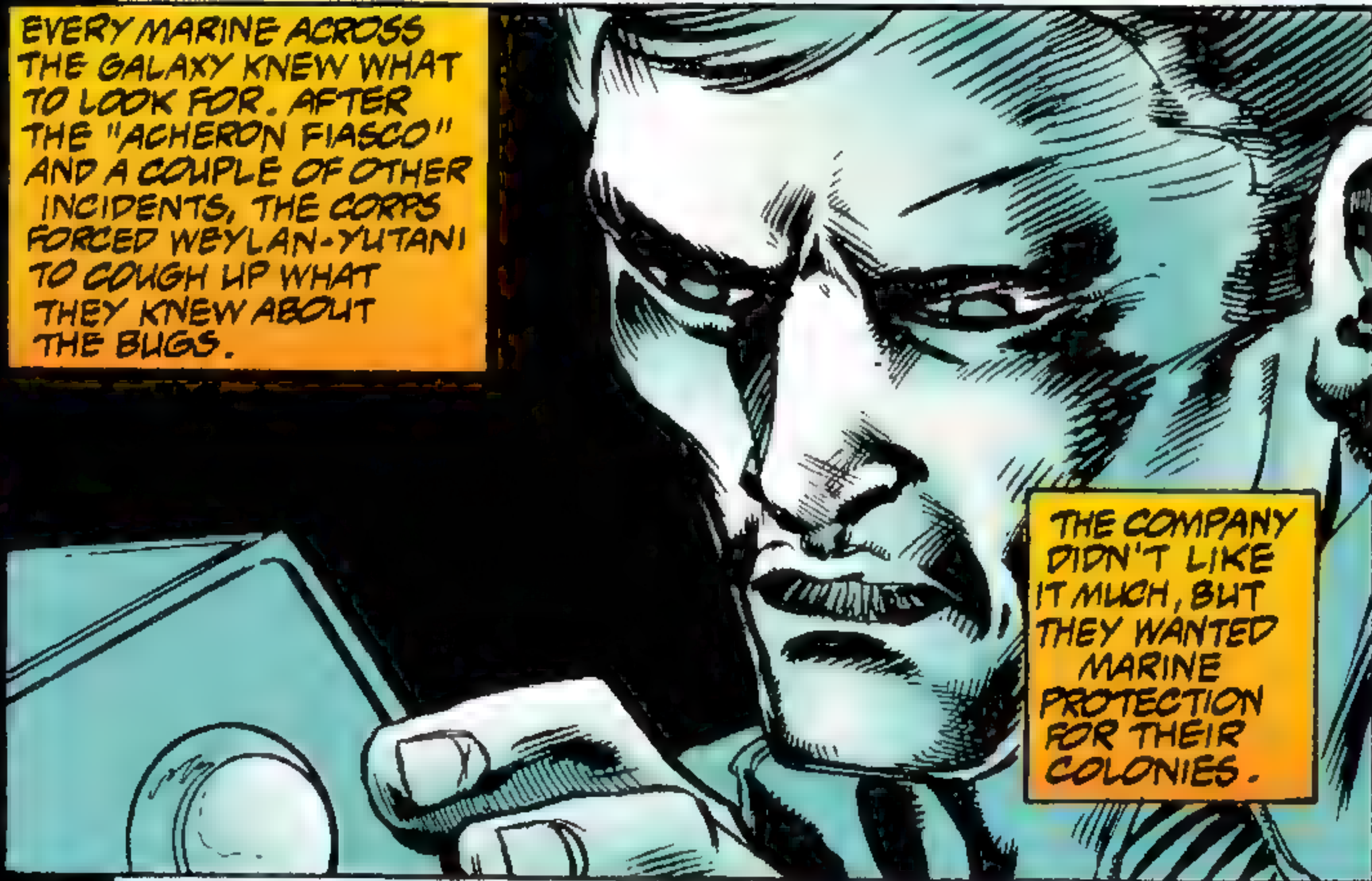


LET'S ROLL!





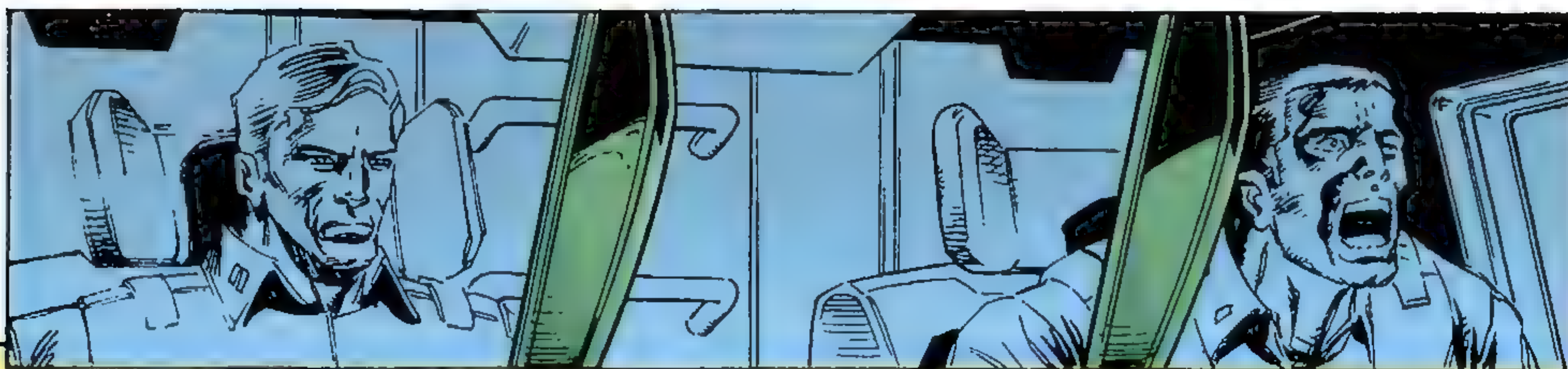
EVERY MARINE ACROSS THE GALAXY KNEW WHAT TO LOOK FOR. AFTER THE "ACHERON FIASCO" AND A COUPLE OF OTHER INCIDENTS, THE CORPS FORCED WEYLAN-YUTANI TO COUGH UP WHAT THEY KNEW ABOUT THE BUGS.



THE COMPANY DIDN'T LIKE IT MUCH, BUT THEY WANTED MARINE PROTECTION FOR THEIR COLONIES.



THE COMPUTER RECONSTRUCTIONS THEY SUPPLIED WERE EXTREMELY DETAILED--

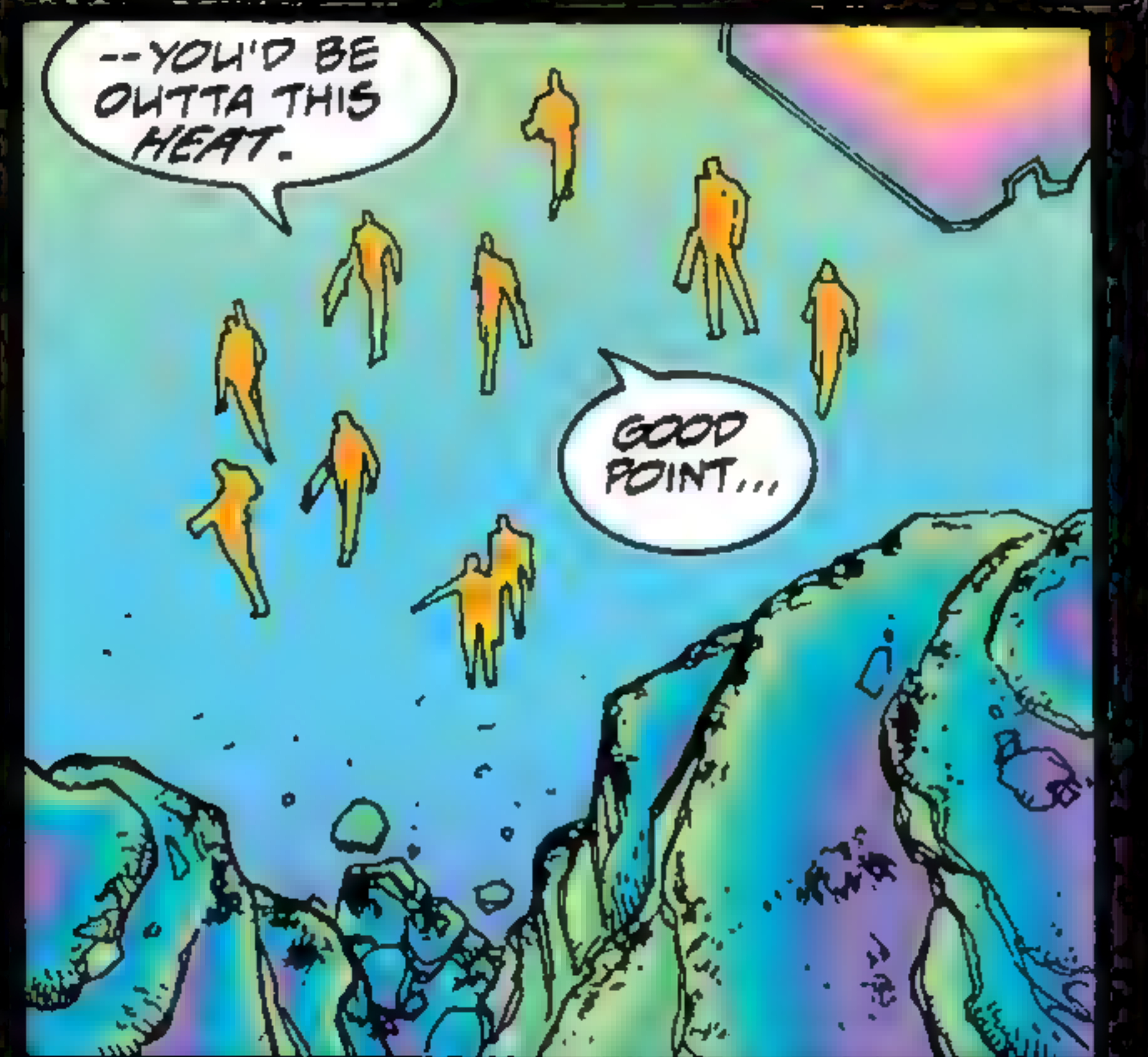


--AND LOOKED
NOTHING AT
ALL LIKE WHAT
WE FOUND.

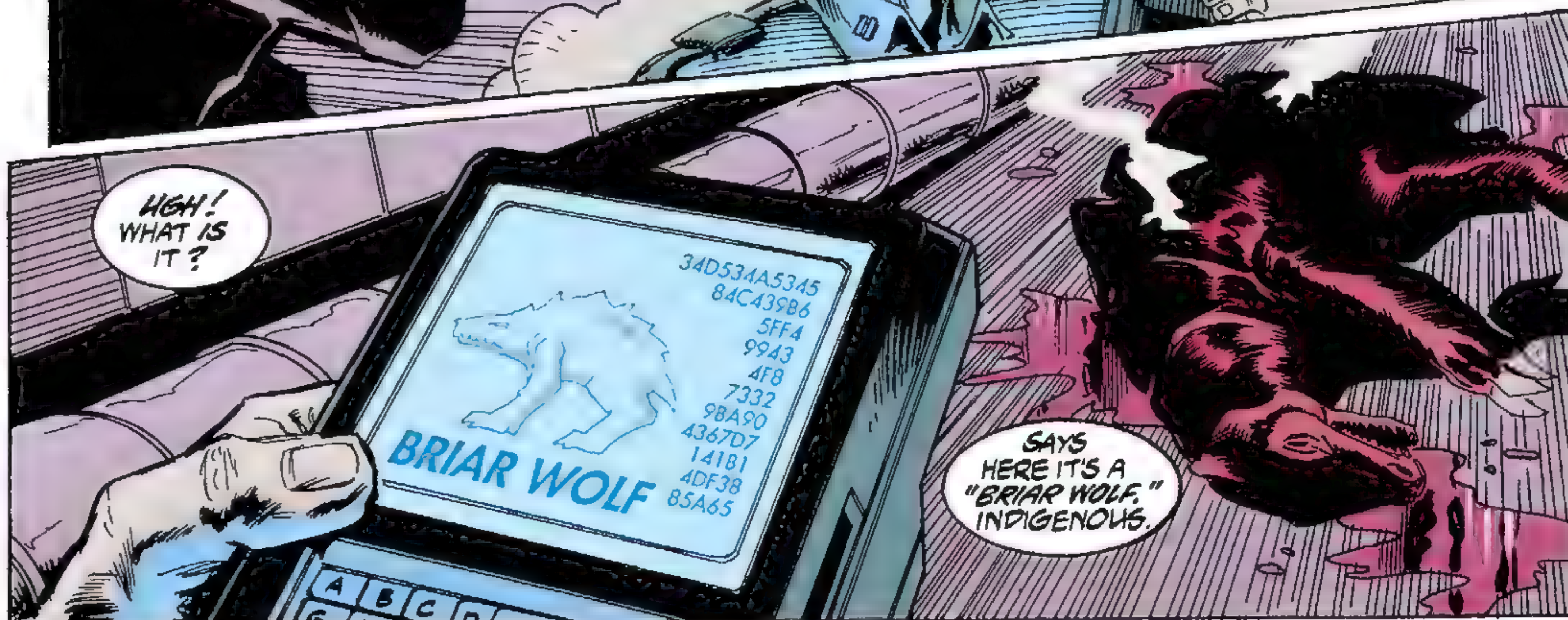


LET'S PROCEED
WITH CAUTION,
SERGEANT.

ALL RIGHT, LADIES. YOU
HEARD THE CAPTAIN. BY
THE BOOK. PAIR UP.
SAFETIES OFF. FINGERS
OFF THE TRIGGER.









CAREFUL. LOOKS
LIKE IT GETS NARROW
UP AHEAD--



WHOA, WHAT'S
THAT?

IT ALMOST
LOOKS HUMAN!



LOOK
AGAIN, KID.
THESE GUYS
WOULD GIVE
UGLY A BAD
NAME.

AT LEAST
WE KNOW WHAT
THAT BRIAR
WOLF WAS
EATING.

BUT THAT
THING LOOKED
HALF-STARVED.
WHY DIDN'T IT
LEAVE THE SHIP
TO FIND MORE
FOOD?



HEY! WE
FOUND
SOMETHING!



WE FOUND A NON-SURVIVOR. HULL CAVED IN AND CRUSHED 'IM. CORRIDOR DEAD ENDS. WHAT DO YOU HAVE HERE?

A LIVE ONE--I THINK.

ROGER THAT.

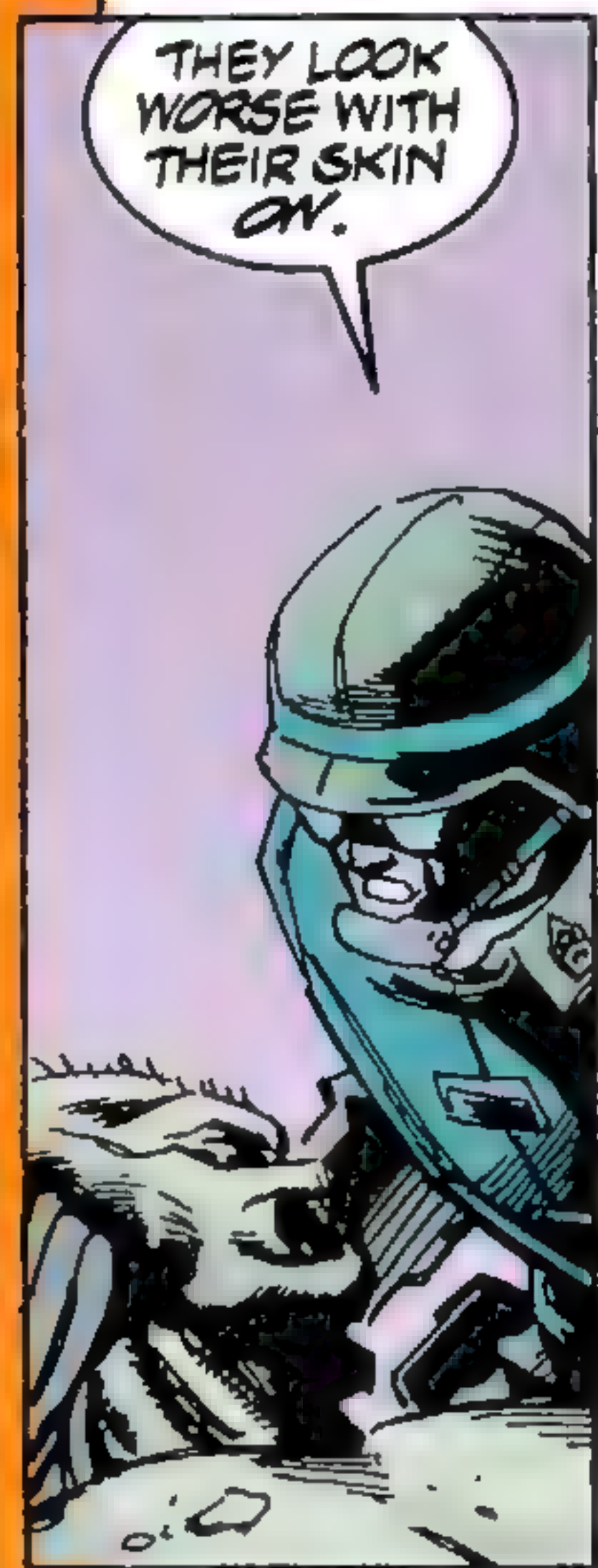


--AT LEAST FOR NOW. HIS... uh, HER... ITS BREATHING IS VERY RAGGED, BUT THERE ARE NO BROKEN BONES THAT I CAN FIND.



UGLY SON OF A BUCK. BUT I GUESS THAT WON'T MATTER TO THE BOYS AT XTR. A COUPLE OF YOU BUILD A LITTER. LET'S GET THIS GUY TO THE TRANSPORT.

YES, SIR.



THEY LOOK WORSE WITH THEIR SKIN ON.



SAY, SARGE? WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE THE BRIAR WOLF DIDN'T EAT THIS ONE?

WELL, I--



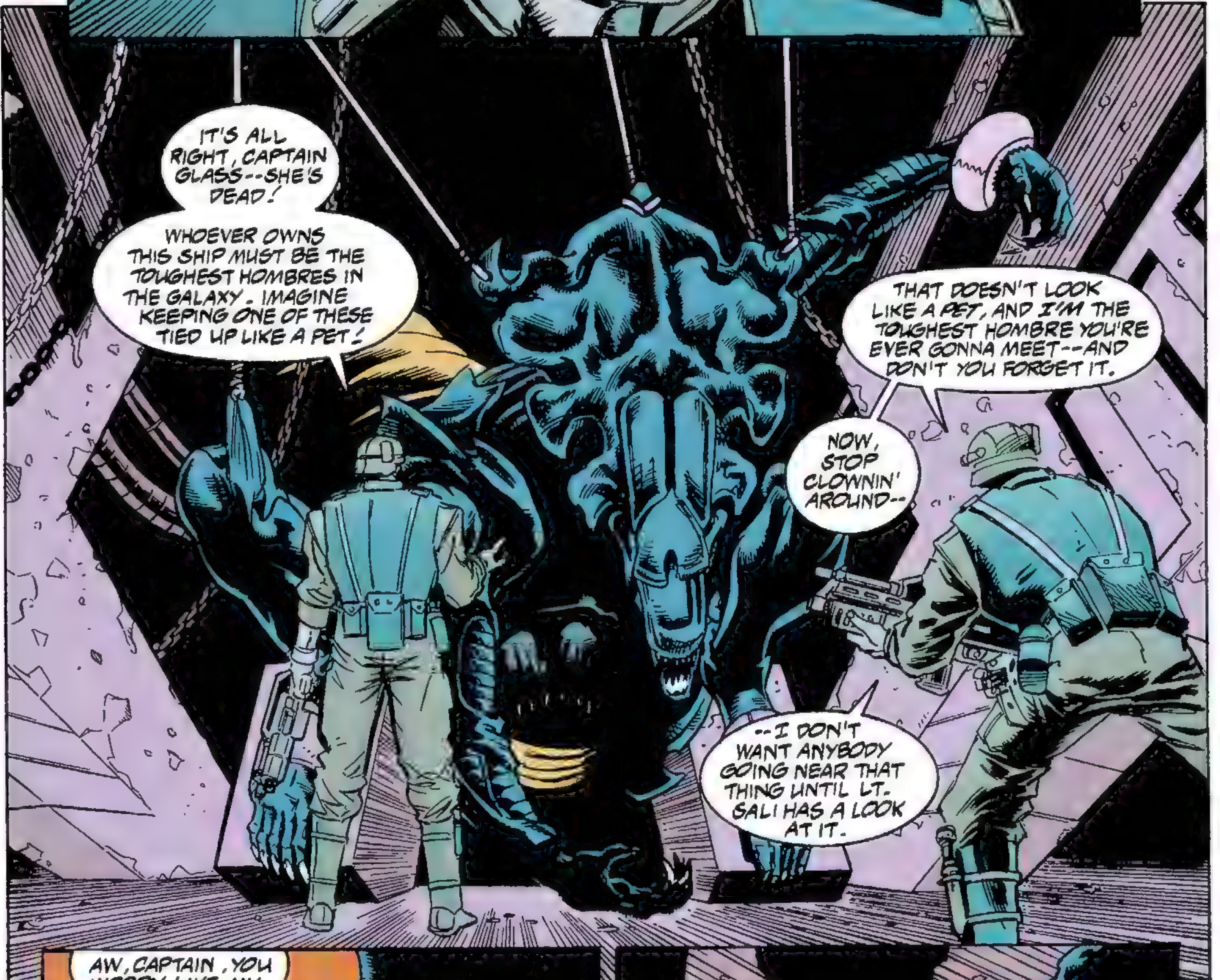
CAPTAIN! COME QUICK! YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS!

NOW WHAT?



LOOK
WHAT I
FOUND,
CAPTAIN!

WHA--?
CARLSON,
GET AWAY
FROM THAT
THING!



IT'S ALL
RIGHT, CAPTAIN
GLASS--SHE'S
DEAD!

WHOEVER OWNS
THIS SHIP MUST BE THE
TOUGHEST HOMBRES IN
THE GALAXY. IMAGINE
KEEPING ONE OF THESE
TIED UP LIKE A PET!

THAT DOESN'T LOOK
LIKE A PET, AND I'M THE
TOUGHEST HOMBRE YOU'RE
EVER GONNA MEET--AND
DON'T YOU FORGET IT.

NOW,
STOP
CLOWNIN'
AROUND--

--I DON'T
WANT ANYBODY
GOING NEAR THAT
THING UNTIL LT.
SALI HAS A LOOK
AT IT.

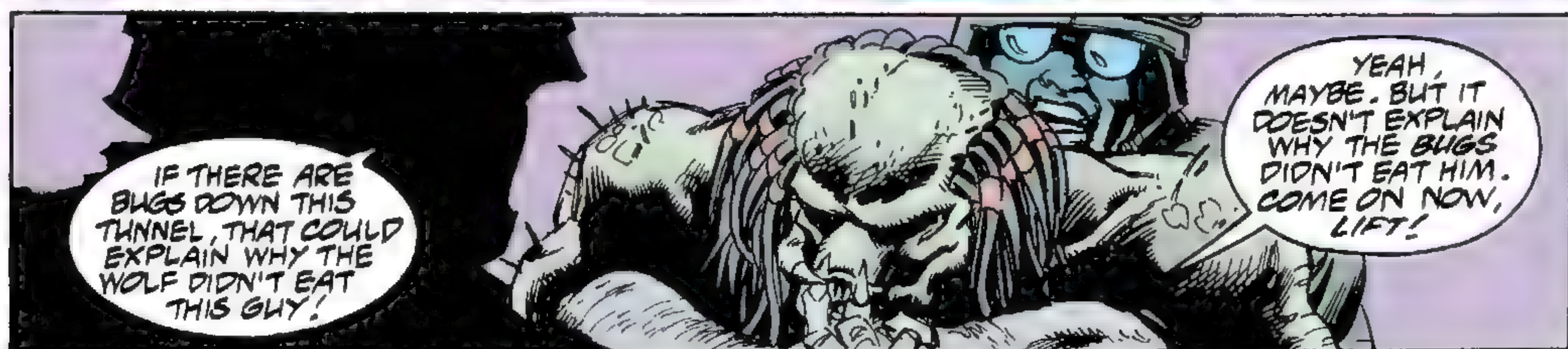
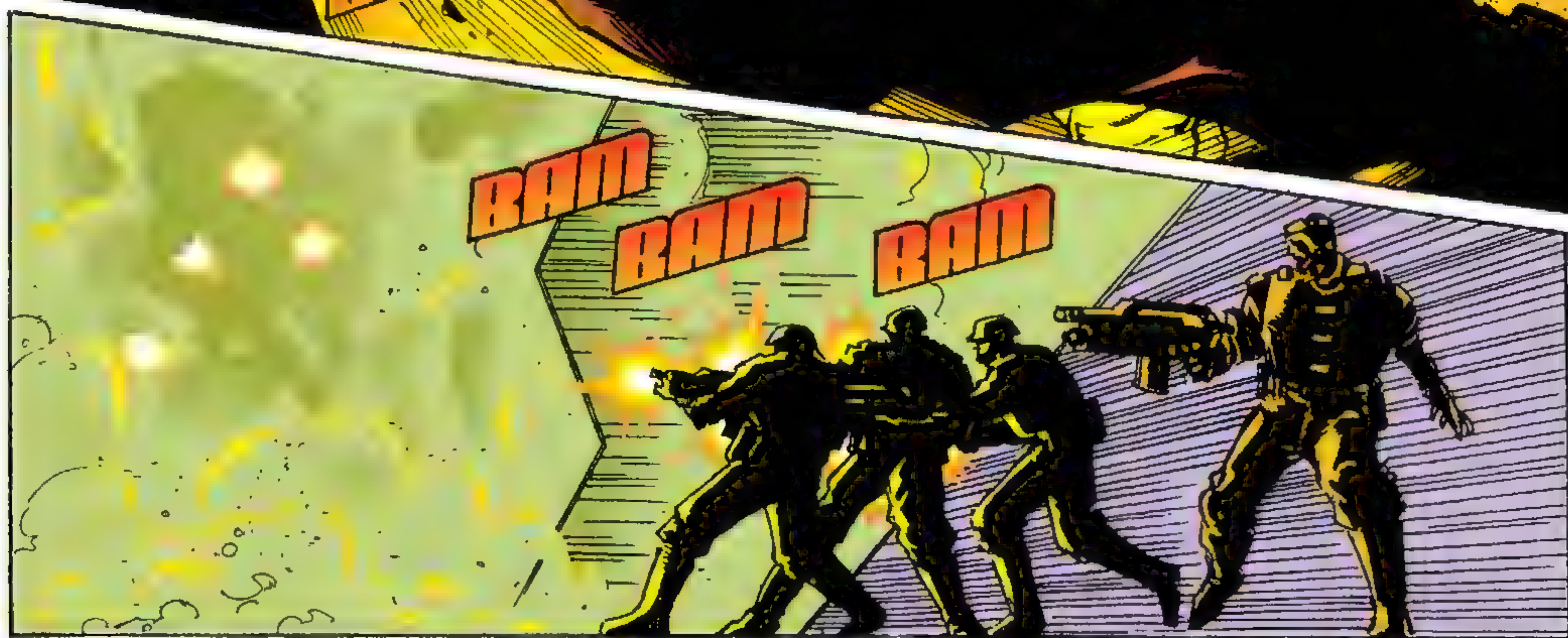


AW, CAPTAIN, YOU
WORRY LIKE MY
MOMMA--



WHA--?!
YEEAAH!





KEEP MOVING, COGELETTI!
GET TO THE ATV! THERE'RE
BUGS BACK THERE!

NO! WAIT
FOR THE
OTHERS TO
FORM UP.

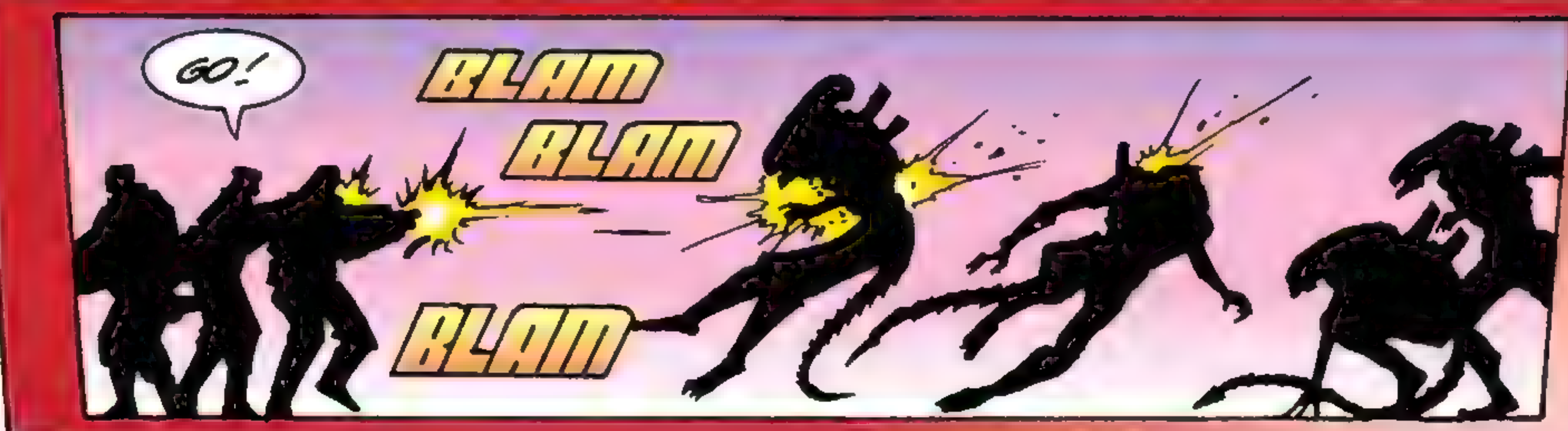
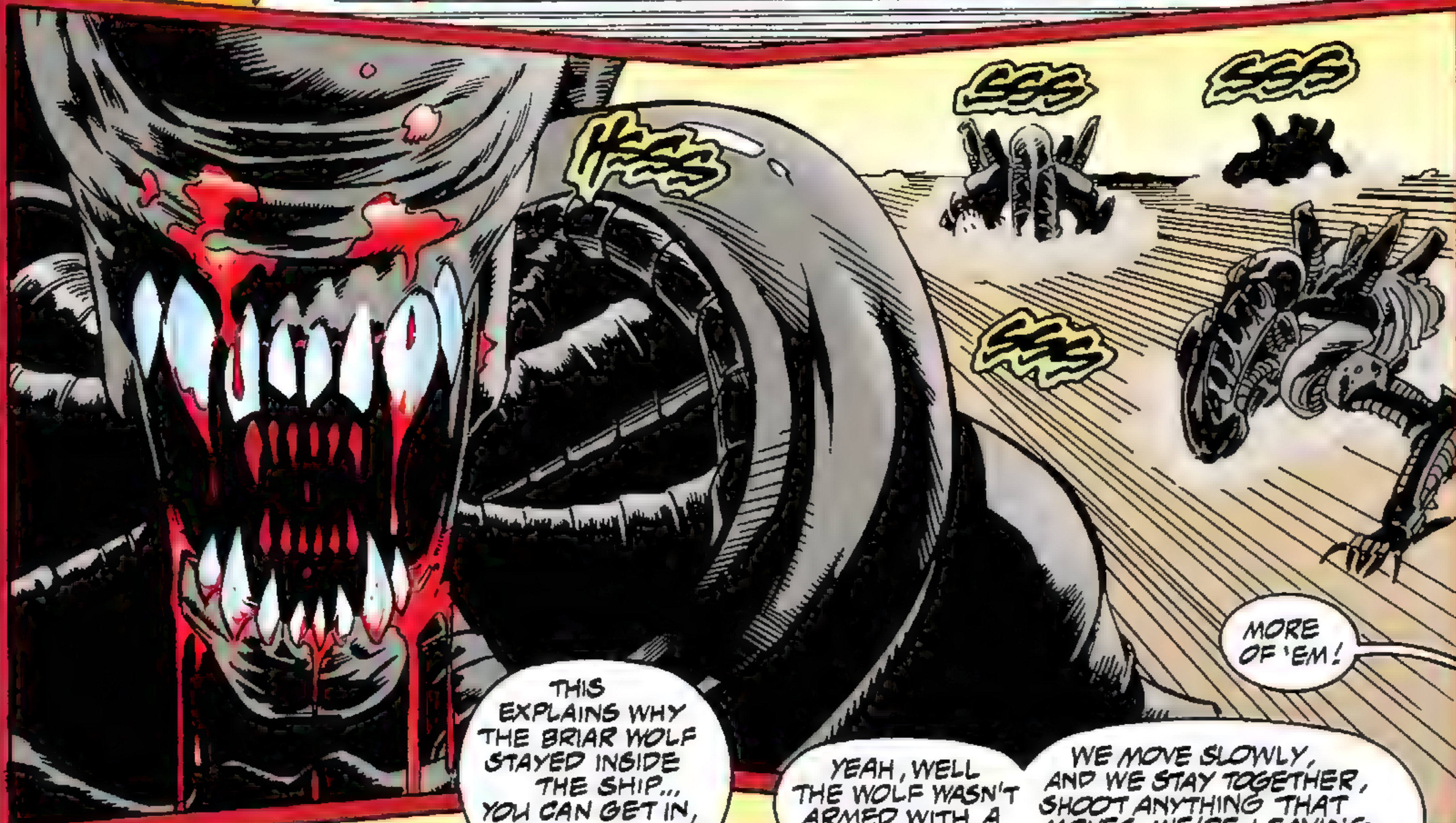
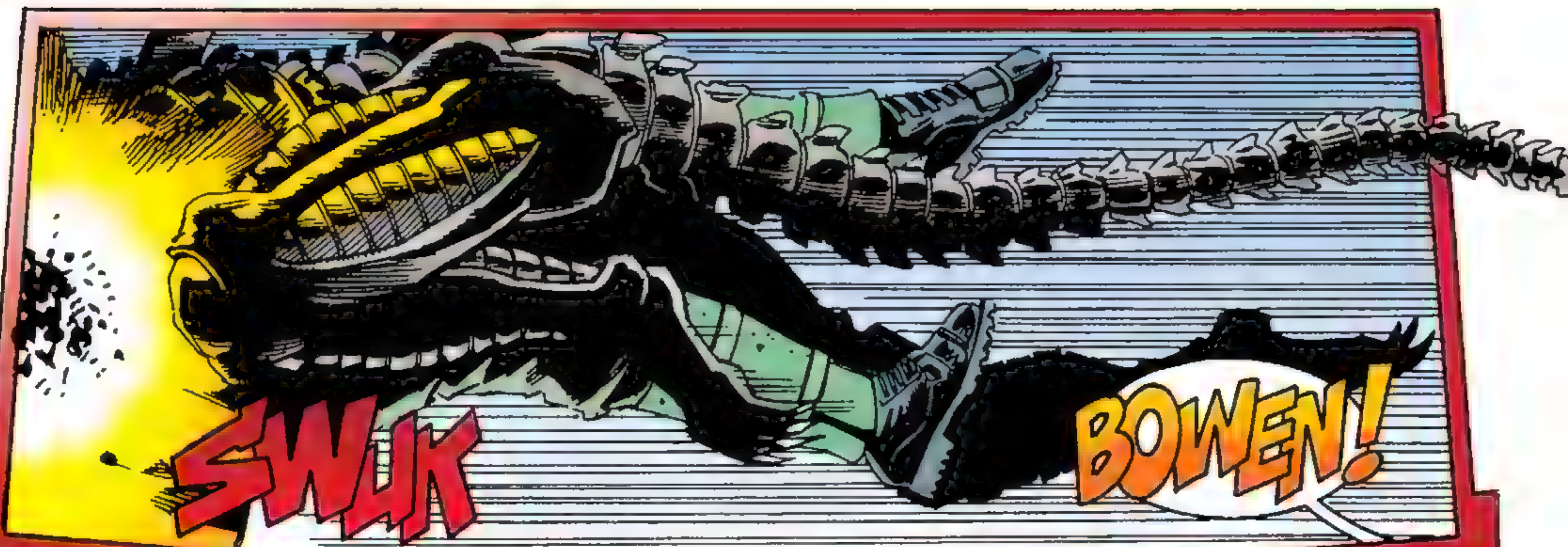
DAMN IT,
BOWEN!
HOLD YOUR
POSITION!

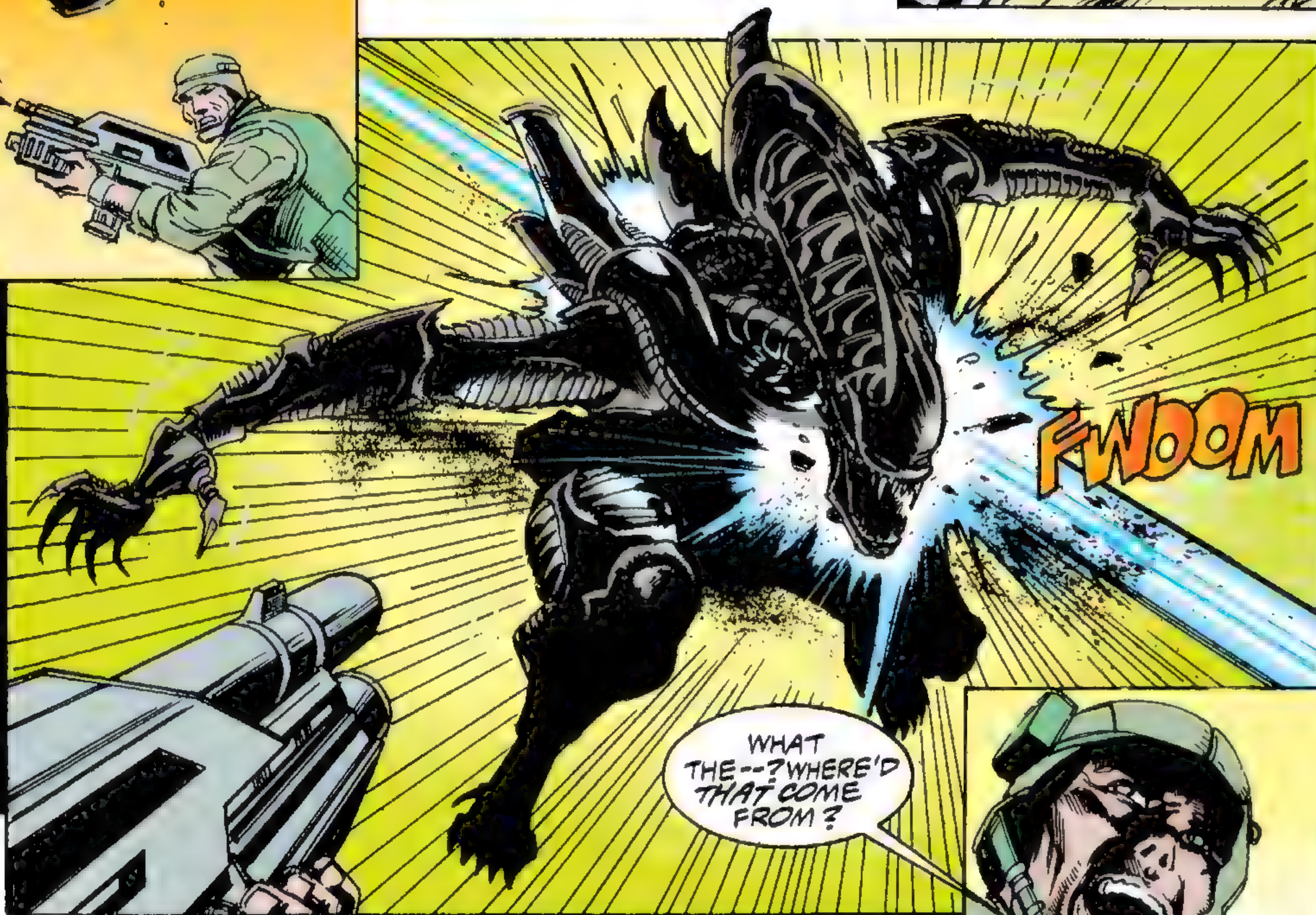
--BUGS...!

NO, SIR...
:pant: GOTTA
GET TO THE
ATV AND THE
BIG GUNS--

--I AIN'T GONNA
GO TOE TO TOE
WITH NO--







WHAT
THE--? WHERE'D
THAT COME
FROM?

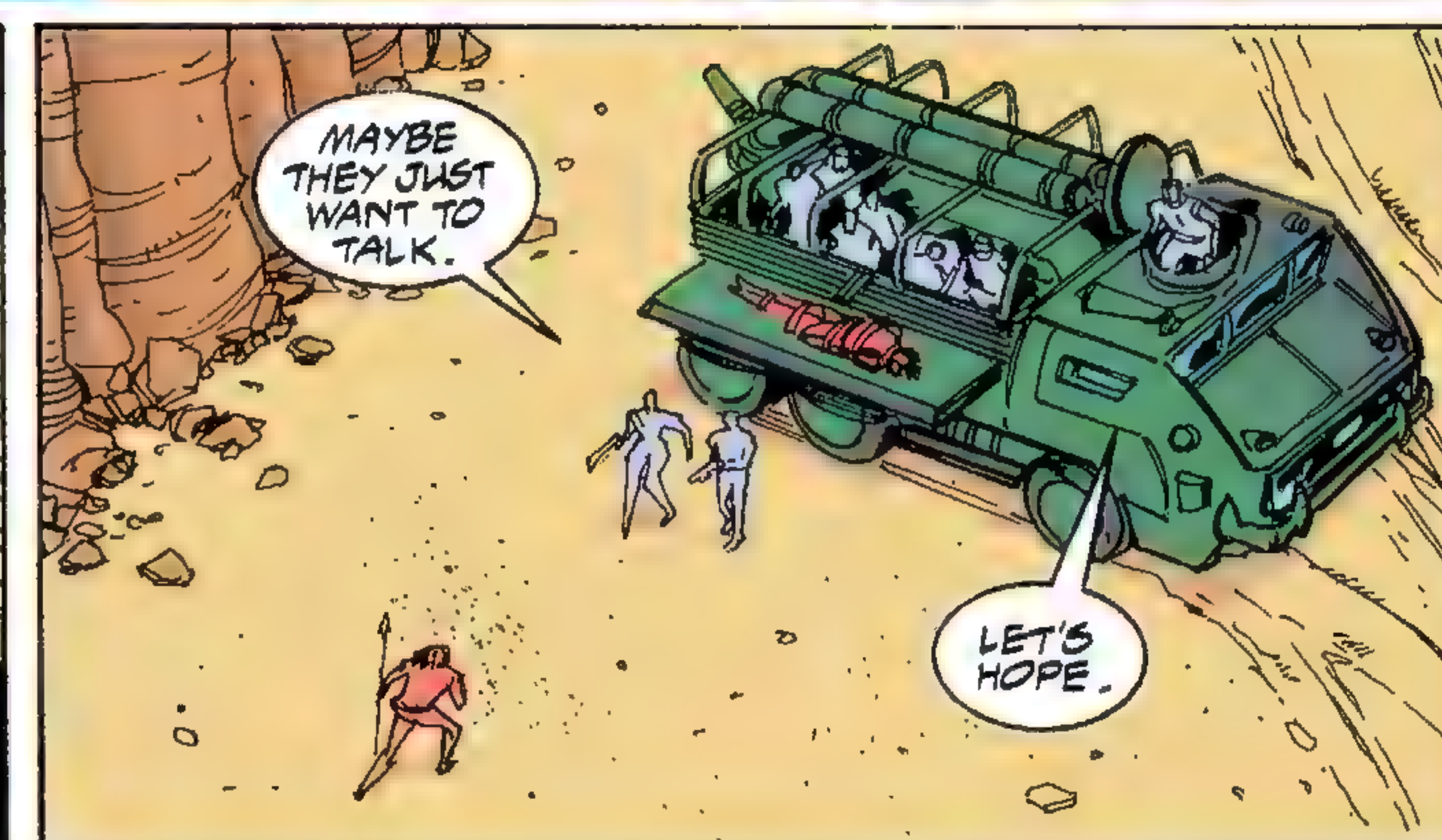
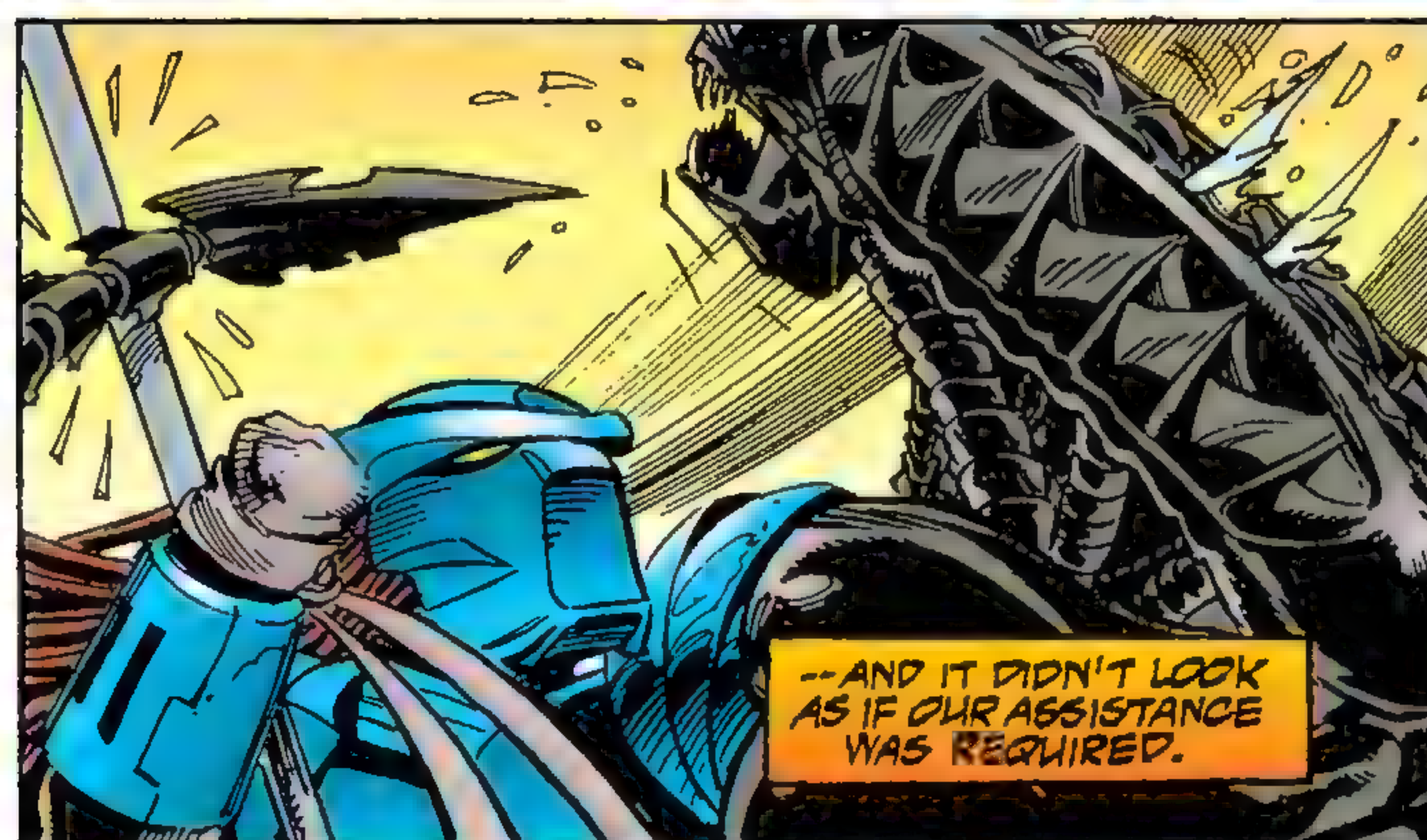


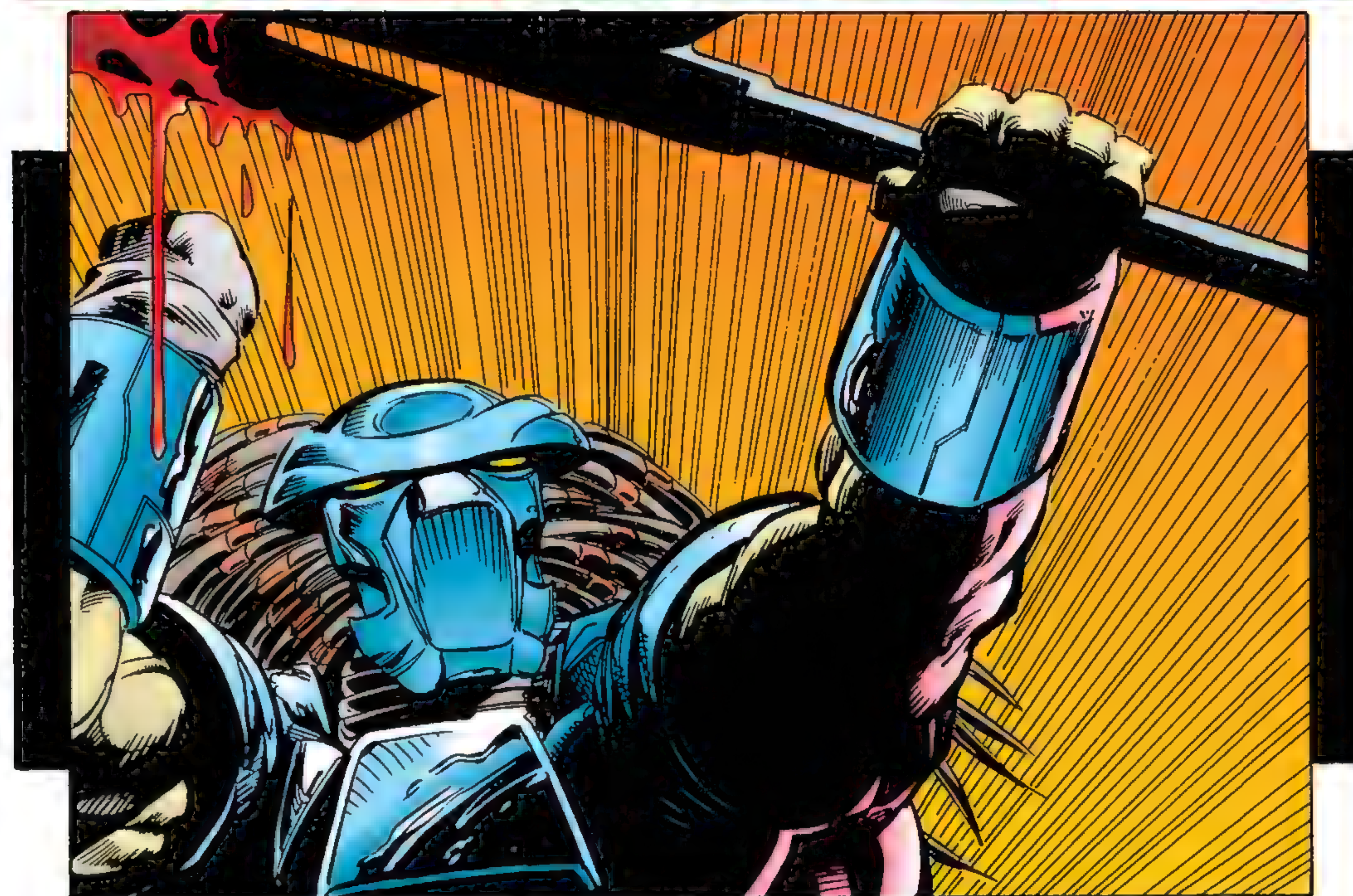


ANOTHER BAD DECISION. I SHOULD HAVE LET THE SQUAD CUT THEM DOWN. BUT THOSE WEREN'T OUR ORDERS.

WE WERE THERE TO HELP.

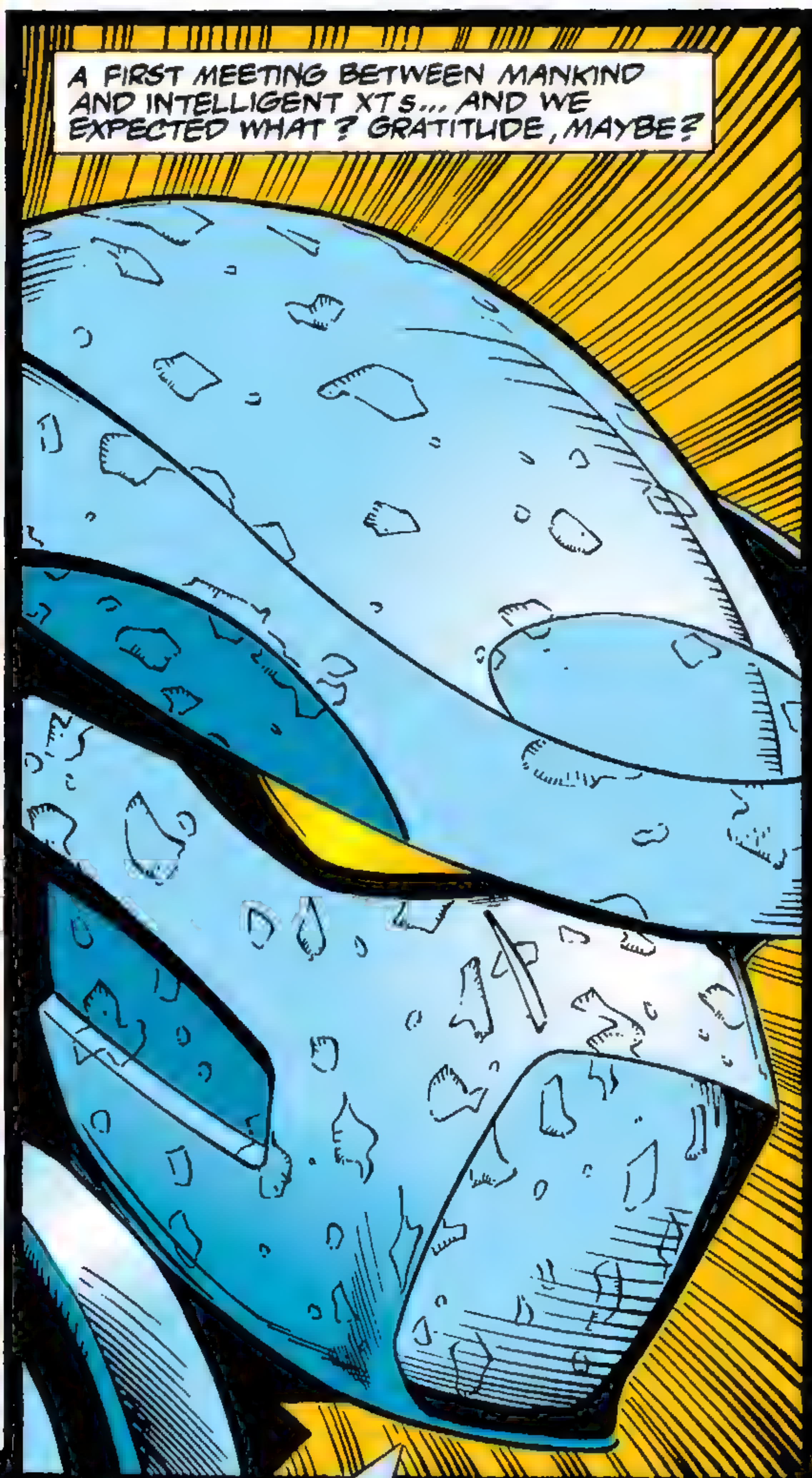
WE WERE ON A MISSION OF MERCY.







WE RECEIVED A DISTRESS
SIGNAL... WE CAME TO HELP...

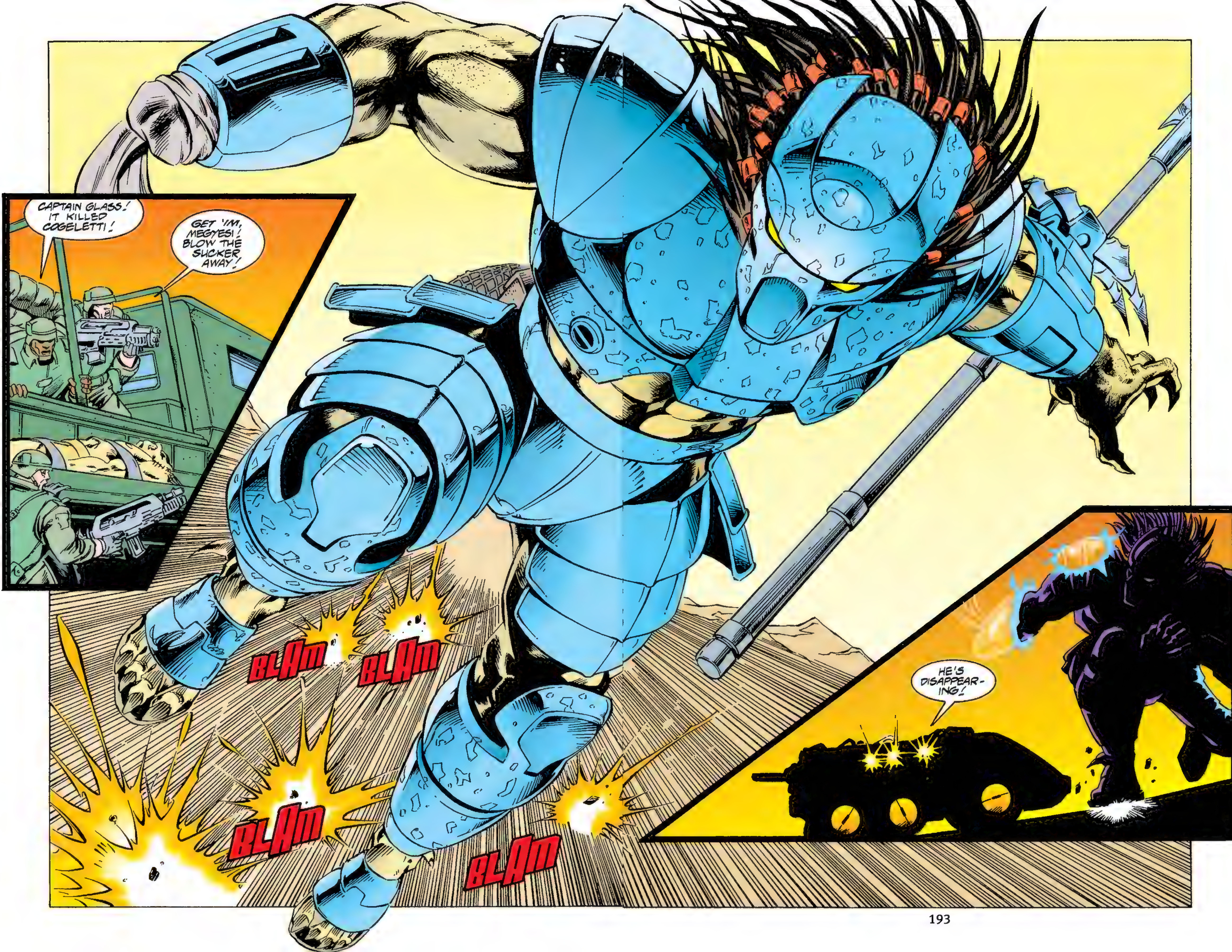


A FIRST MEETING BETWEEN MANKIND
AND INTELLIGENT XTS... AND WE
EXPECTED WHAT? GRATITUDE, MAYBE?



COGELETTI!

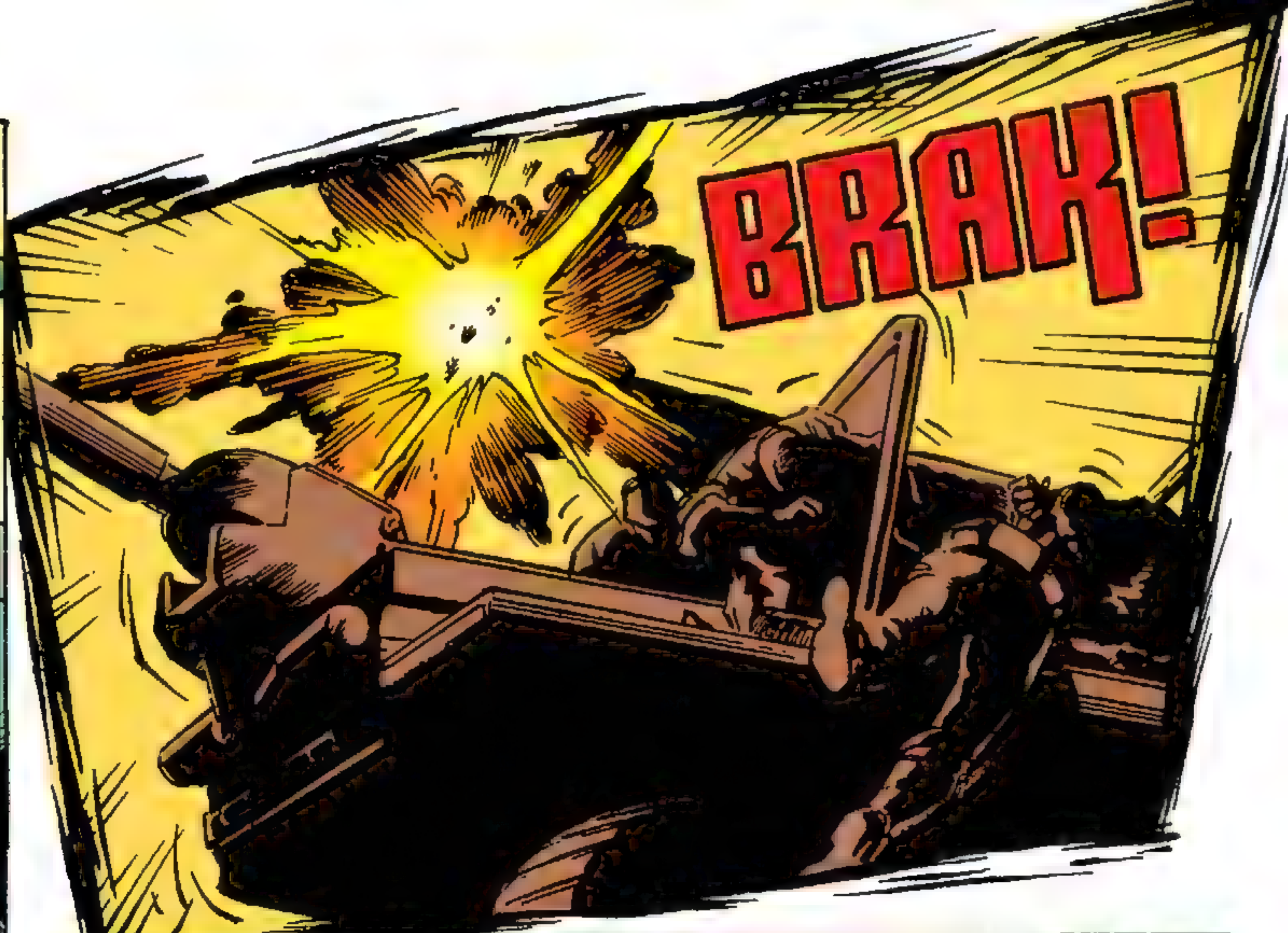
BUT THEY'RE AS MUCH
MONSTERS AS THE ALIEN
BUGS THEY BROUGHT
WITH THEM.

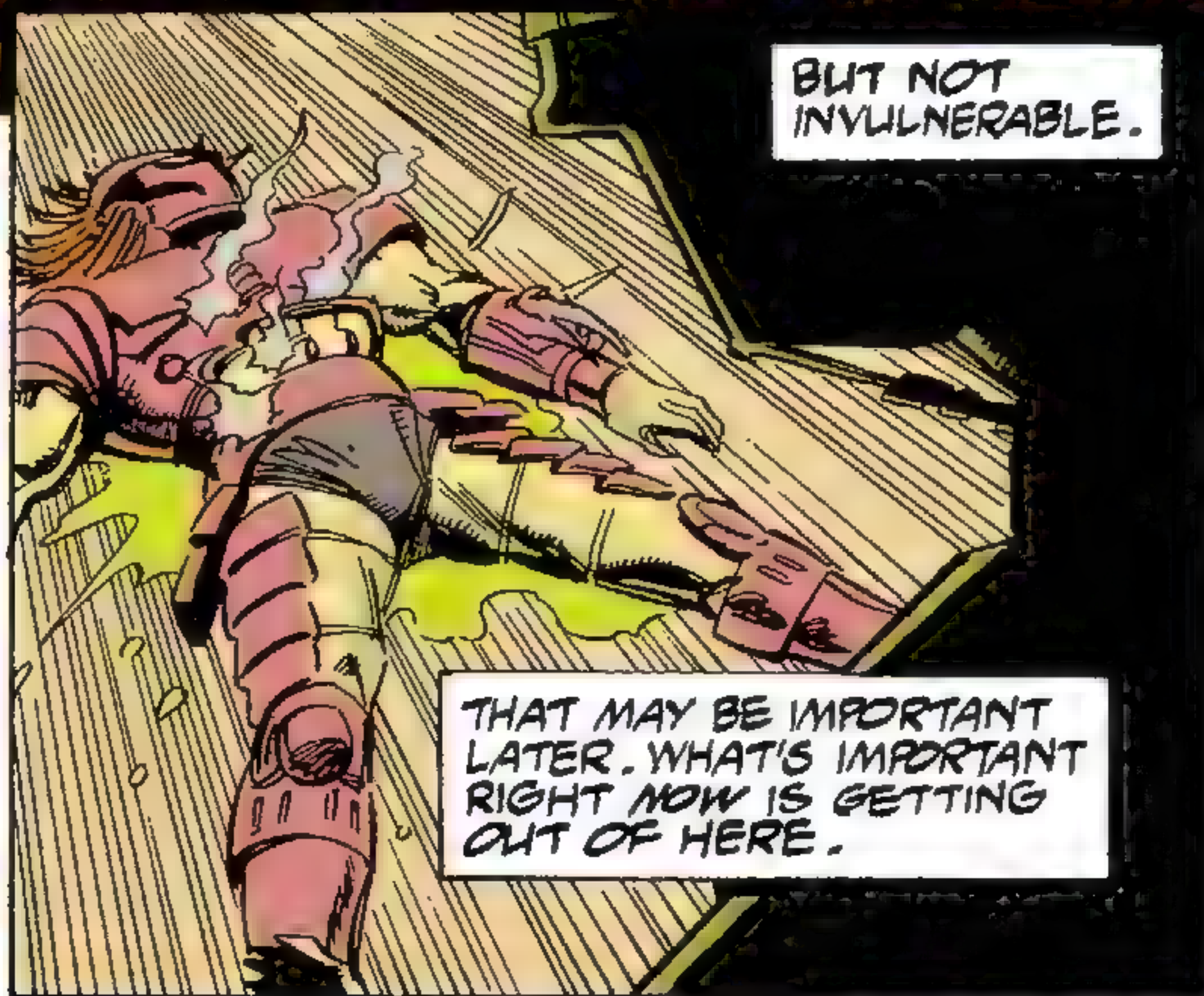
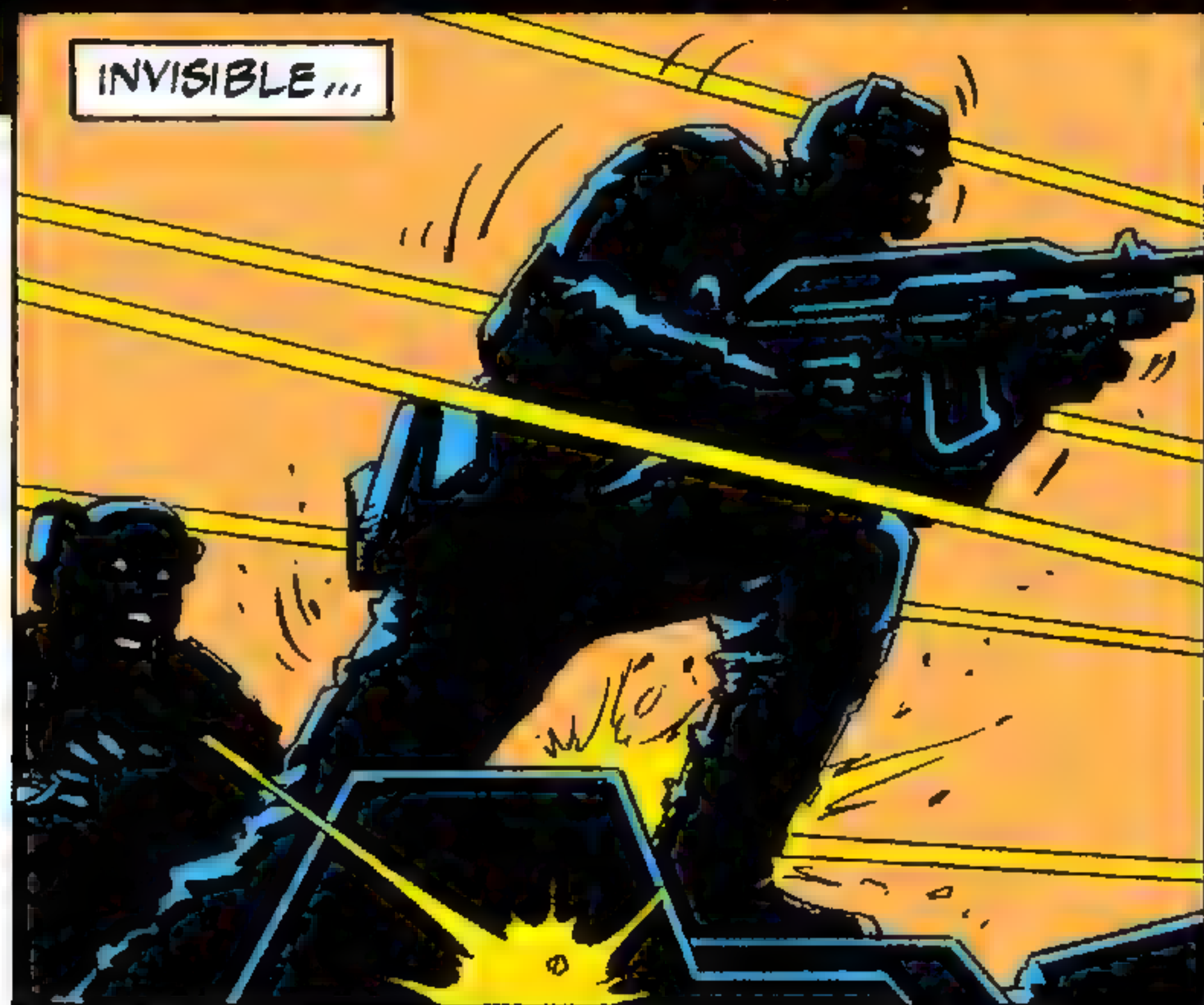
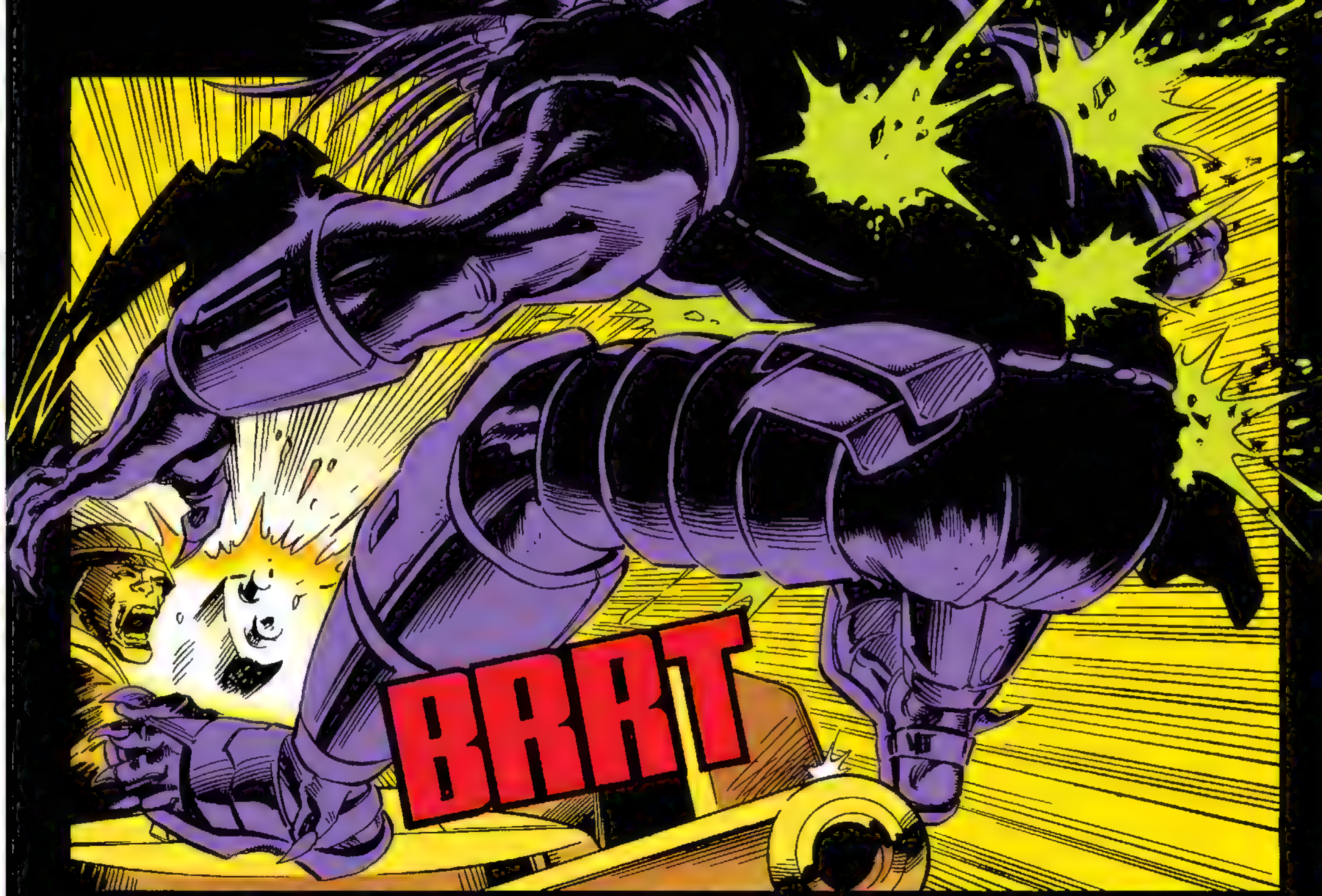


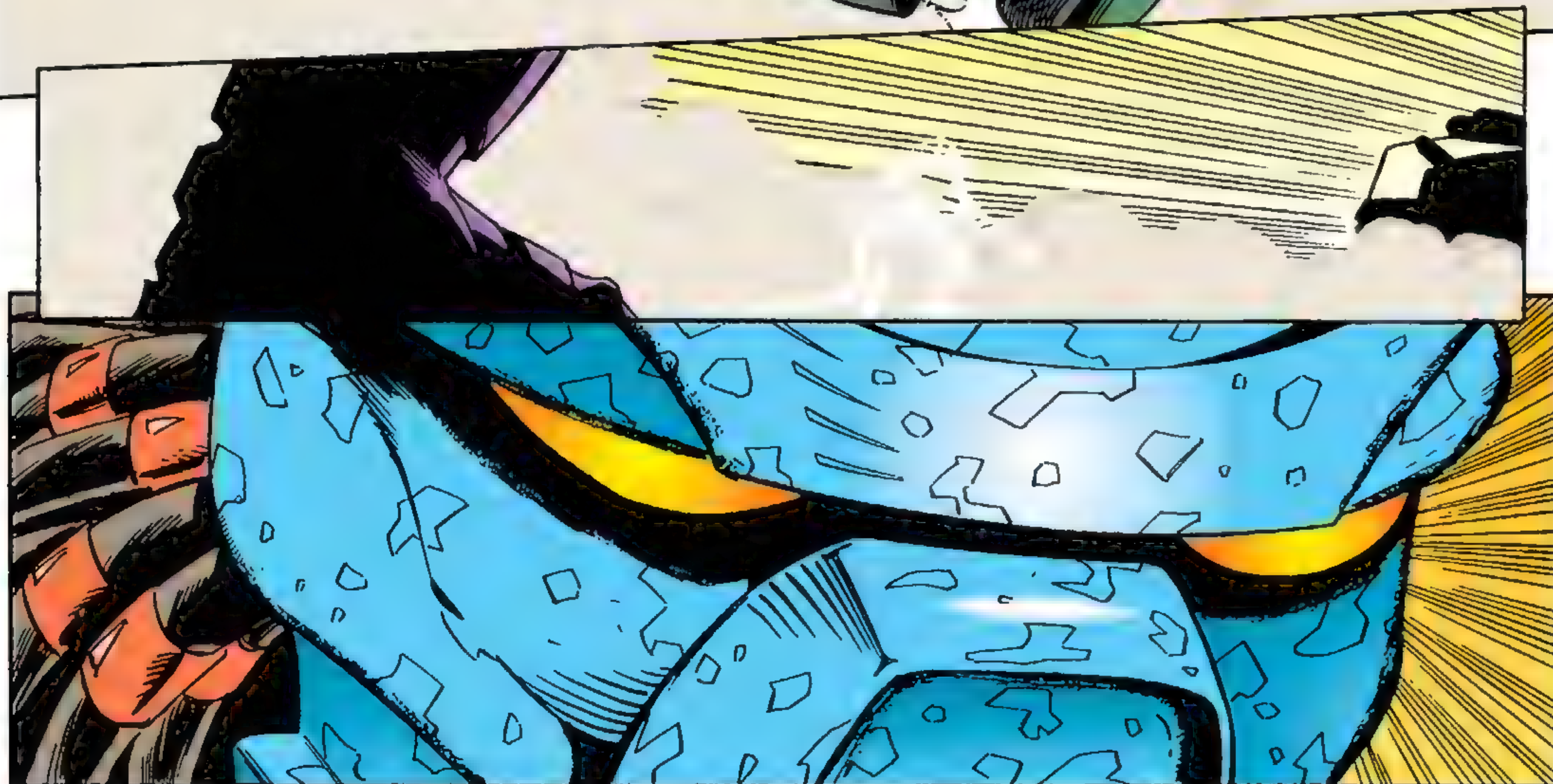
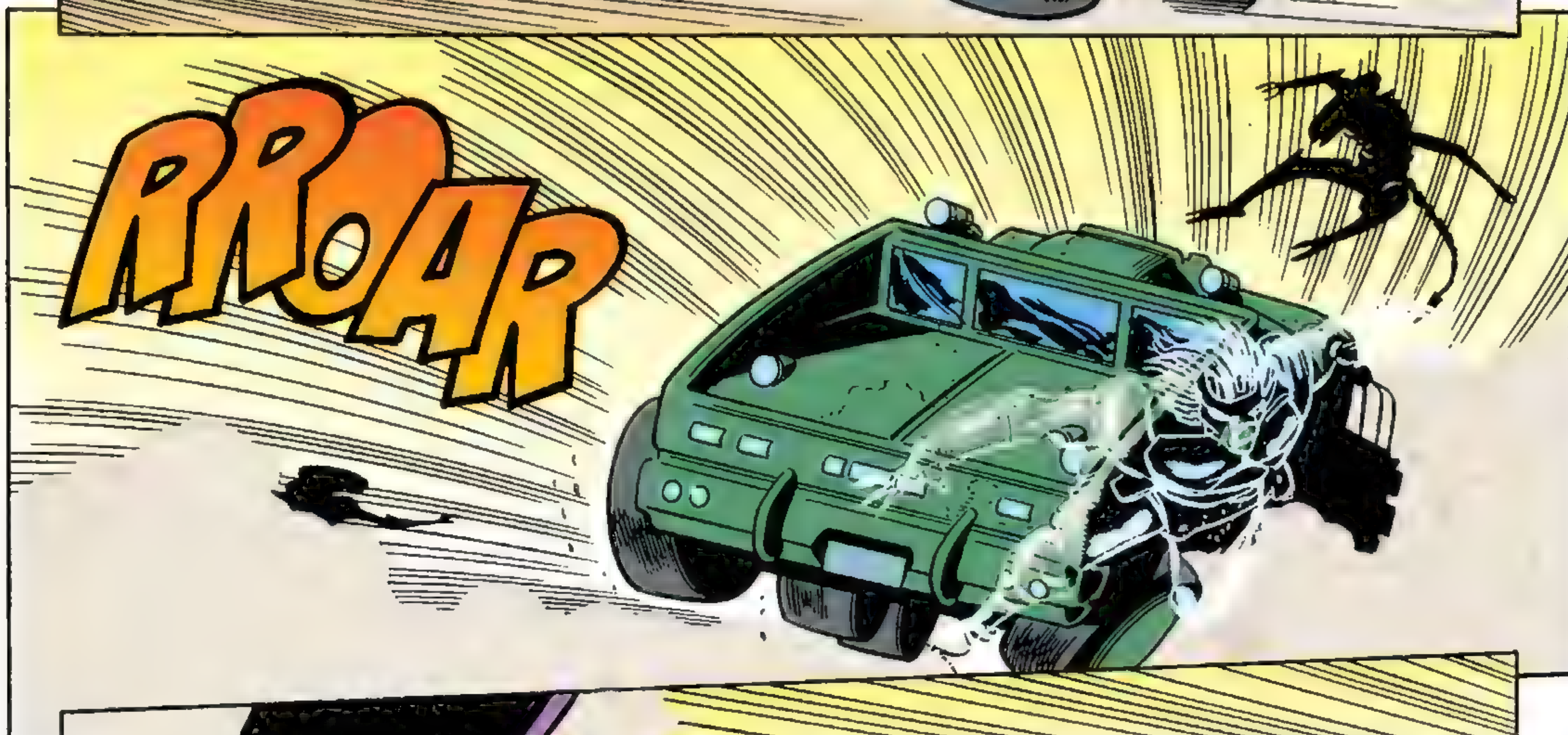
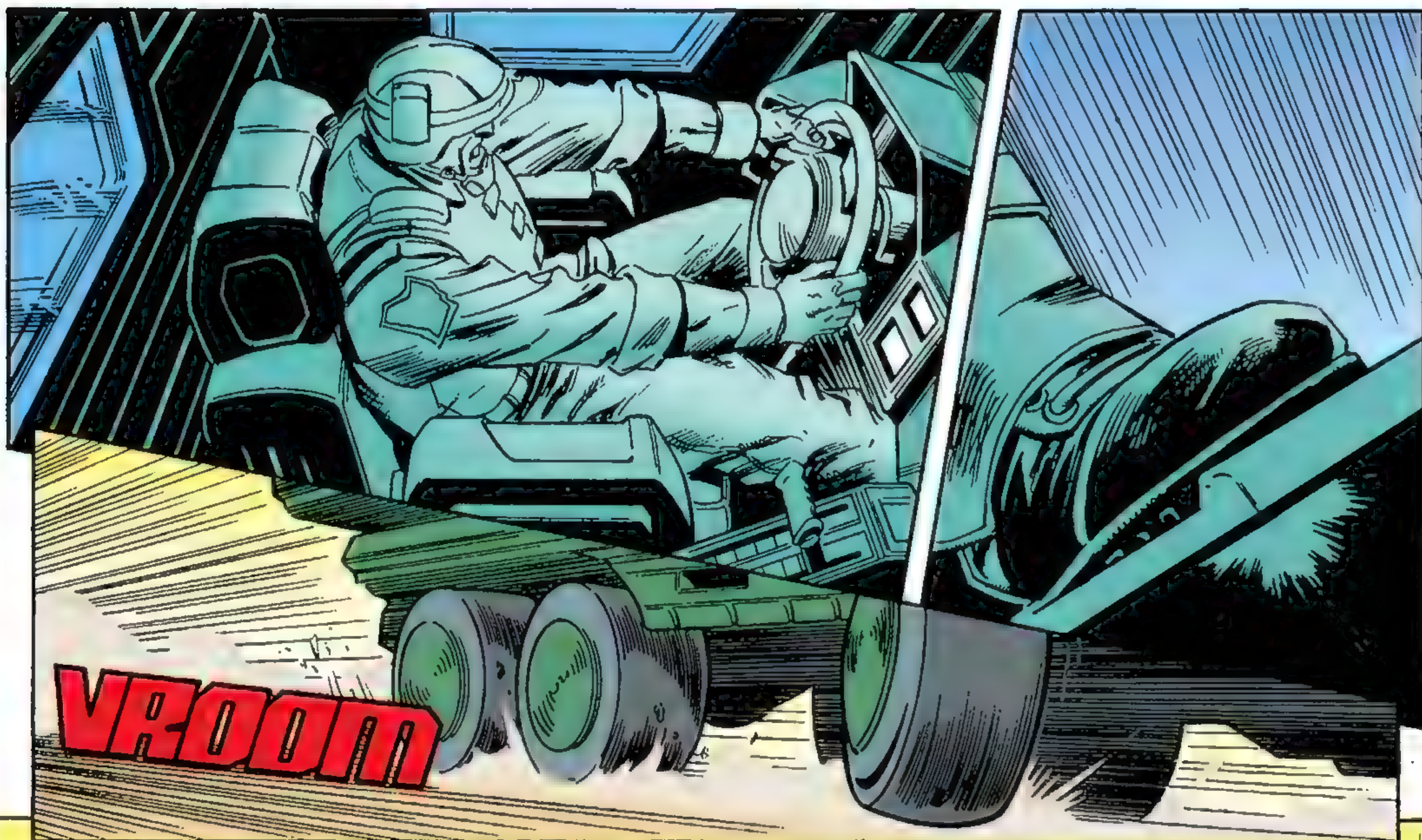
CAPTAIN GLASS!
IT KILLED
COGELETTI!

GET 'IM,
MEGYESI!
BLOW THE
SUCKER
AWAY!

HE'S
DISAPPEAR-
ING!









WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT, SIR?

HELL IF I KNOW, SERGEANT, BUT WE'RE NOT WAITING AROUND FOR AN EXPLANATION.

WE'LL HEAD BACK TO THE NOGUCHI WOMAN'S CABIN--

"--USE HER ANTENNA ARRAY TO BOOST A SIGNAL PAST CYGNI MINOR'S INTERFERENCE. WE'RE CALLING MURPHY IN FOR A DUST-OFF."



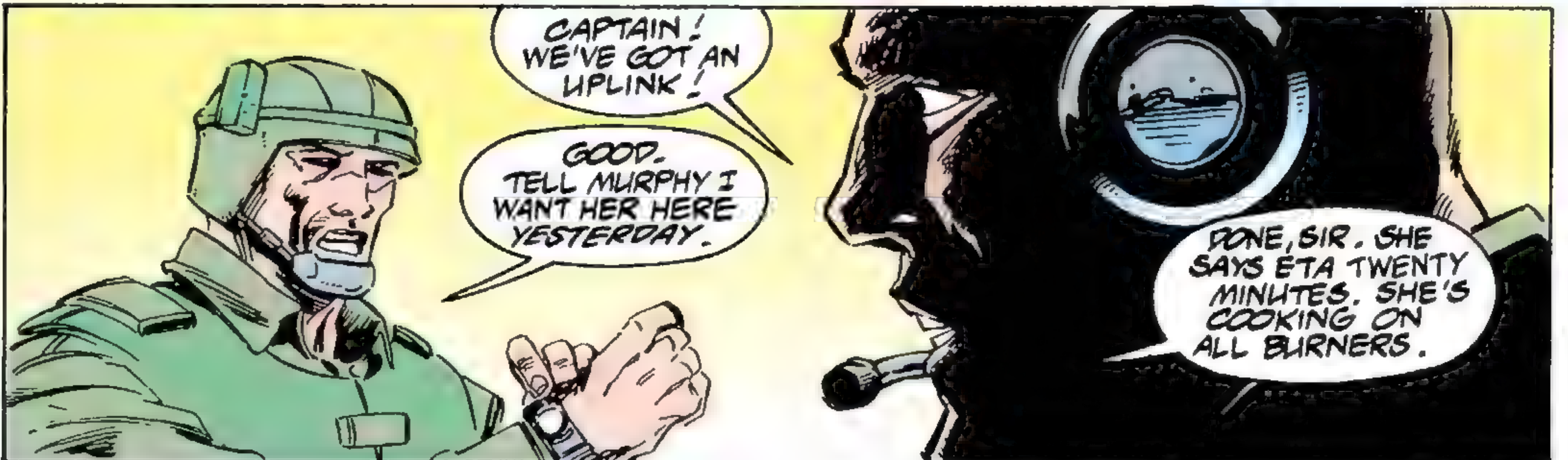
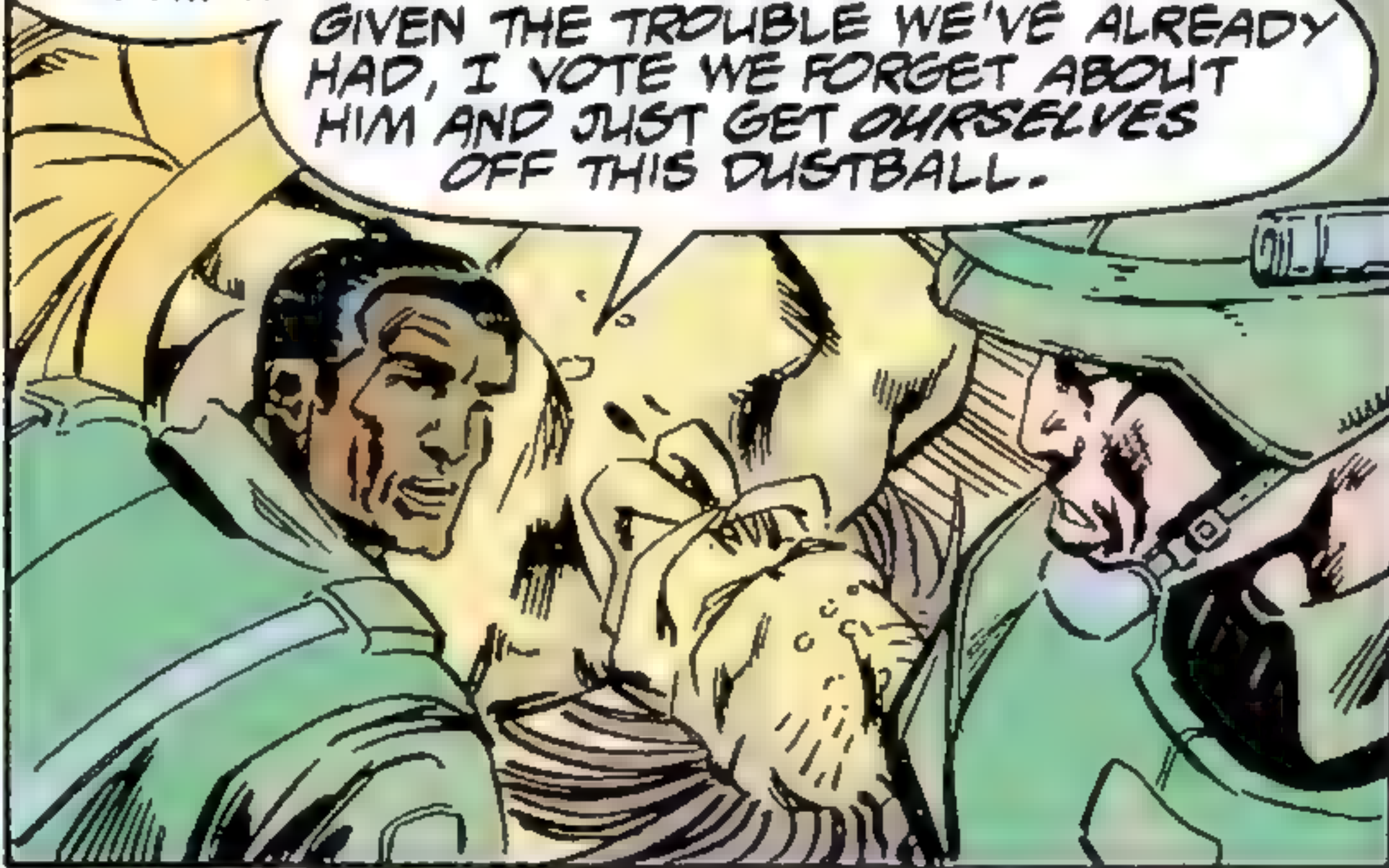
HOW'S OUR... WH, SURVIVOR, SALI?

HOW CAN I KNOW, GLASS? HIS BODY TEMPERATURE'S MUCH HIGHER THAN OURS, HIS BREATHING'S RAGGED, AND HE STINKS. BUT FOR ALL I KNOW THAT MIGHT BE NORMAL FOR HIM.

GIVEN THE TROUBLE WE'VE ALREADY HAD, I VOTE WE FORGET ABOUT HIM AND JUST GET OURSELVES OFF THIS DUSTBALL.

COME ON, SALI. YOU KNOW WE CAN'T DO THAT--

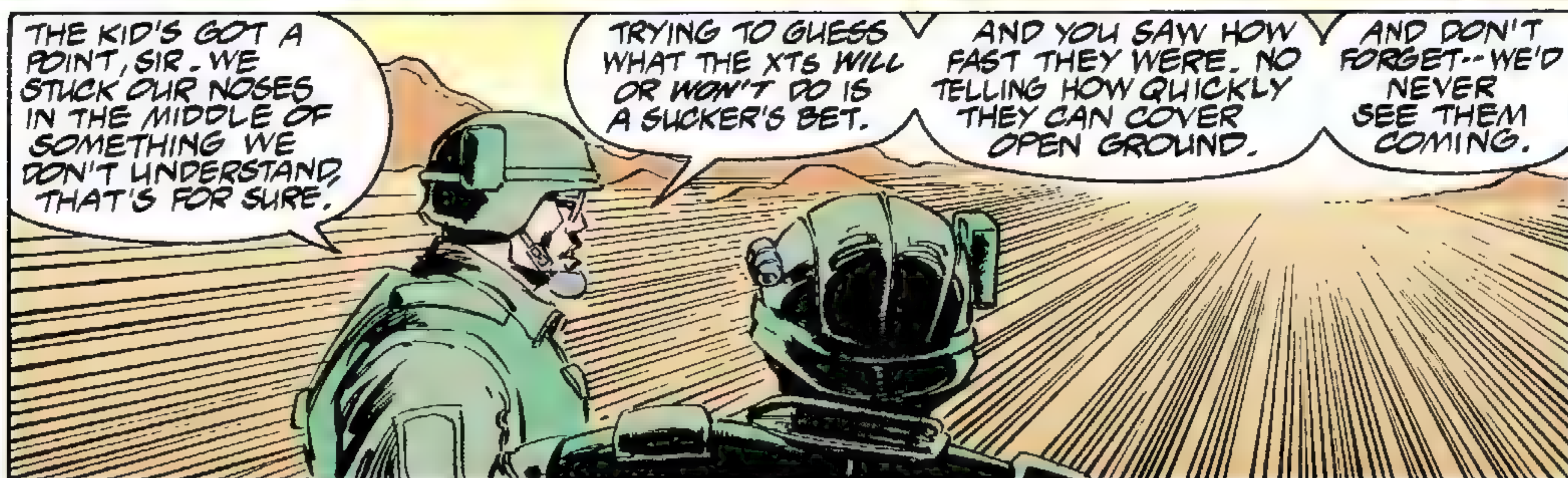
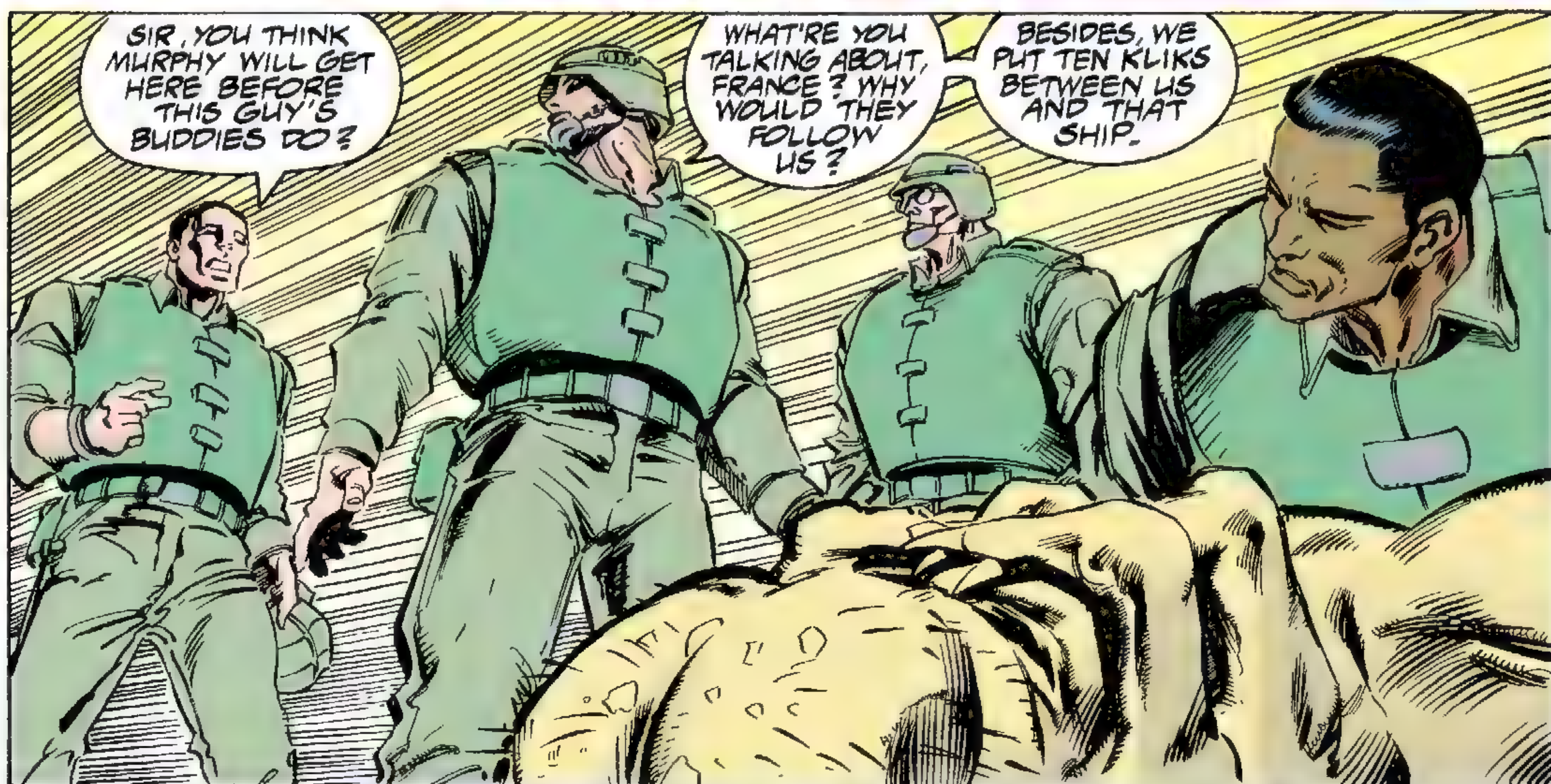
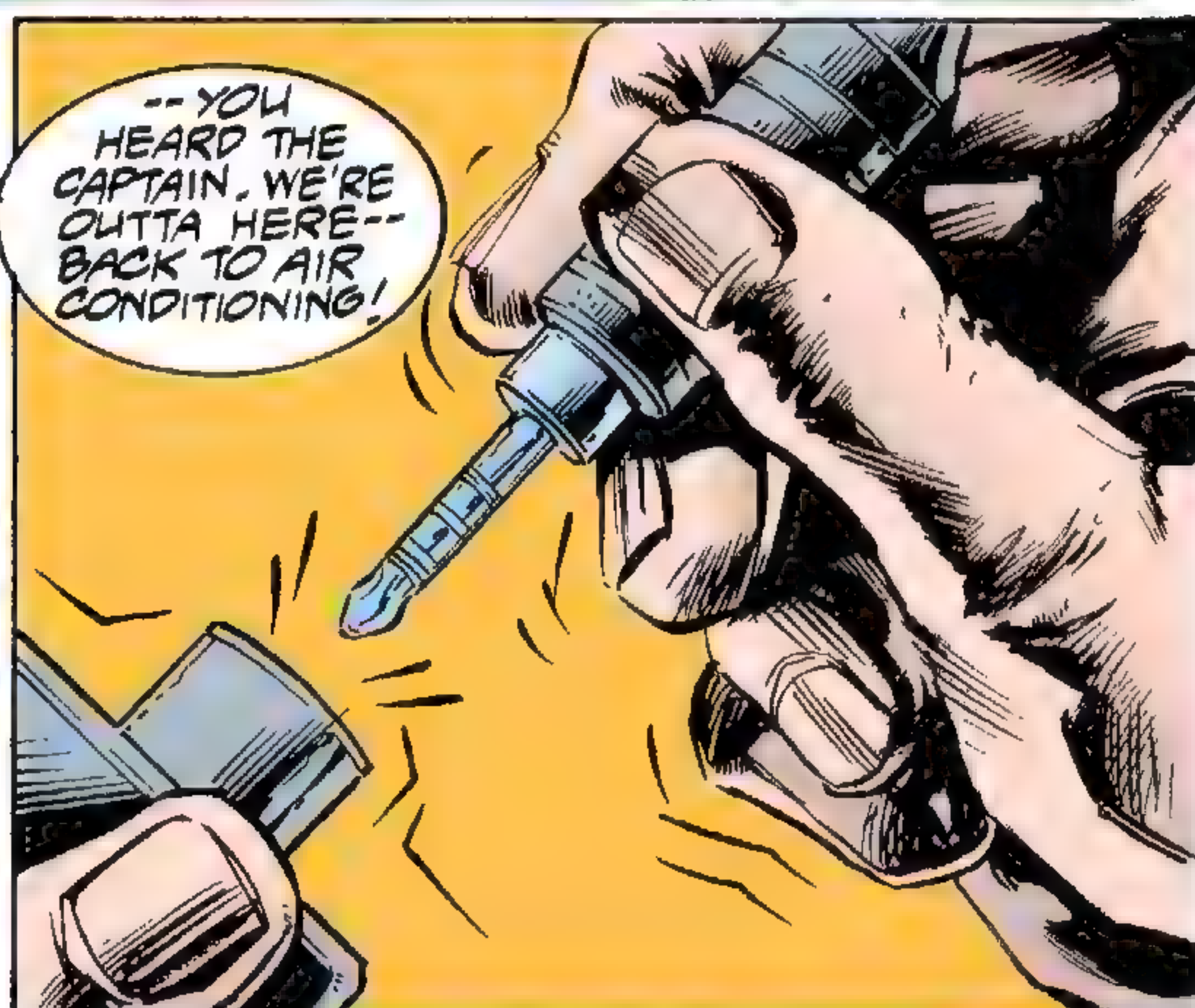
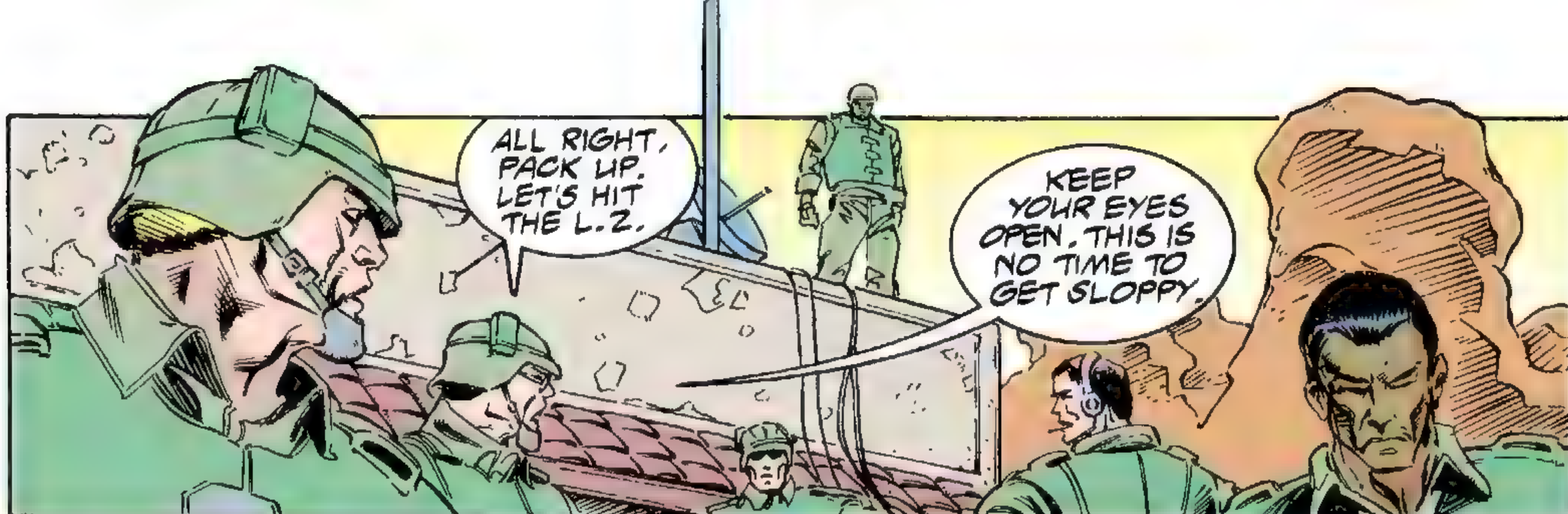
--THE BRASS AT RED WOULD HAVE OUR BUTTS. THIS IS AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY. SEE IF WE CAN'T KEEP HIM ALIVE AT LEAST UNTIL WE CAN GET HIM INTO HYPERSLEEP...

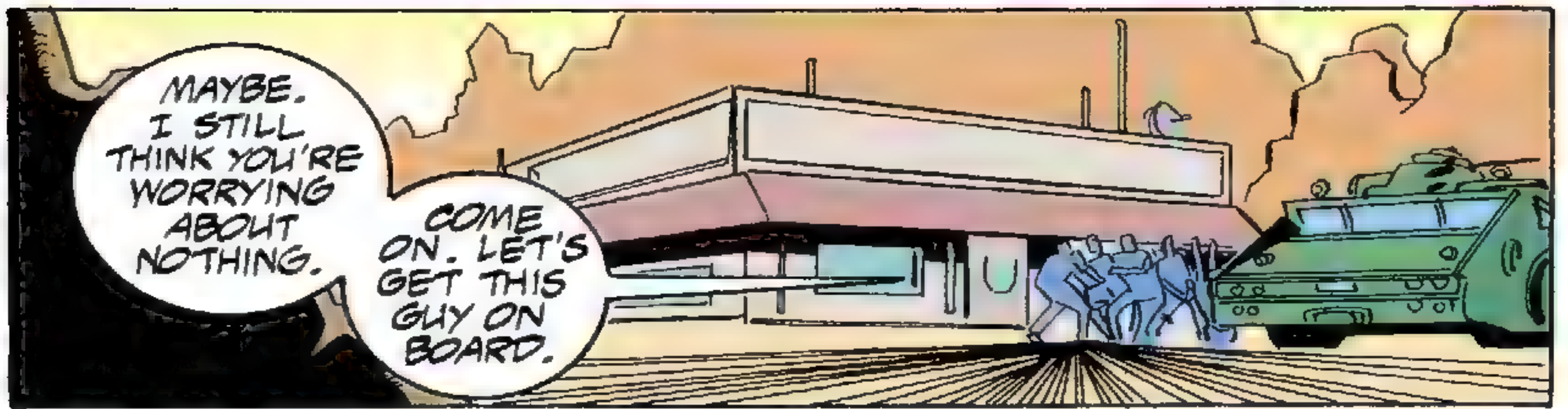


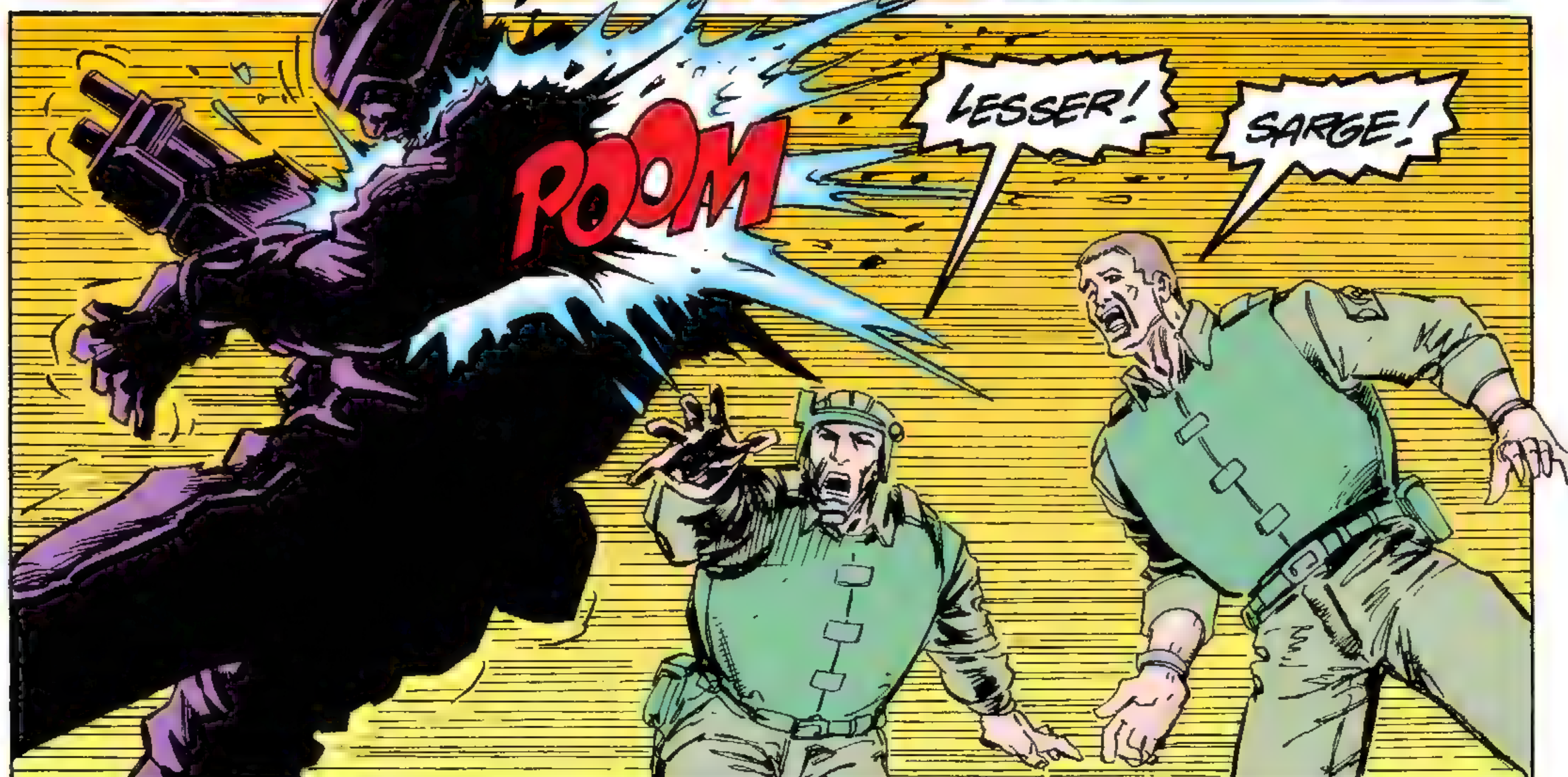
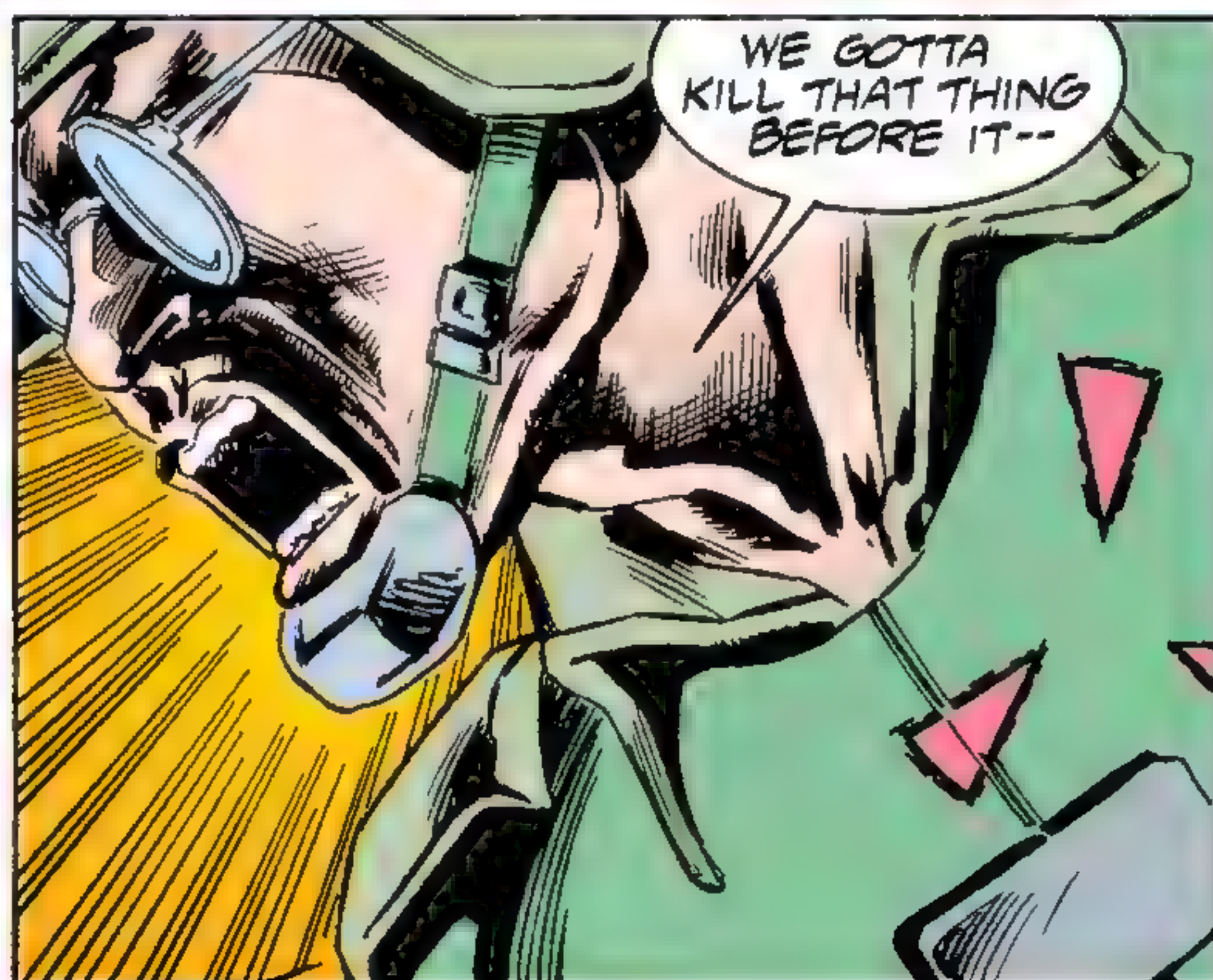
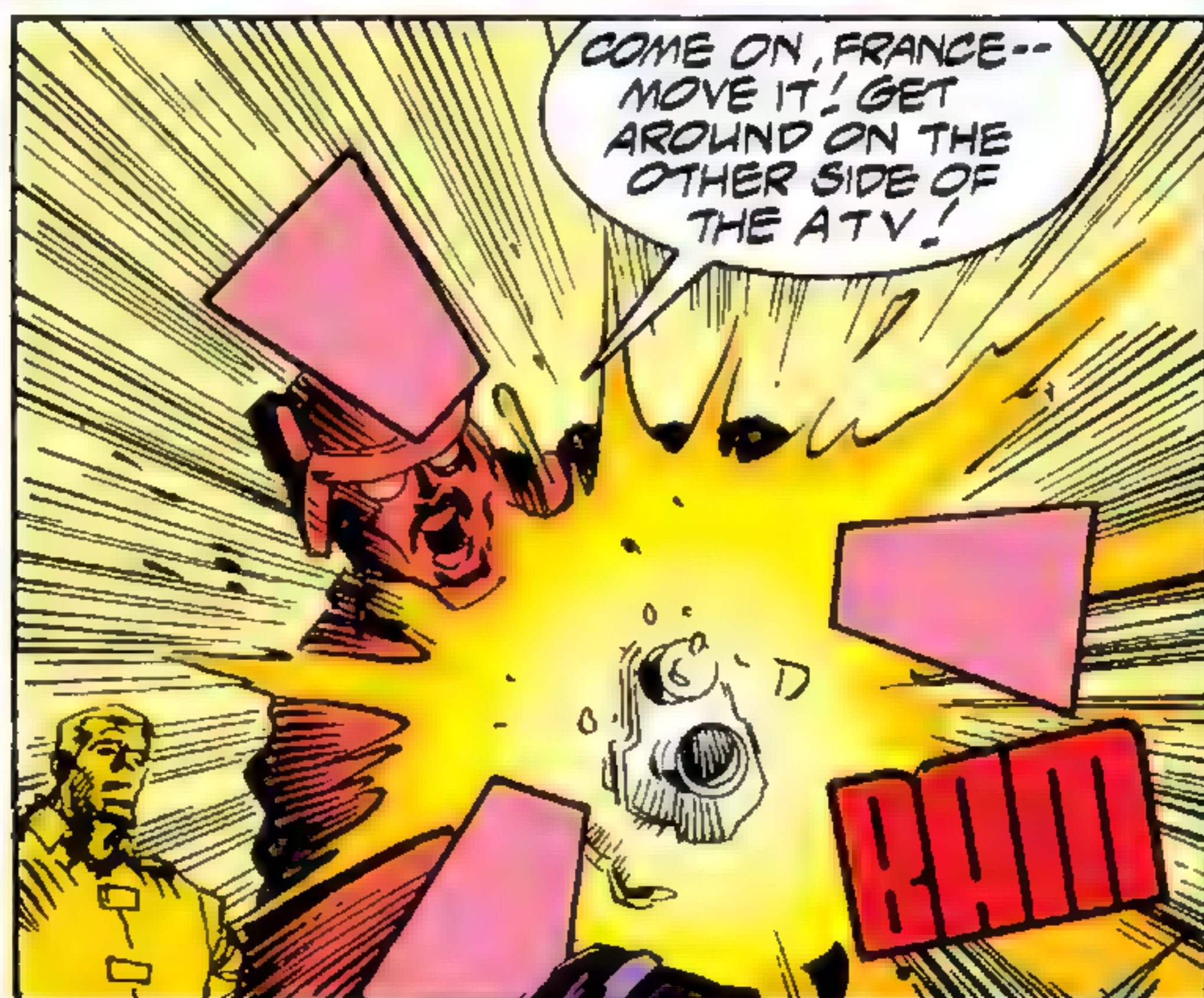
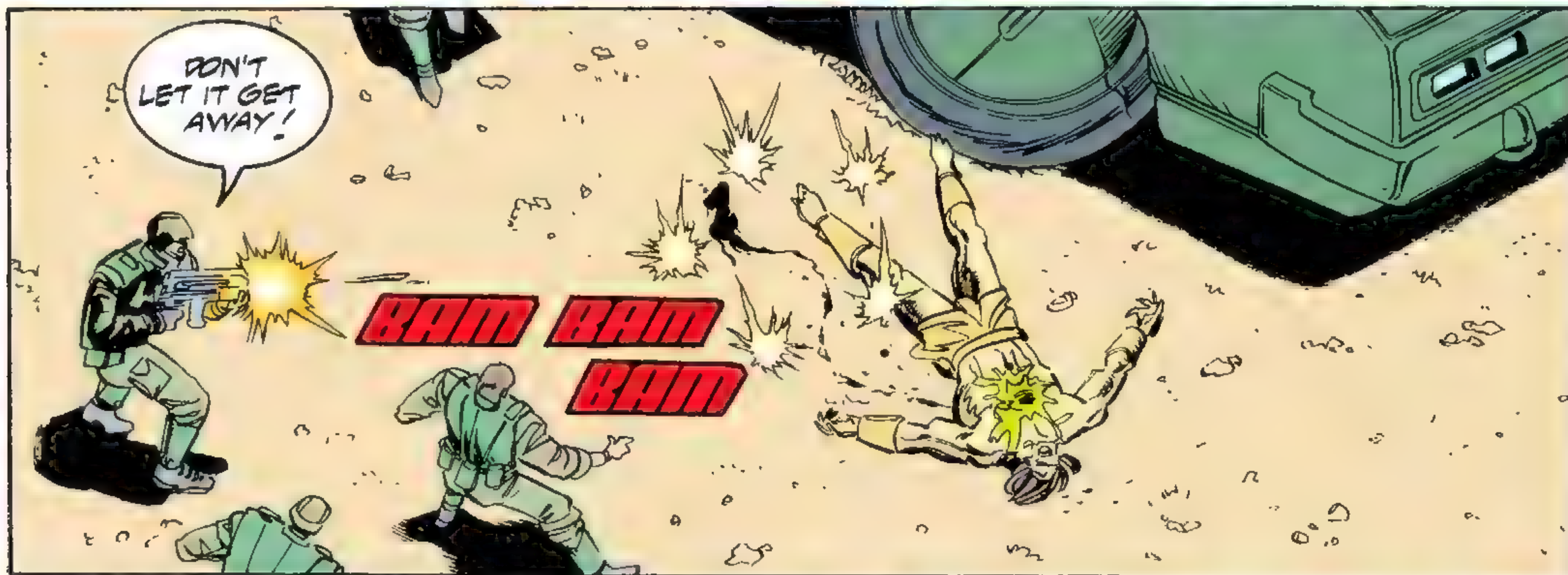
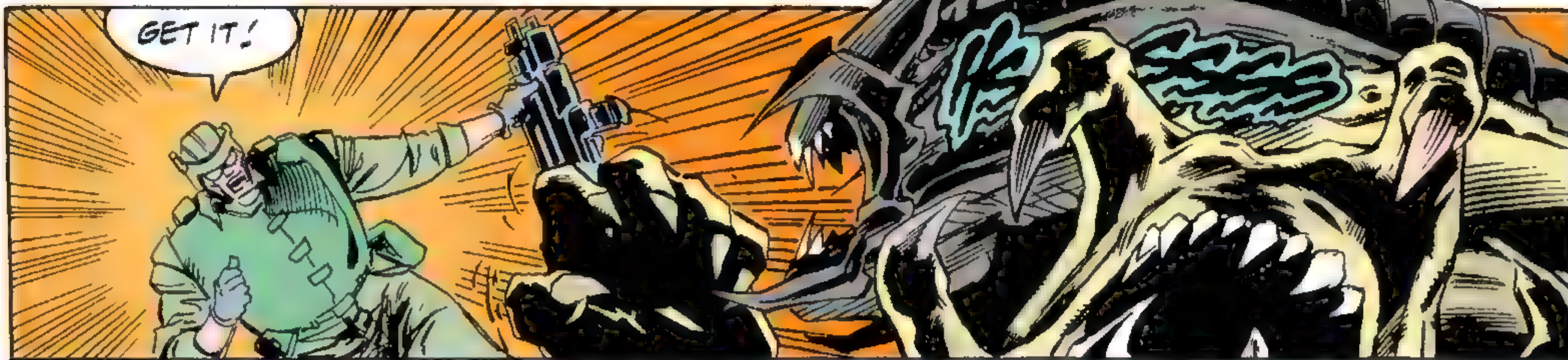
CAPTAIN! WE'VE GOT AN UPLINK!

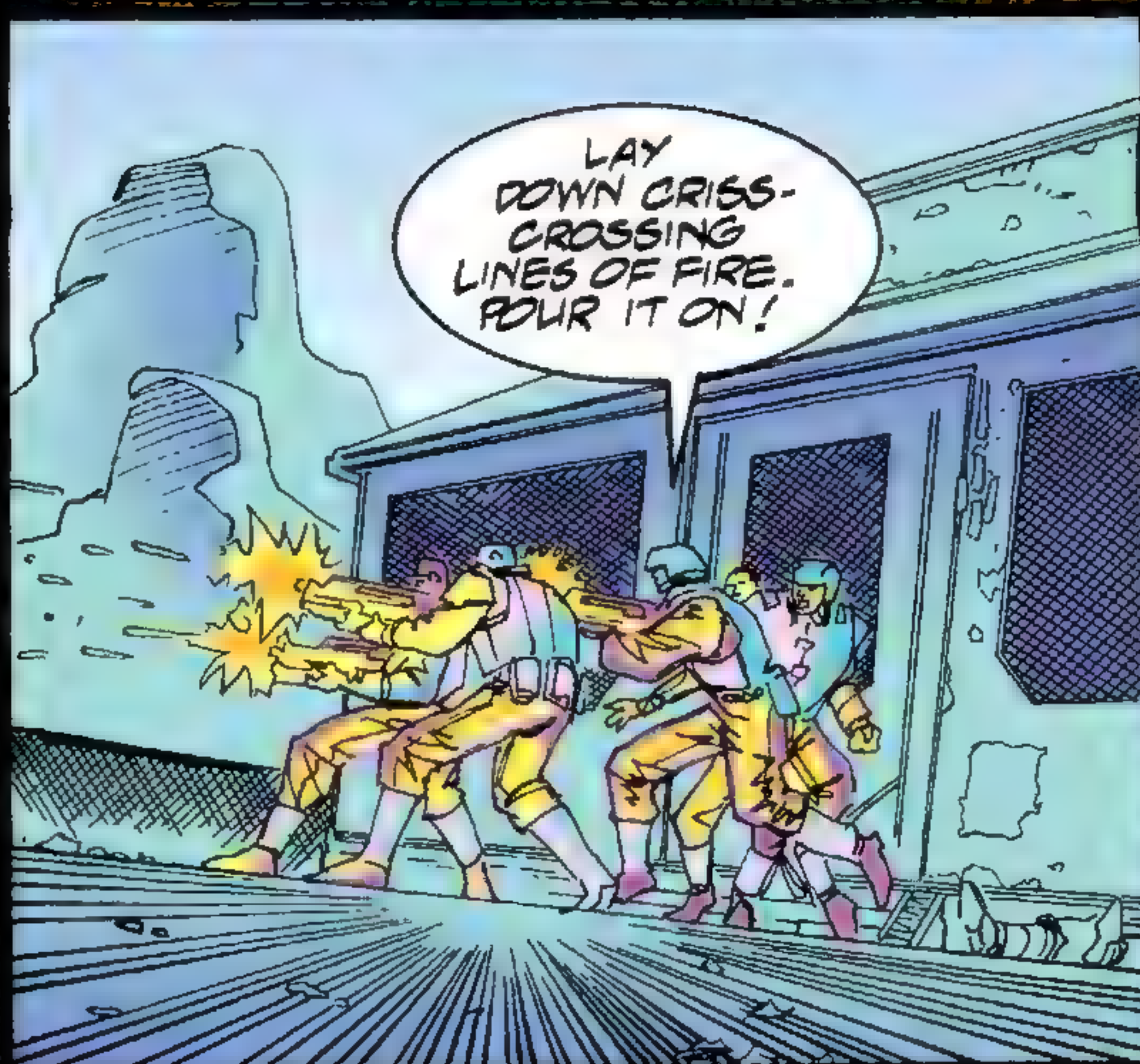
GOOD. TELL MURPHY I WANT HER HERE YESTERDAY.

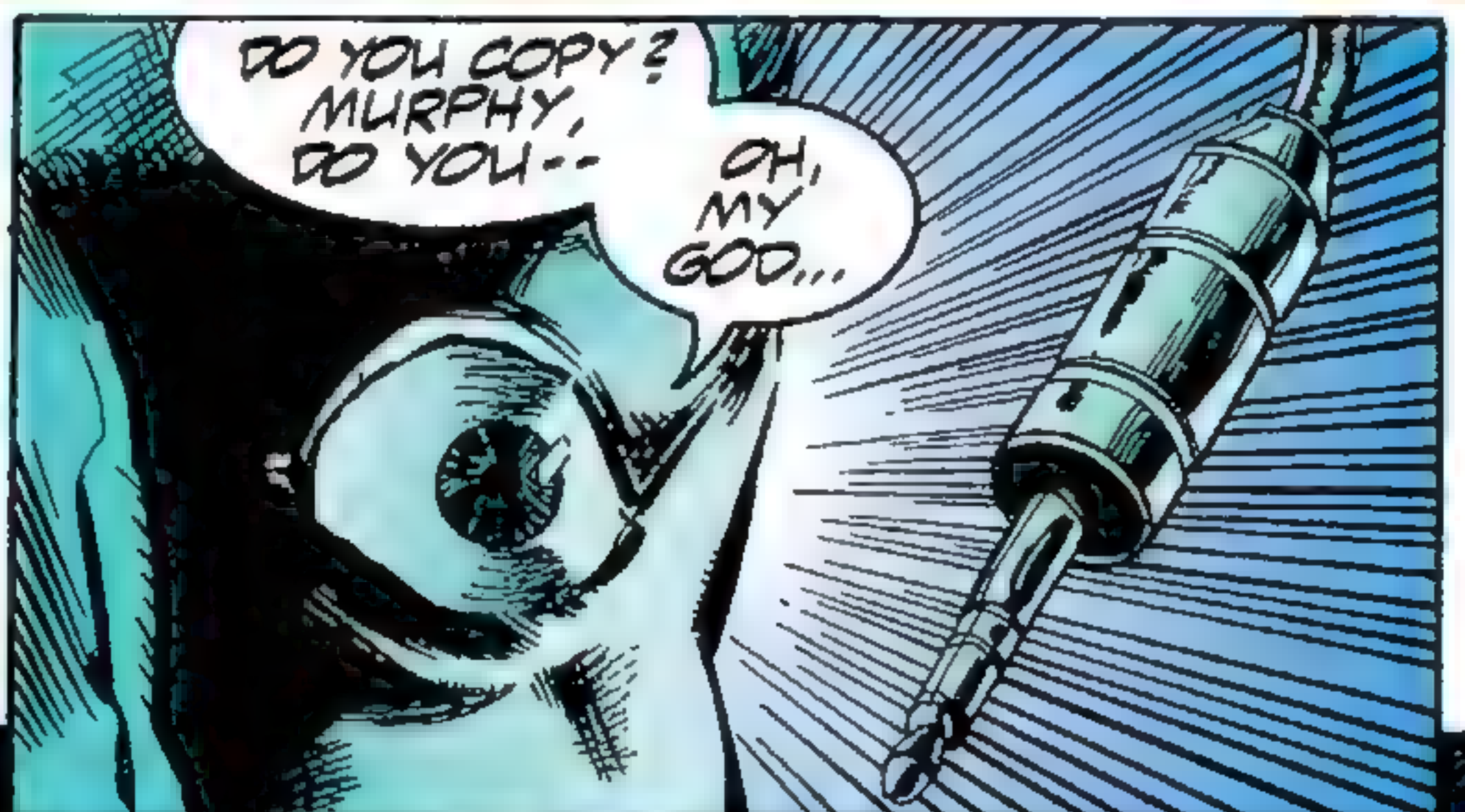
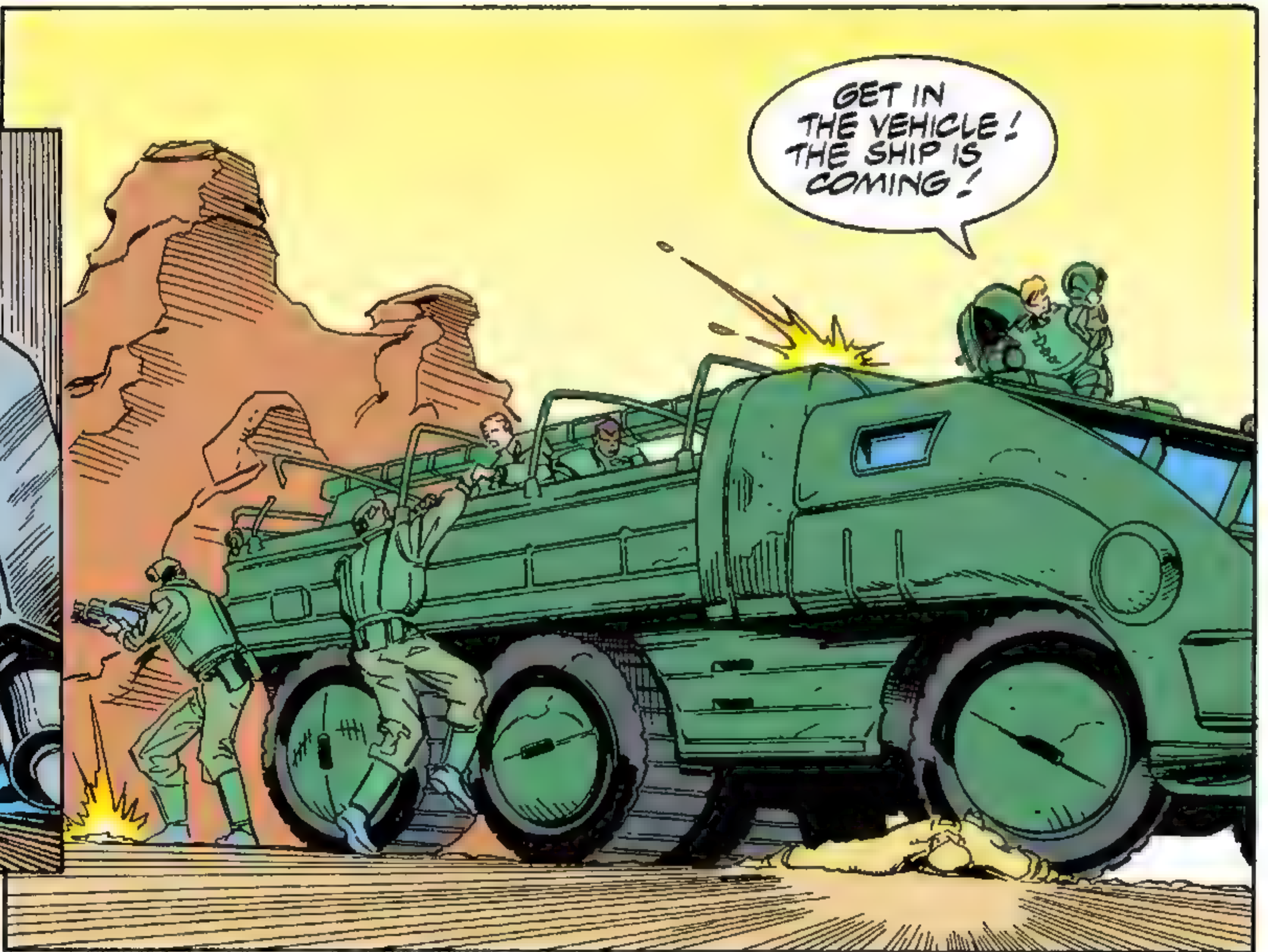
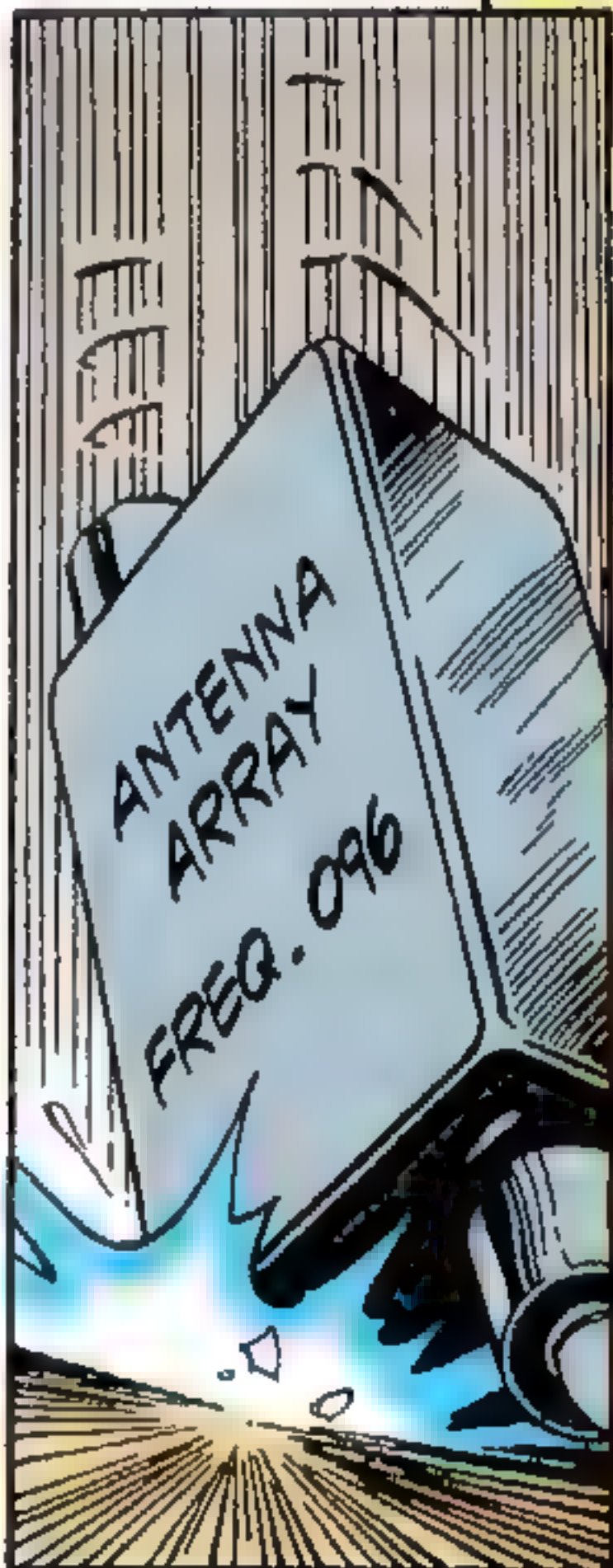
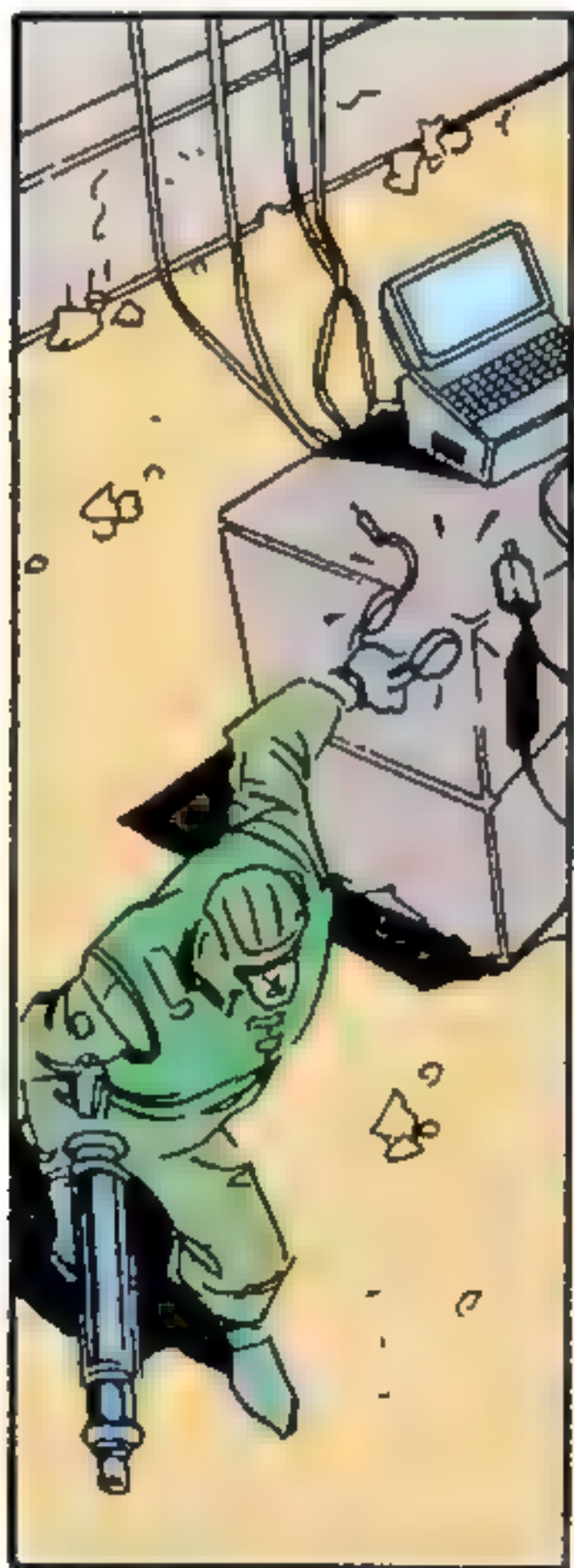
DONE, SIR. SHE SAYS ETA TWENTY MINUTES. SHE'S COOKING ON ALL BURNERS.

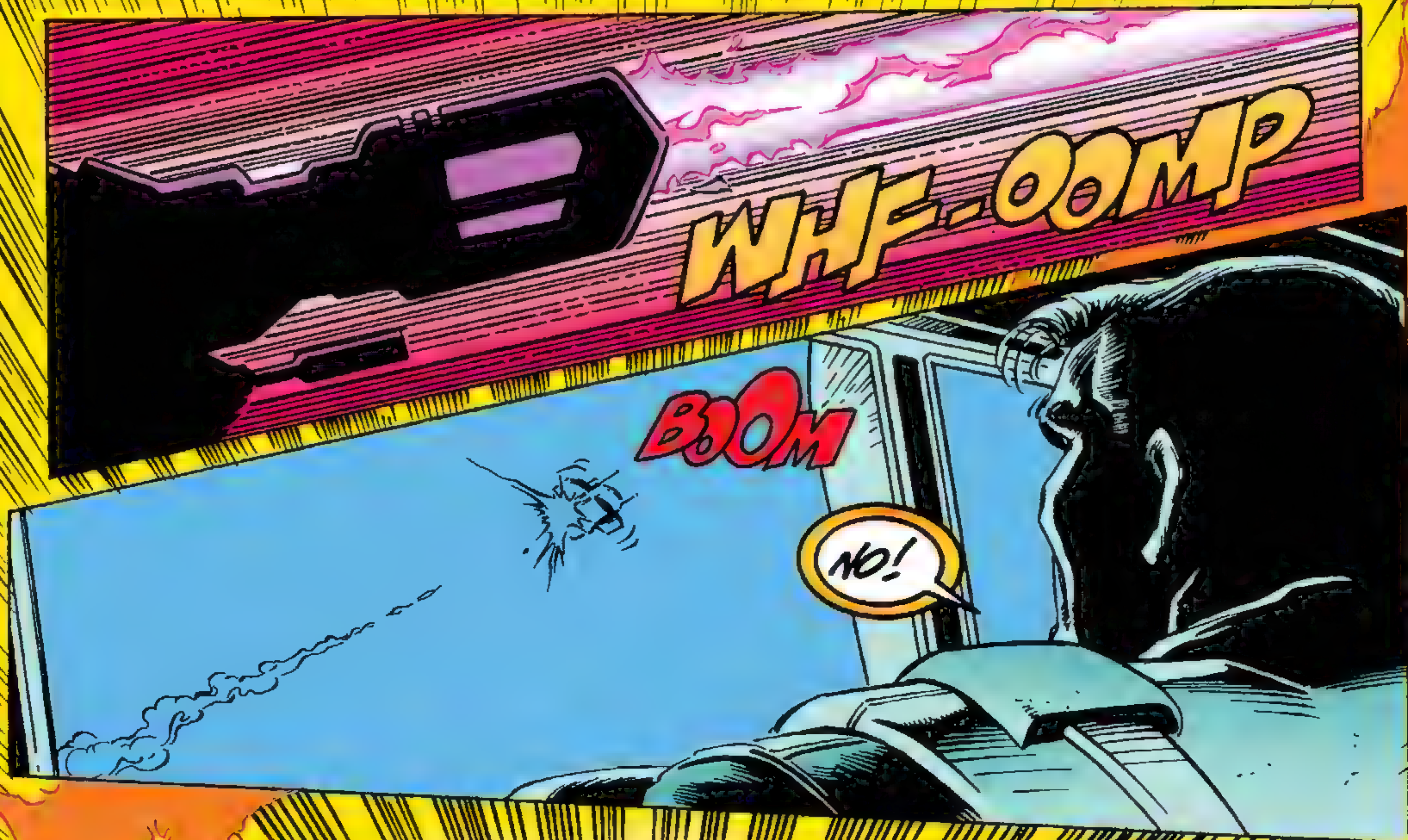


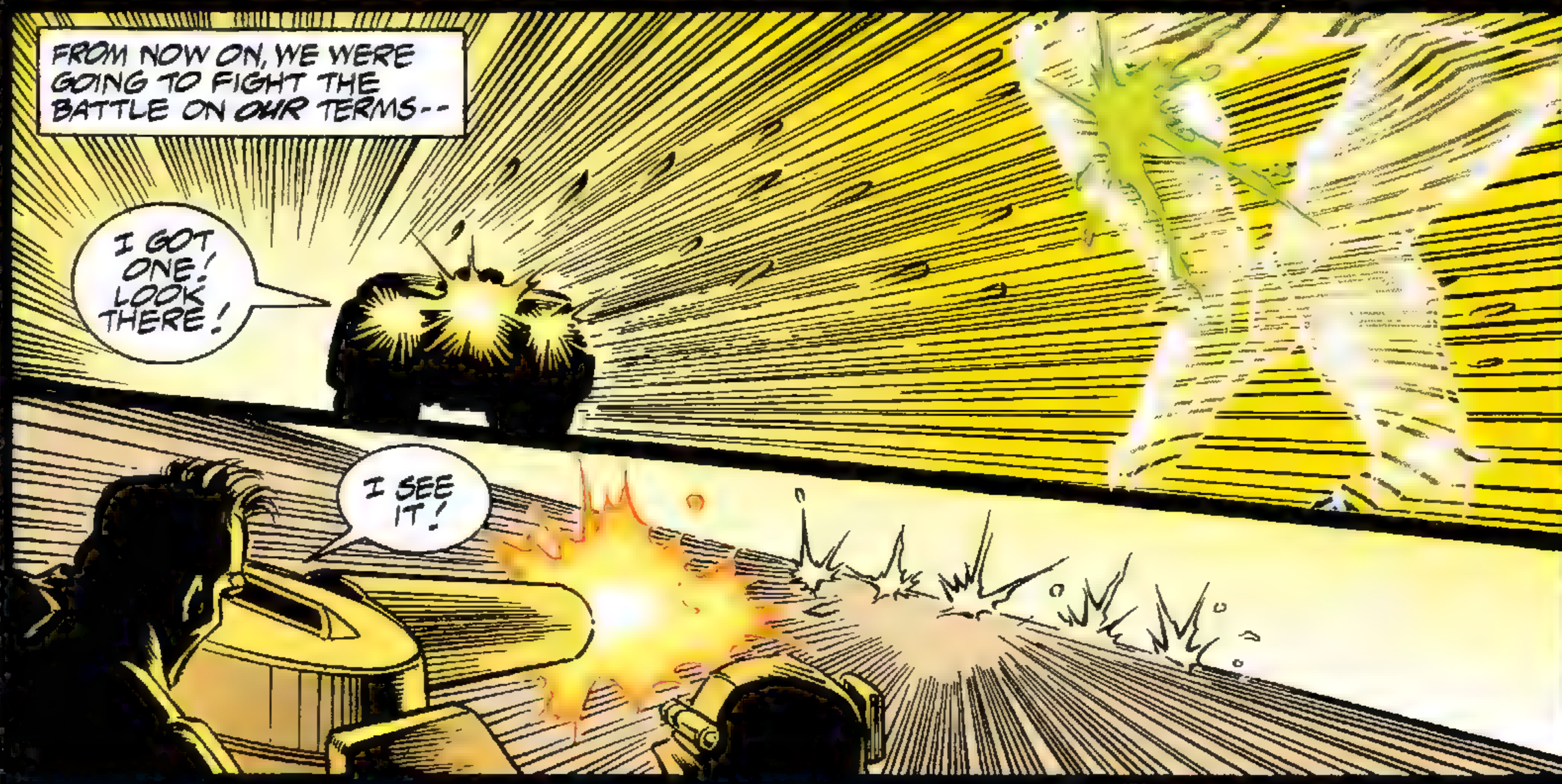
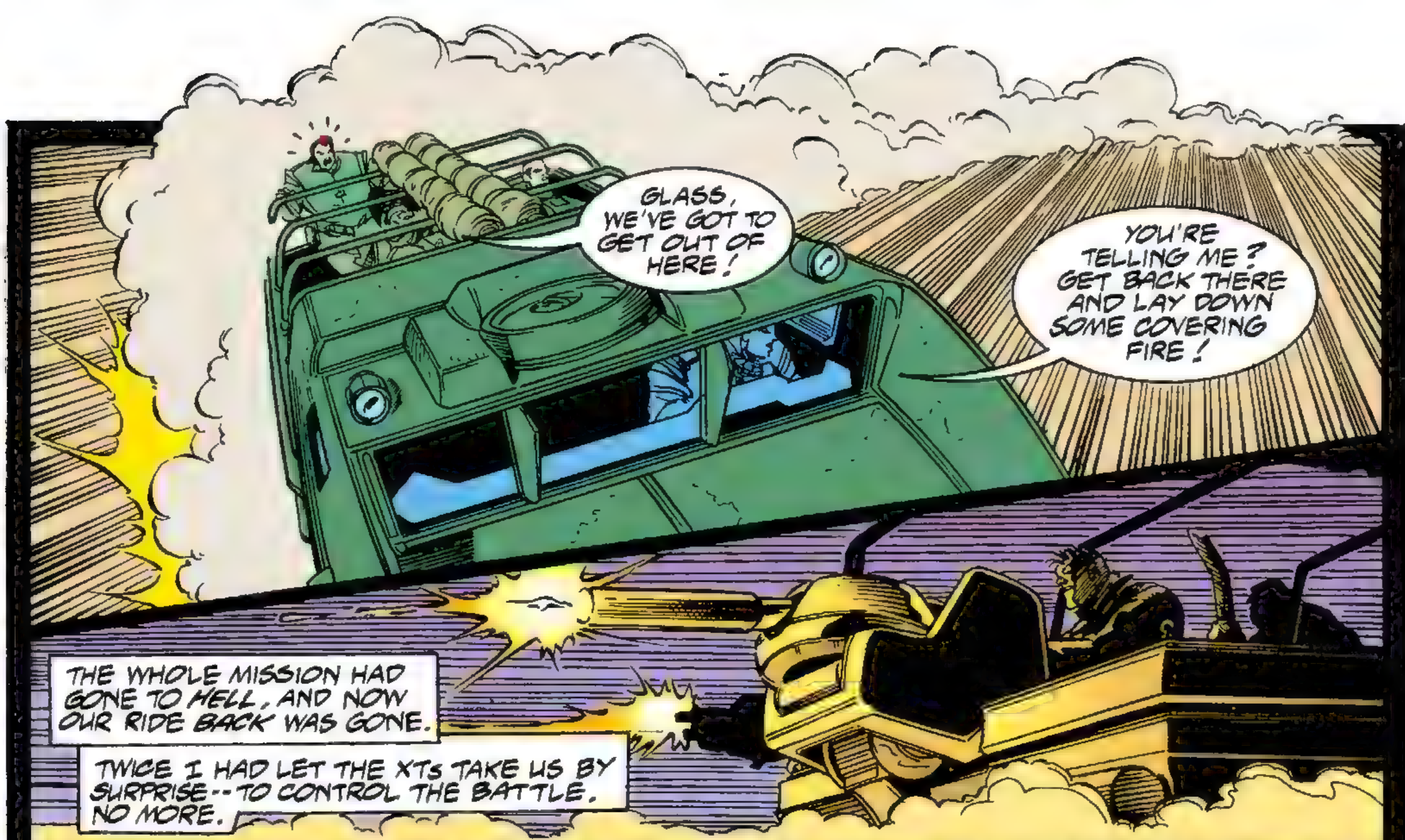








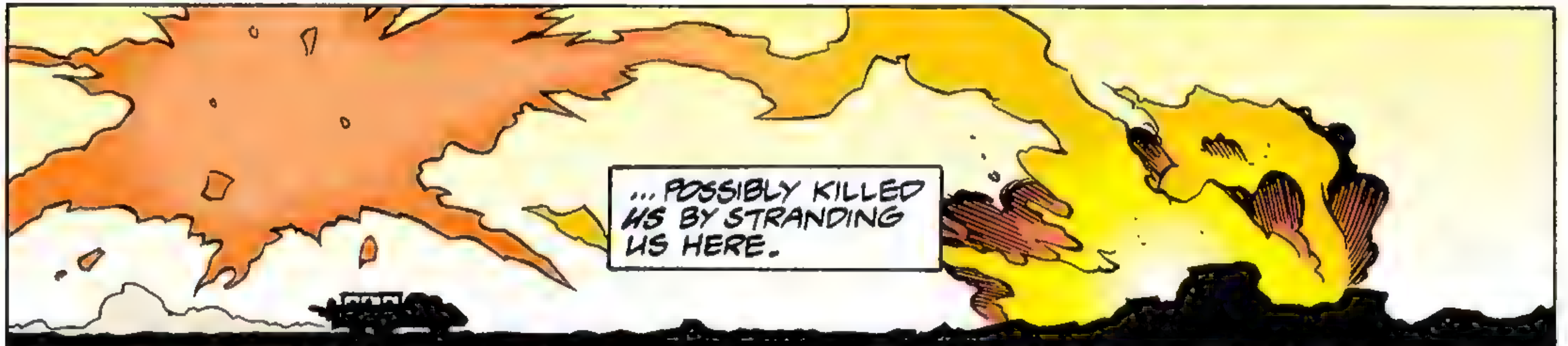




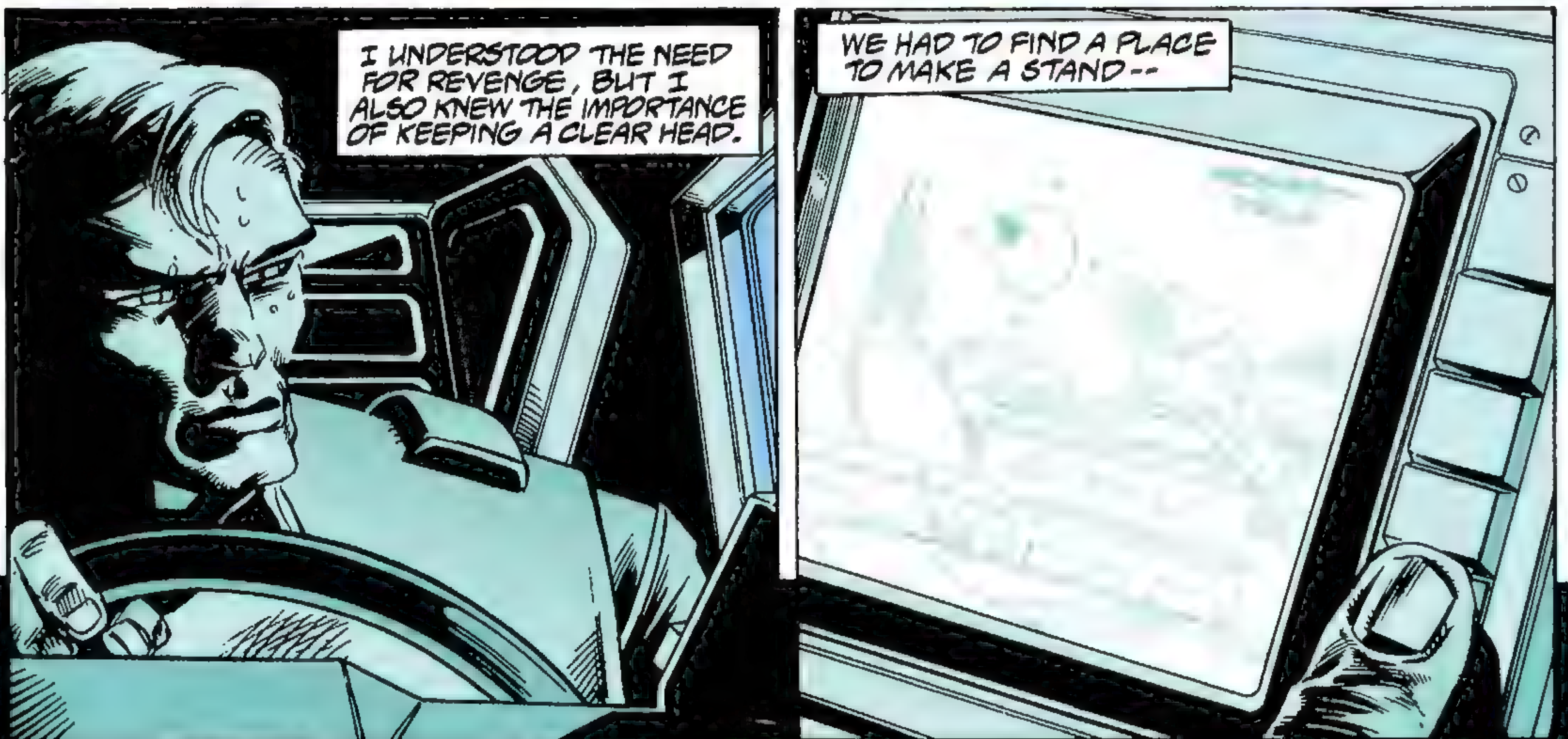


WE GOT ONE, CAPTAIN!
LET'S STAY AND FIGHT--
WE CAN TAKE 'EM!

I UNDERSTOOD REED'S FEELINGS.
THE MONSTERS HAD KILLED OUR
FRIENDS...



... POSSIBLY KILLED
US BY STRANDING
US HERE.

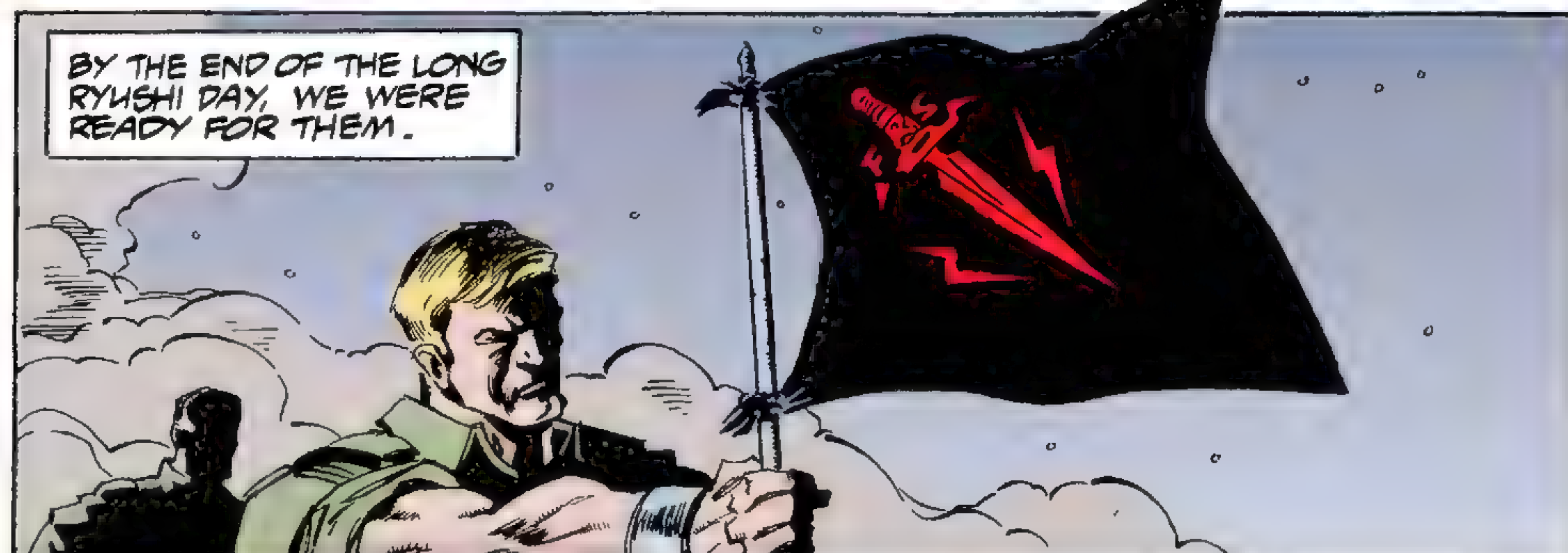
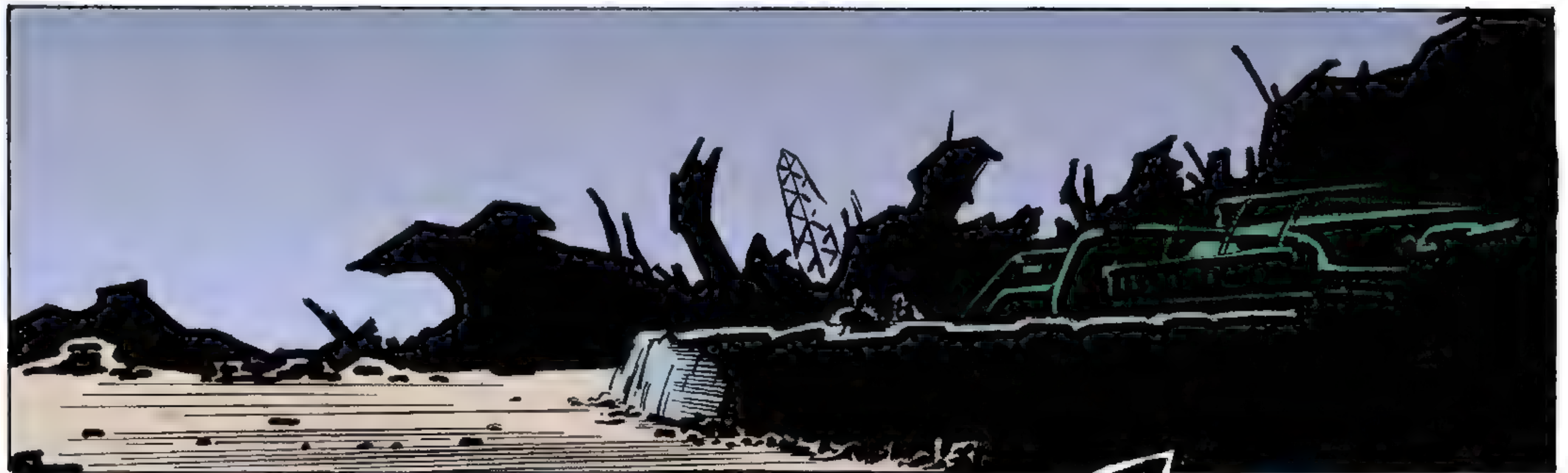
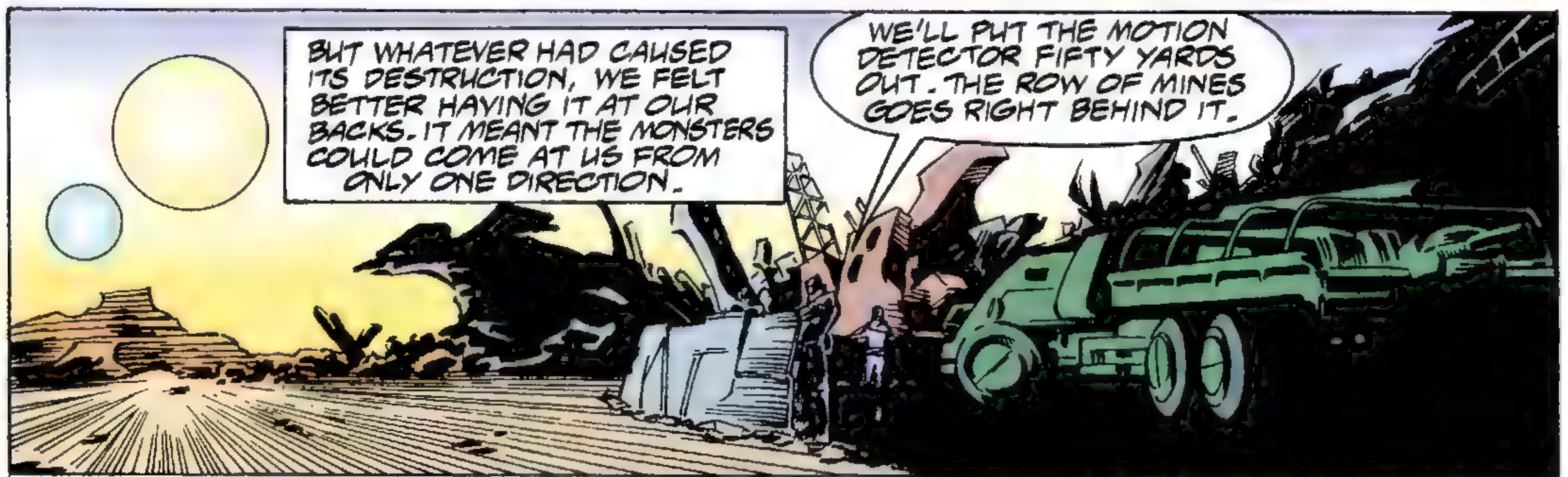
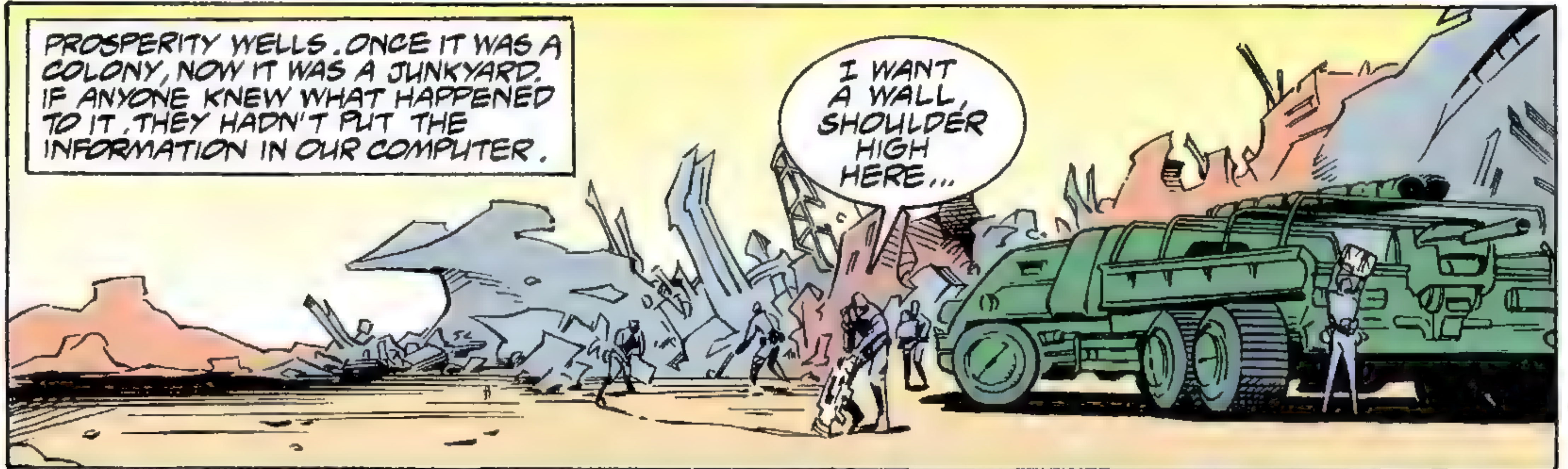


I UNDERSTOOD THE NEED
FOR REVENGE, BUT I
ALSO KNEW THE IMPORTANCE
OF KEEPING A CLEAR HEAD.

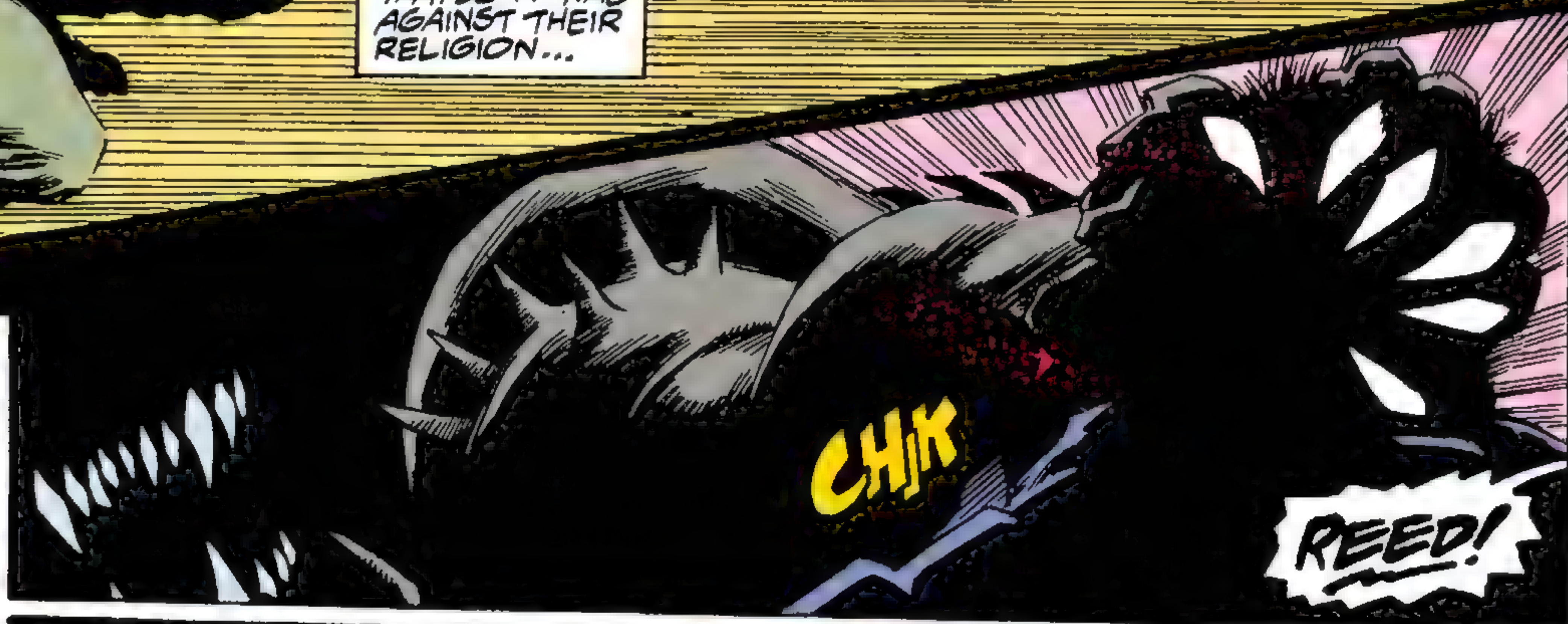
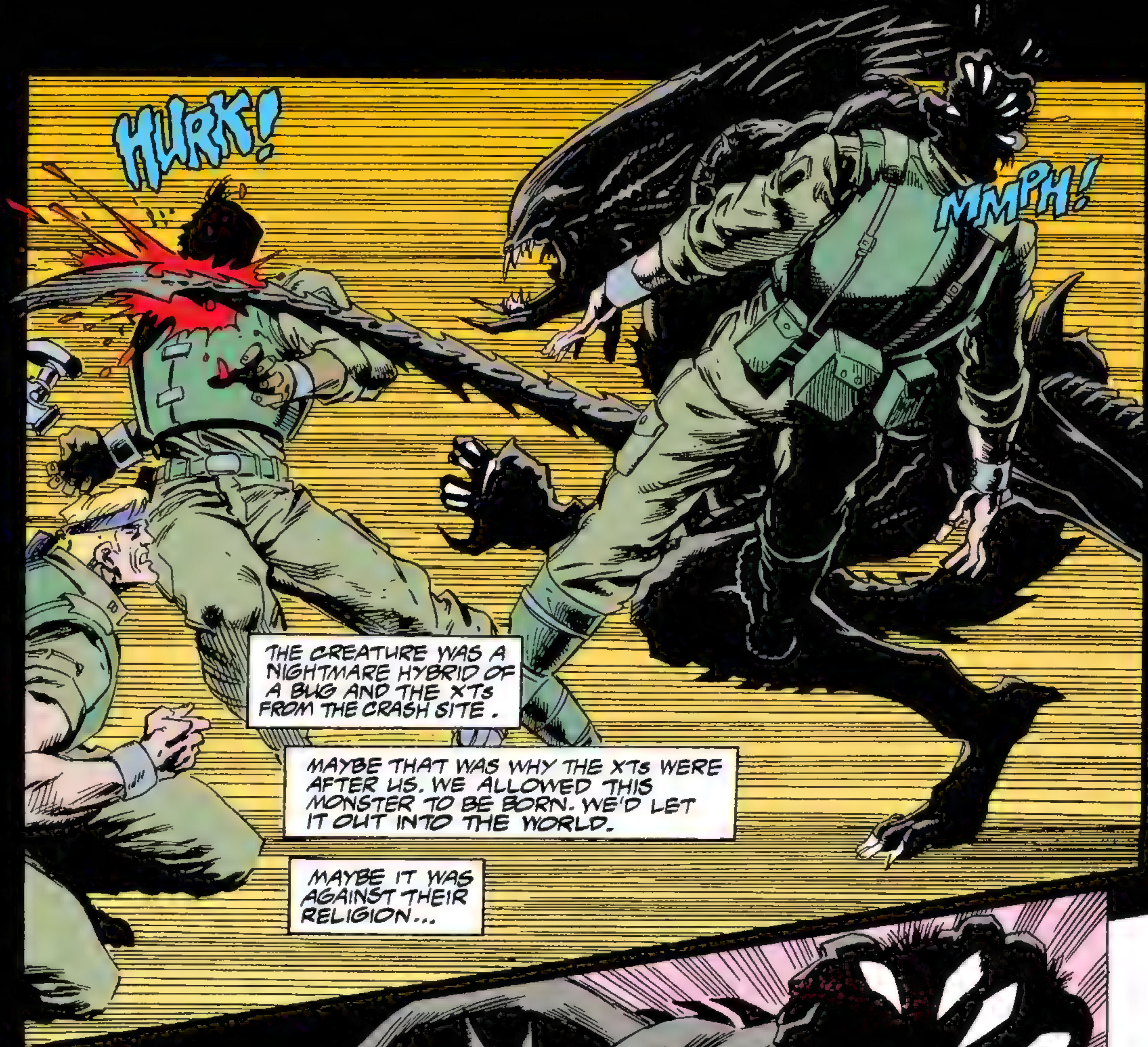
WE HAD TO FIND A PLACE
TO MAKE A STAND--

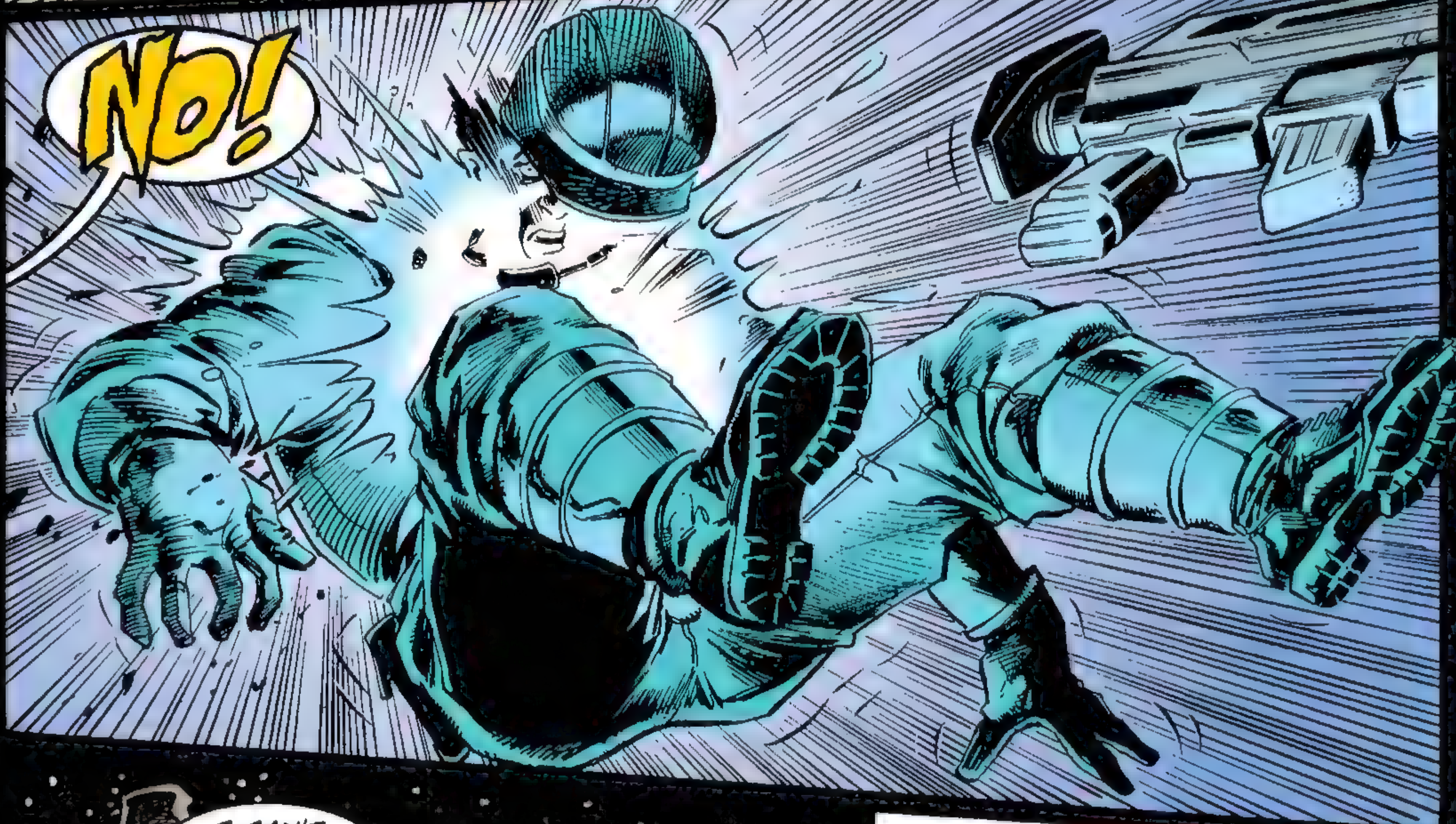
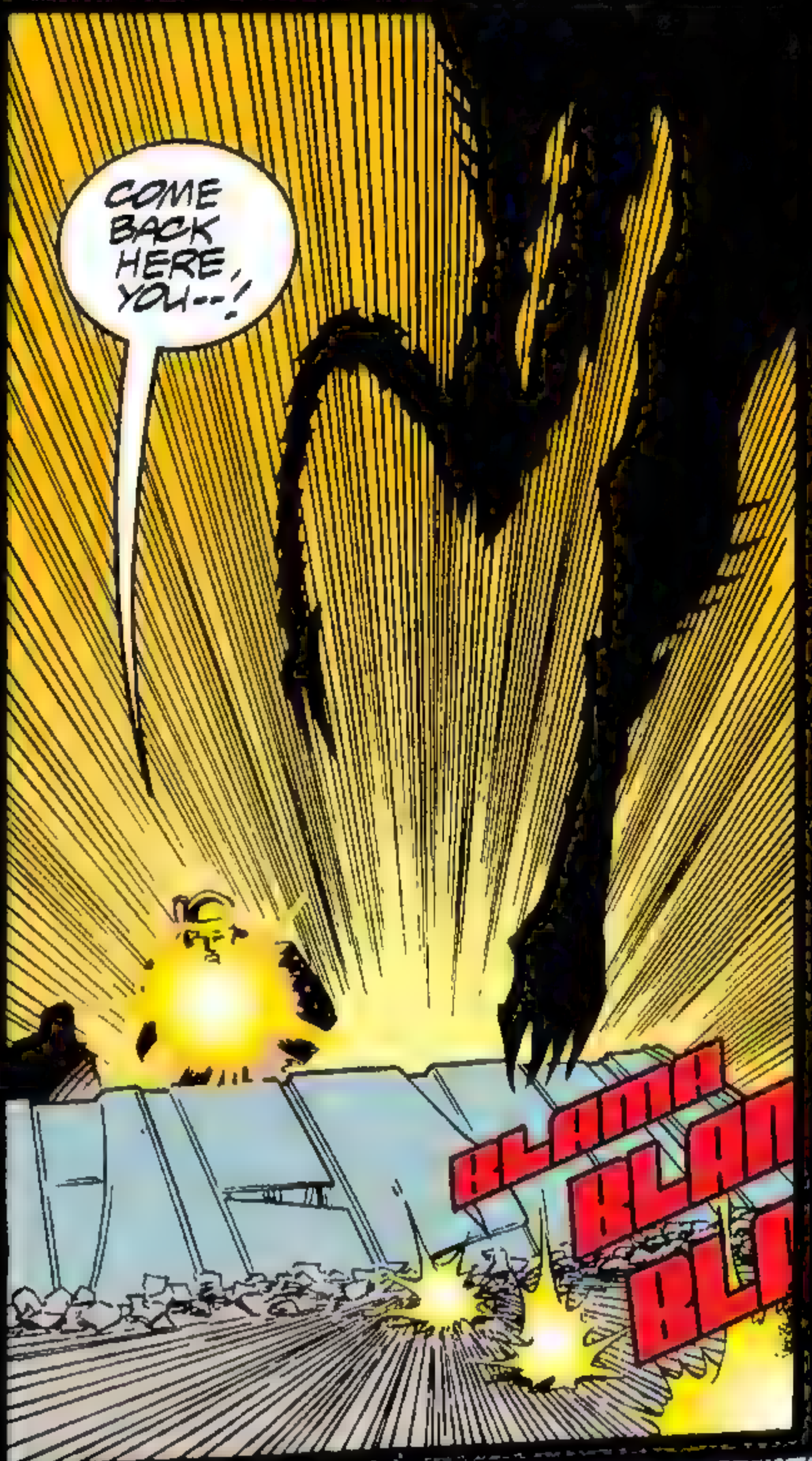


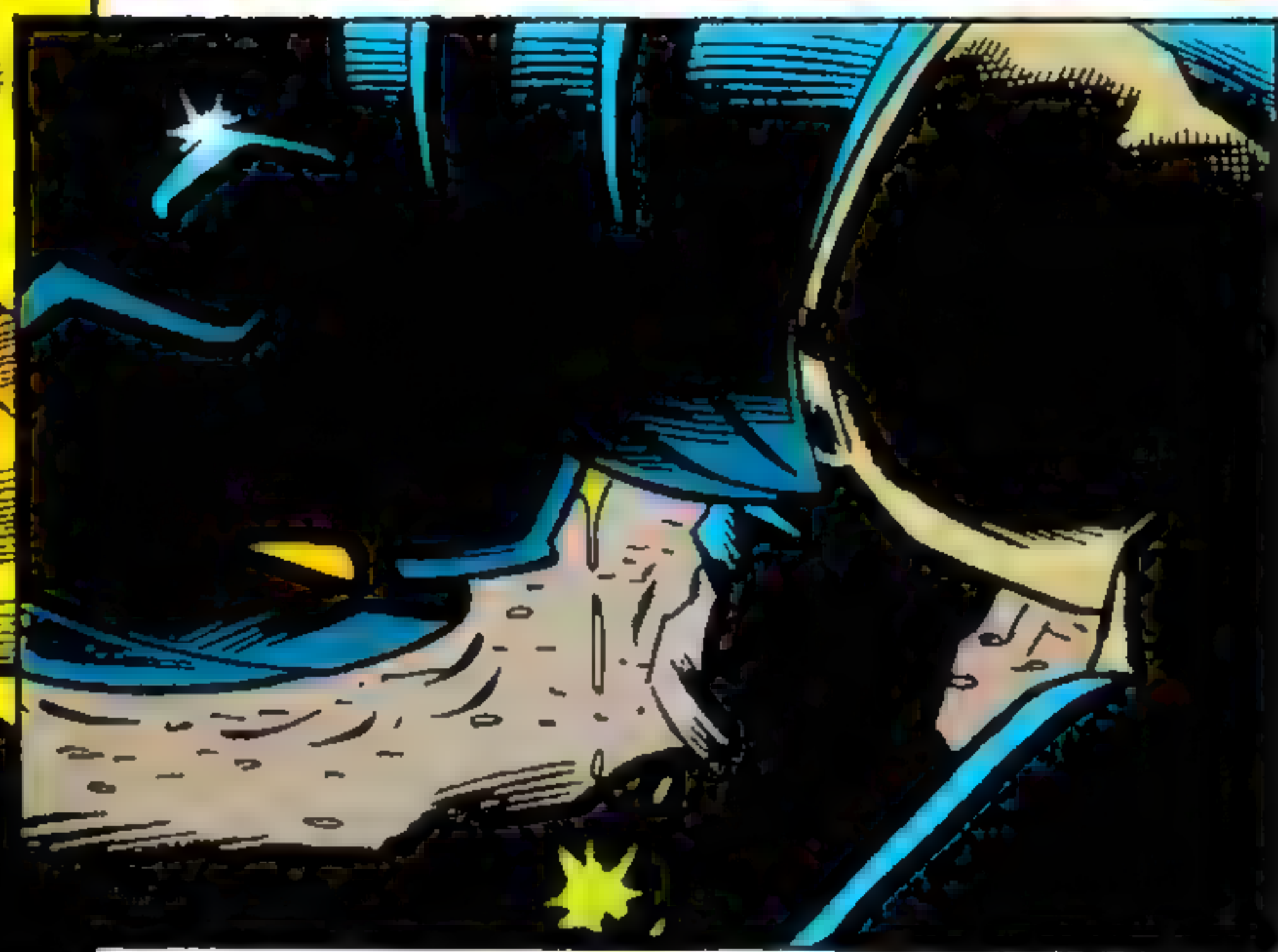
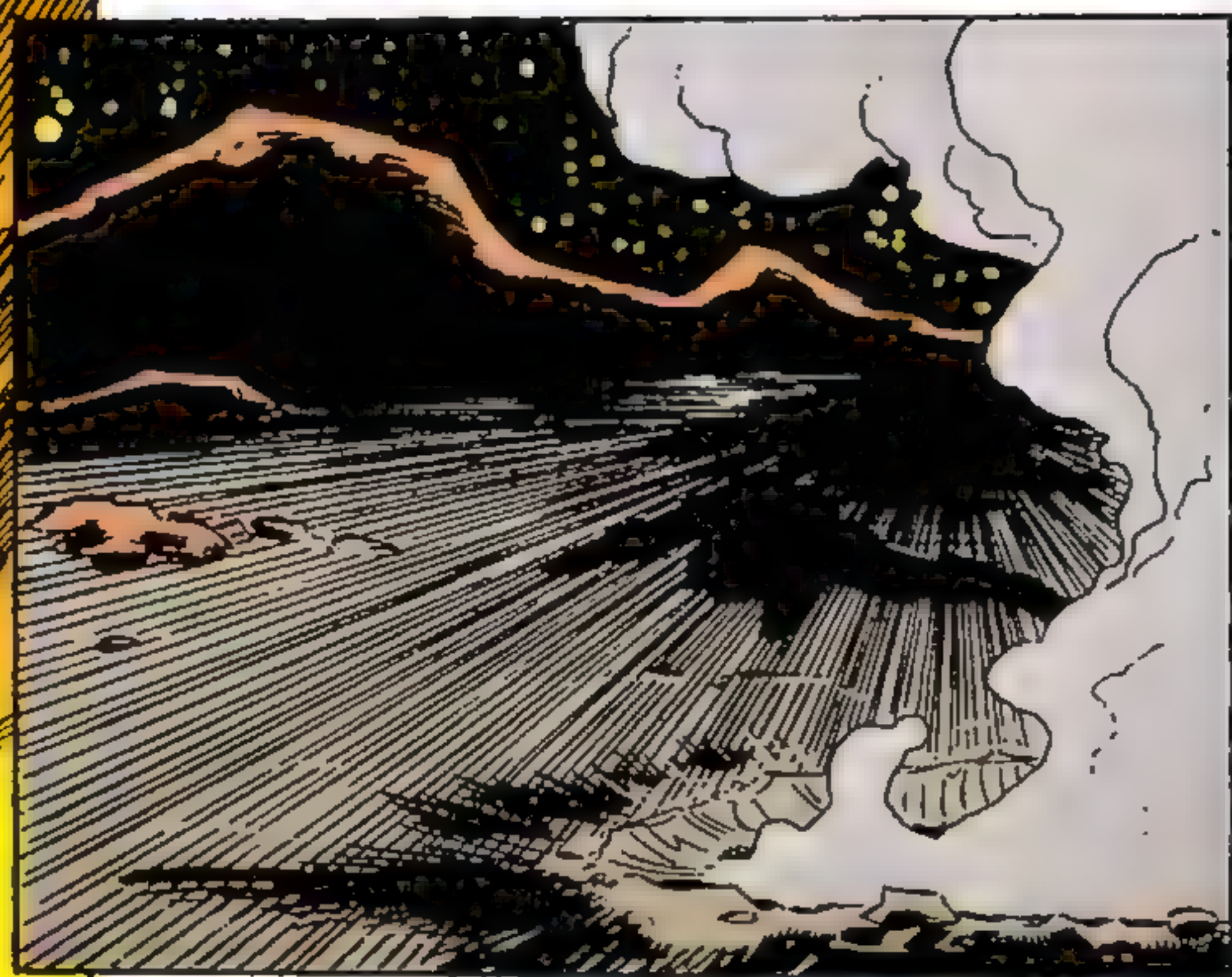
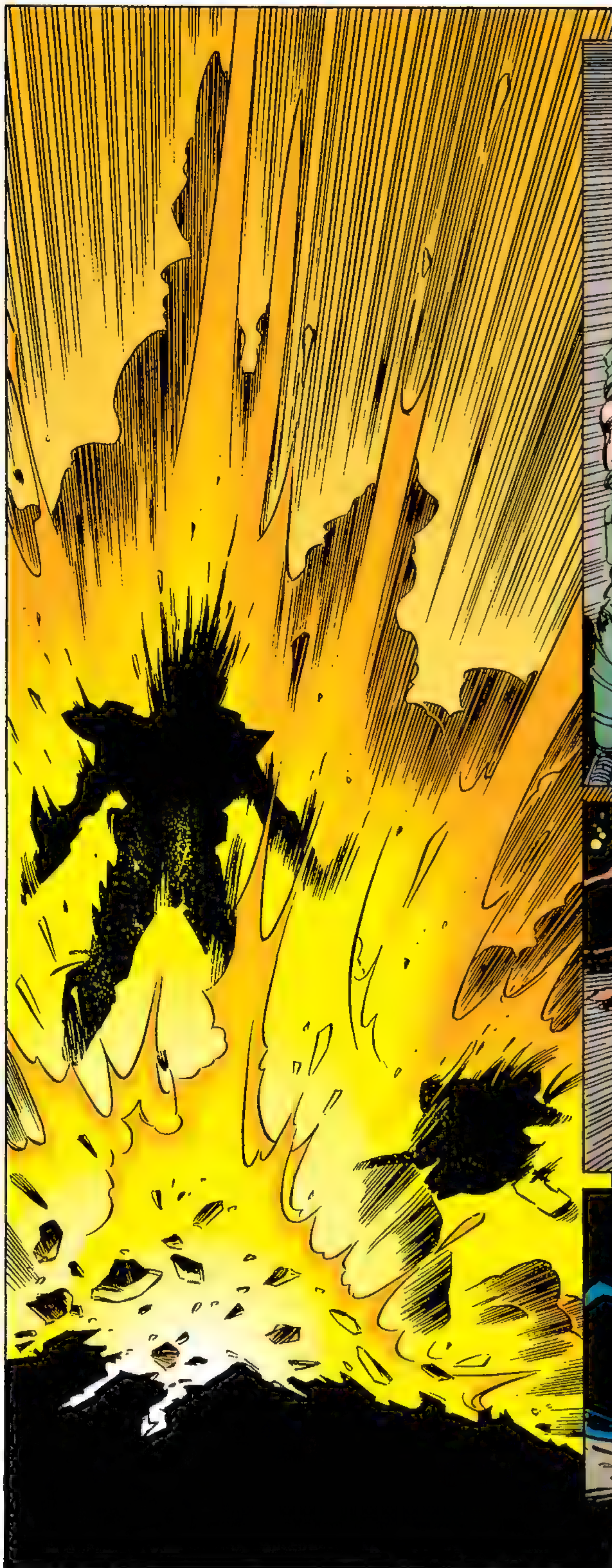
--AND MAKE THE
MONSTERS
COME TO US.

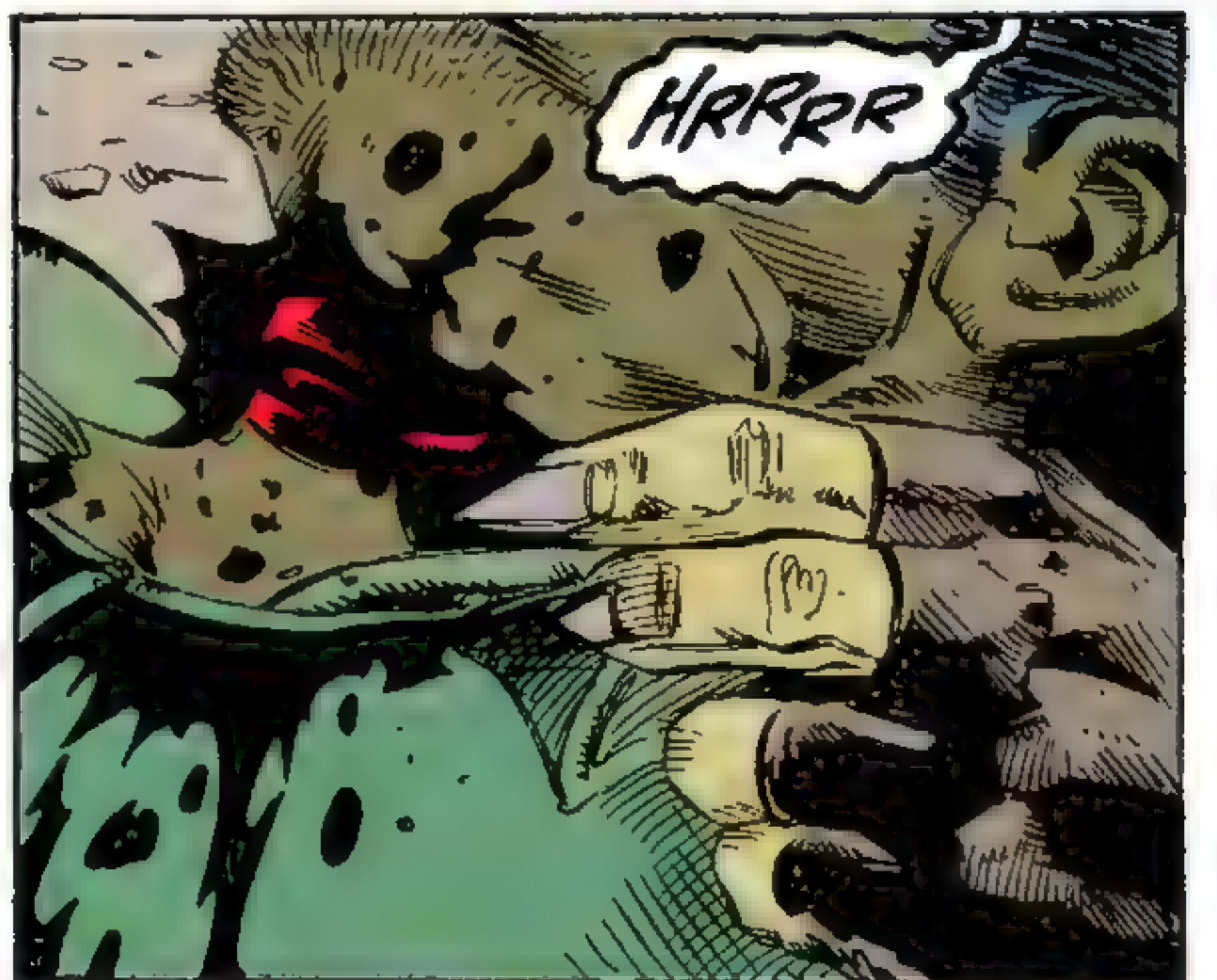
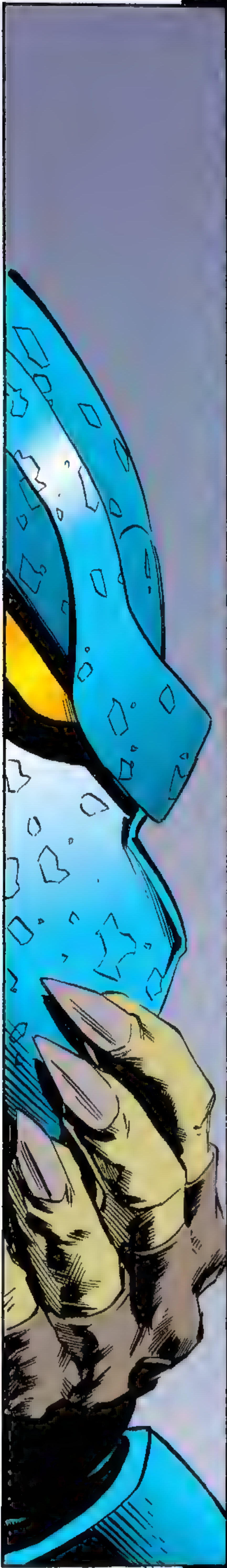














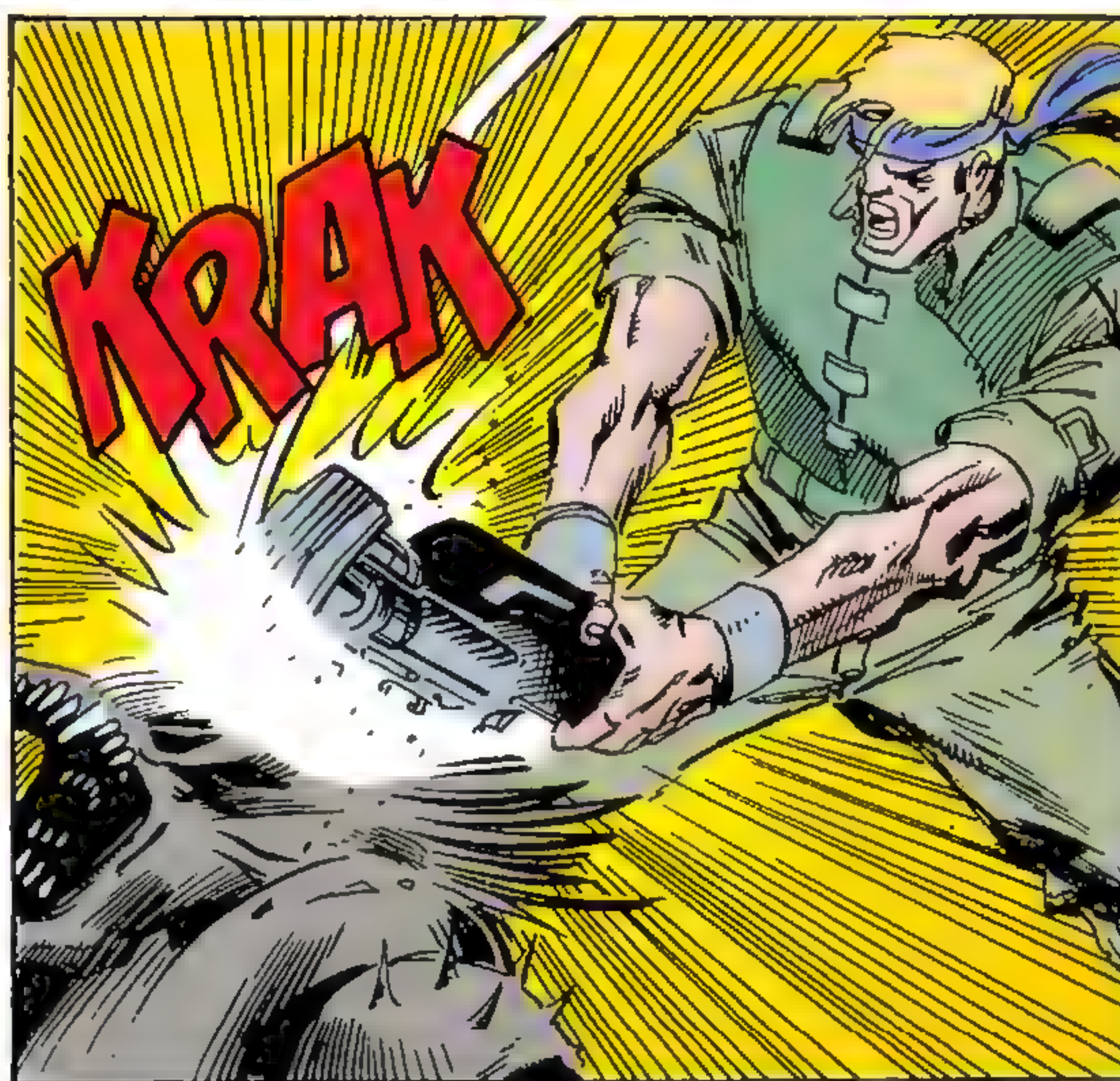
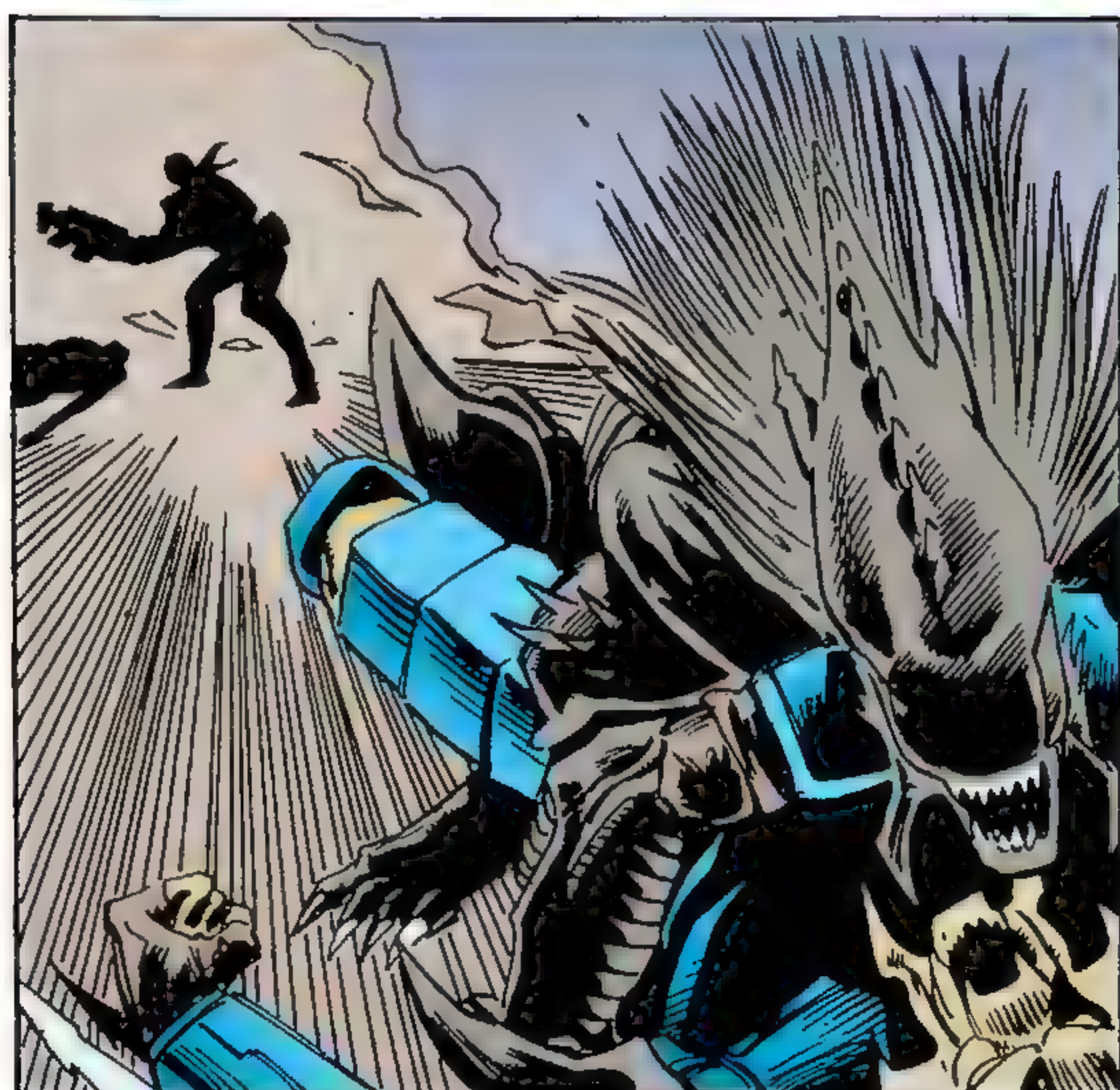
LIKE I SAID,
IT COMES DOWN
TO CHOICES.



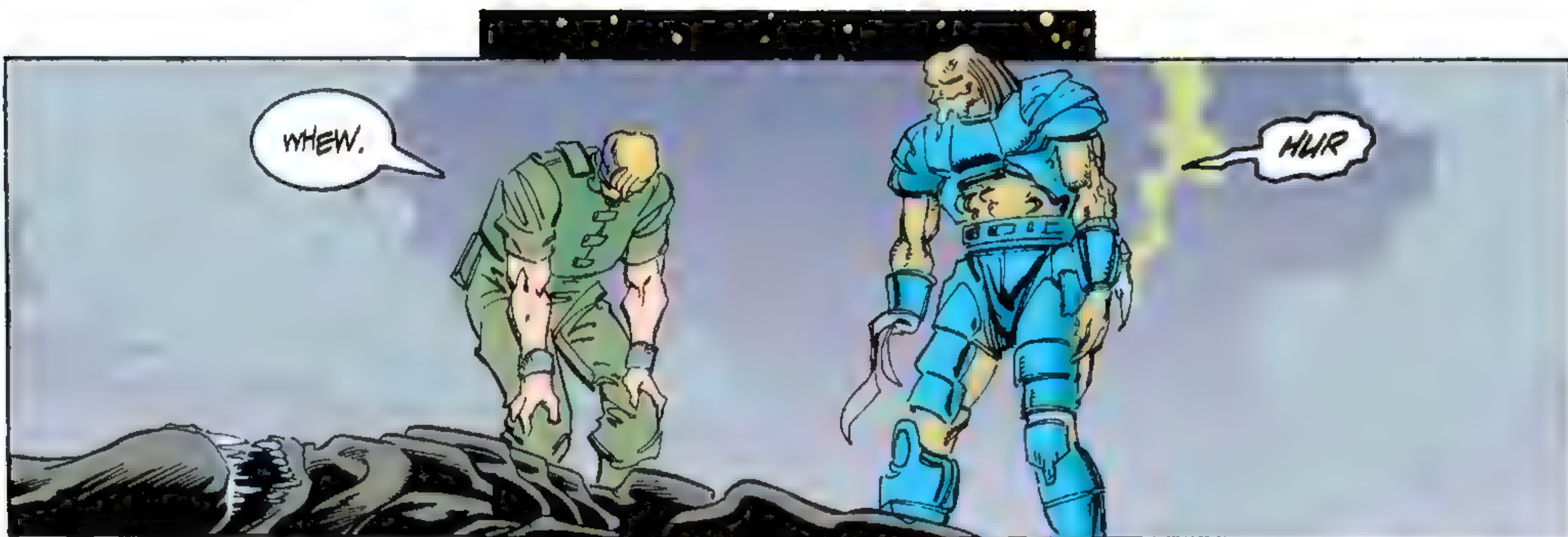
GOOD OR
BAD -- LIFE
OR DEATH--



--SANE OR
CRAZY...





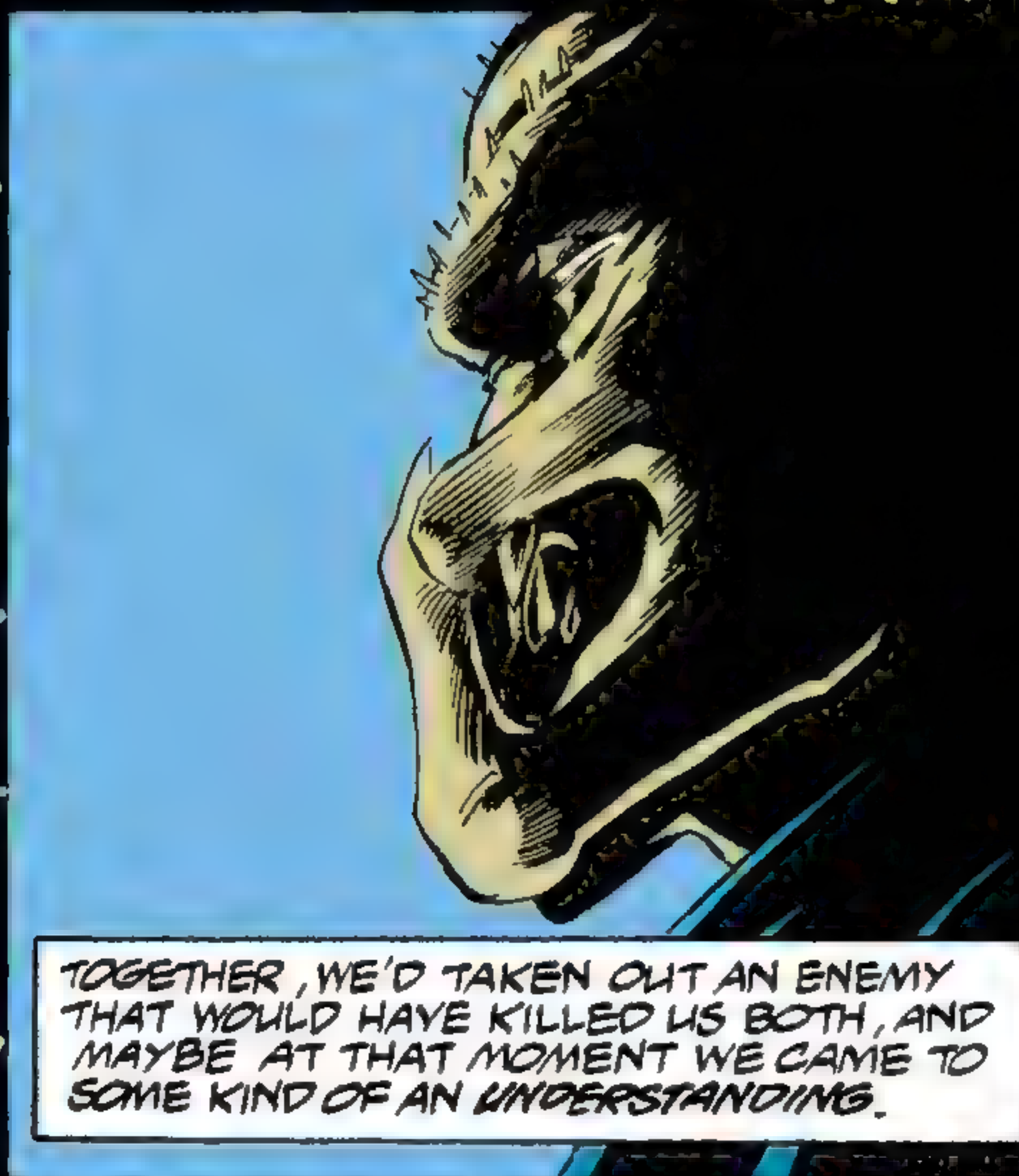


WHEW.

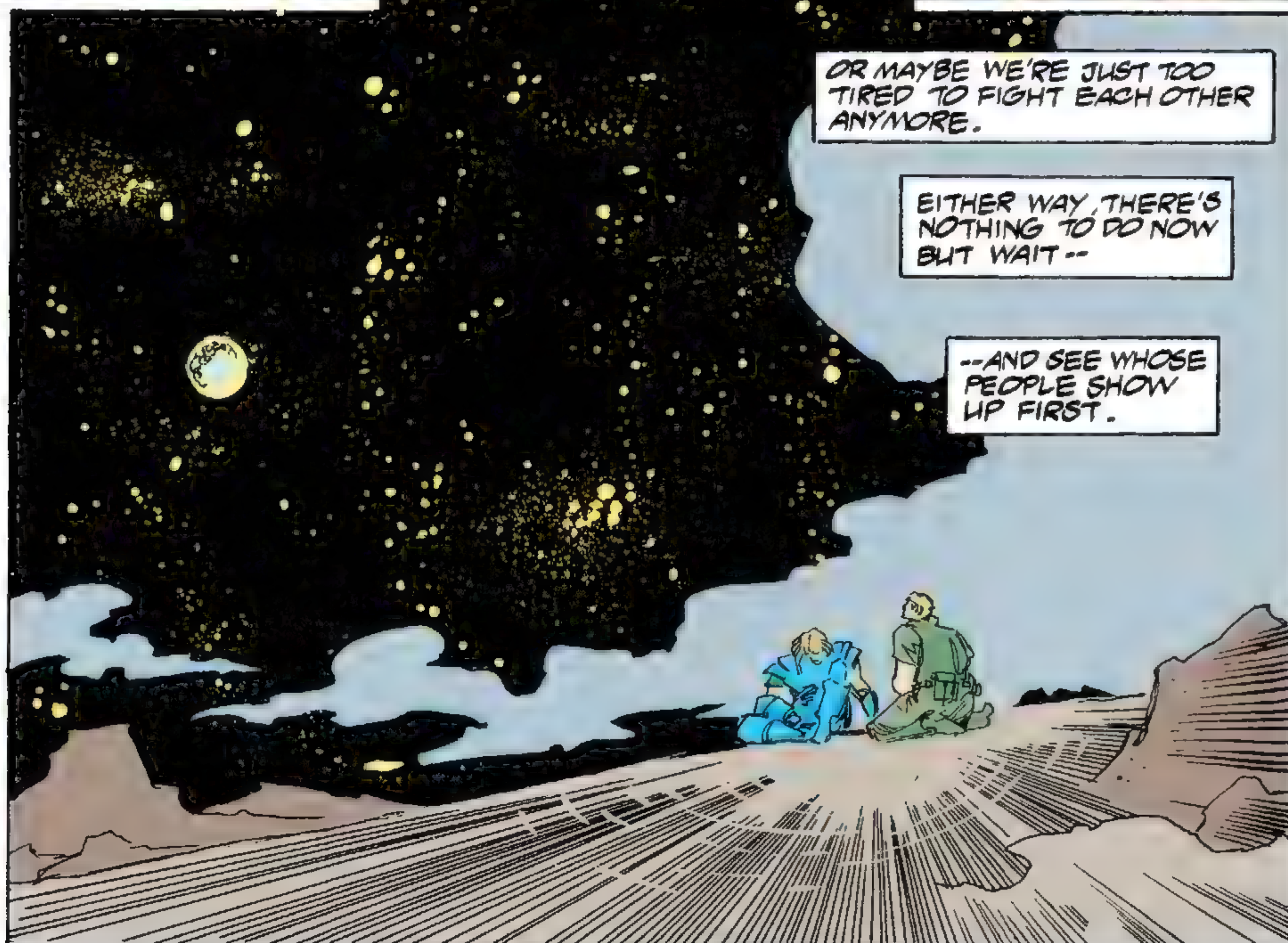
HUR



BUT SOMETIMES,
CRAZY CHOICES
ARE THE RIGHT
ONES--AT LEAST
IN THE SHORT
RUN.



TOGETHER, WE'D TAKEN OUT AN ENEMY
THAT WOULD HAVE KILLED US BOTH, AND
MAYBE AT THAT MOMENT WE CAME TO
SOME KIND OF AN UNDERSTANDING.



OR MAYBE WE'RE JUST TOO
TIRED TO FIGHT EACH OTHER
ANYMORE.

EITHER WAY, THERE'S
NOTHING TO DO NOW
BUT WAIT --

--AND SEE WHOSE
PEOPLE SHOW
UP FIRST.



PART 1

script

RANDY STRADLEY

art

CHRIS WARNER

colors

JAMES SINCLAIR

lettering

STEVE DUTRO

title illustration

DUNCAN FEGREDO



ANOTHER WORLD
DOMINATED BY
THE BUGS.



ACCORDING TO
HUNTER FOLKLORE,
THE BUGS EVOLVED
SIMULTANEOUSLY
ON A MULTITUDE
OF WORLDS.

THIS IS
NONSENSE,
OF COURSE.

WORSE, IT
MASKS THE
HORROR
BEHIND THE
TRUTH--

--WHICH IS THAT THE
BUGS ARE ABLE TO
ADAPT TO, AND
THRIVE IN, ANY
ENVIRONMENT--

--AND THAT IT'S THE
HUNTERS WHO ARE
PRIMARY RESPONSIBLE
FOR SPREADING THE
BUGS THROUGHOUT
THE GALAXY.

THIS WORLD ABOUNDS WITH
POTENTIAL. WATER IS PLENTIFUL,
THE ATMOSPHERE IS CAPABLE
OF SUPPORTING LIFE, AND
THE TEMPERATURE IS STABLE,
THOUGH COLD BY HUNTER
STANDARDS.

THE BUGS WOULDN'T
CARE IF IT WAS HOT
AND DUSTY WITH NOTHING
BUT CHLORINE TO BREATHE.

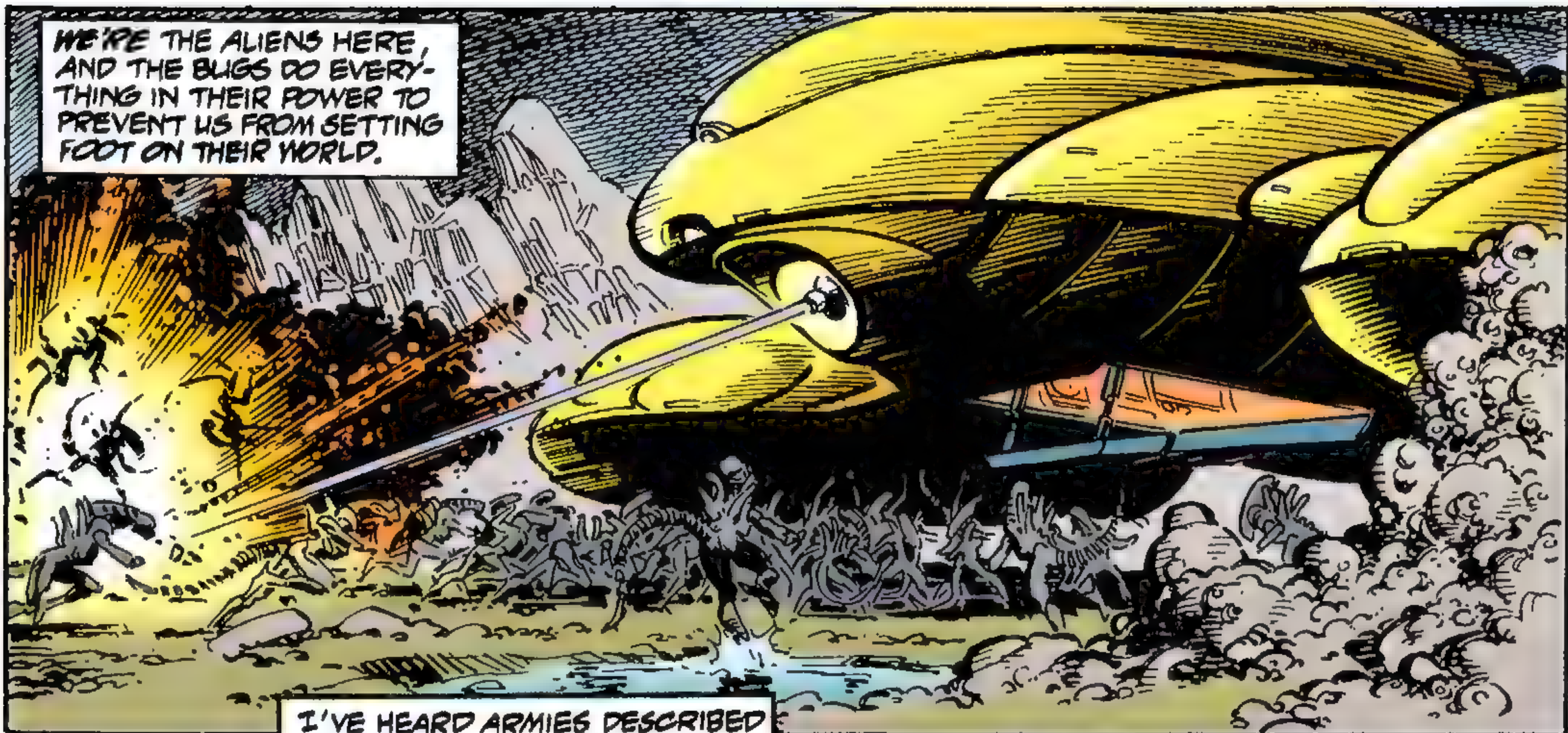
INSIDE THE SHIP, THE
HEAT RISES TO MEET
THE TENSION LEVEL AS
THE HUNTERS ADJUST
THE THERMOSTATS ON
THEIR BODY MESH.

TOPKNOT GIVES THE
"READY" SIGNAL.

WHETHER THE BUGS WERE
PUT HERE INTENTIONALLY,
OR IF THEIR PRESENCE IS
THE RESULT OF THE KIND
OF ACCIDENT THAT
OCCURRED ON RYUSHI, I
DON'T KNOW.

IT DOESN'T MATTER. THIS
WORLD BELONGS TO THEM NOW.

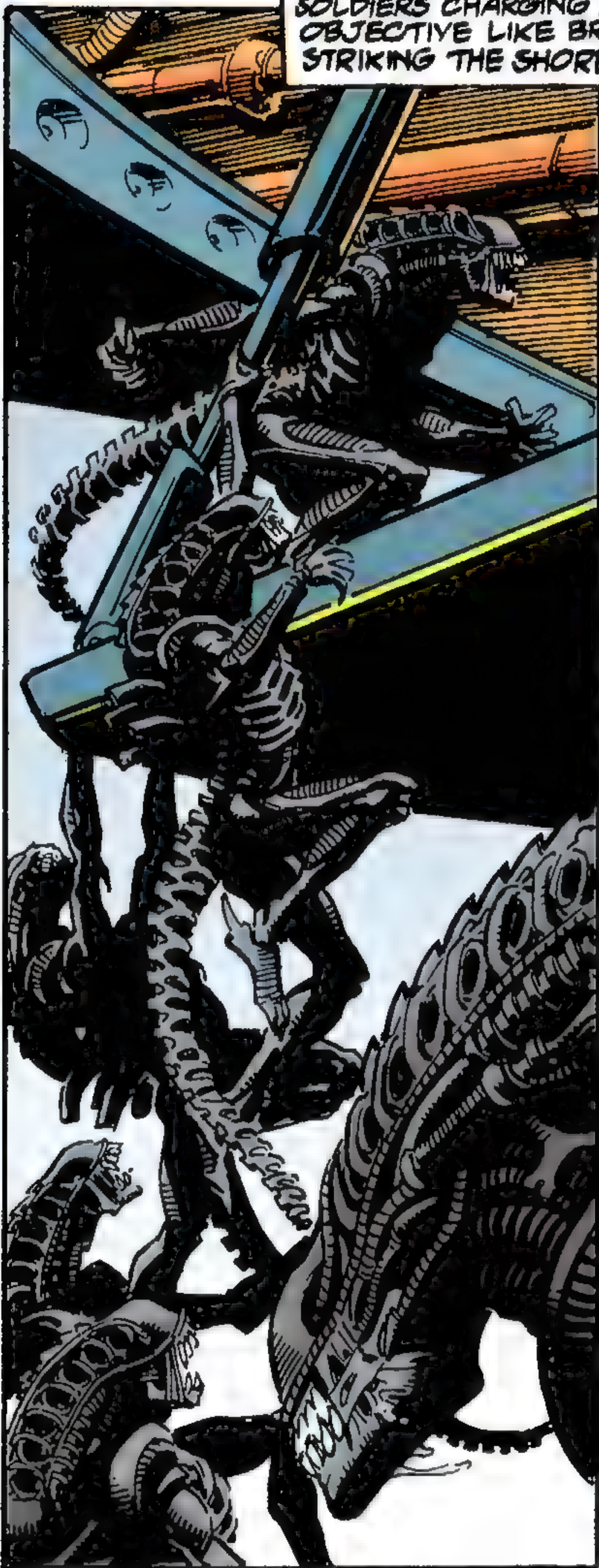
WE'RE THE ALIENS HERE,
AND THE BUGS DO EVERY-
THING IN THEIR POWER TO
PREVENT US FROM SETTING
FOOT ON THEIR WORLD.



I'VE HEARD ARMIES DESCRIBED
AS ATTACKING IN "WAVES"--
SOLDIERS CHARGING AN
OBJECTIVE LIKE BREAKERS
STRIKING THE SHORELINE.

THIS IS NOTHING LIKE THAT.

THERE ARE NO LULLS
BETWEEN "WAVES" OF
ATTACKERS. THEIR ATTACK
IS A SINGLE WAVE--A
TSUNAMI OF NEEDLE
TEETH, RAZOR CLAWS,
AND SICKLE TAILS.

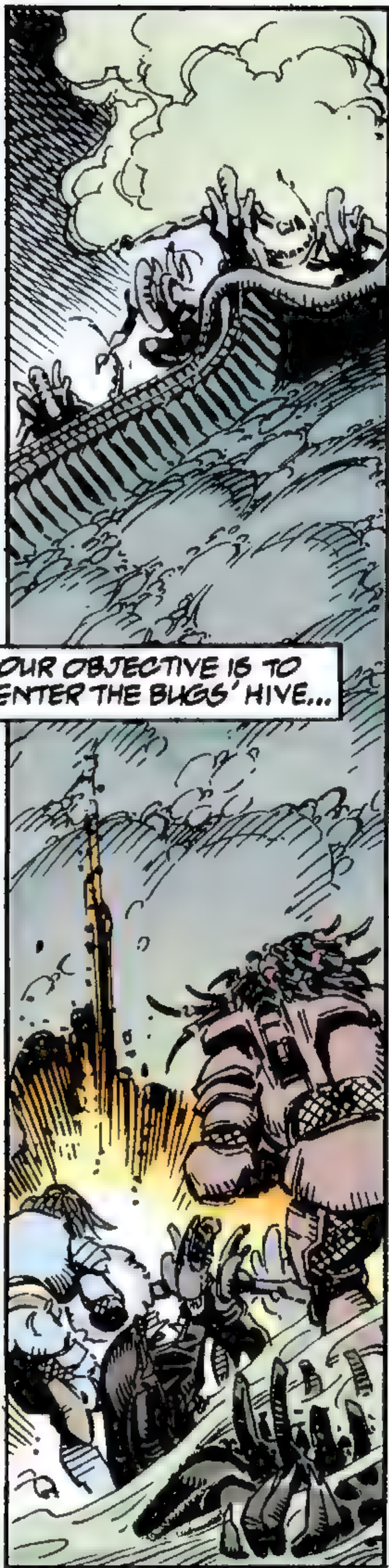




FOR THIS EXPEDITION, THE RITUAL
LAWS OF MATCHING THE QUARRY
WEAPON FOR WEAPON ARE SUSPENDED.
PLASMA-CASTERS AND LASERS REPLACE
THE NAGINATAS AND SCATTER GUNS
PRESCRIBED FOR HUNTING BUGS.

THIS IS NO HUNTING
TRIP--THIS IS WAR!

THERE ARE NO RULES IN
WAR--ONLY OBJECTIVES.



OUR OBJECTIVE IS TO
ENTER THE BUGS' HIVE...



...CLAIM OUR PRIZE...



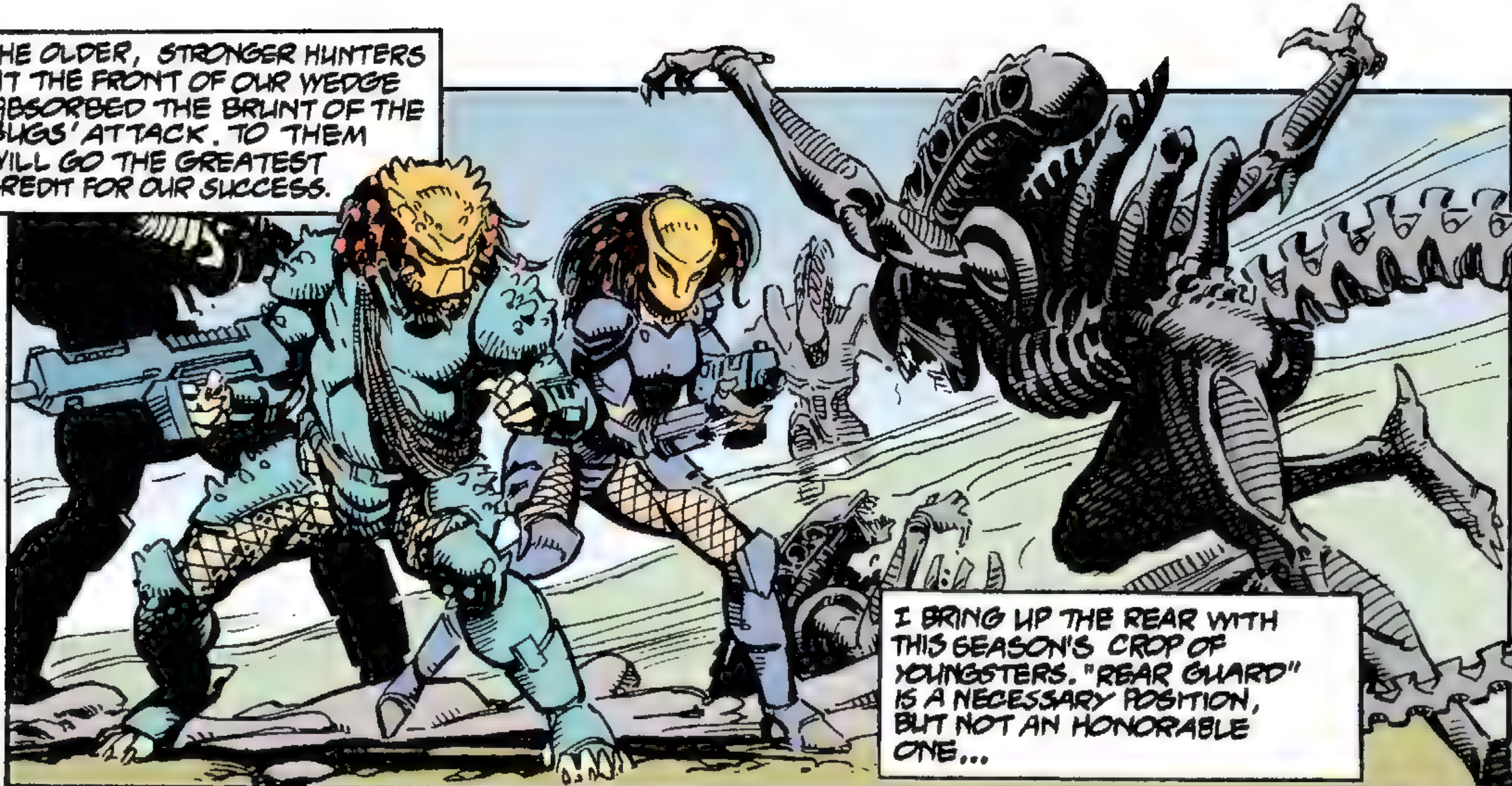
...AND RETURN
TO OUR SHIP.



THE BUGS' OBJECTIVE
IS TO STOP US.

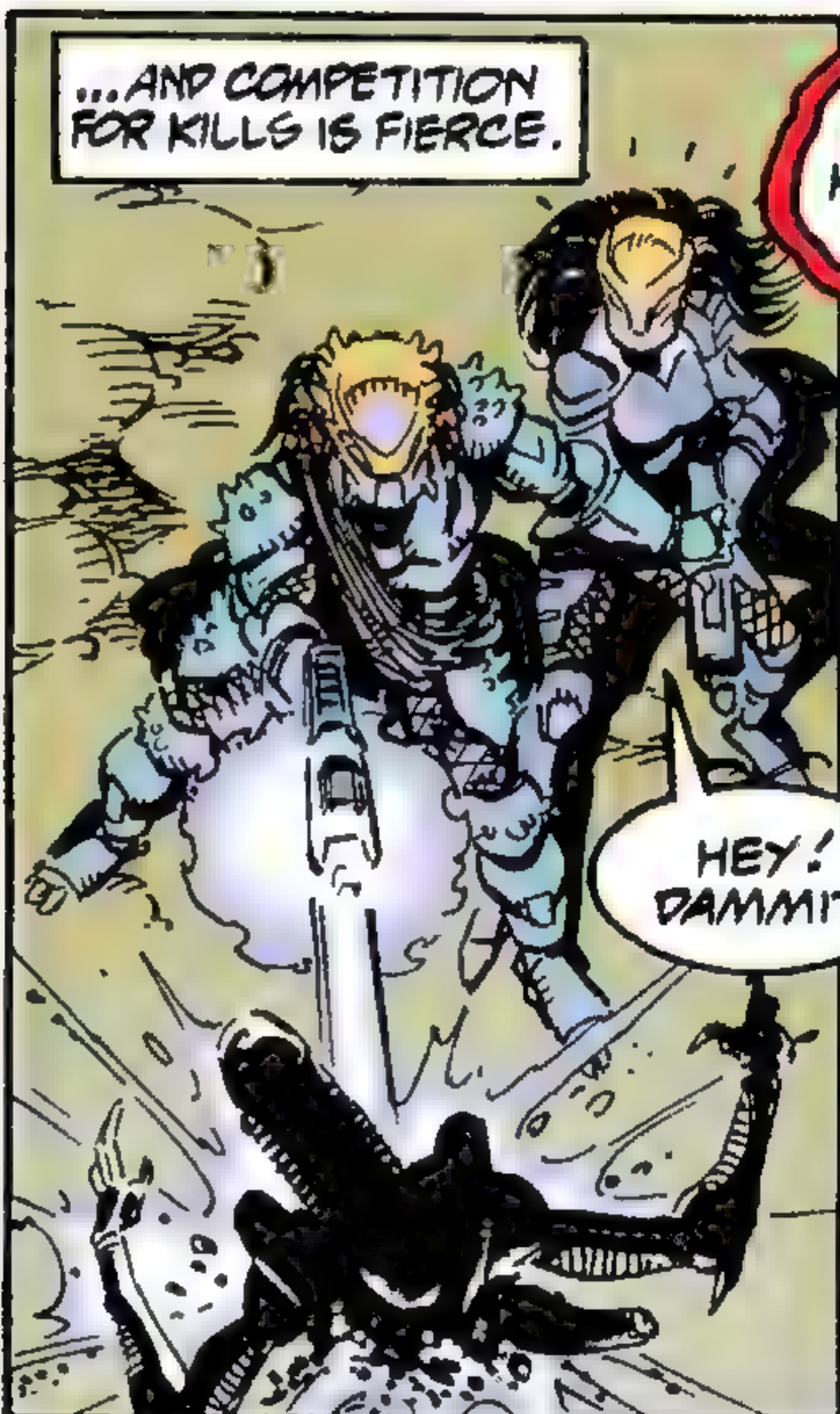
THEY FAIL.

THE OLDER, STRONGER HUNTERS AT THE FRONT OF OUR WEDGE ABSORBED THE BRUNT OF THE BUGS' ATTACK. TO THEM WILL GO THE GREATEST CREDIT FOR OUR SUCCESS.



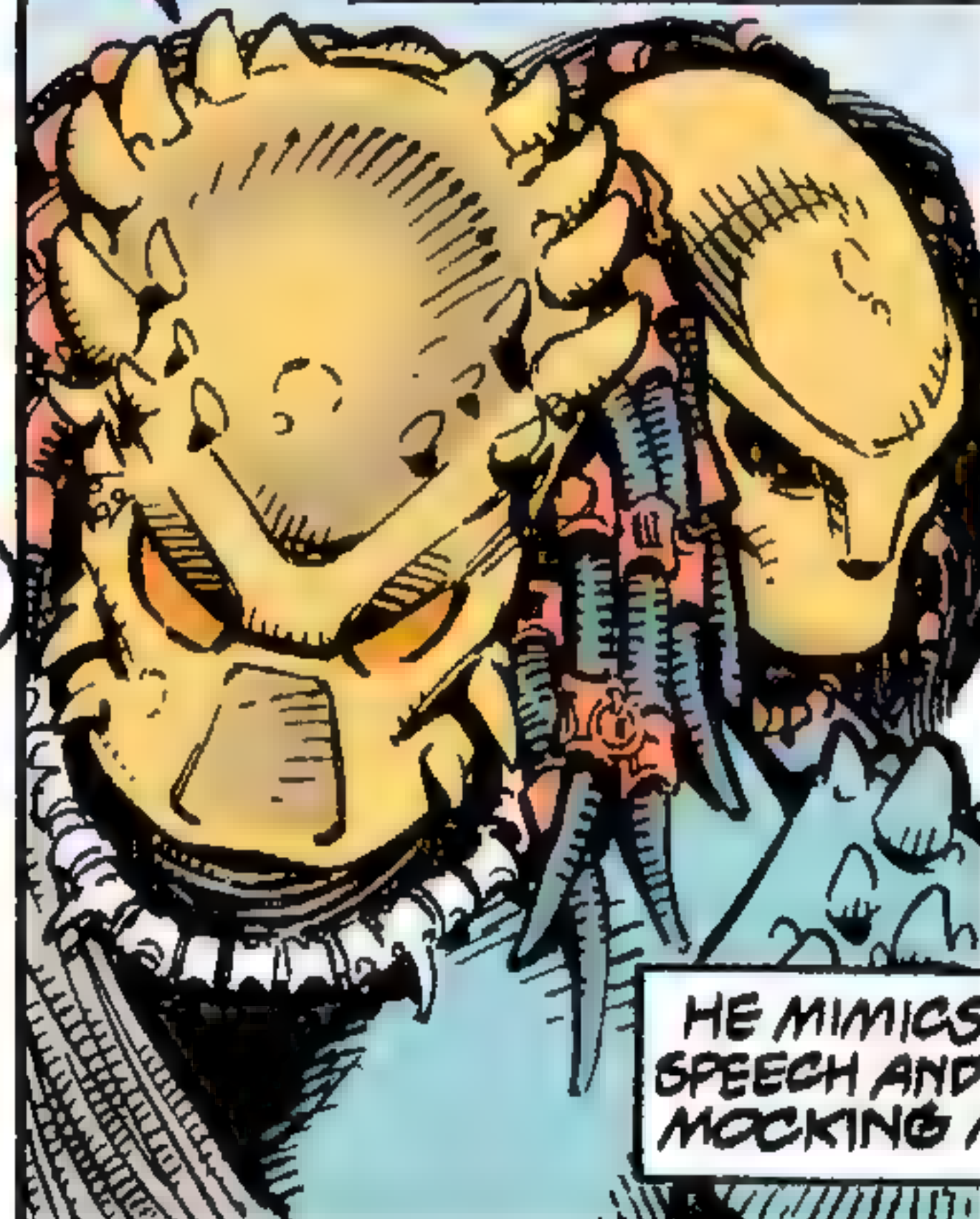
I BRING UP THE REAR WITH THIS SEASON'S CROP OF YOUNGSTERS. "REAR GUARD" IS A NECESSARY POSITION, BUT NOT AN HONORABLE ONE...

...AND COMPETITION FOR KILLS IS FIERCE.



HEY!
DAMMIT!

HA! HA! HA!
HEY, DAMMIT!
HAH-HAH-HAH!
HA! HA! HA!



IT'S SHORTY, ONE OF THE NOVICES. HIS HEIGHT MAKES HIM A TARGET FOR THE OTHERS IN THE CASTE AND HE'S DECIDED THE "TOKEN" HUMAN SHOULD BE THE WHIPPING BOY FOR HIS ANGER.

HE MIMICS HUMAN SPEECH AND LAUGHTER, MOCKING ME.



HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA!

LET HIM LAUGH. HE'LL DISCOVER SOON ENOUGH THAT...



...WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND.



SHORTY REALIZES, TOO LATE, THAT HE'S SCREWED UP.



I WAIT FOR IT TO SINK IN HOW BADLY HE'S SCREWED UP...

...THEN I DO THE WORST THING I CAN POSSIBLY DO TO HIM...



I SAVE HIS LIFE.

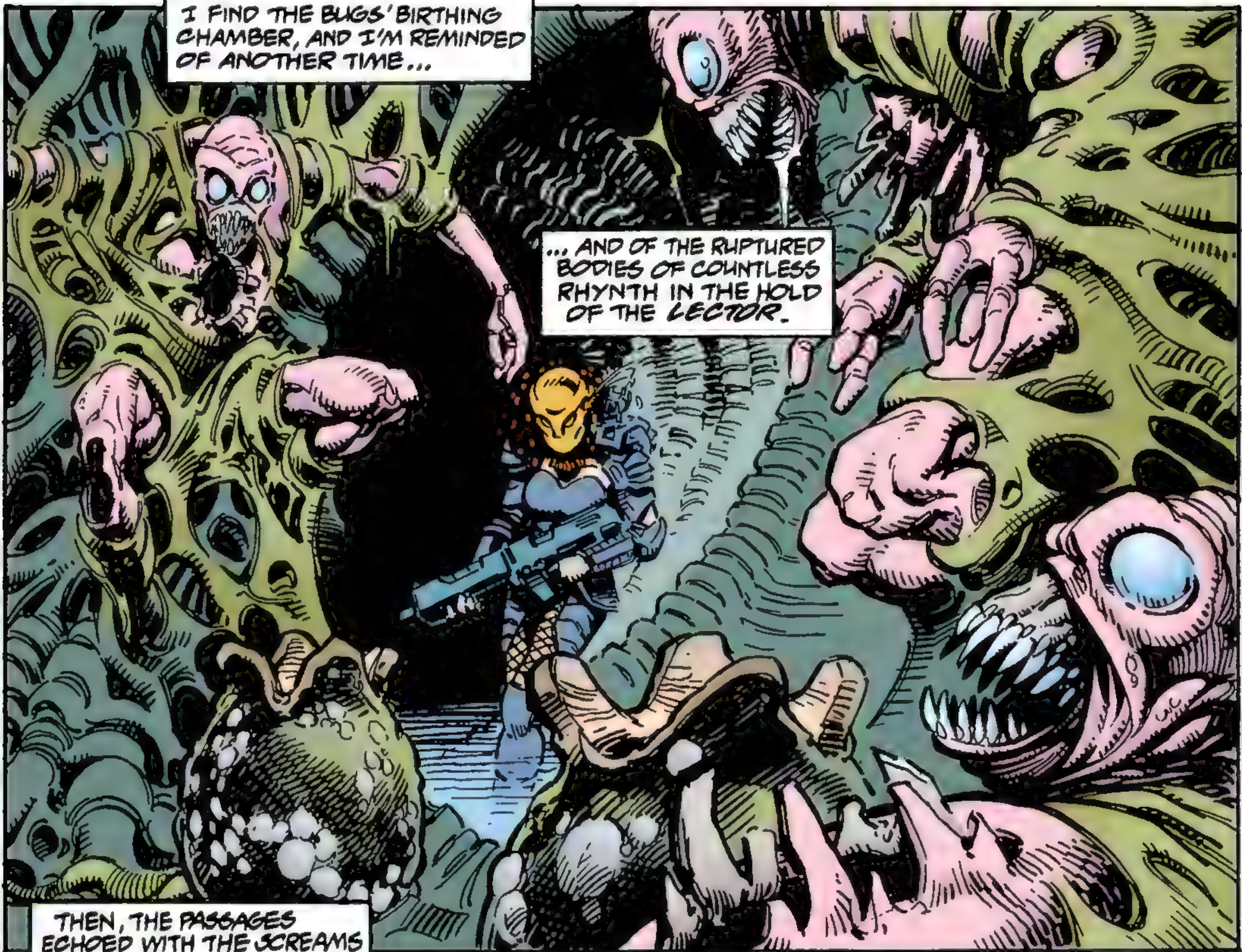


NOT ONLY HAS HE BEEN DENIED AN "HONORABLE" DEATH IN BATTLE, BUT I'VE SHAMED HIM IN FRONT OF HIS PEERS.



HA HA HA HA!
HA HA HA!

SHORTY WON'T LAUGH AT ME ANYMORE, BUT I'LL HAVE TO WATCH MY BACK.



I FIND THE BUGS' BIRTHING
CHAMBER, AND I'M REMINDED
OF ANOTHER TIME...

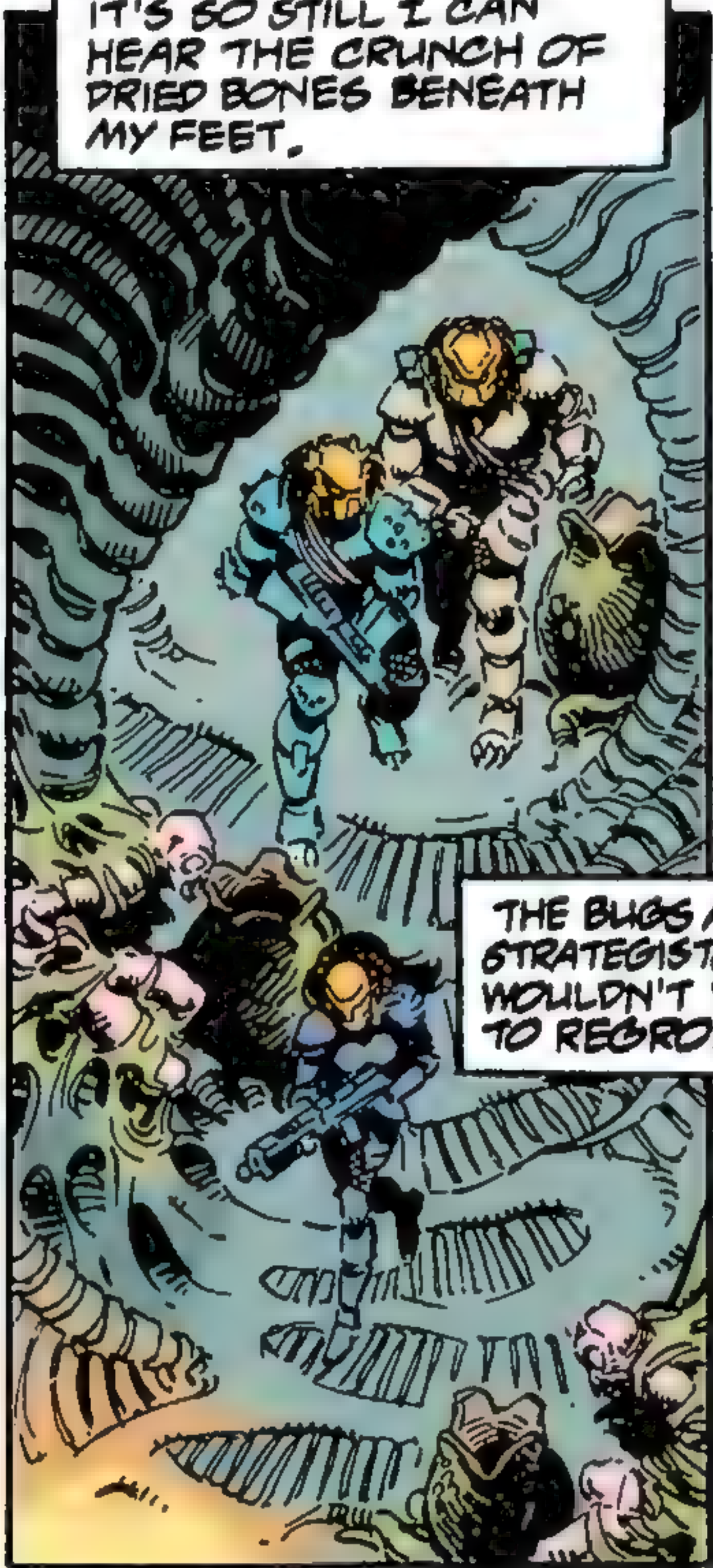
... AND OF THE RUPTURED
BODIES OF COUNTLESS
RHYNTH IN THE HOLD
OF THE LECTOR.

THEN, THE PASSAGES
ECHOED WITH THE SCREAMS
OF ANGRY BUGS. NOW
IT'S SO STILL I CAN
HEAR THE CRUNCH OF
DRIED BONES BENEATH
MY FEET.



SO WHERE ARE THE
HIVE'S DEFENDERS?

HAVE WE ALREADY
ACHIEVED OUR GOAL?



THE BUGS AREN'T
STRATEGISTS. THEY
WOULDN'T WITHDRAW
TO REGROUP...



YES.

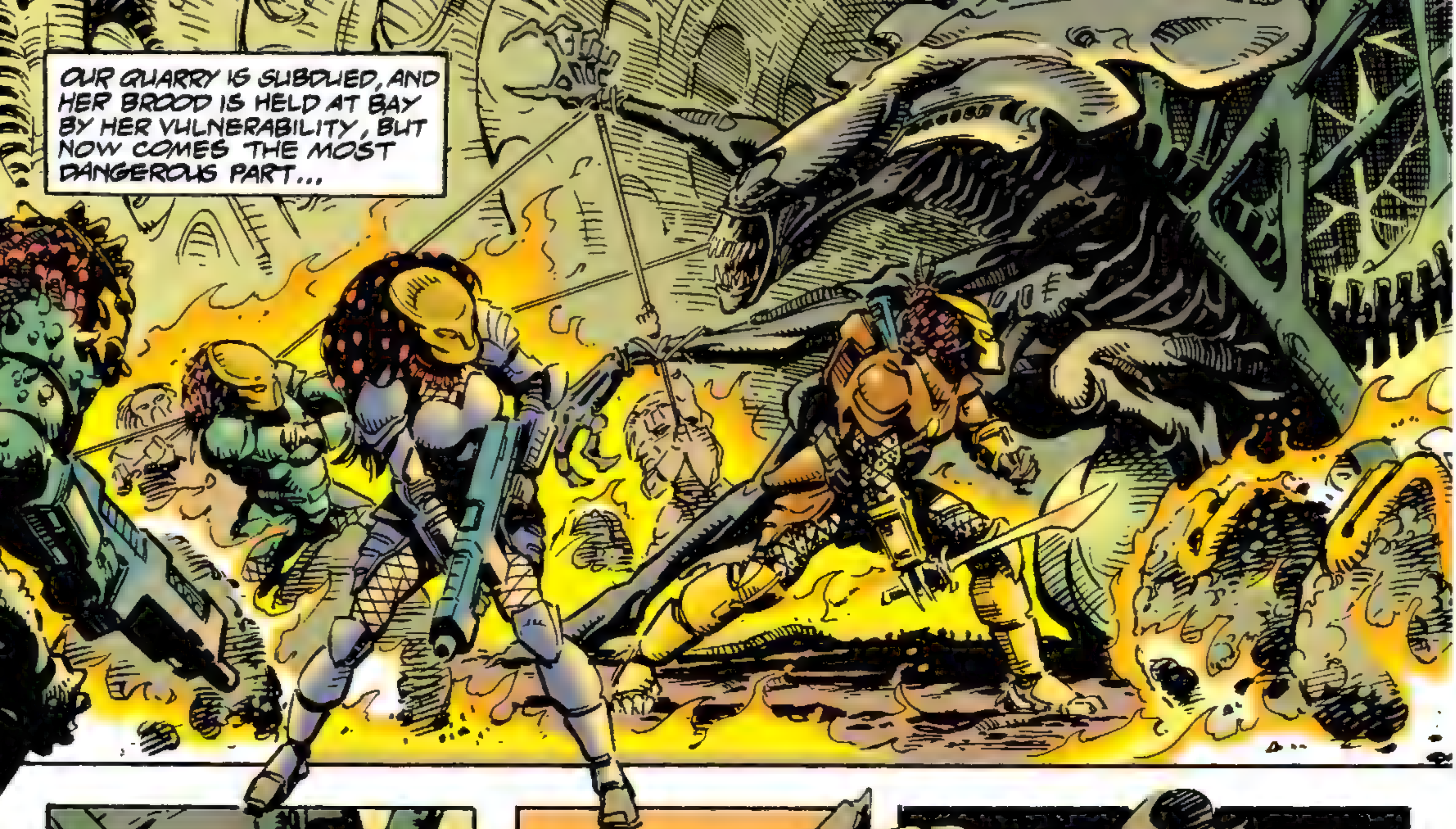


THE BUGS' STRENGTH IS THEIR COMPLETE SUBJECTION TO THEIR QUEEN AND TOTAL DEDICATION TO THE PROLIFERATION OF THEIR SPECIES.

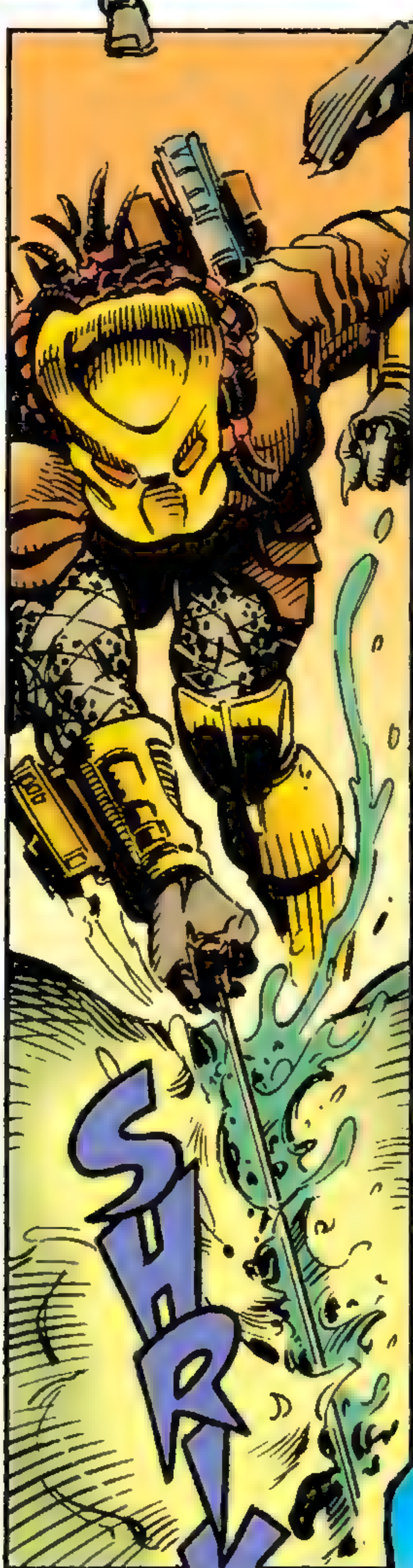
BUT WITHIN THAT STRENGTH IS THE KEY TO THEIR ONE WEAKNESS-- THE WARRIORS WILL DO NOTHING TO ENDANGER THE LIVES OF HER UNBORN BROOD.

ARMED WITH THAT KNOWLEDGE, OUR SUCCESS IS ASSURED.

OUR QUARRY IS SUBDUED, AND
HER BROOD IS HELD AT BAY
BY HER VULNERABILITY, BUT
NOW COMES THE MOST
DANGEROUS PART...



...THE CAPTURE TEAM
MUST MAINTAIN CONTROL
OF THE QUEEN AS
TOPKNOT PREPARES
HER FOR TRAVEL.



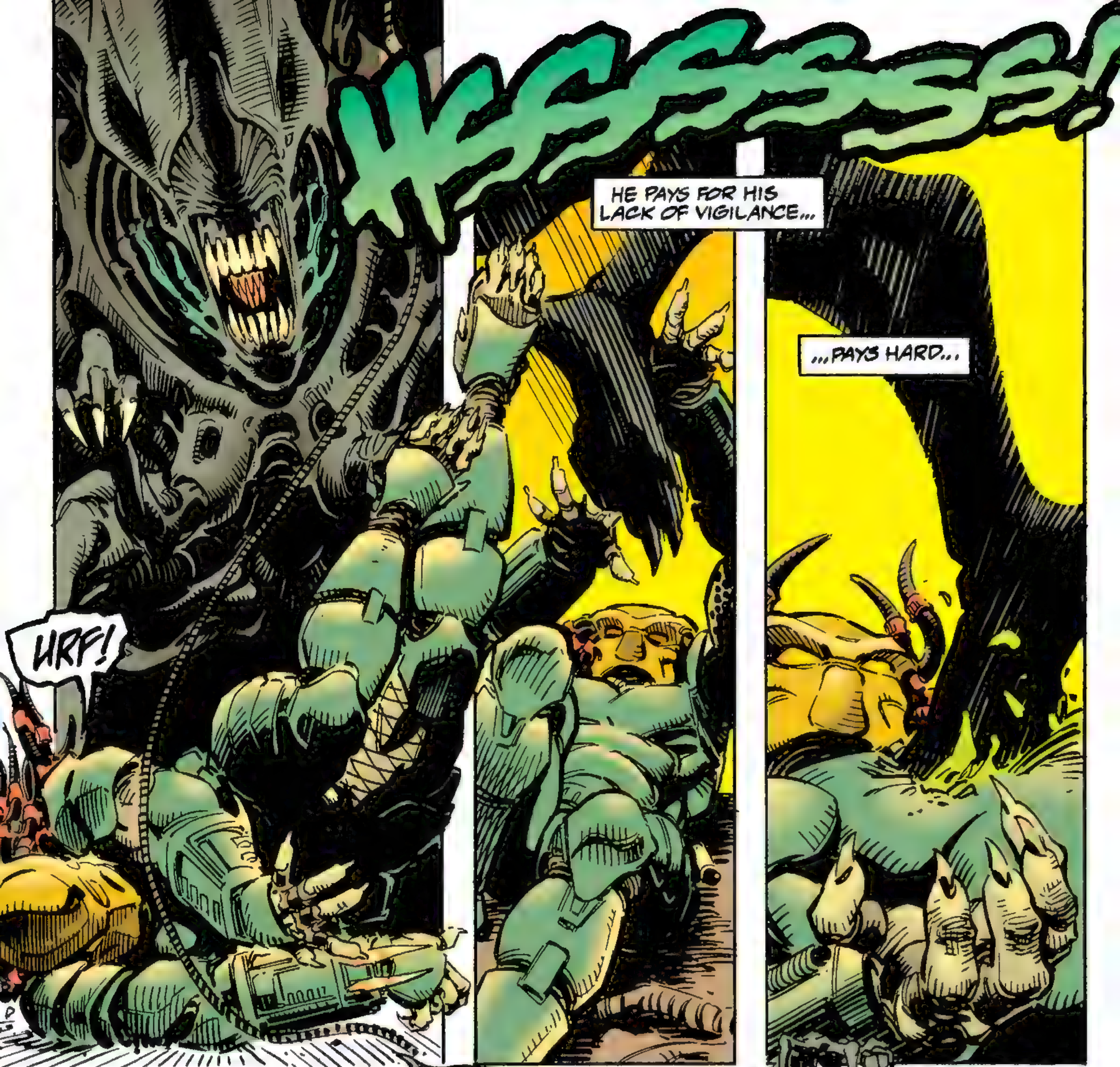
SHRINK



AAAHHK!

THREE-SPOT IS
CAUGHT DAY-
DREAMING...

CRASH



OUR CAPTURE PARTY'S
CONTINUED SAFETY RESTS
ON OUR ABILITY TO CON-
TROL THE QUEEN. HER
FREEDOM WILL BE THE
SIGNAL FOR HER BROOD
TO ATTACK.

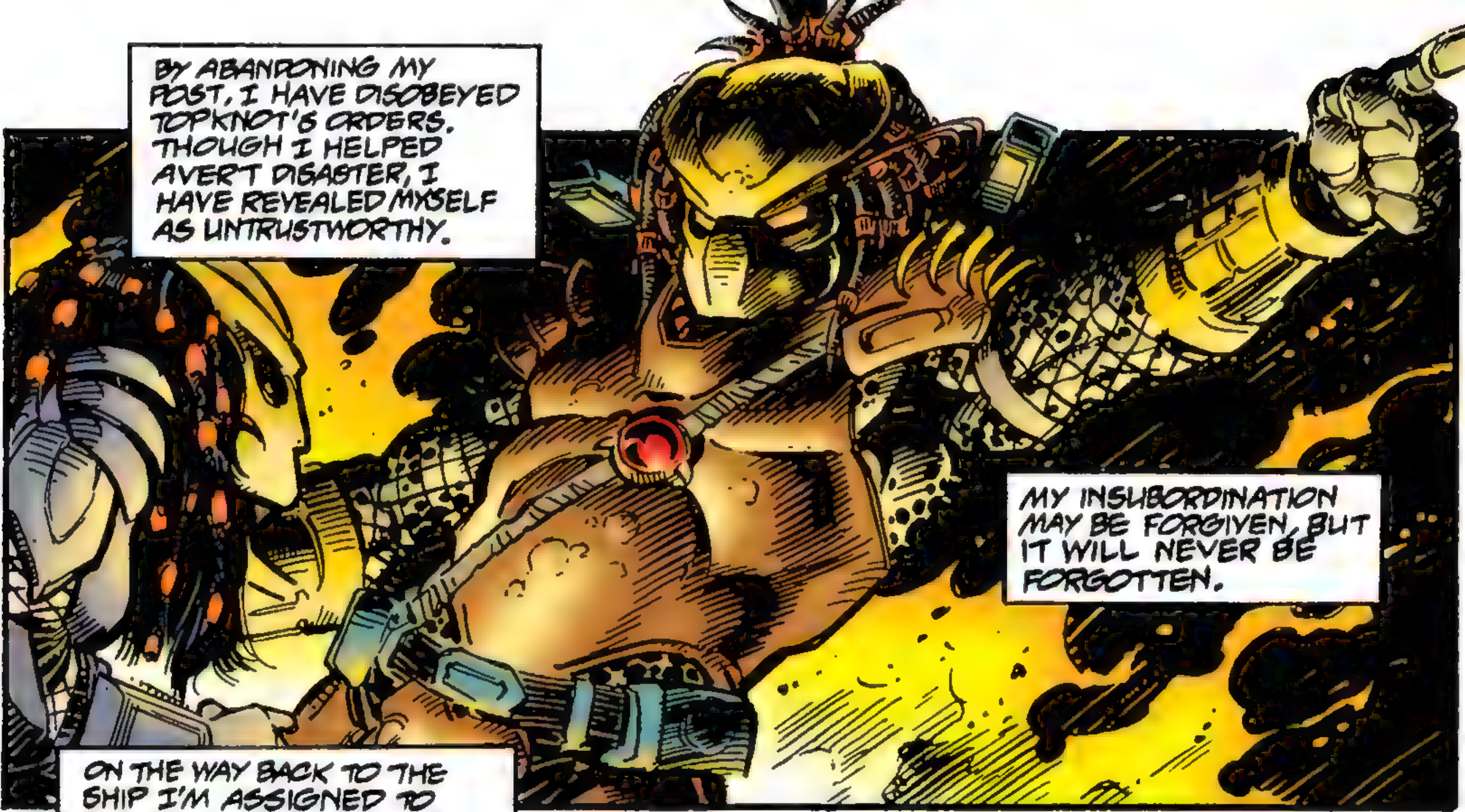
BACK WHEN I WAS
CORPORATE RAMROD
ON RYUSHI, I WOULD
HAVE EXAMINED THE
SITUATION... WEIGHED
MY OPTIONS.

PEOPLE WOULD
HAVE DIED.

NOW I SIMPLY ACT.

MY ACTIONS SAVE THE
MISSION FROM DISASTER...

...BUT MY REWARD
IS A REBUKE.



BY ABANDONING MY POST, I HAVE DISOBEYED TOPKNOT'S ORDERS. THOUGH I HELPED AVERT DISASTER, I HAVE REVEALED MYSELF AS UNTRUSTWORTHY.

MY INSUBORDINATION MAY BE FORGIVEN, BUT IT WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN.



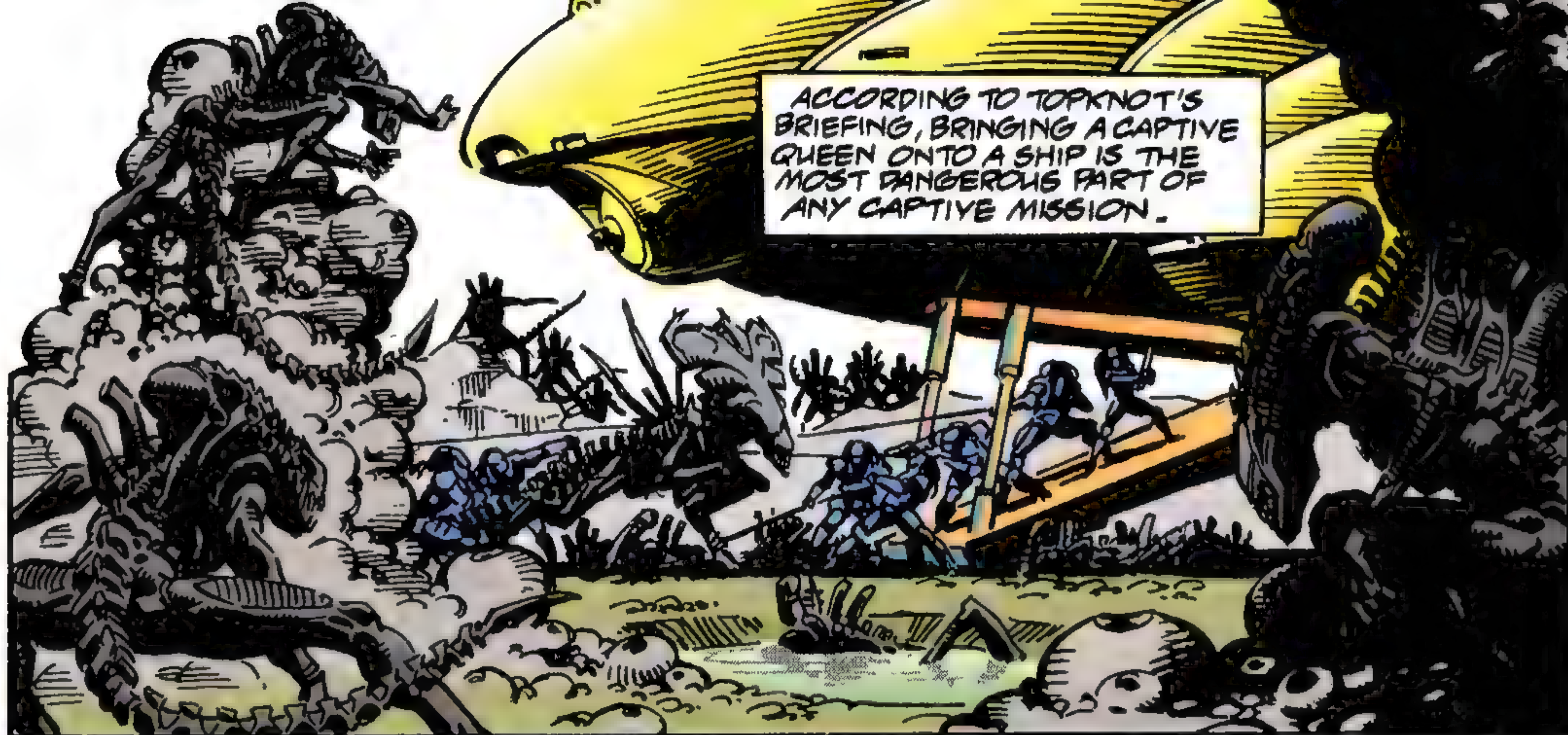
ON THE WAY BACK TO THE SHIP I'M ASSIGNED TO THE ADVANCE GUARD. IT'S A TOKEN POSITION AT BEST. THE QUEEN'S PHEROMONES DO THE WORK OF SCATTERING HER BROOD BEFORE US...



...WHILE THE HONOR OF HAULING OUR PRIZE IS LEFT TO THE OLDER, MORE EXPERIENCED MEMBERS OF THE TROOP.

AS MUCH AS BROKEN THSK'S MARK ALLOWED ME ENTRANCE TO THIS SOCIETY, MY BEHAVIOR TODAY HAS BRANDED ME AS AN OUTSIDER.

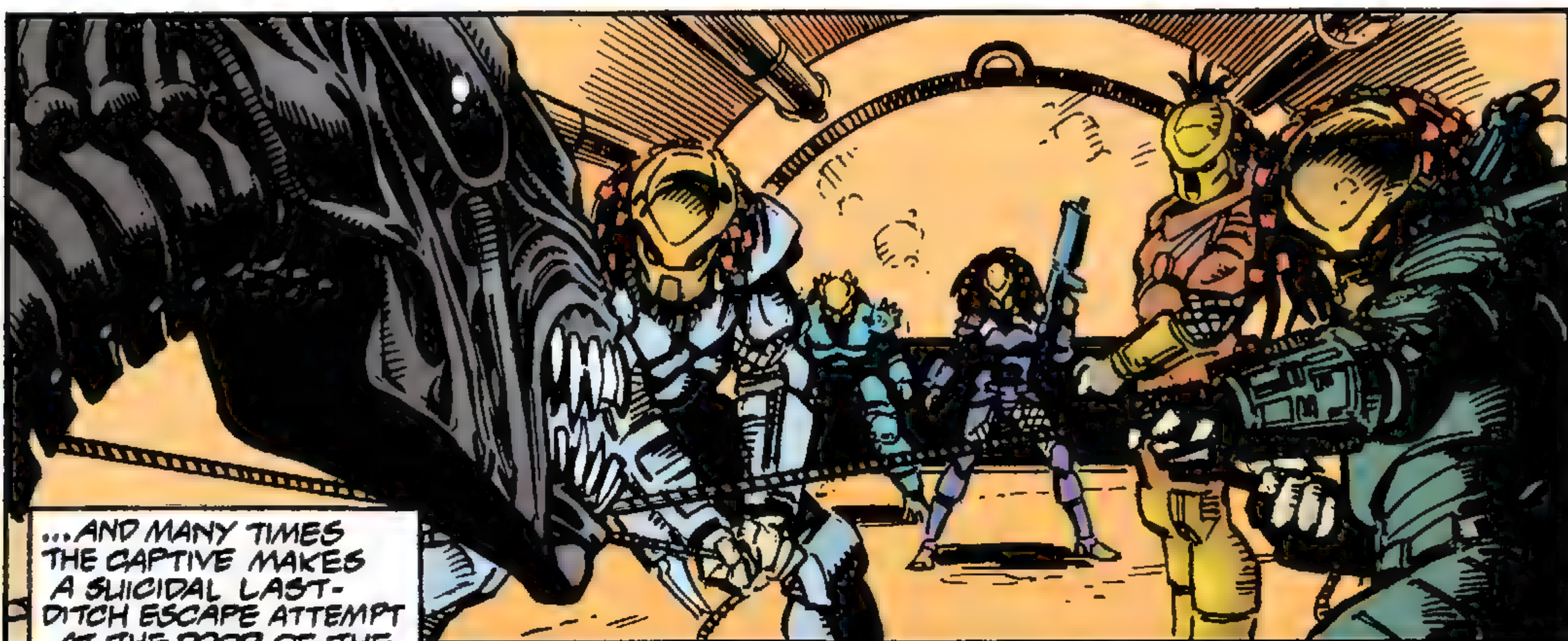
I STILL HAVE MUCH TO LEARN ABOUT THE WAYS OF THE HUNTERS.



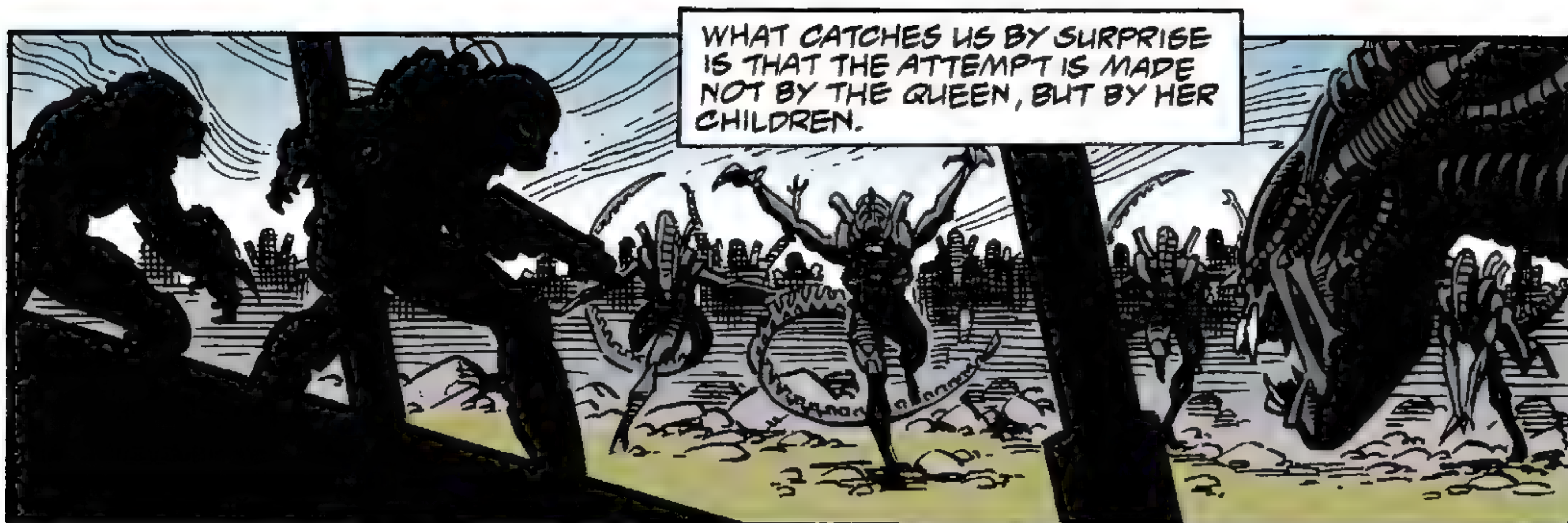
ACCORDING TO TOPKNOT'S BRIEFING, BRINGING A CAPTIVE QUEEN ONTO A SHIP IS THE MOST DANGEROUS PART OF ANY CAPTIVE MISSION.



THE TIGHT CONFINES OF A SHIP ALLOW NO MARGIN FOR ERROR-- NO ROOM FOR SLACK...



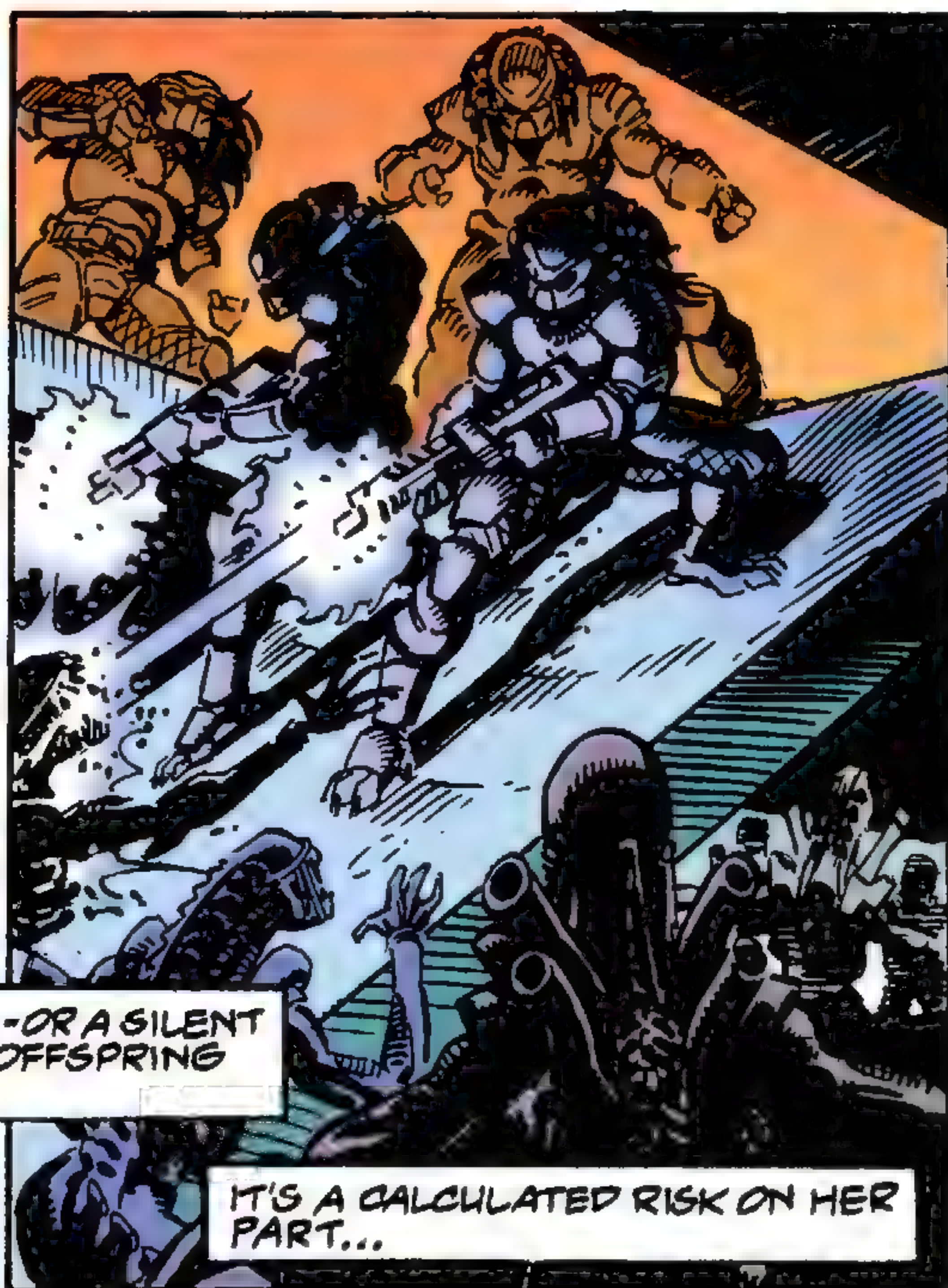
...AND MANY TIMES THE CAPTIVE MAKES A SUICIDAL LAST-DITCH ESCAPE ATTEMPT AT THE DOOR OF THE "NESTING CHAMBER."



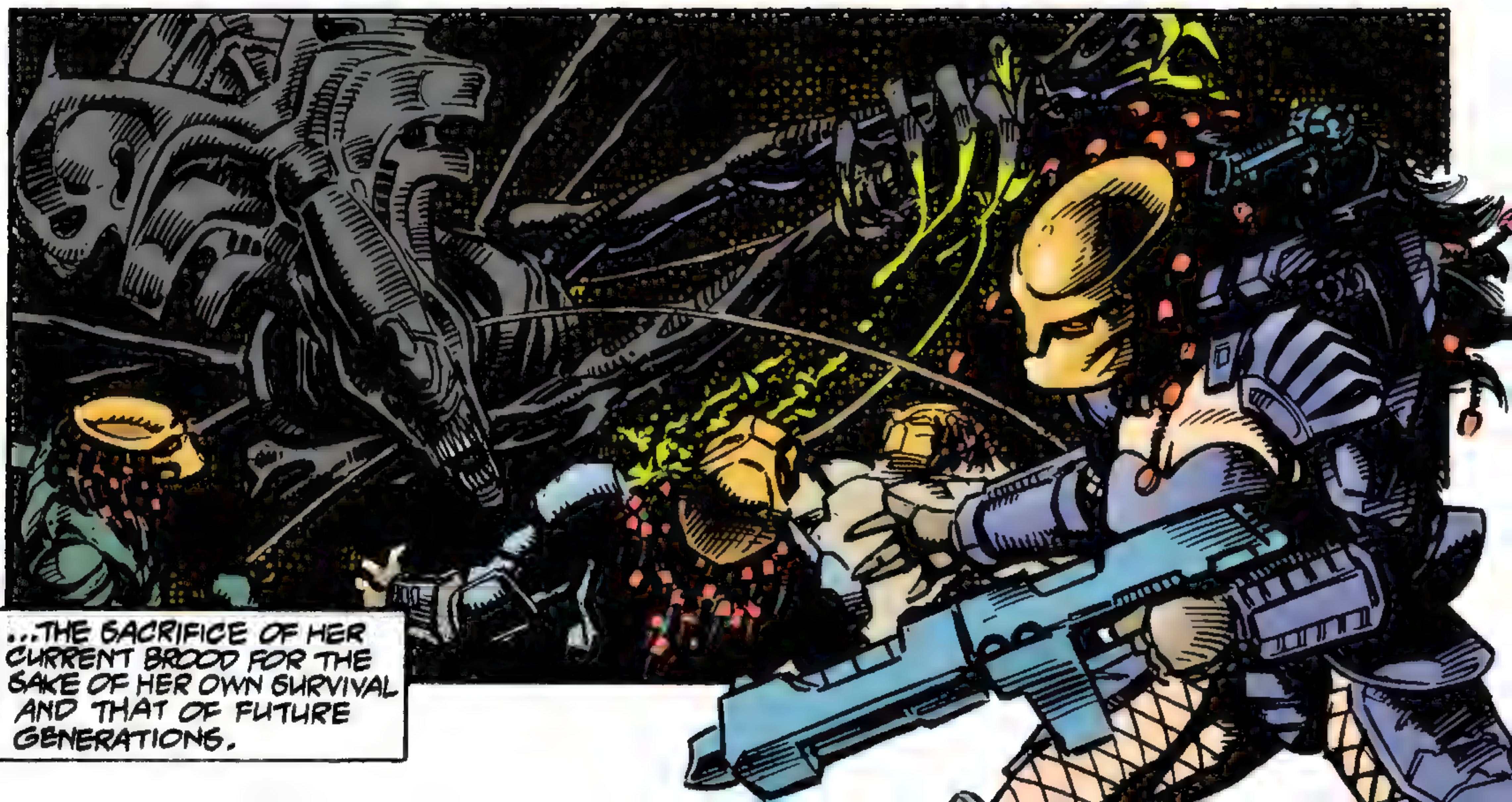
WHAT CATCHES US BY SURPRISE IS THAT THE ATTEMPT IS MADE NOT BY THE QUEEN, BUT BY HER CHILDREN.



AN UNSEEN SIGNAL--OR A SILENT CALL--SPURS HER OFFSPRING INTO ACTION.



IT'S A CALCULATED RISK ON HER PART...

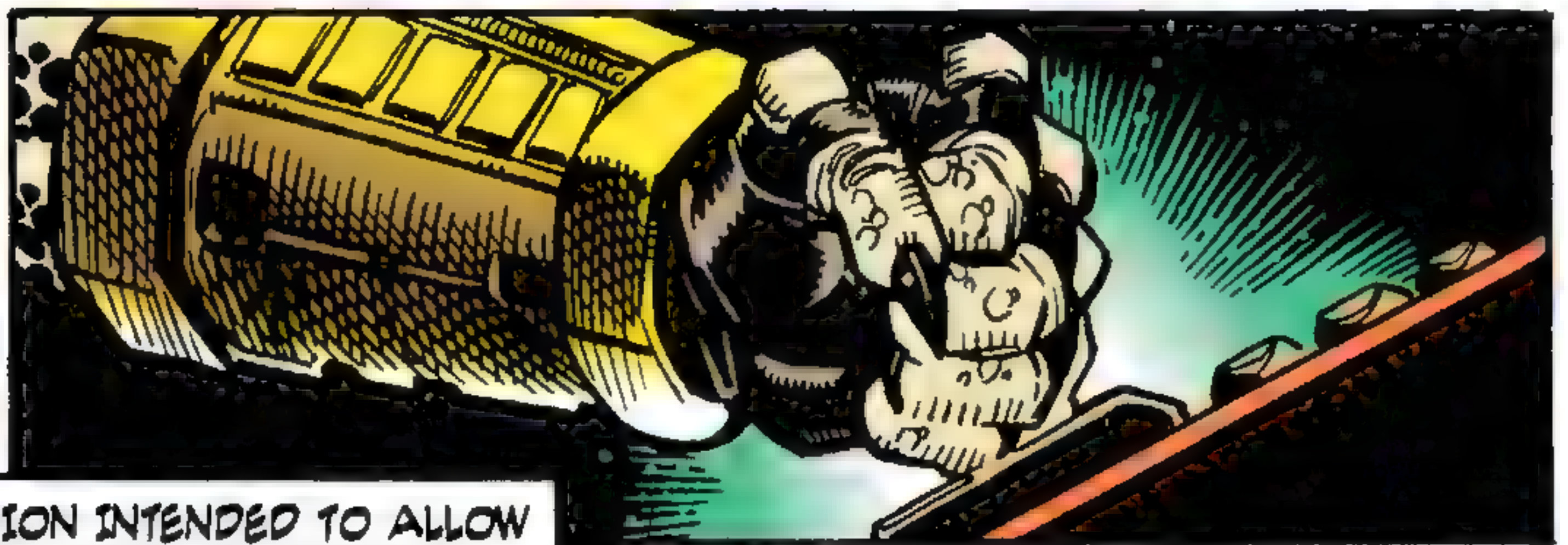


...THE SACRIFICE OF HER CURRENT BROOD FOR THE SAKE OF HER OWN SURVIVAL AND THAT OF FUTURE GENERATIONS.



THE QUEEN HAS BROKEN FREE
INSIDE OUR SHIP...

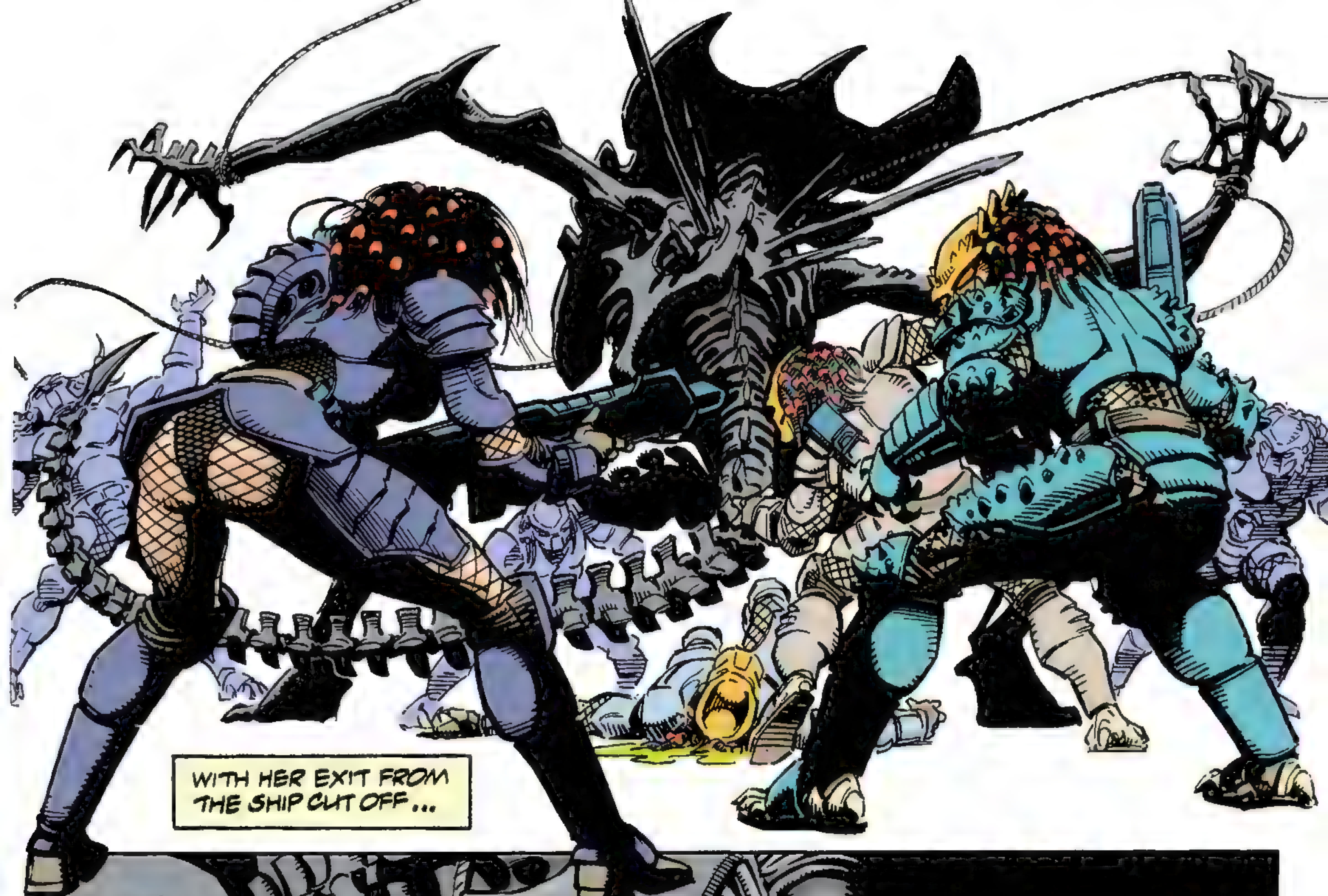
...AND SIGNALLED HER
BROOD TO ATTACK...



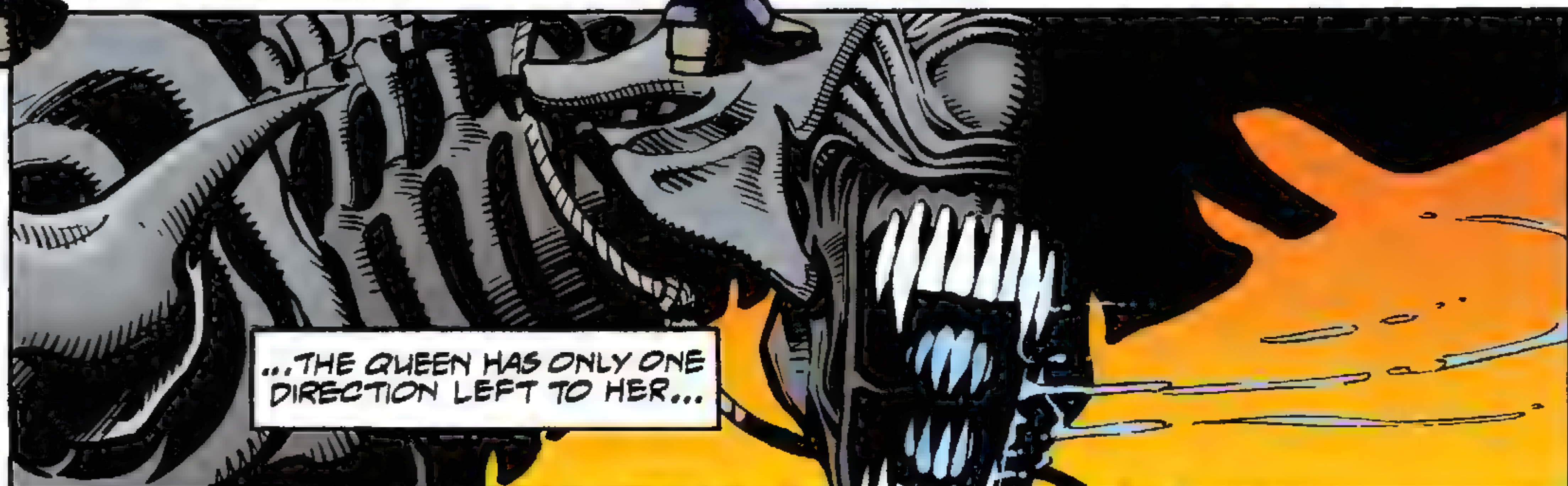
... A DECISION INTENDED TO ALLOW
HER ESCAPE AT THE COST OF THE
LIVES OF HER OWN CHILDREN.



TOPKNOT MAKES A SIMILAR CHOICE -- THE SUCCESS
OF THE MISSION OVER THE LIVES OF SOME OF
HIS HUNTERS.

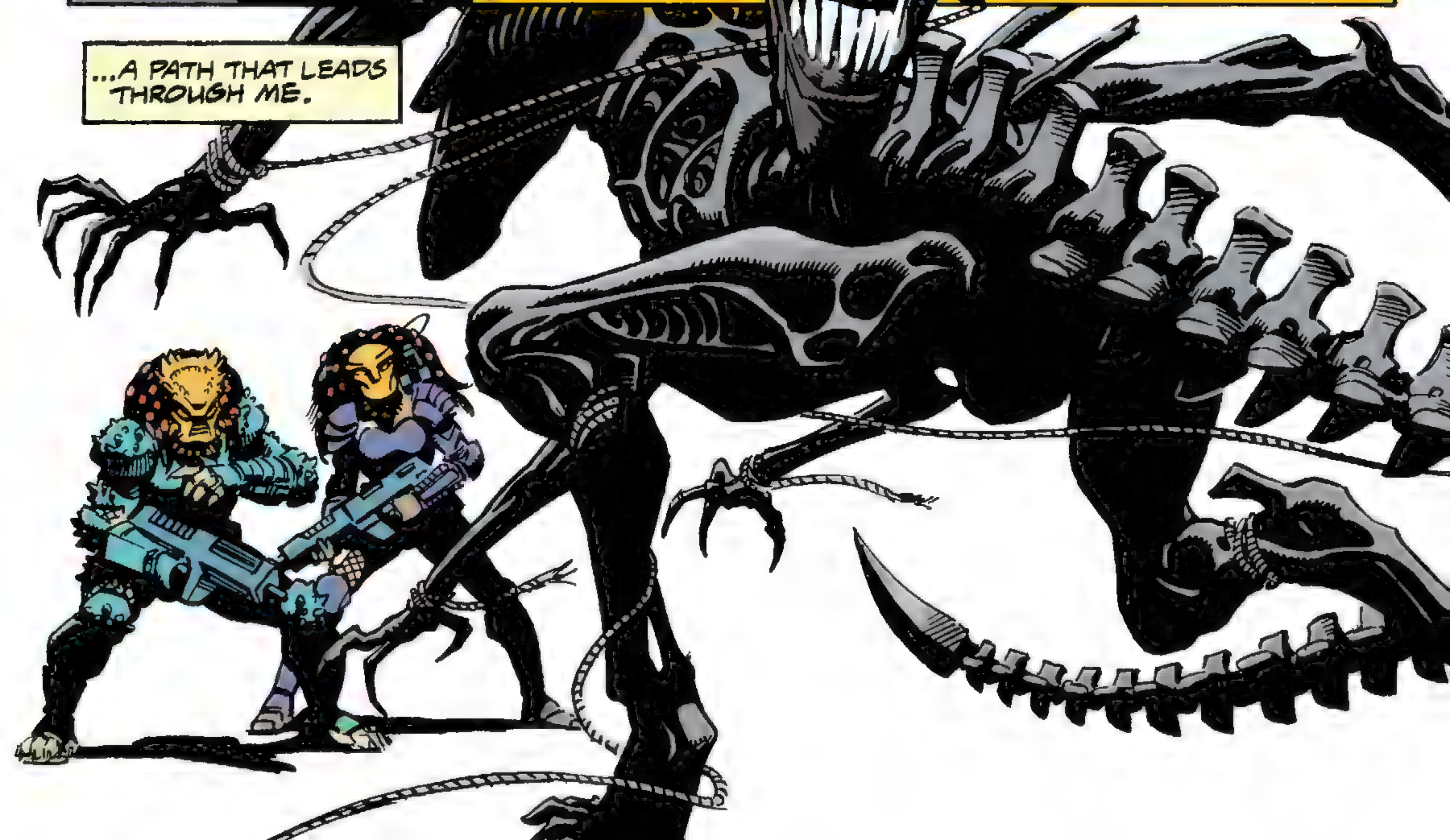


WITH HER EXIT FROM
THE SHIP CUT OFF...



...THE QUEEN HAS ONLY ONE
DIRECTION LEFT TO HER...

...A PATH THAT LEADS
THROUGH ME.



THE OBJECT OF OUR HUNT--
THE BUGS' QUEEN--BROKE
FREE INSIDE OUR SHIP, BUT
TOPKNOT MANAGED TO
SEAL THE OUTSIDE HATCH.

THE QUEEN HAS ONLY ONE PATH
OPEN TO HER--DIRECTLY INTO
THE WAITING "NESTING CHAMBER."

THIS IS RIGHT WHERE
WE WANT HER, AND
THE SITUATION WOULD
NEARLY BE UNDER
CONTROL--

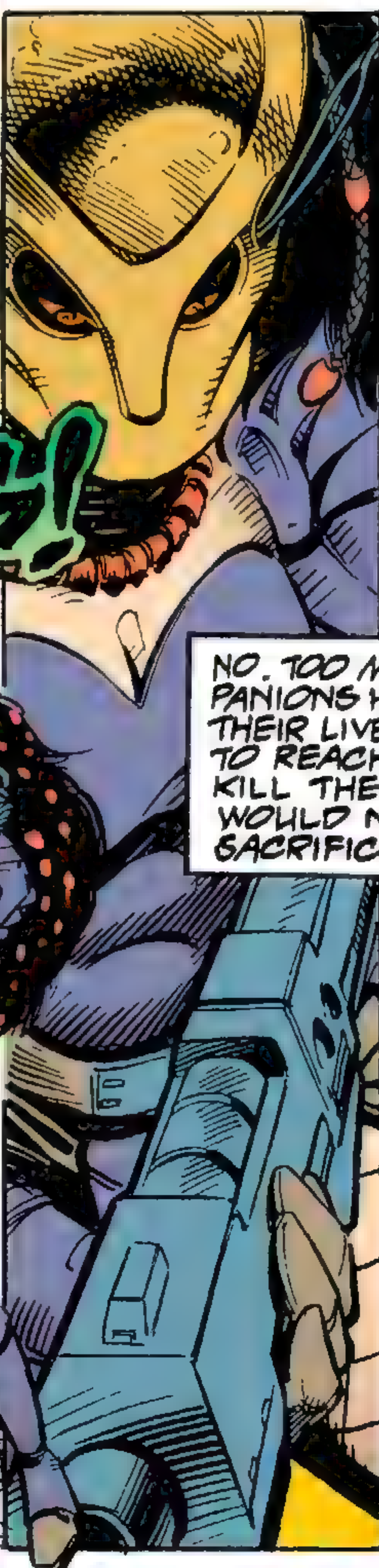
--BUT FOR ONE THING--

--I'M INSIDE WITH HER.



MY GUN MOVES
OF ITS OWN
ACCORD. A FEW
WELL-PLACED
BURSTS...

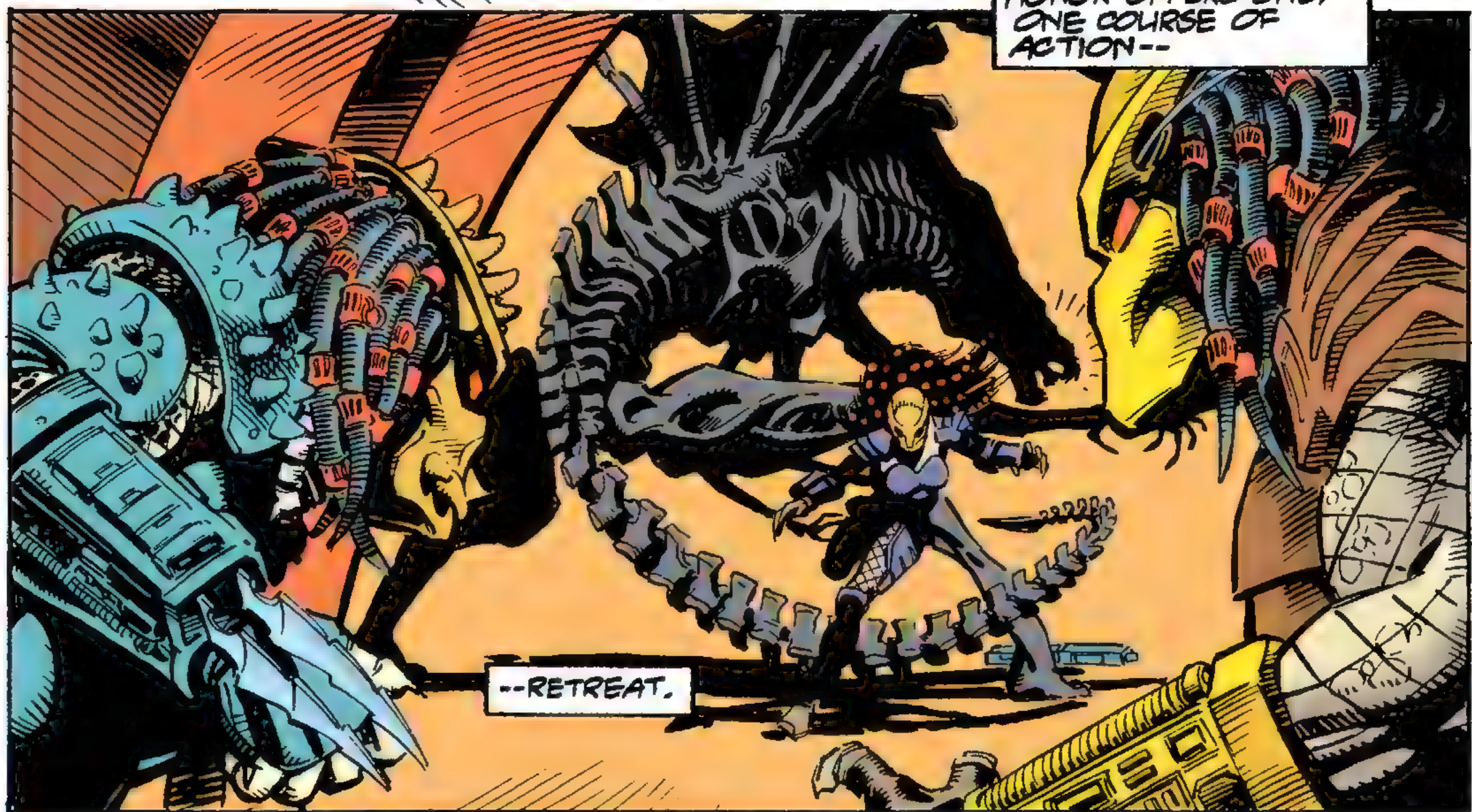
BOOM!



NO. TOO MANY OF MY COM-
PANIONS HAVE PAID WITH
THEIR LIVES TODAY TRYING
TO REACH THIS GOAL. TO
KILL THE QUEEN NOW
WOULD NEGATE THEIR
SACRIFICES.



IN THIS SITUATION,
HONOR OFFERS ONLY
ONE COURSE OF
ACTION--



--RETREAT.

MY BREATH COMES IN RAGGED GASPS, ECHOING INSIDE MY HELMET. MY HEART DRUMS A MACHINE-GUN BEAT IN MY CHEST. MY FEET POUND A COUNTER-RHYTHM ON THE STEEL FLOOR OF THE NESTING CHAMBER.

I DON'T HEAR ANY OF IT.

ALL I'M AWARE OF IS THE SOUND OF THE QUEEN'S PURSUIT...AND MY OWN MORTALITY.

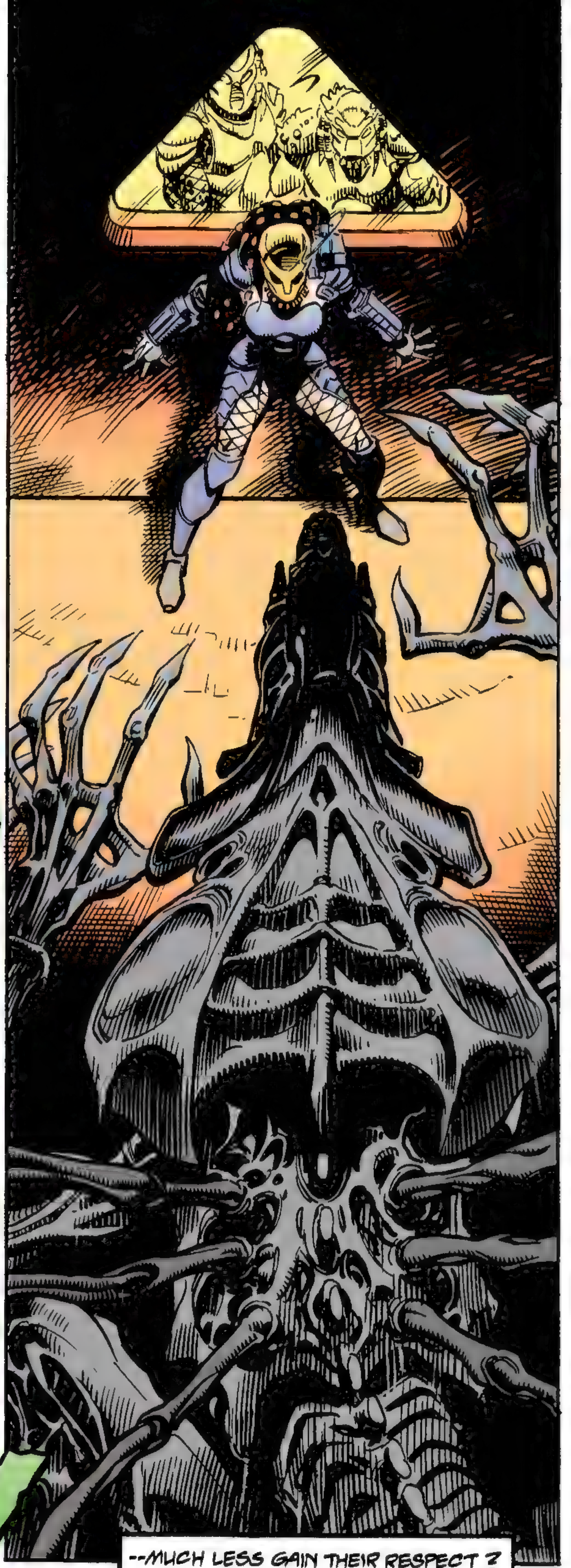
LEAVING RYUSHI AND JOINING THE HUNTERS SEEMED LIKE THE LOGICAL THING--THE RIGHT THING TO DO.

NOW THE DECISION JUST SEEMS STUPID AND VAIN.

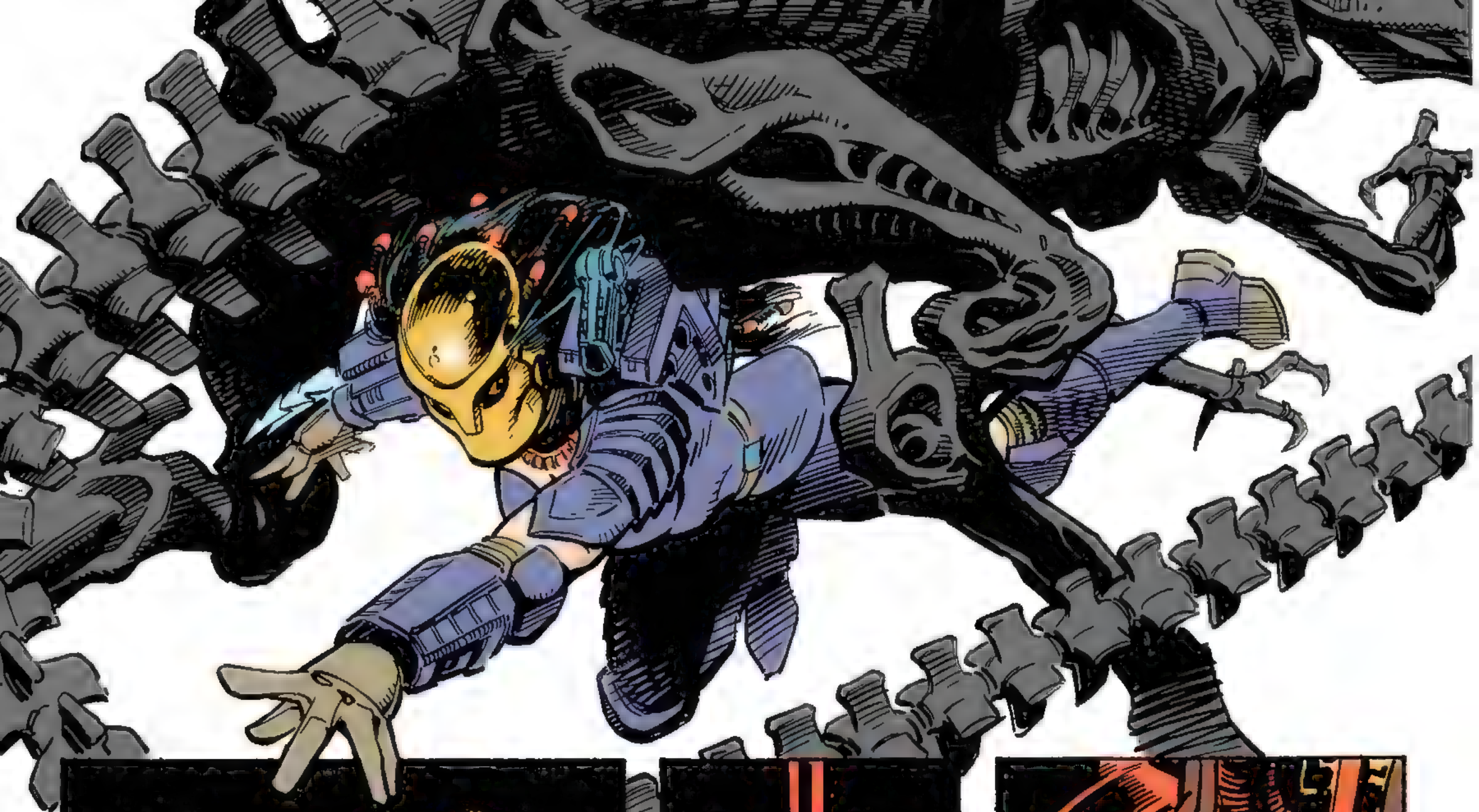
WHAT MADE ME THINK THAT I COULD MATCH THE WAYS OF THESE HALF-SAVAGES?

WHAT DID I HOPE TO PROVE TO MYSELF?

CHAK

[illegible]

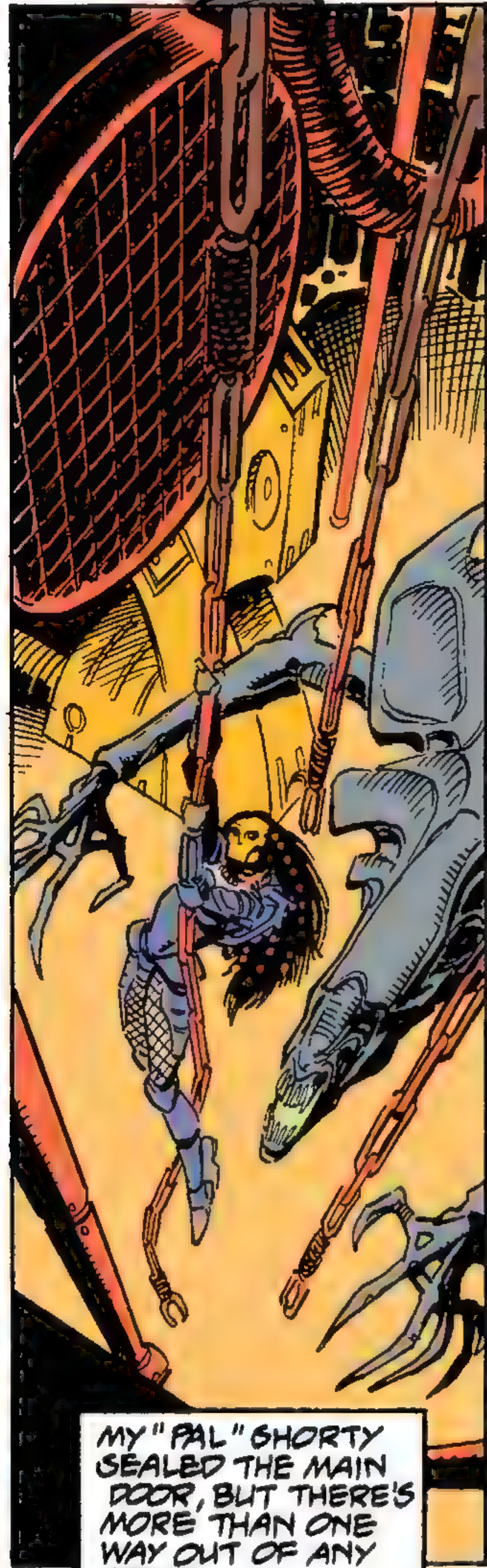
--MUCH LESS GAIN THEIR RESPECT ?



I GUESS I'LL WORRY
ABOUT SAVING FACE...

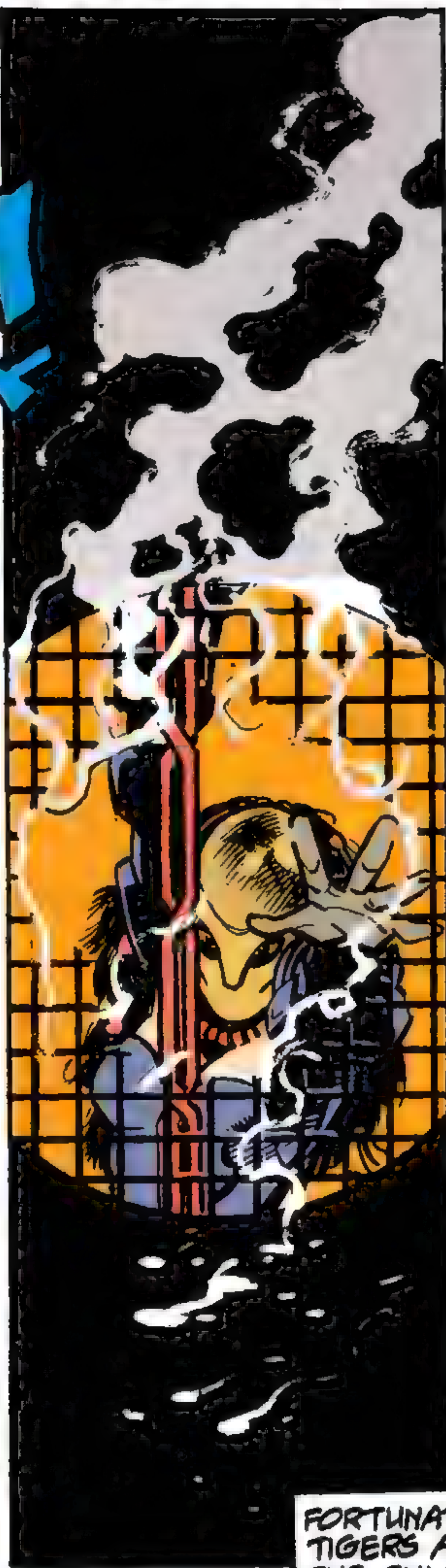
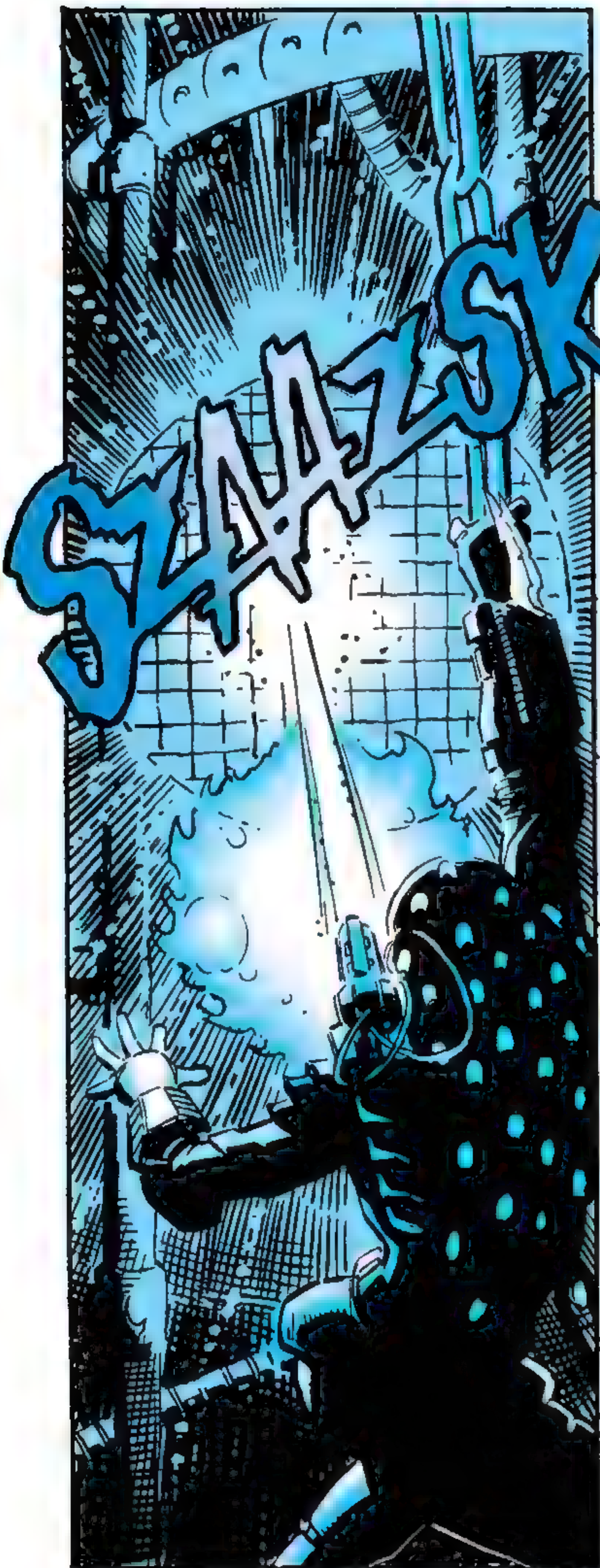


... AFTER I
SAVE MY SKIN.



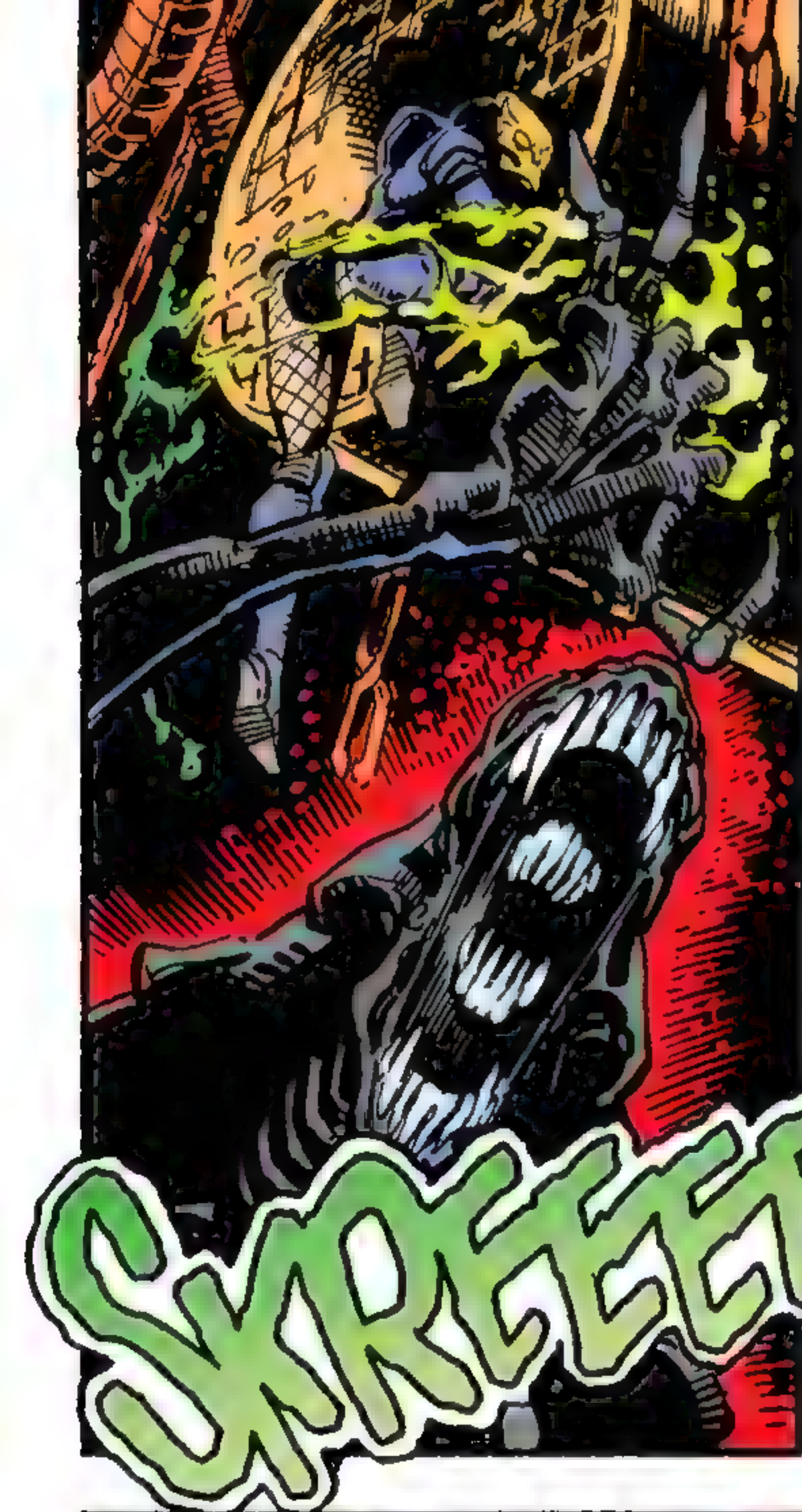
MY "PAL" SHORTY
SEALED THE MAIN
DOOR, BUT THERE'S
MORE THAN ONE
WAY OUT OF ANY
TRAP.

ALTHOUGH, THIS IS
EQUIVALENT TO BEING
IN A TIGER TRAP WITH
THE TIGER.

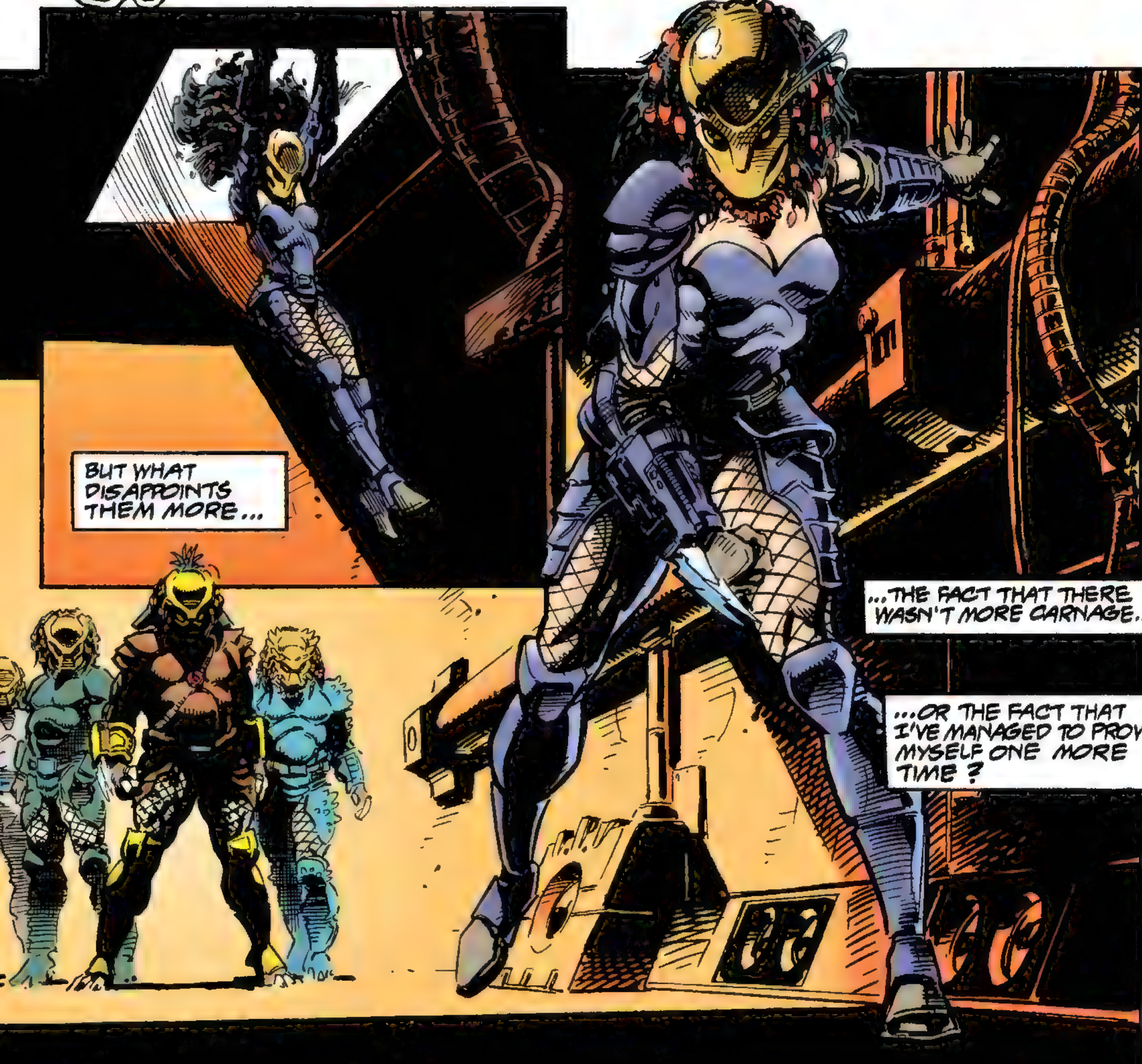


FORTUNATELY,
TIGERS AREN'T
THE ONLY ONES
WITH CLAWS.





SHORTY AND THE BOYS WILL BE DISAPPOINTED, NO DOUBT.



BUT WHAT DISAPPOINTS THEM MORE...

...THE FACT THAT THERE WASN'T MORE CARNAGE...

...OR THE FACT THAT I'VE MANAGED TO PROVE MYSELF ONE MORE TIME?



WELL?

CLOSE-MOUTHED
BASTARDS. NOT A
WORD... NOT A GESTURE
OF THANKS FOR SAVING
THEIR ASSES.

TYPICAL MALES.

PART 2

script

RANDY STRADLEY

pencils

MIKE MANLEY

JIM HALL

MARK HEIKE

inks

RICARDO VILLAGRÁN

colors

CHRIS CHALENOR

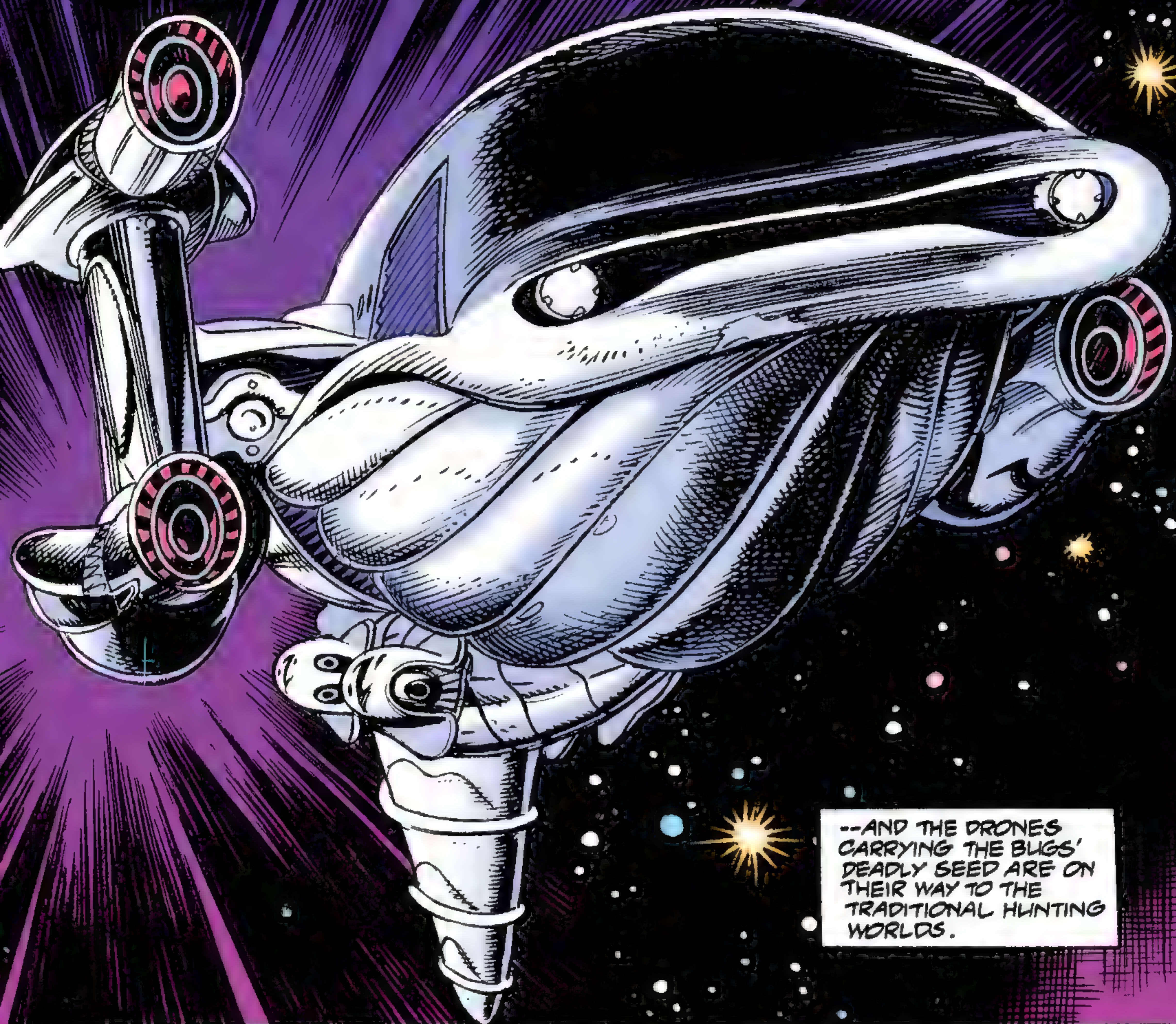
lettering

STEVE DUTRO

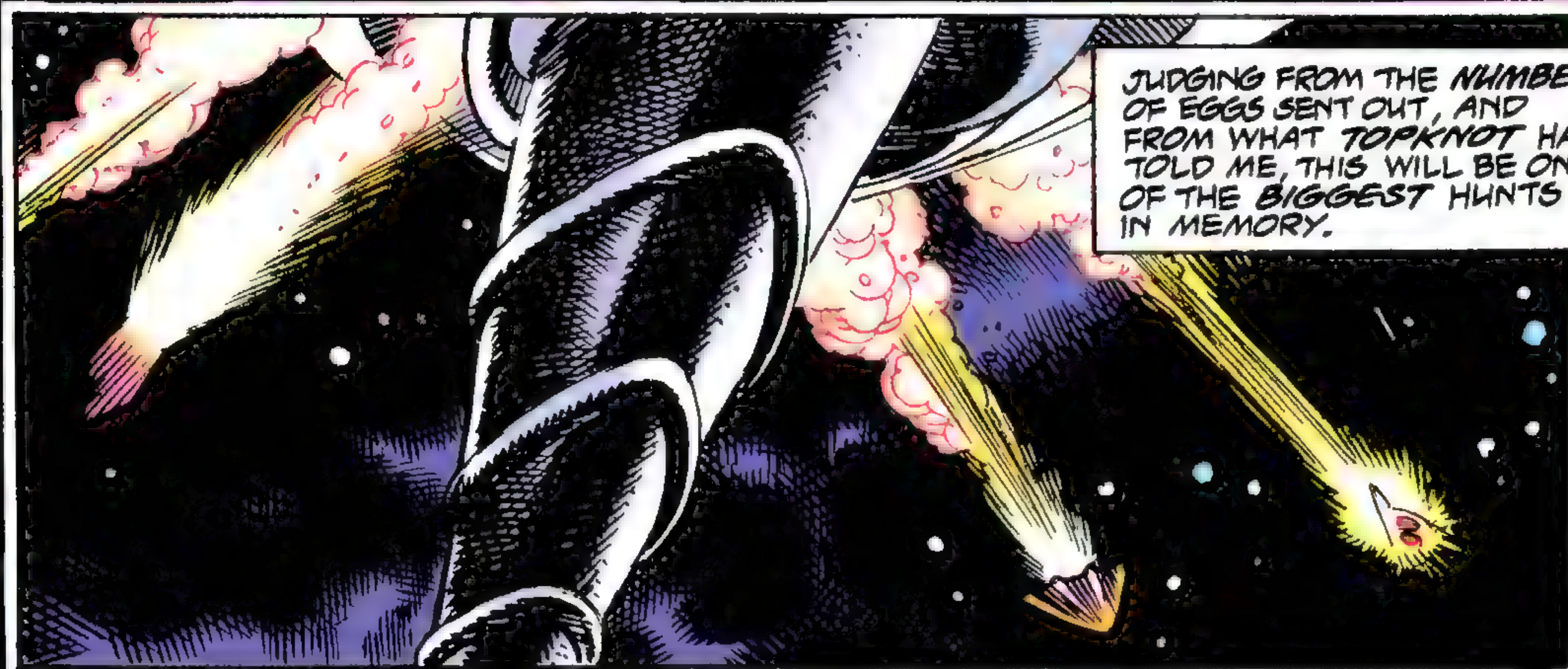


IT'S ALMOST TIME.

THE PREPARATIONS FOR
THE HUNT ARE NEARLY
COMPLETE. THE CLANS
ARE GATHERING--



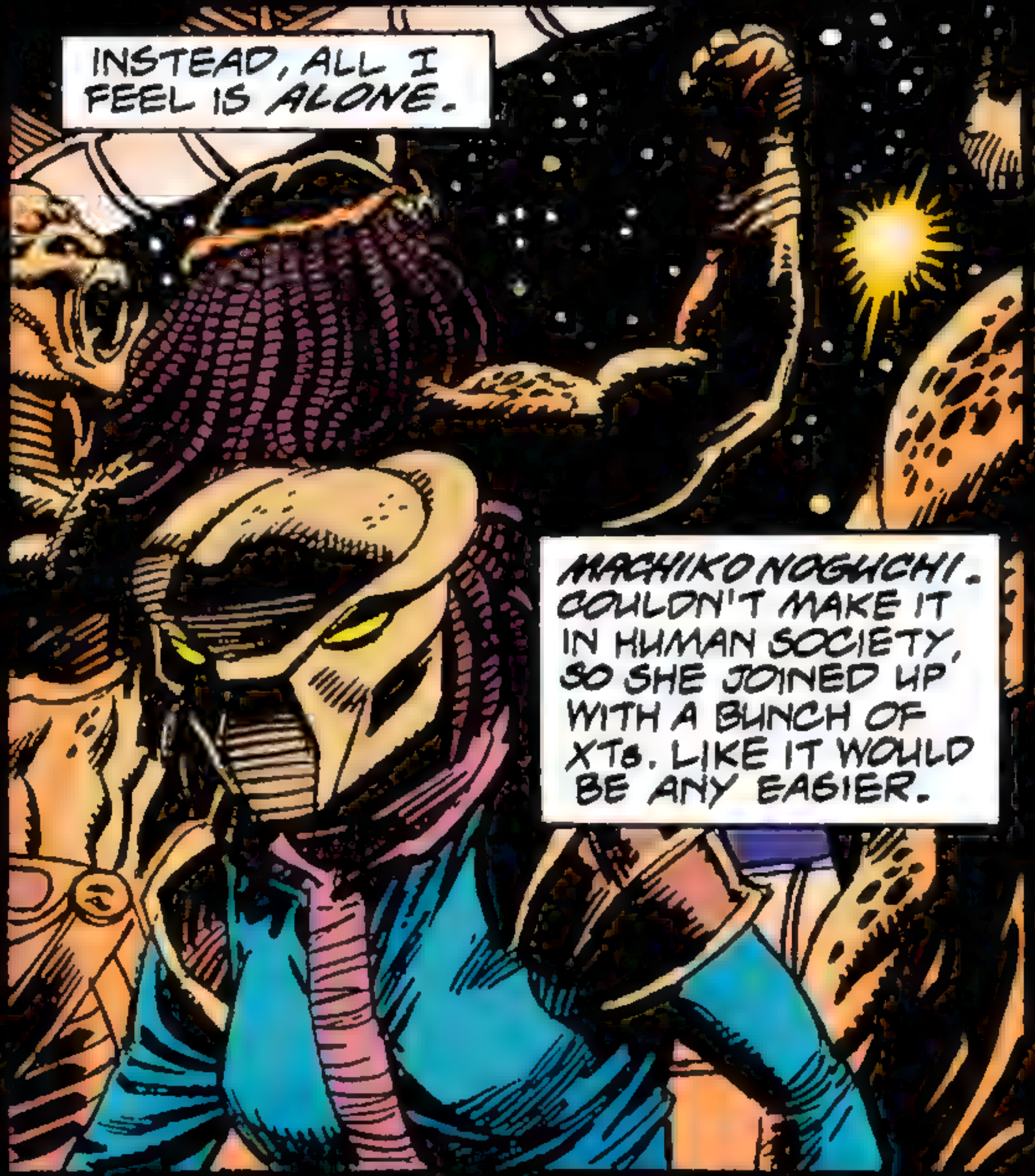
--AND THE DRONES
CARRYING THE BUGS'
DEADLY SEED ARE ON
THEIR WAY TO THE
TRADITIONAL HUNTING
WORLDS.



JUDGING FROM THE NUMBER
OF EGGS SENT OUT, AND
FROM WHAT TOPKNOT HAS
TOLD ME, THIS WILL BE ONE
OF THE BIGGEST HUNTS
IN MEMORY.



THE HUNT IS THE REASON
I JOINED UP WITH **BROKEN**
THSK'S PEOPLE. I
SHOULD FEEL EXCITED.



INSTEAD, ALL I
FEEL IS **ALONE**.

MACHIKO NOGUCHI.
COULDN'T MAKE IT
IN HUMAN SOCIETY,
SO SHE JOINED UP
WITH A BUNCH OF
XTs. LIKE IT WOULD
BE ANY EASIER.



HARD TO BELIEVE IT'S
BEEN OVER A YEAR
SINCE I CAME TO
LIVE WITH THE HUNTERS.
AN OUTSIDER ACCEPTED
AS AN EQUAL.

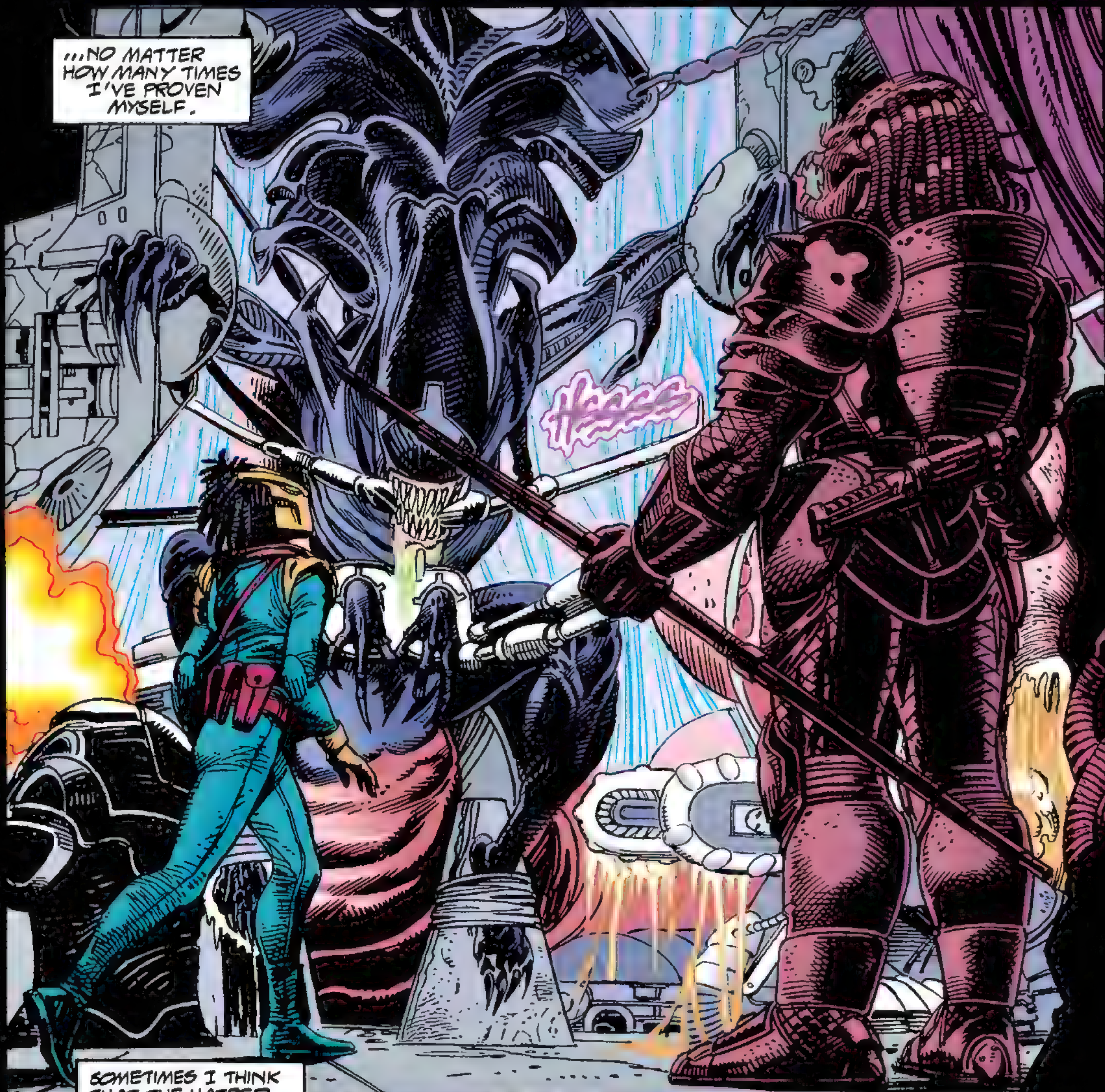


NO, THAT'S
WRONG, NOT
REALLY AN
EQUAL...

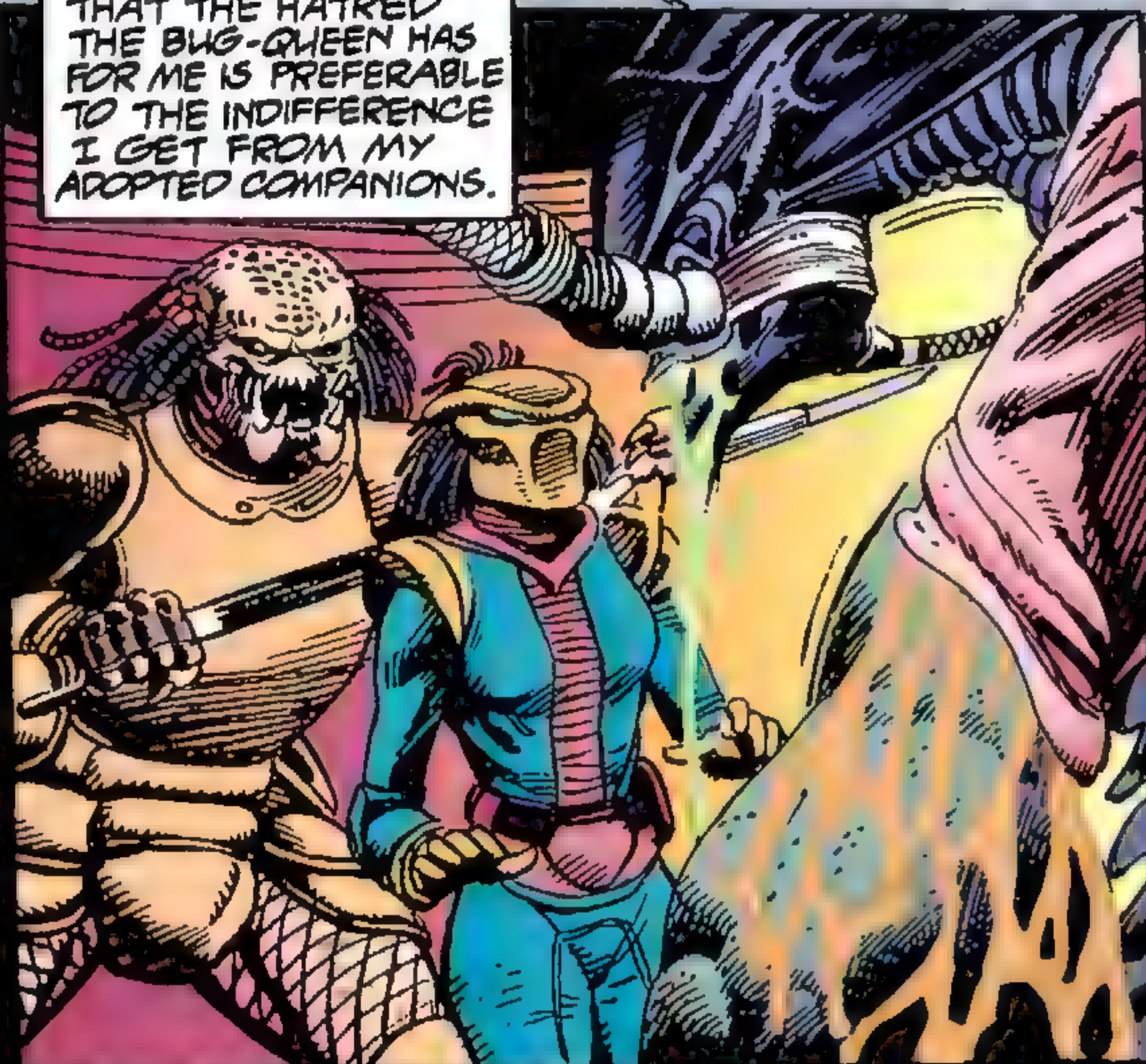


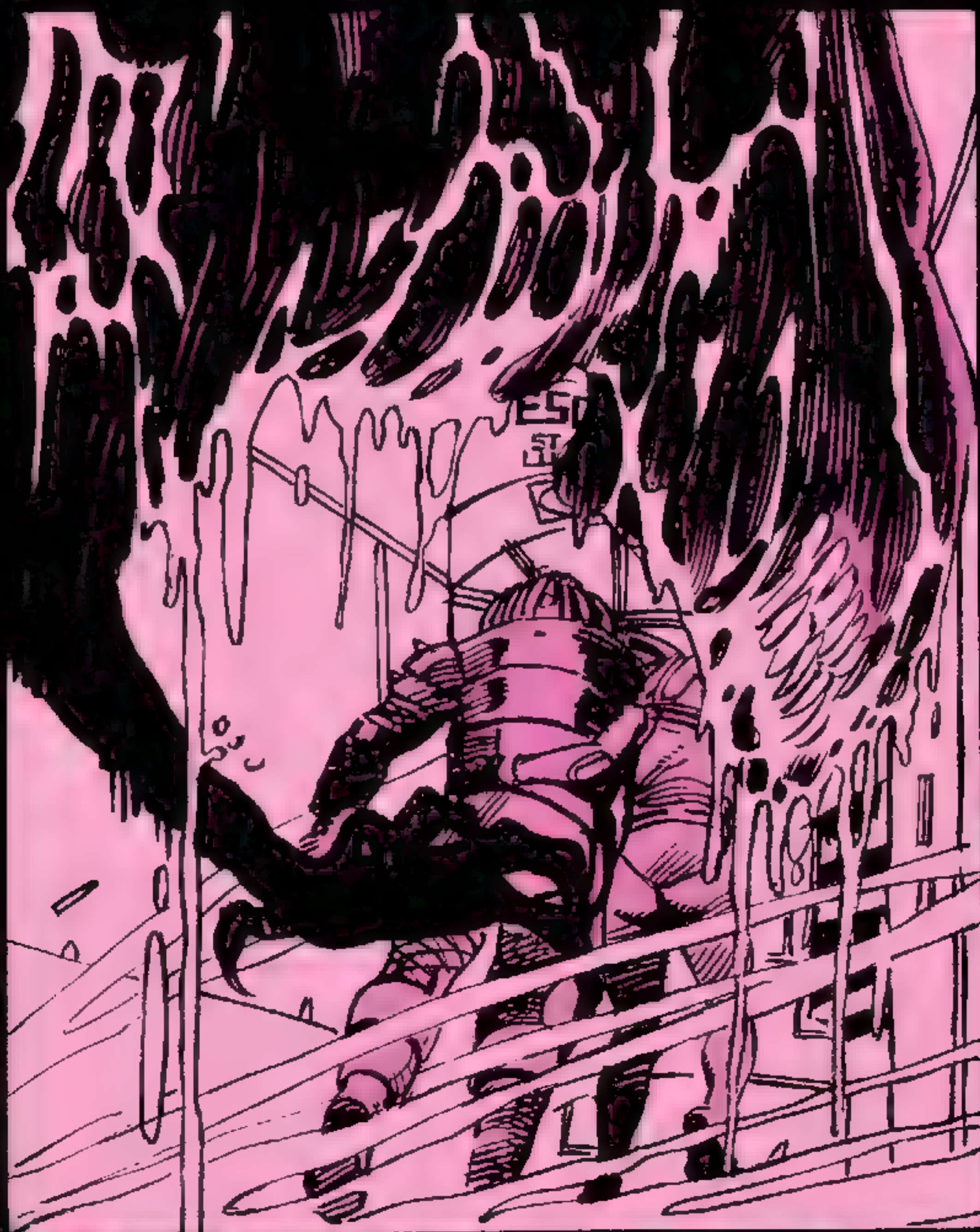
...AND NOT TRULY
ACCEPTED...

...NO MATTER
HOW MANY TIMES
I'VE PROVEN
MYSELF.



SOMETIMES I THINK
THAT THE HATRED
THE BUG-QUEEN HAS
FOR ME IS PREFERABLE
TO THE INDIFFERENCE
I GET FROM MY
ADOPTED COMPANIONS.

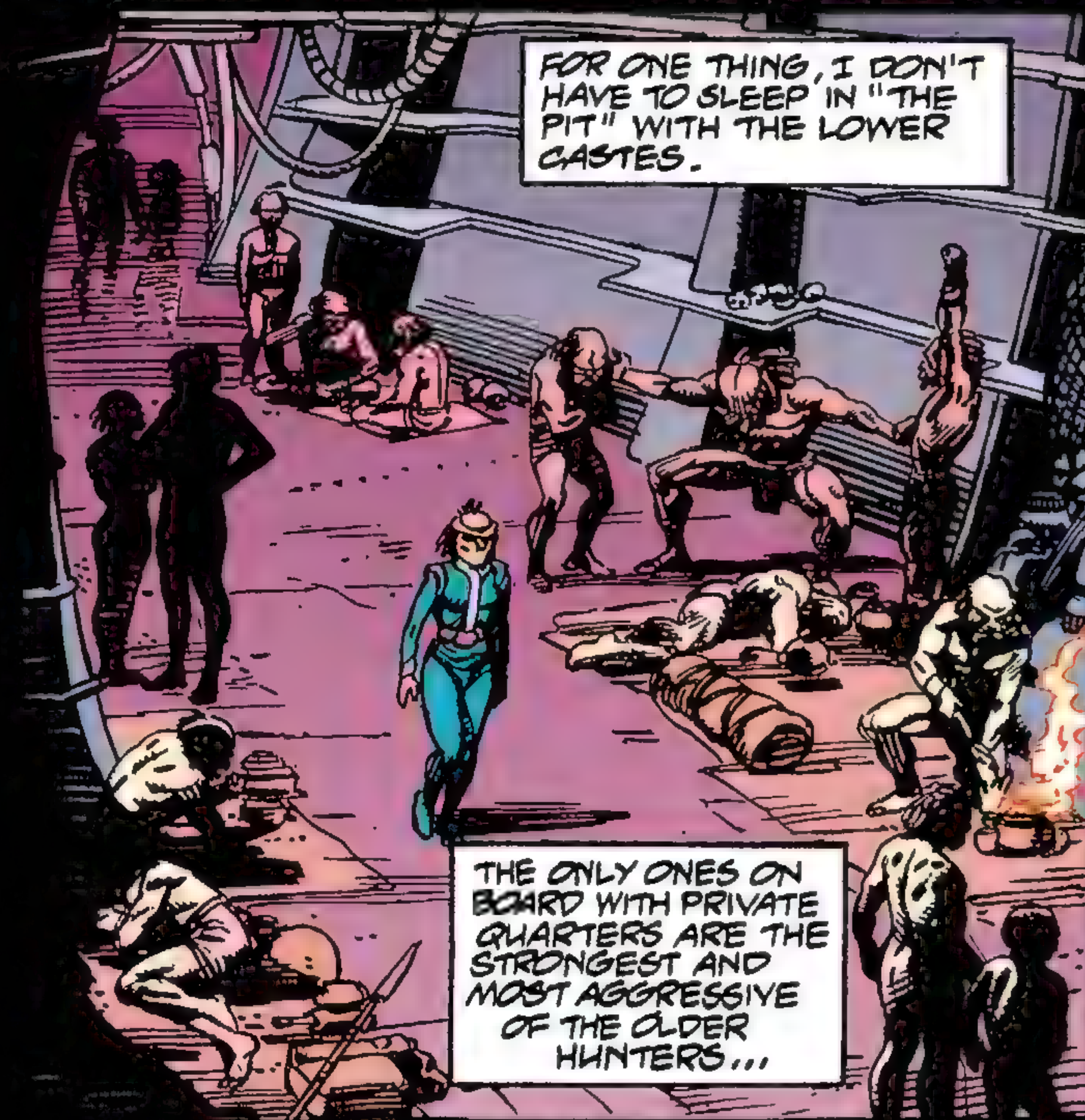




THERE ARE SOME
ADVANTAGES TO
BEING "DIFFERENT."



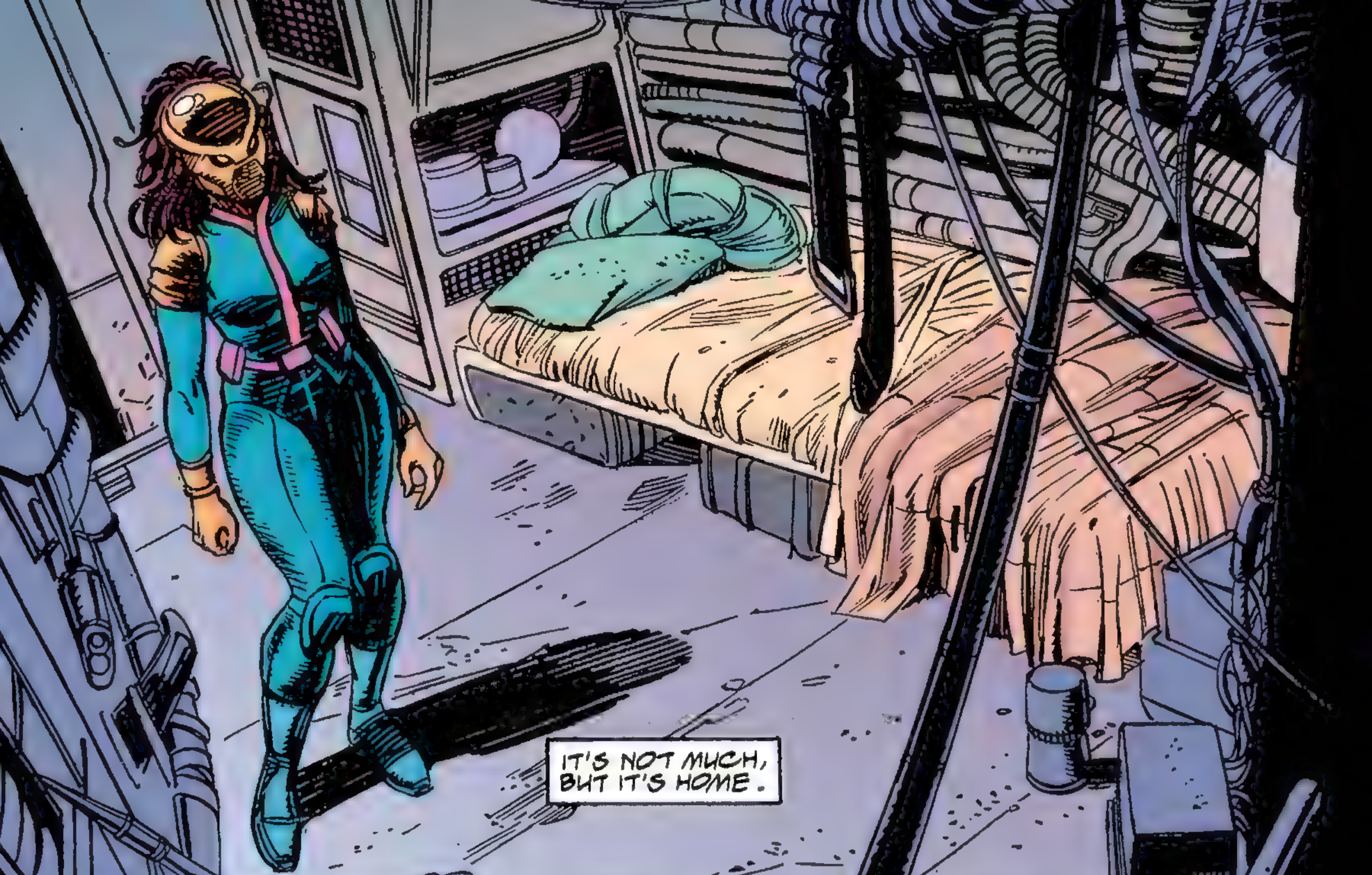
FOR ONE THING, I DON'T
HAVE TO SLEEP IN "THE
PIT" WITH THE LOWER
CASTES.



THE ONLY ONES ON
BOARD WITH PRIVATE
QUARTERS ARE THE
STRONGEST AND
MOST AGGRESSIVE
OF THE OLDER
HUNTERS...



...AND ME.



IT'S NOT MUCH,
BUT IT'S HOME.

MAYBE IT WOULD HAVE
BEEN DIFFERENT IF
BROKEN TASK HAD
LIVED. MAYBE. WE
WERE THROWN TOGETHER
UNDER UNUSUAL
CIRCUMSTANCES.

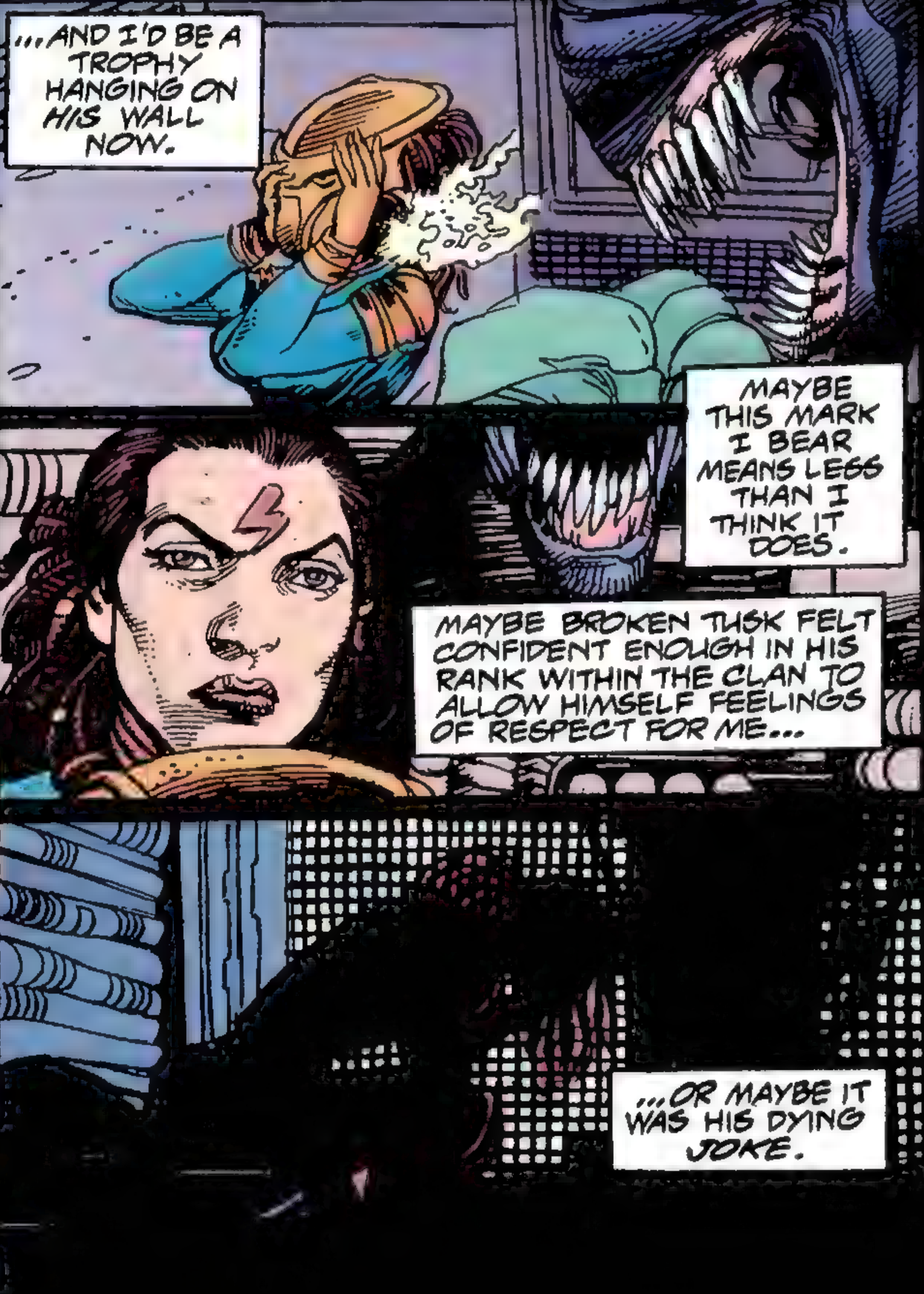
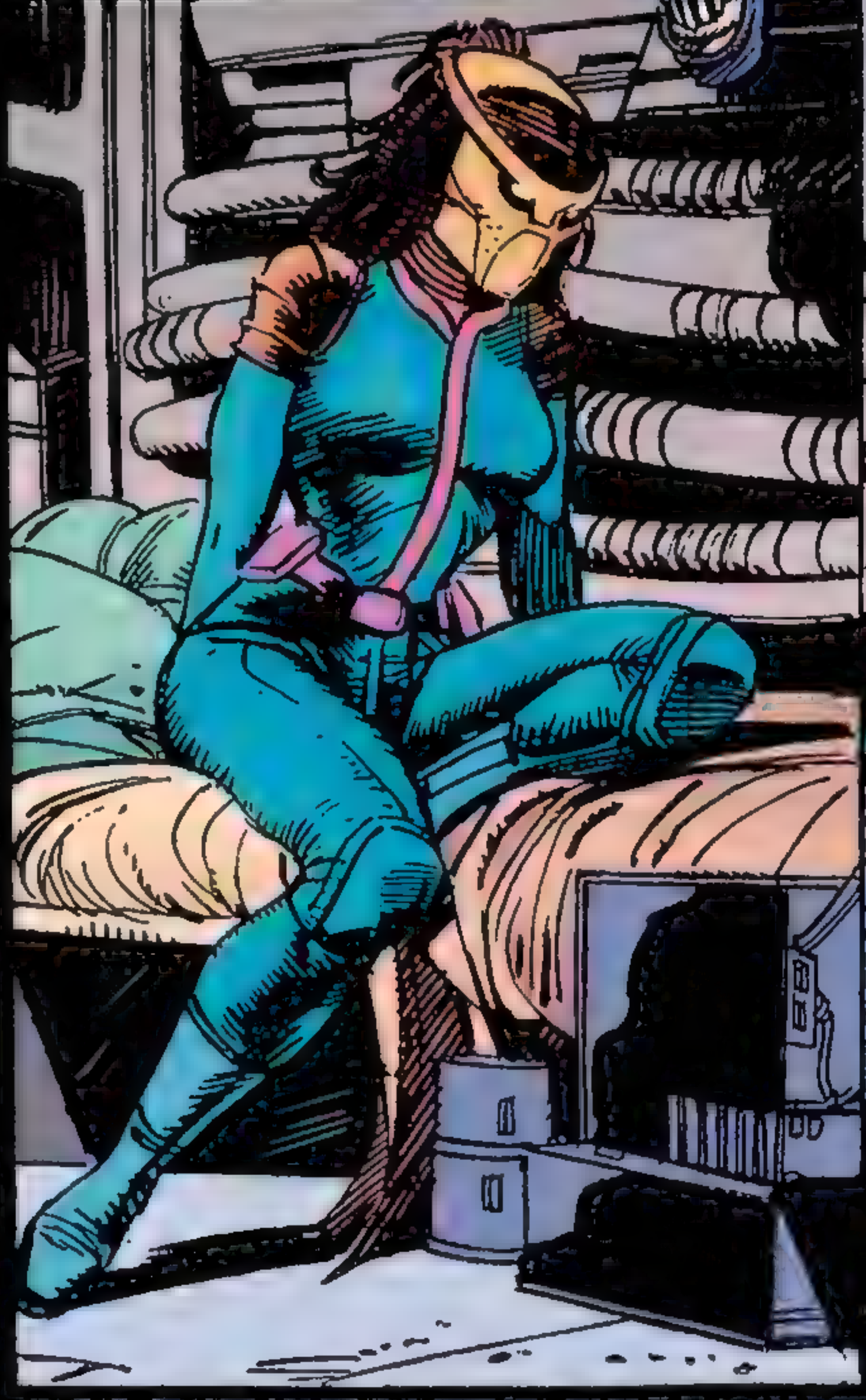
PERHAPS IN ANY OTHER
SITUATION HE WOULD
HAVE BEEN NO DIFFER-
ENT THAN ANY OF HIS
PEOPLE...

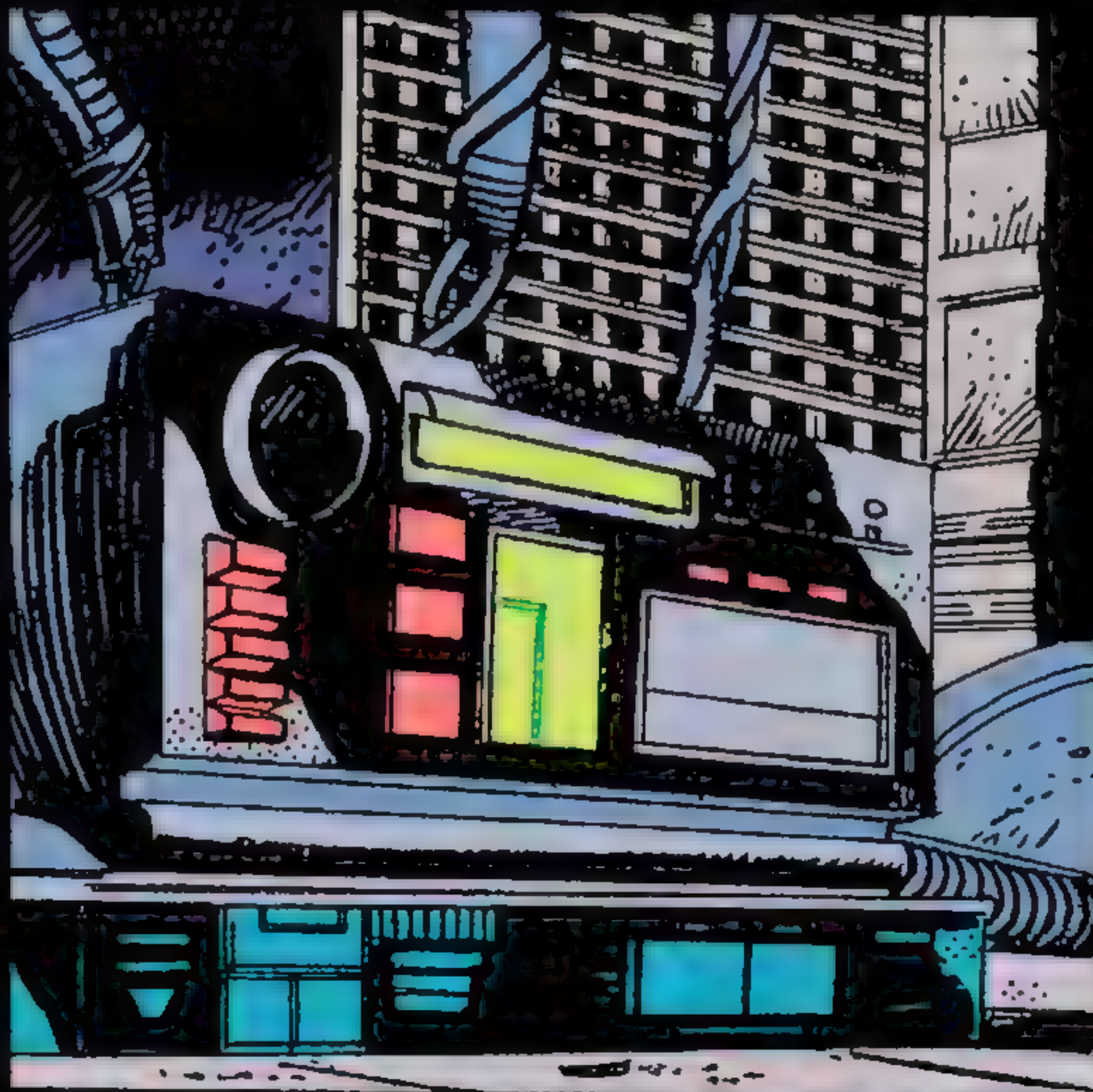
...AND I'D BE A
TROPHY
HANGING ON
HIS WALL
NOW.

MAYBE
THIS MARK
I BEAR
MEANS LESS
THAN I
THINK IT
DOES.

MAYBE BROKEN TASK FELT
CONFIDENT ENOUGH IN HIS
RANK WITHIN THE CLAN TO
ALLOW HIMSELF FEELINGS
OF RESPECT FOR ME...

...OR MAYBE IT
WAS HIS DYING
JOKE.

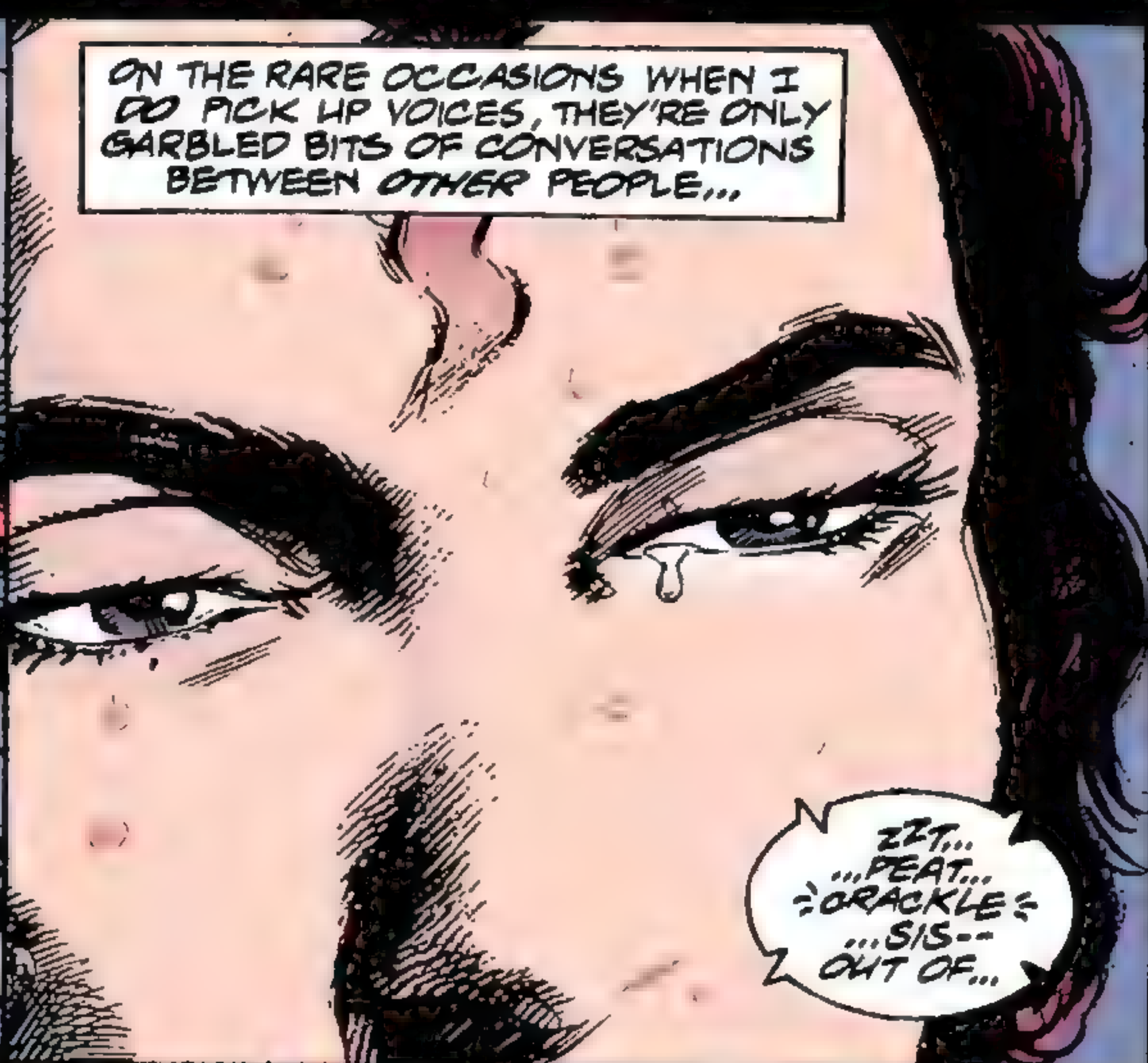




I DON'T KNOW WHY I BROUGHT THIS WITH ME FROM MY CABIN ON RYUSHI.



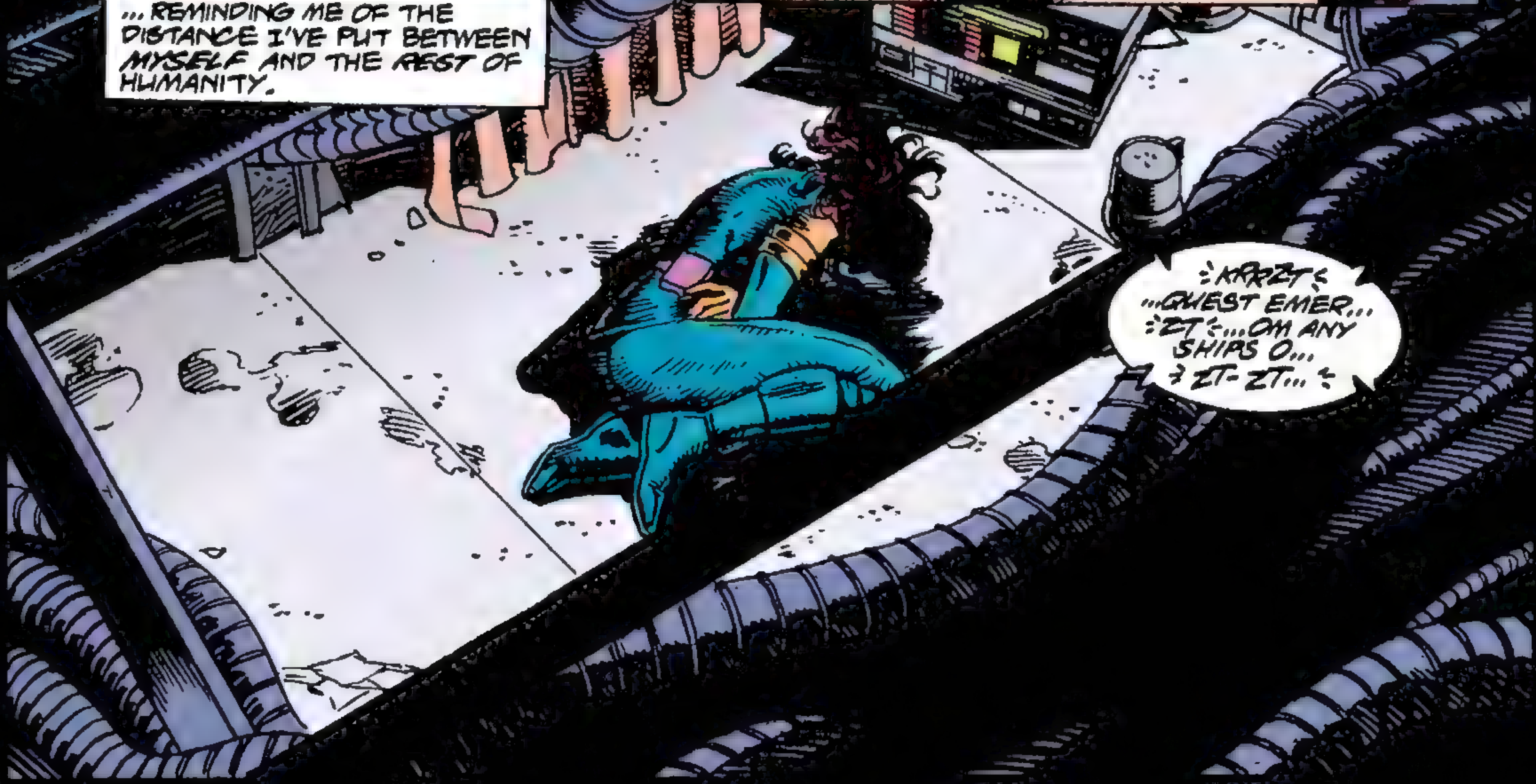
USUALLY ALL I GET IS STATIC.



ON THE RARE OCCASIONS WHEN I DO PICK UP VOICES, THEY'RE ONLY GARBLED BITS OF CONVERSATIONS BETWEEN OTHER PEOPLE...

ZZT...
...PEAT...
CRACKLE...
...SIS...
OUT OF...

... REMINDING ME OF THE DISTANCE I'VE PUT BETWEEN MYSELF AND THE REST OF HUMANITY.



CRACK...
...QUEST EMER...
...ZT... ON ANY
SHIPS O...
ZT-ZT...

...REPEAT:
THIS IS THE SHUTTLE
FROM THE WEYLAND-YUTANI
CRUISER NEMESIS--OUT
OF FUEL AND ADRIFT.
REQUEST EMERGENCY
ASSISTANCE FROM ANY
SHIPS OR HUMAN
OUTPOSTS RECEIVING
THIS MESSAGE...

GIVE
IT A REST,
ELLIS.



THINK ABOUT IT,
DICKWEED. ANYBODY
WHO MIGHT HEAR YOU
WILL HAVE PICKED UP
OUR DISTRESS
BEACON HOURS
BEFORE.

LET ELLIS TALK,
IF IT MAKES HIM
FEEL BETTER. WE
ALL HAVE TO DEAL
WITH THE STRESS
IN OUR OWN WAY.

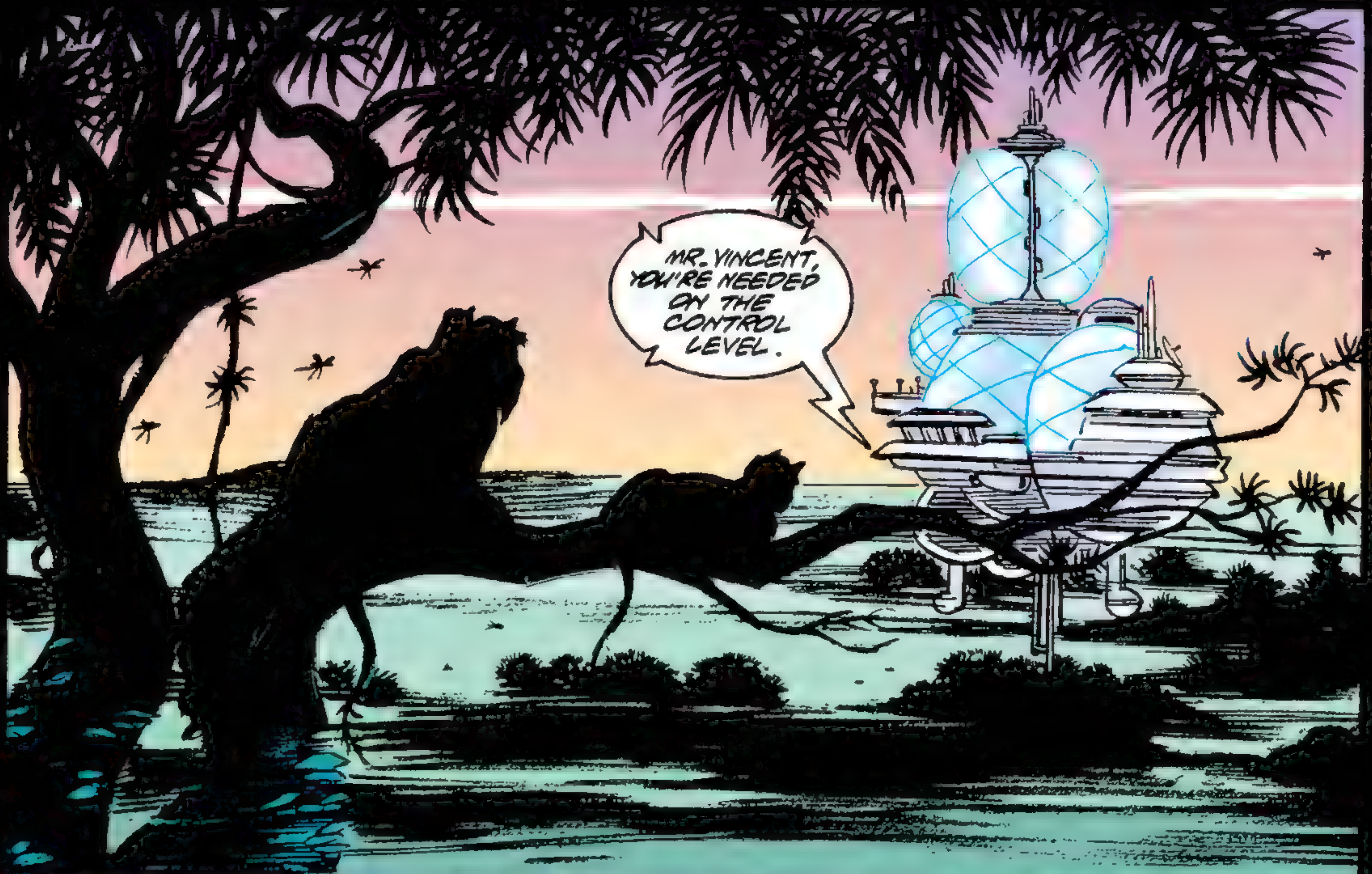
NEMESIS
SHUTTLE, THIS
IS BUNDA SURVEY.
WE READ YOU
FOUR-BY-FOUR,
OVER.

BUNDA
SURVEY, THIS
IS NEMESIS
SHUTTLE!

GO AHEAD
AND DO NOTHING,
JESS--I'M GONNA
GET HIS
RESCUED!

YEAH?
WELL, I'M
GONNA
DEAL WITH
HIM IF HE
DOESN'T--

KEEP 'IM
TALKIN', ELLIS!
WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH
YOU?



MR. VINCENT,
YOU'RE NEEDED
ON THE
CONTROL
LEVEL.



ROGER, NEMESIS
SHUTTLE. WE'RE
DISPATCHING A SHIP
TO YOUR POSITION.
E.T.A.-- SIX HOURS.

WHAT
HAVE YOU
GOT,
CABOT?

A
DISTRESS
CALL FROM
A LOST
SHUTTLE.

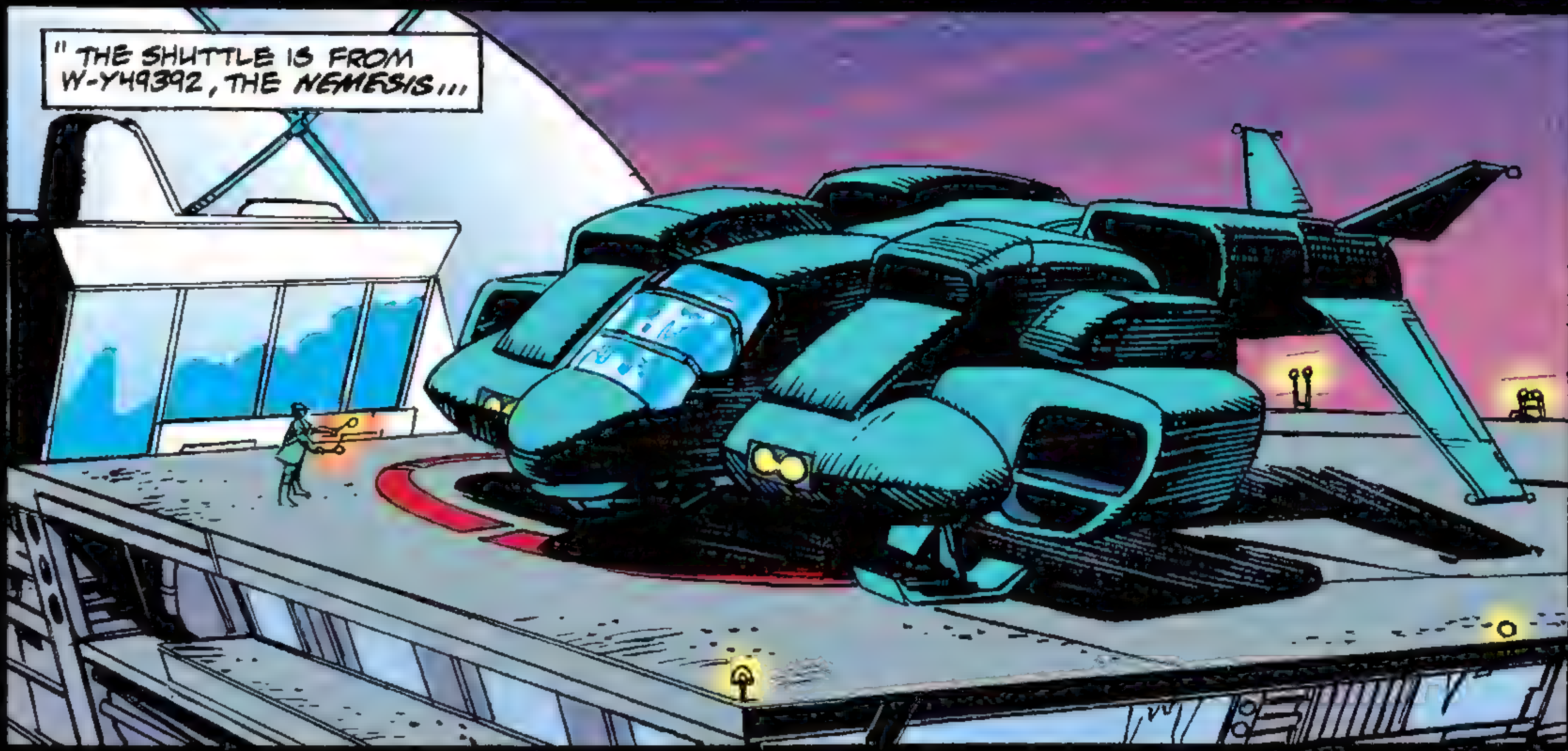


CAN
WE HELP
THEM?

THEY SAY THAT IF WE CAN GET
FUEL TO THEM, THEY CAN COME
DOWN UNDER THEIR OWN
POWER. OUR D-SHIP IS
WARMING UP RIGHT NOW,
MR. VINCENT.

AND?

" THE SHUTTLE IS FROM
W-Y49392, THE NEMESIS!!!"

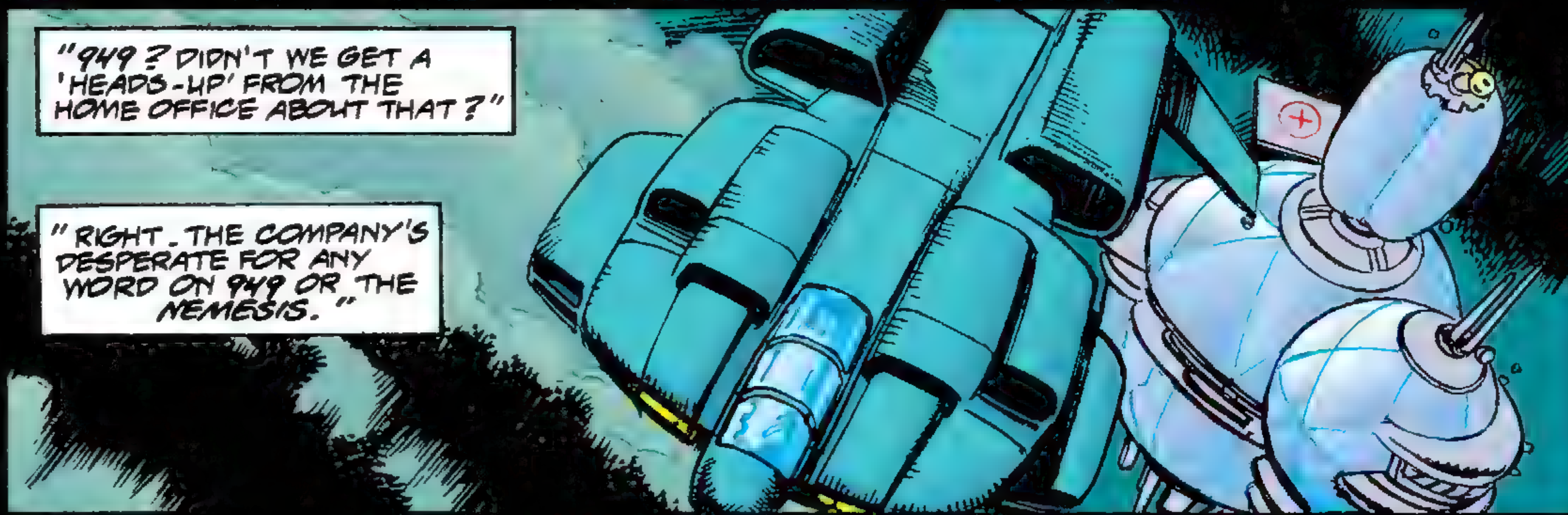


" !!!LAST KNOWN PORT OF
CALL: TERMINAL 949!!!"



" 949? DIDN'T WE GET A
'HEADS-UP' FROM THE
HOME OFFICE ABOUT THAT? "

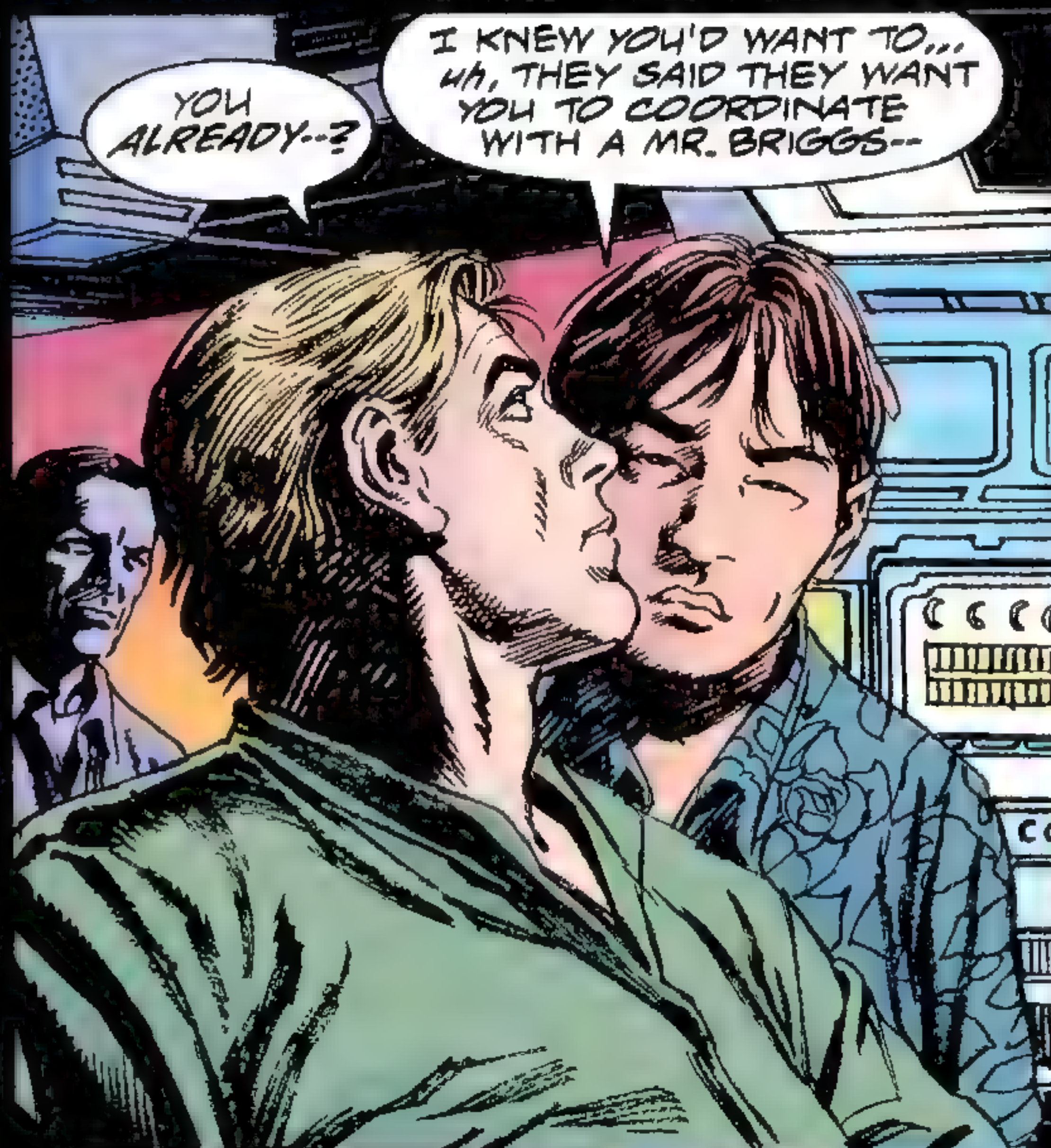
" RIGHT. THE COMPANY'S
DESPERATE FOR ANY
WORD ON 949 OR THE
NEMESIS. "



" SET UP A LINK
WITH THE H.O. "

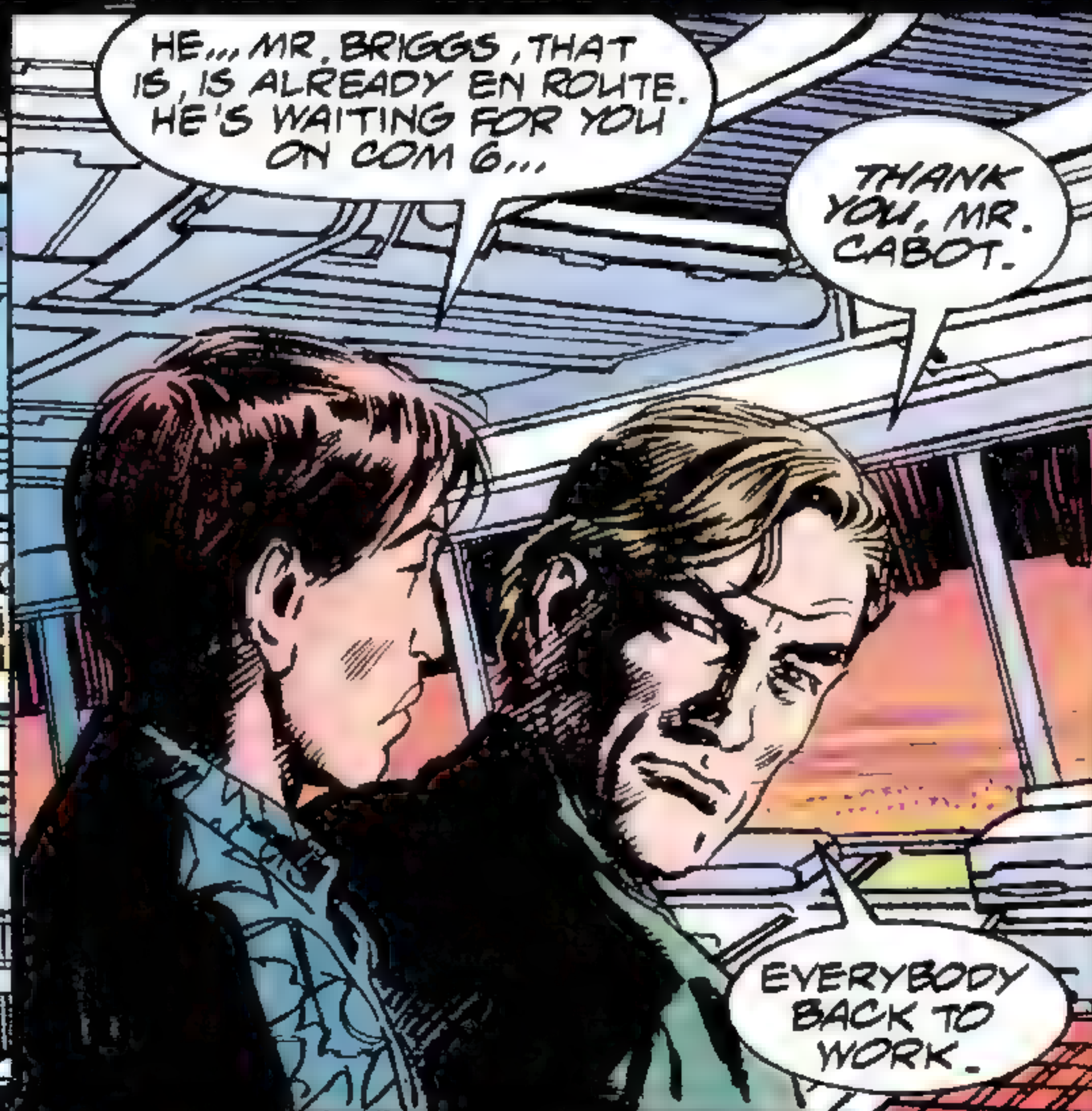


" WH, I ALREADY
DID, MR. VINCENT,!!!"



YOU
ALREADY--?

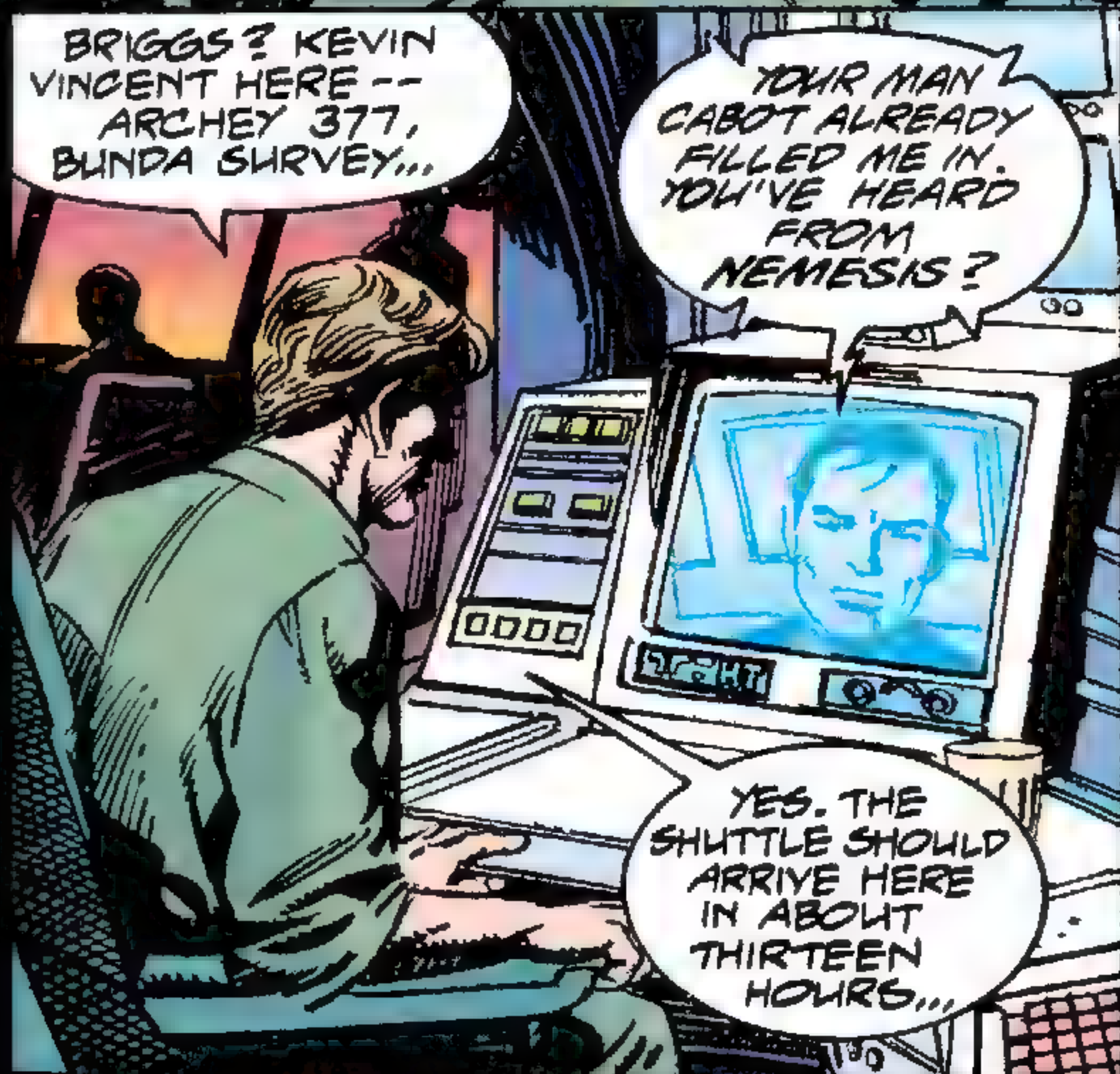
I KNEW YOU'D WANT TO...
HA, THEY SAID THEY WANT
YOU TO COORDINATE
WITH A MR. BRIGGS--



HE... MR. BRIGGS, THAT
IS, IS ALREADY EN ROUTE.
HE'S WAITING FOR YOU
ON COM 6...

THANK
YOU, MR.
CABOT.

EVERYBODY
BACK TO
WORK.



BRIGGS? KEVIN
VINCENT HERE --
ARCHEY 377,
BUNDA SURVEY...

YOUR MAN
CABOT ALREADY
FILLED ME IN.
YOU'VE HEARD
FROM
NEMESIS?

YES. THE
SHUTTLE SHOULD
ARRIVE HERE
IN ABOUT
THIRTEEN
HOURS...



THAT'LL
MAKE IT
11:00 A.M.
LOCAL
TIME--

WHATEVER. LISTEN--
EARTHSIDE WANTS
ME TO HANDLE
THIS PERSONALLY,
BUT I'M STILL
TWENTY-FIVE HOURS
AWAY.

I'M GOING
TO GIVE YOU
A CODE WORD,
VINCENT. CANCER
BLACK.

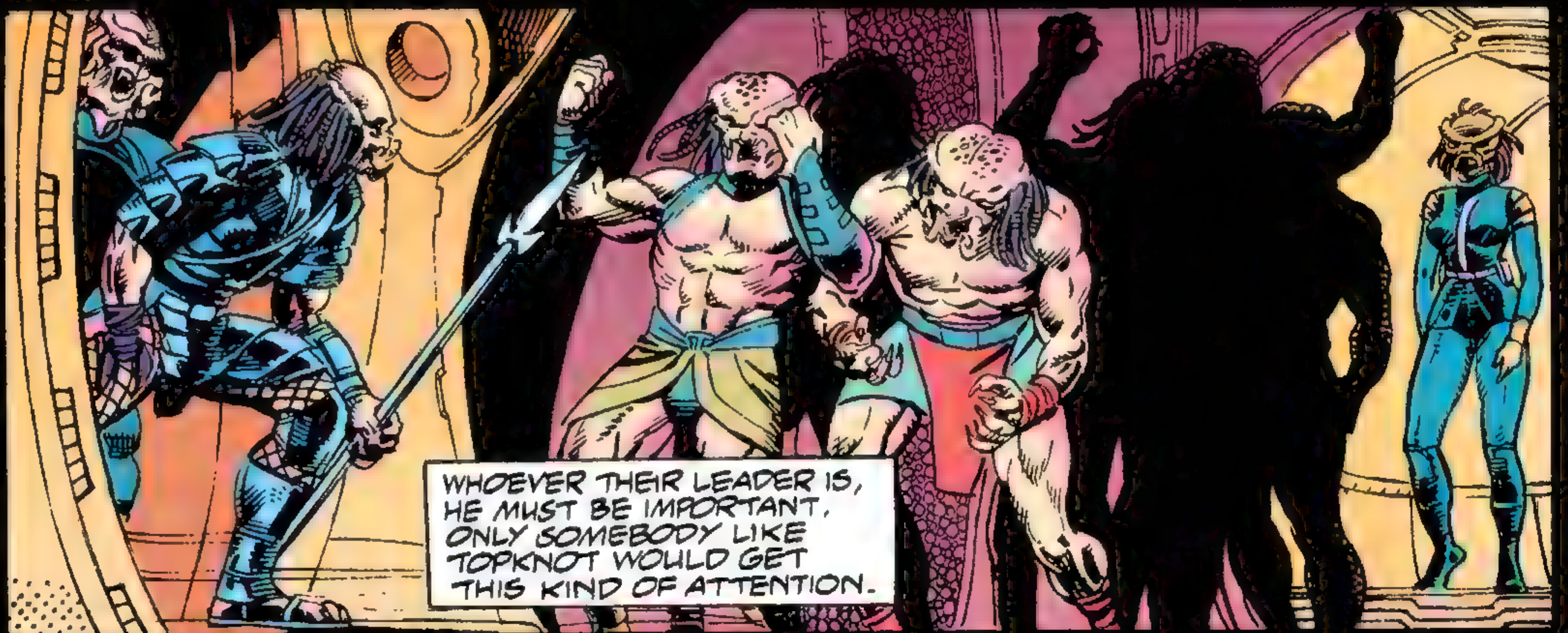
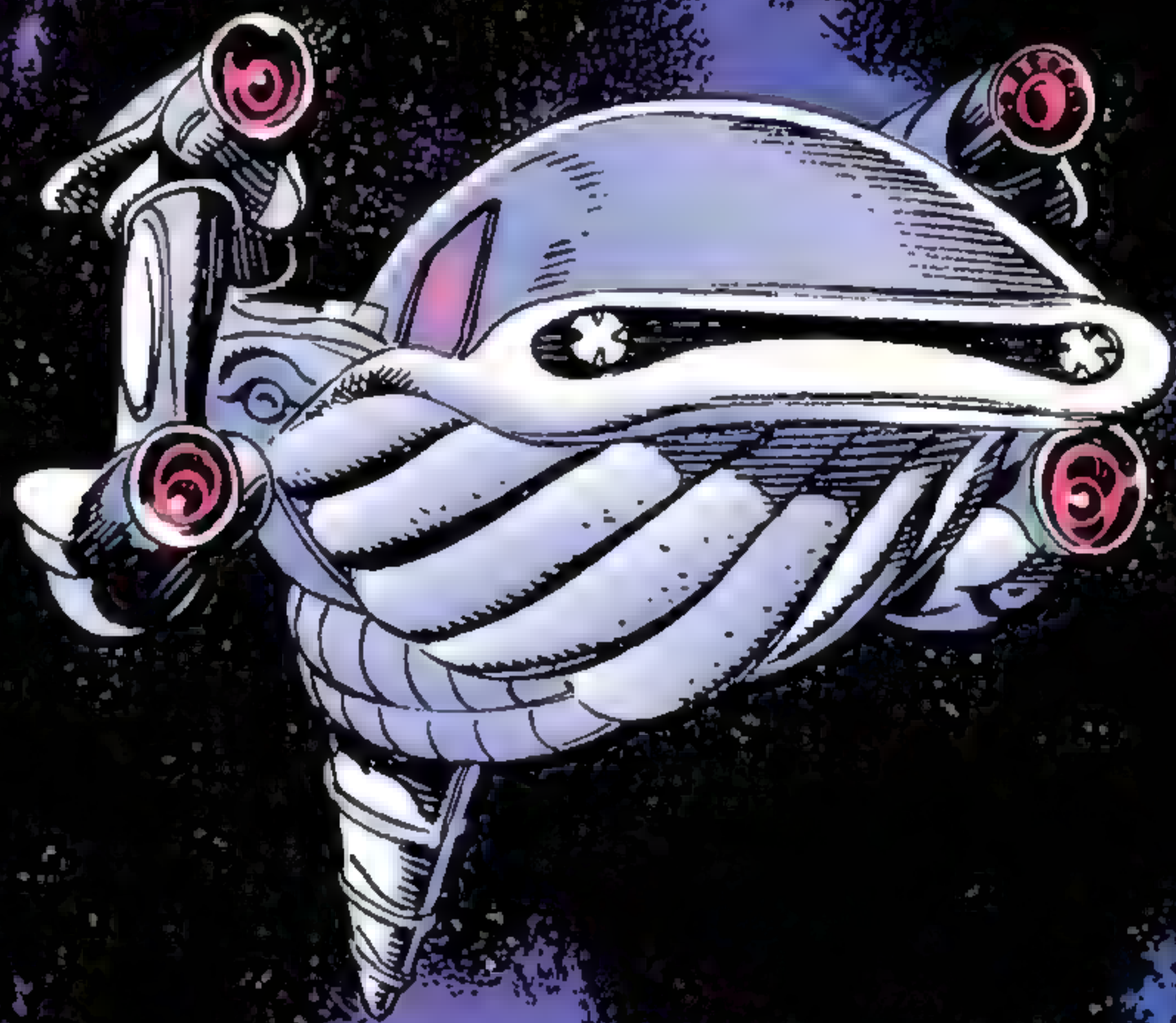


DO YOU
UNDERSTAND,
VINCENT?

B-BUT
THAT'S--

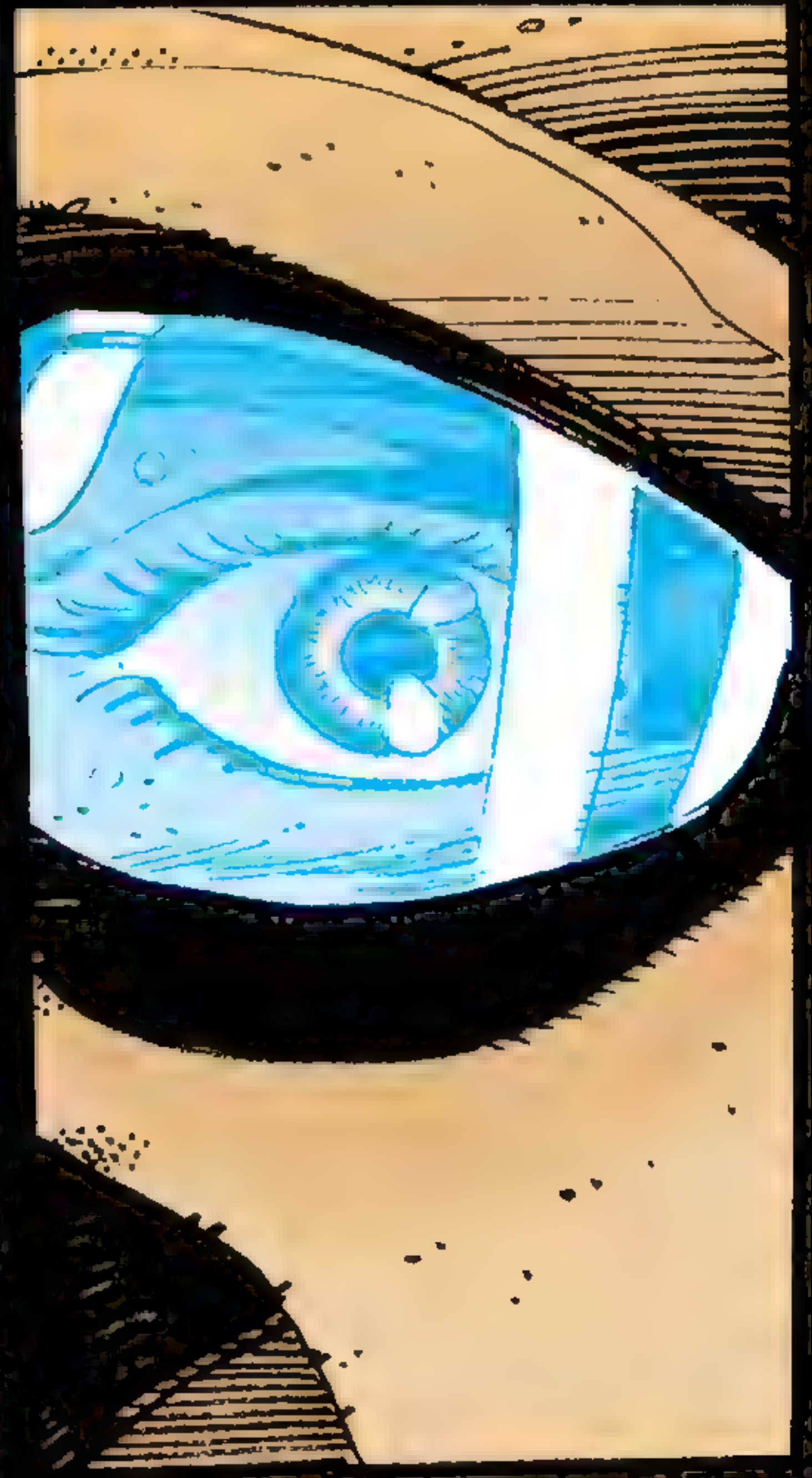
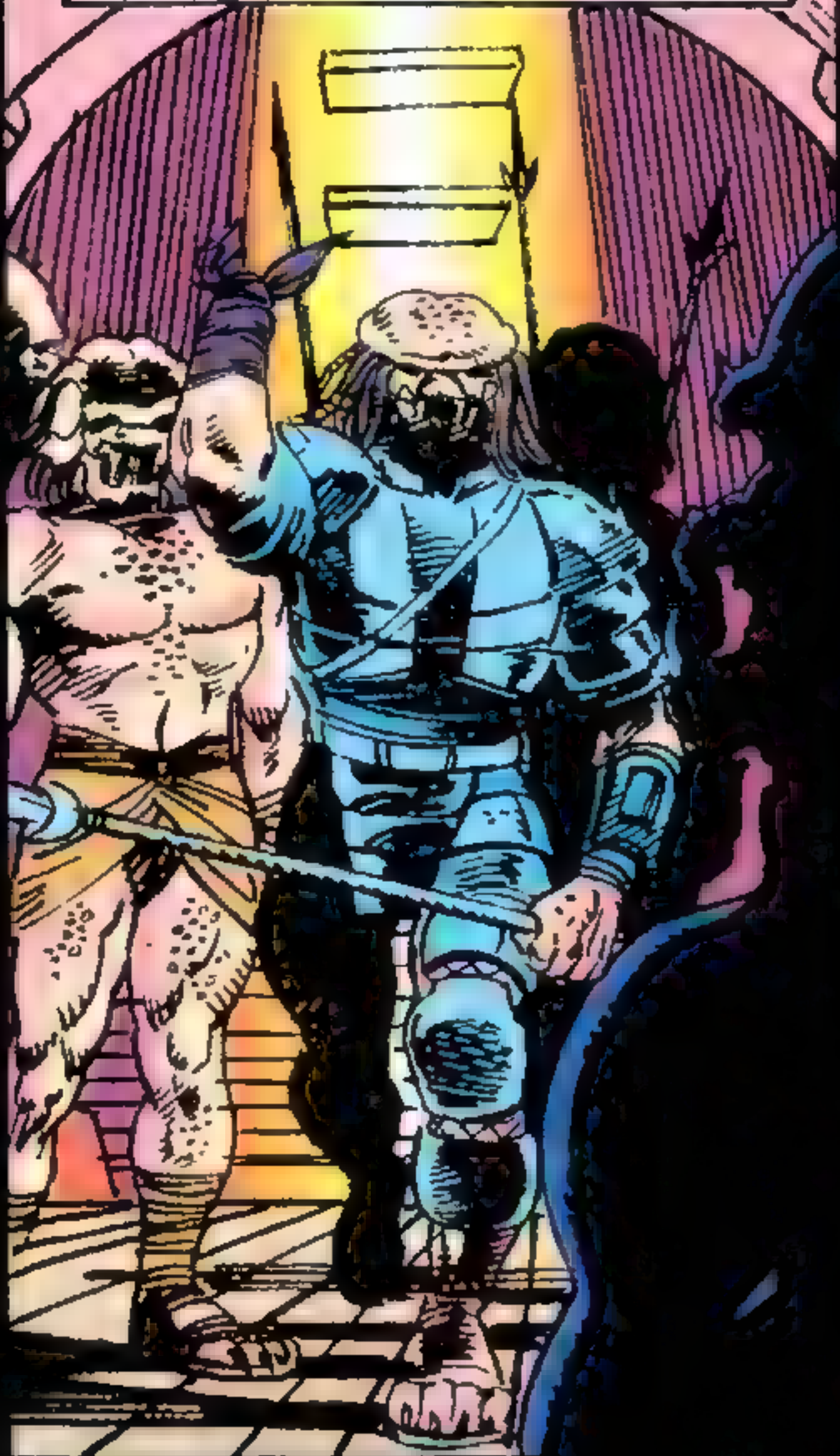
KEEP
IT QUIET
UNTIL I
GET
THERE.

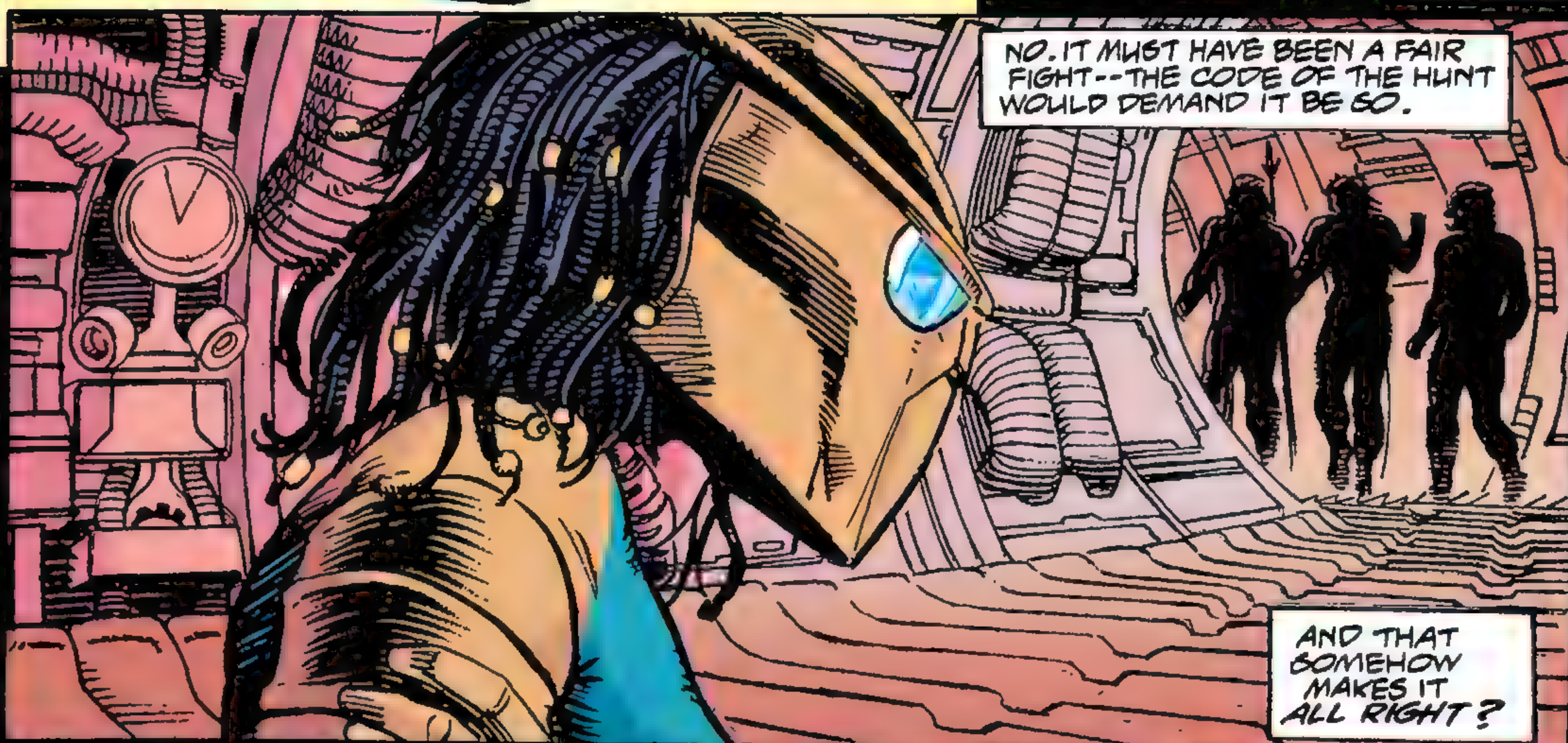
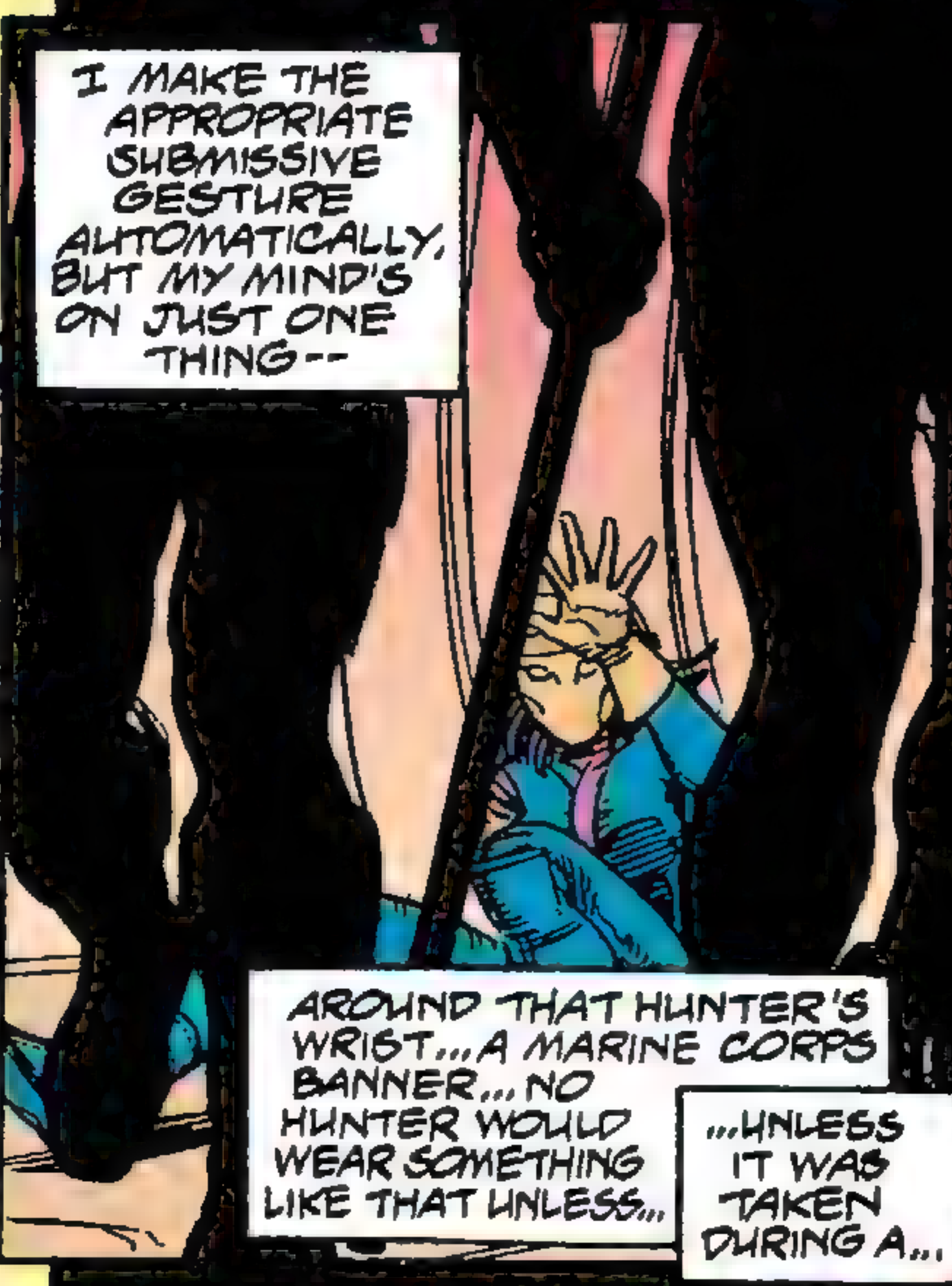
THE LAST STRAGGLERS
FROM THE CLAN HAVE
ARRIVED. THE FIGHTING
WILL BEGIN SOON.



WHOEVER THEIR LEADER IS,
HE MUST BE IMPORTANT.
ONLY SOMEBODY LIKE
TOPKNOT WOULD GET
THIS KIND OF ATTENTION.

STILL YOUNG, BUT WITH
SCARS THAT WOULD DO
A VETERAN PROUD...





AND THAT SOMEHOW MAKES IT ALL RIGHT?



TOPKNOT. HE'S THE
CURRENT CLAN BOSS.

I GET THE
IMPRESSION
THERE WAS NO
LOVE LOST
BETWEEN HIM
AND BROKEN
TUSK...

...BUT HE'S
GIVEN ME
TIME TO
PROVE
MYSELF.

HE TELLS
ME IT'S
TIME TO
DO IT
AGAIN.



THAT'S THE
FIRST THING
I LEARNED
ABOUT HUNTER
CULTURE--
YOU'RE ONLY
AS GOOD AS
YOUR LAST
FIGHT. AND
THAT GOES
FOR EVERY
MEMBER OF
THE CLAN...

...INCLUDING ME,
INCLUDING TOP-
KNOT. IN THAT
RESPECT, WE'RE
ALL EQUALS.

"FIGHT 'SHORTY,'"
HE SIGNS TO ME.



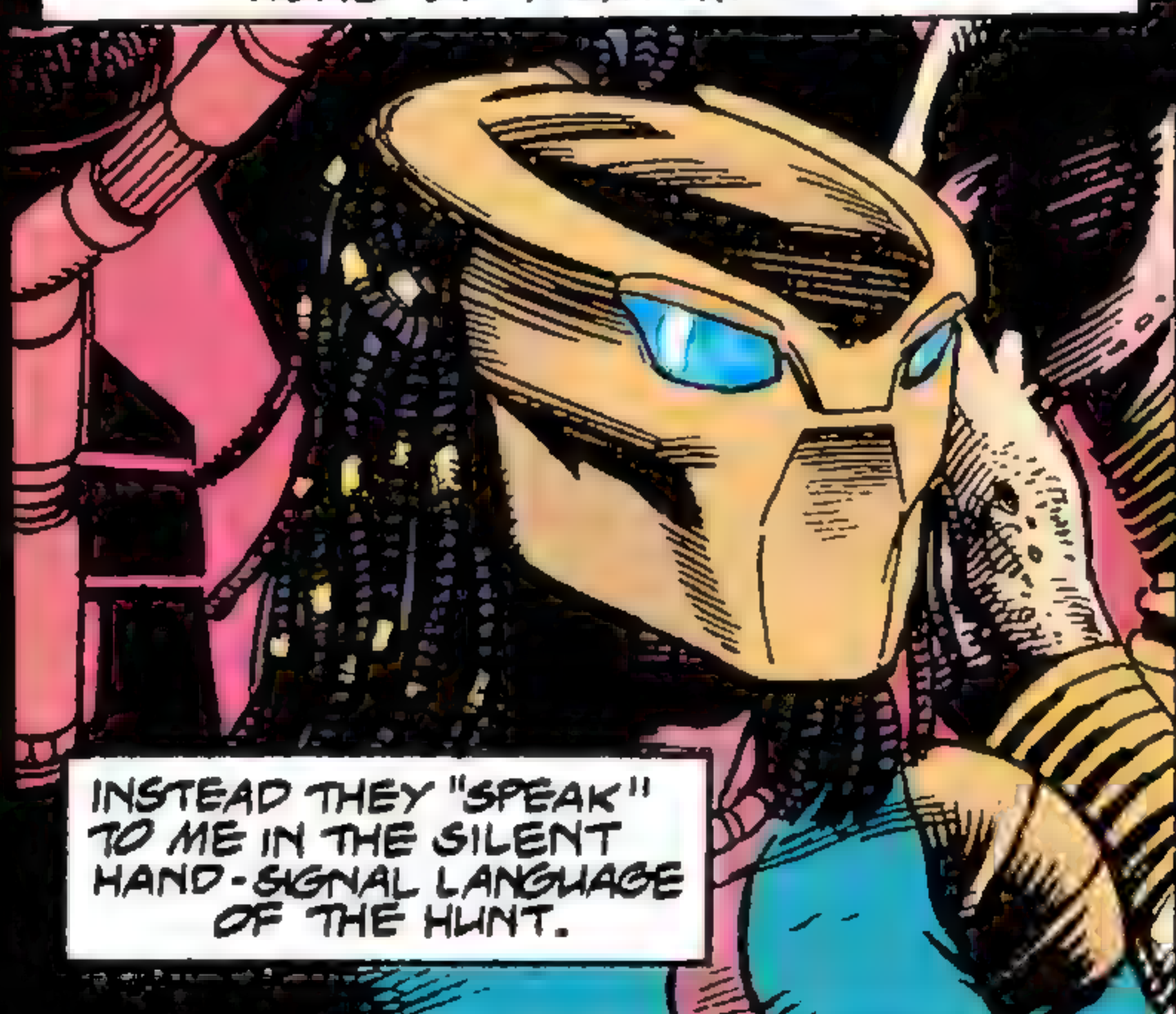
"I KNOW."

THE SECOND
THING I
LEARNED WAS
THAT I'M THE
LEAST AMONG
EQUALS.



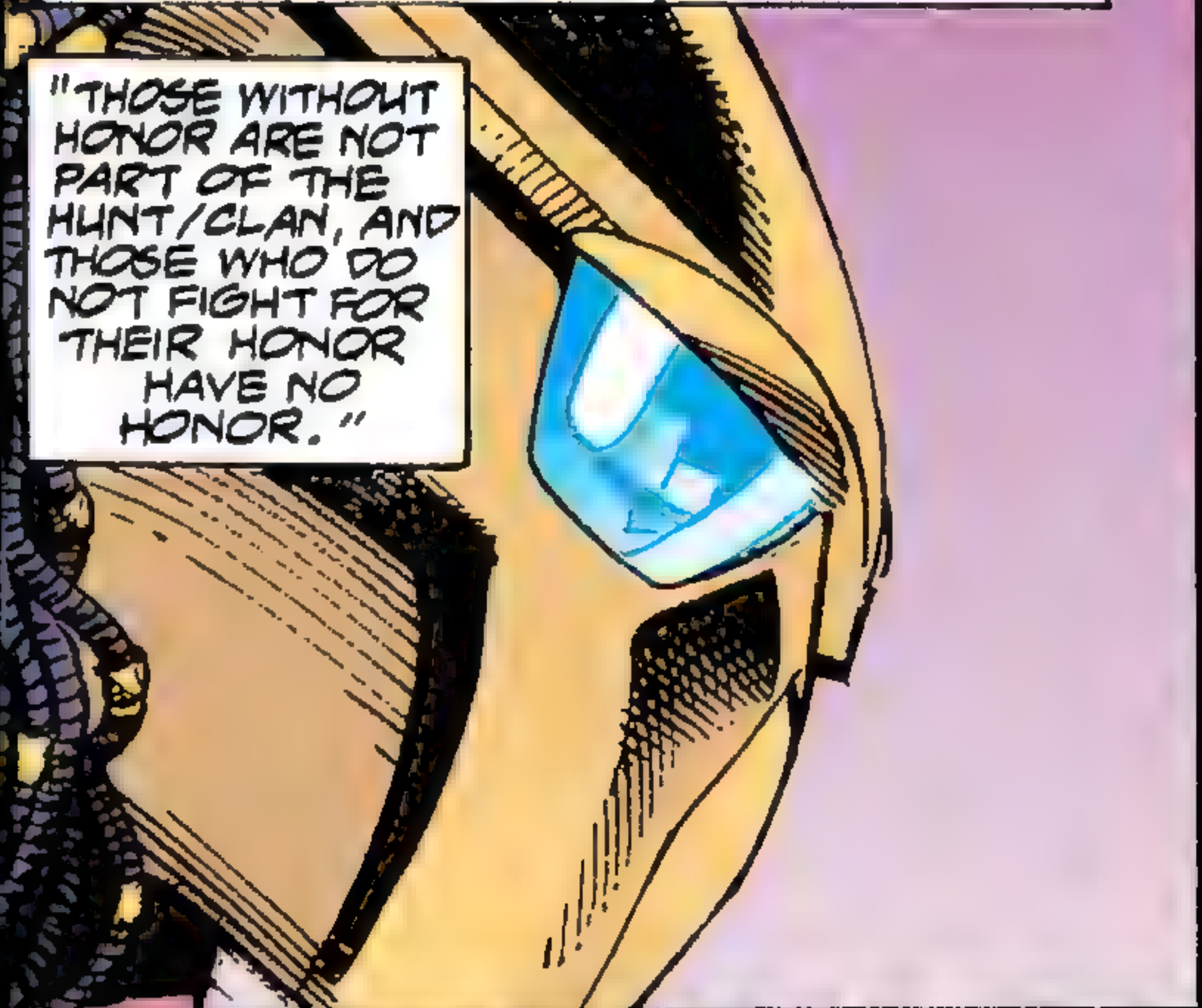
TOPKNOT COULD TALK TO ME--I KNOW
HE UNDERSTANDS ENGLISH, BUT HE WON'T.
NONE OF THEM WILL.

THE SIGNS WERE NEVER INTENDED TO
CONVEY COMPLICATED THOUGHTS, BUT
TOPKNOT'S MESSAGE IS CLEAR ENOUGH.



INSTEAD THEY "SPEAK"
TO ME IN THE SILENT
HAND-SIGNAL LANGUAGE
OF THE HUNT.

"THOSE WITHOUT
HONOR ARE NOT
PART OF THE
HUNT/CLAN, AND
THOSE WHO DO
NOT FIGHT FOR
THEIR HONOR
HAVE NO
HONOR."



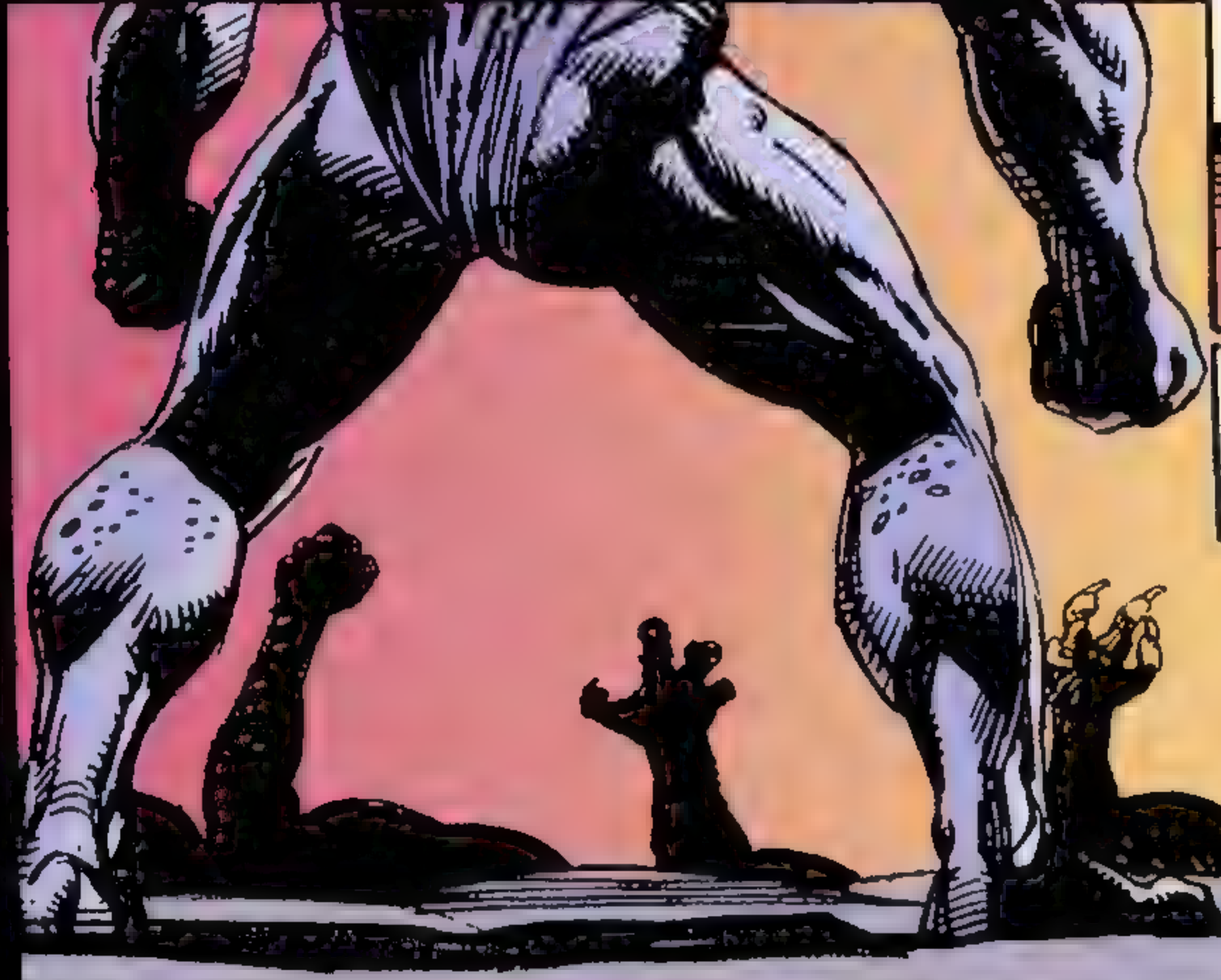
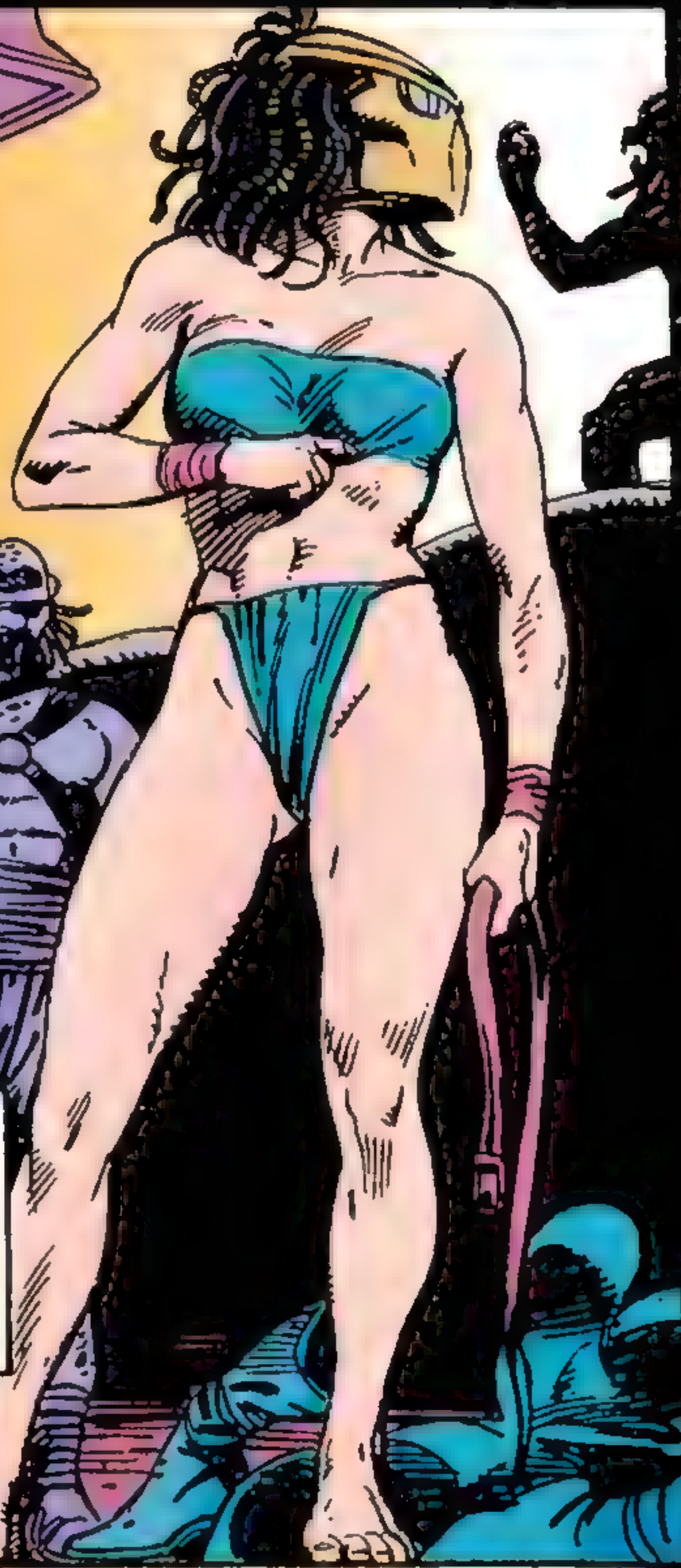


SO I HAVE TO FIGHT--
SCRABBLE FOR MY
SPOT IN THE PECKING
ORDER.

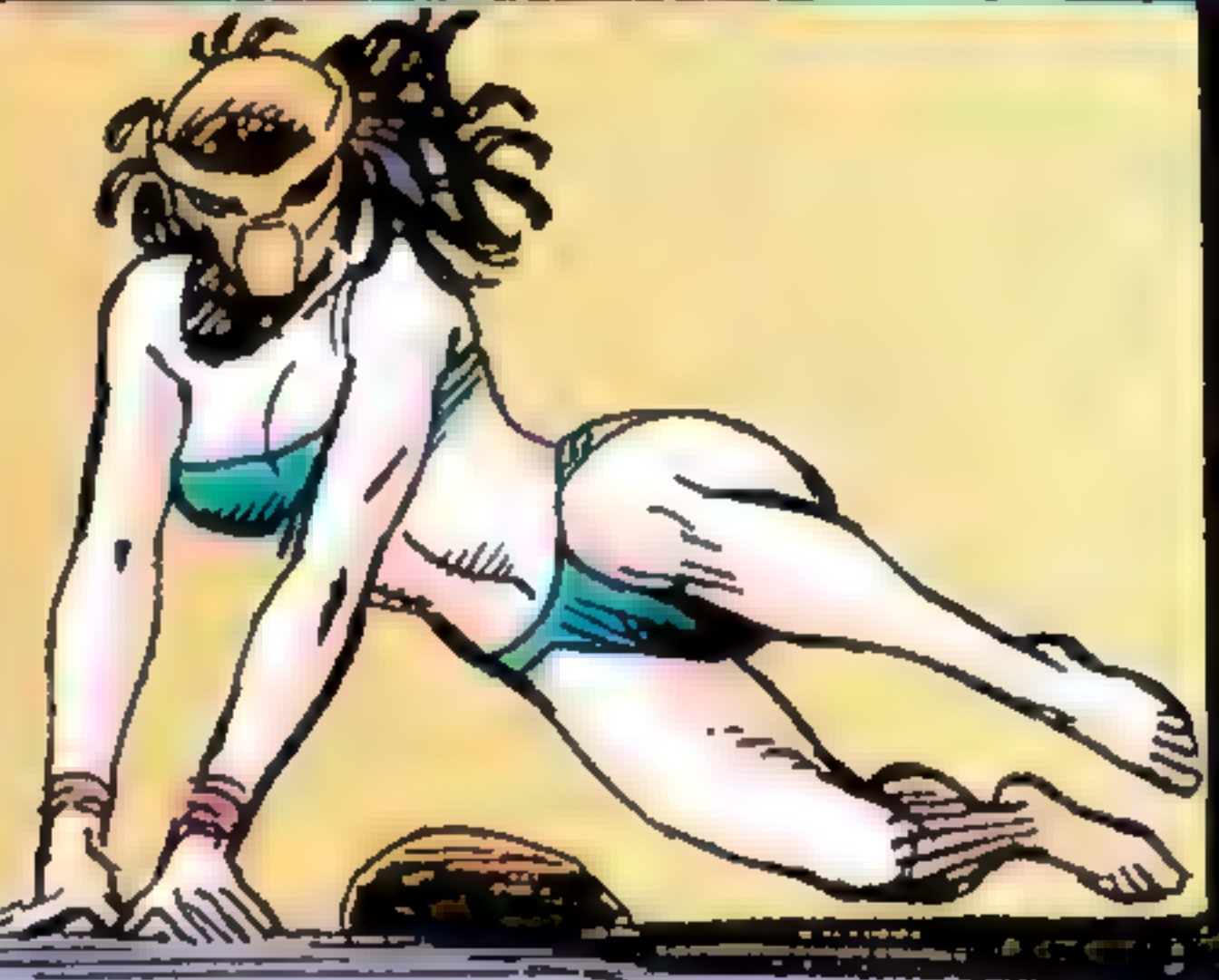


AND THAT
MEANS
SHORTY.

I GUESS I
ALWAYS
KNEW IT
WOULD
HAVE TO
COME DOWN
TO THIS.



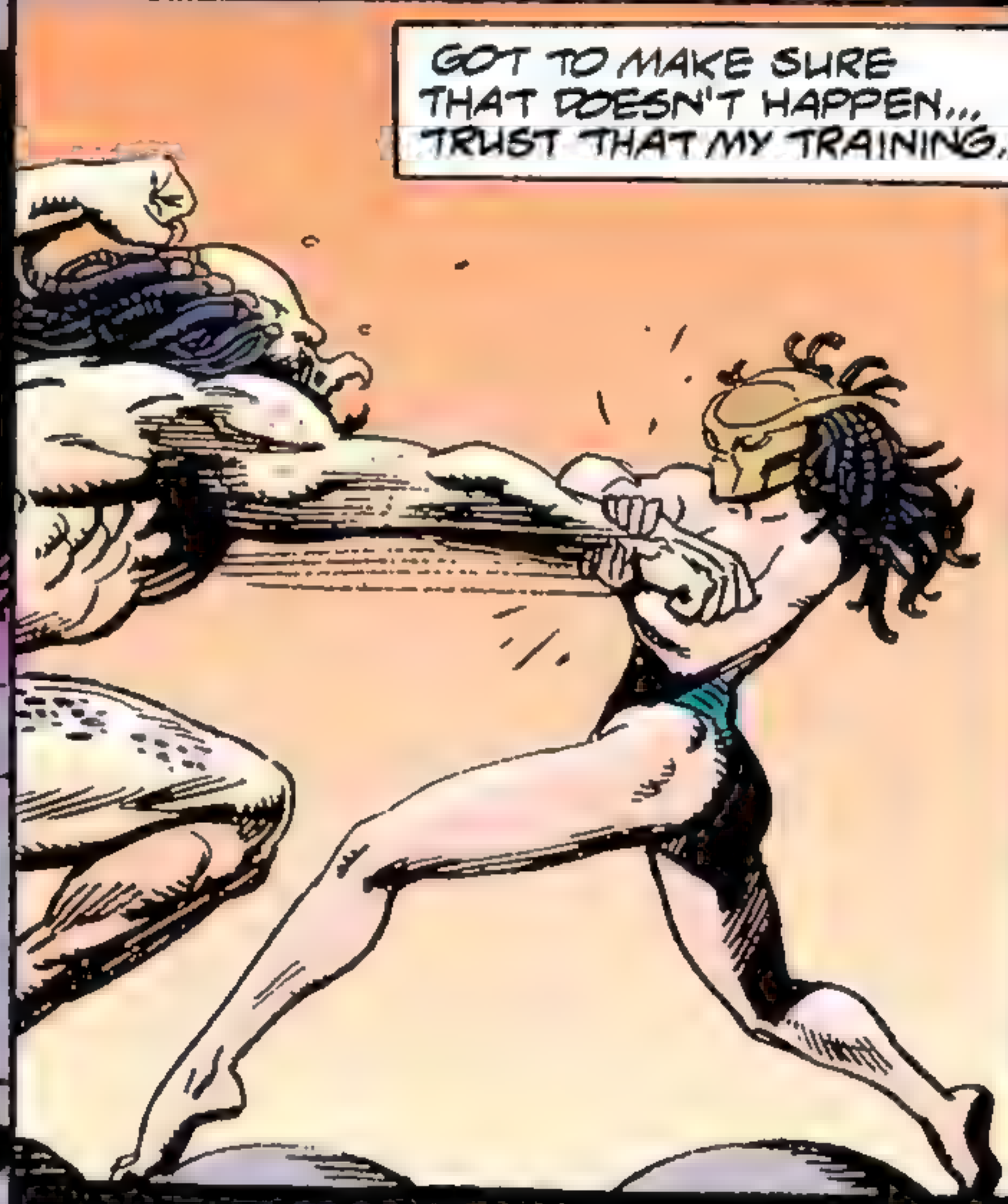
I WISH IT
WASN'T SO
HOT IN
HERE.



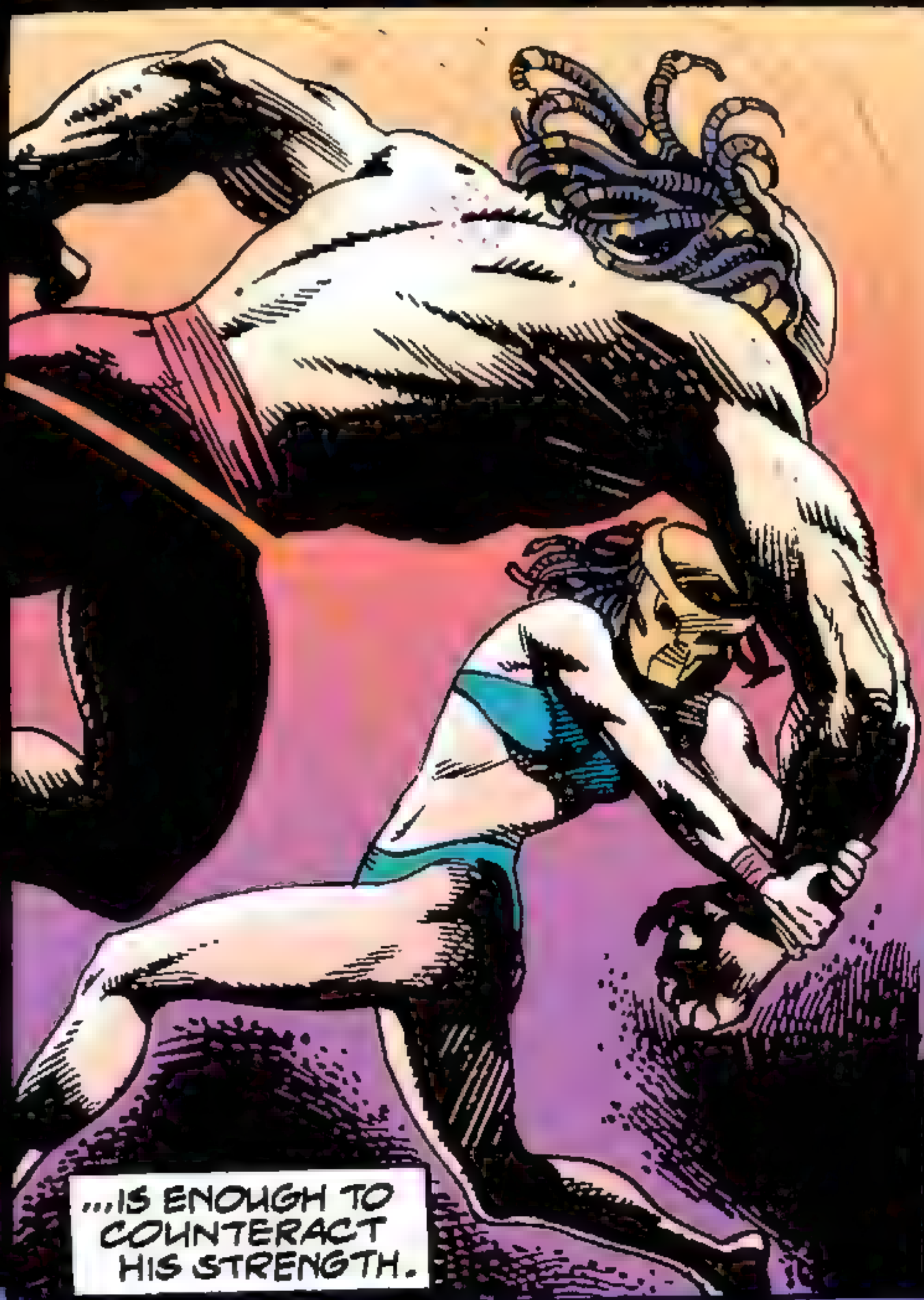
SHORTY'S SMALL FOR A
HUNTER, BUT HE'S BIG
ENOUGH. HE GETS A
HAND ON ME AND THE
FIGHT'S OVER.



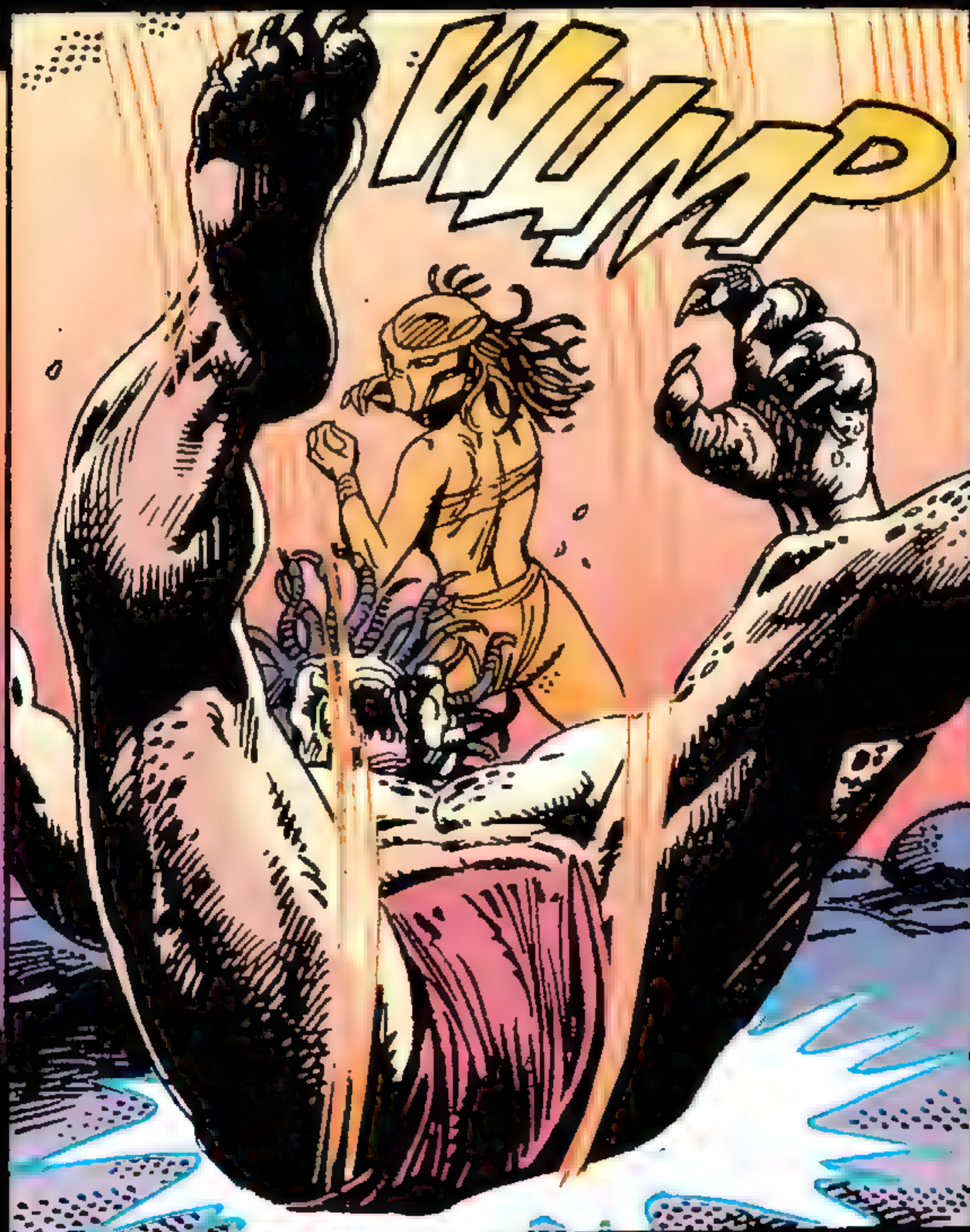
GOT TO MAKE SURE
THAT DOESN'T HAPPEN...
TRUST THAT MY TRAINING...



MAYLEY
VILLARIN



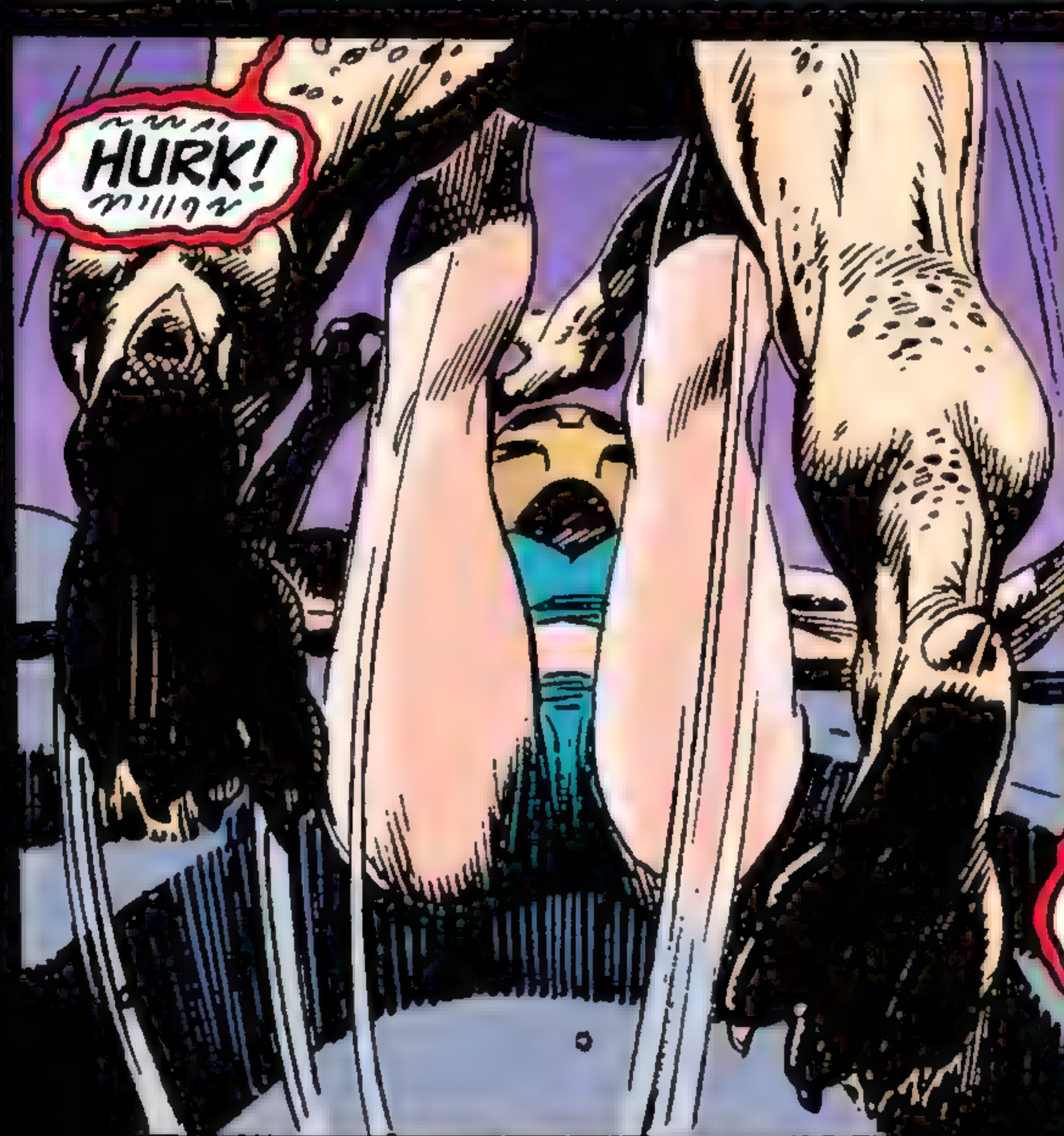
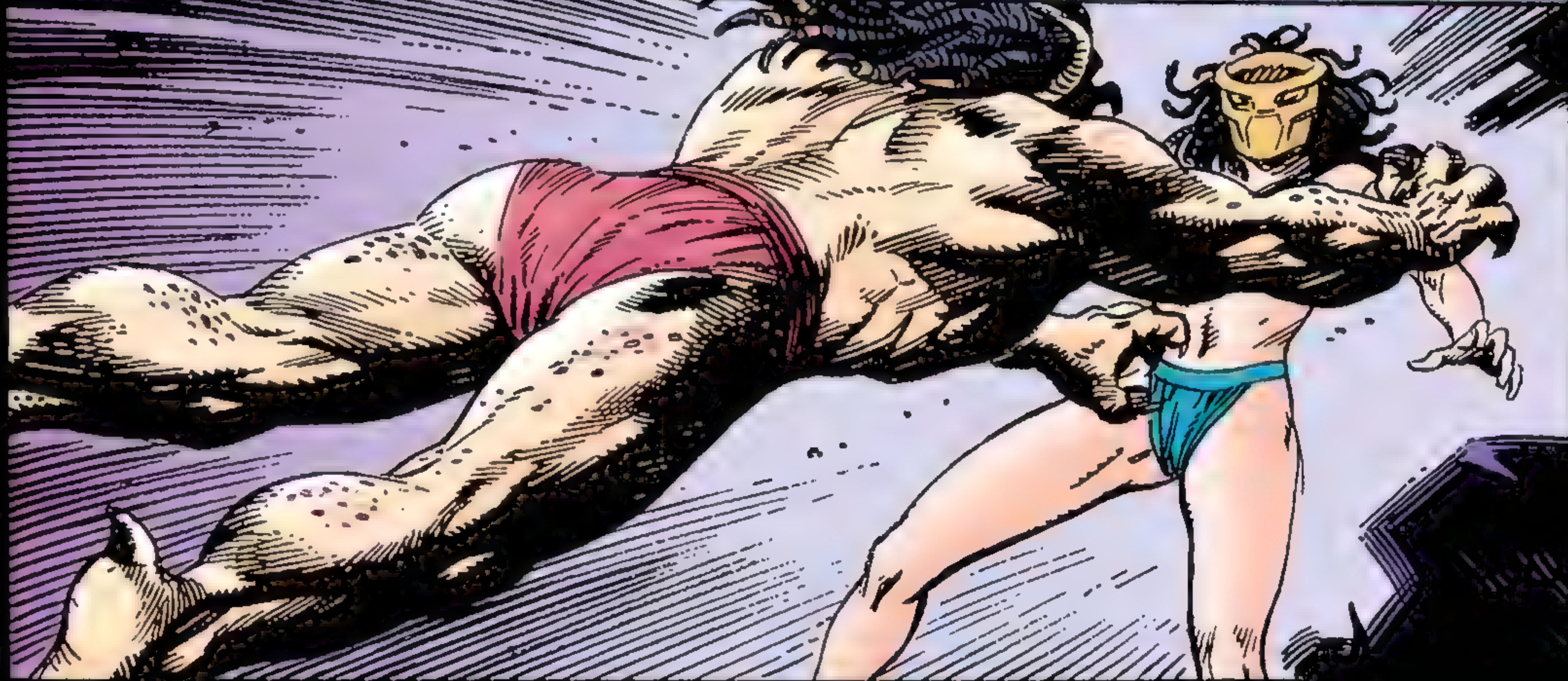
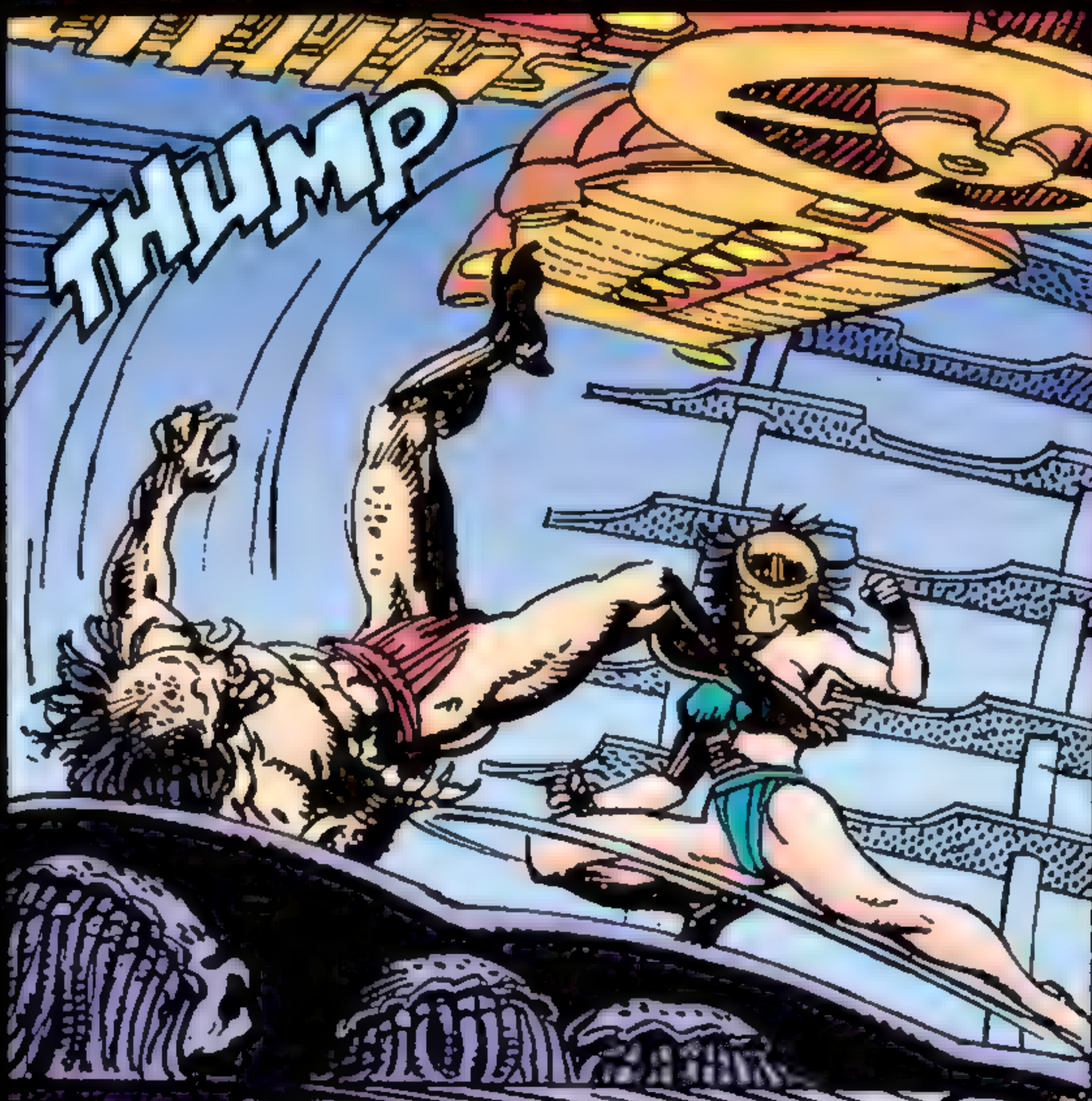
...IS ENOUGH TO
COUNTERACT
HIS STRENGTH.

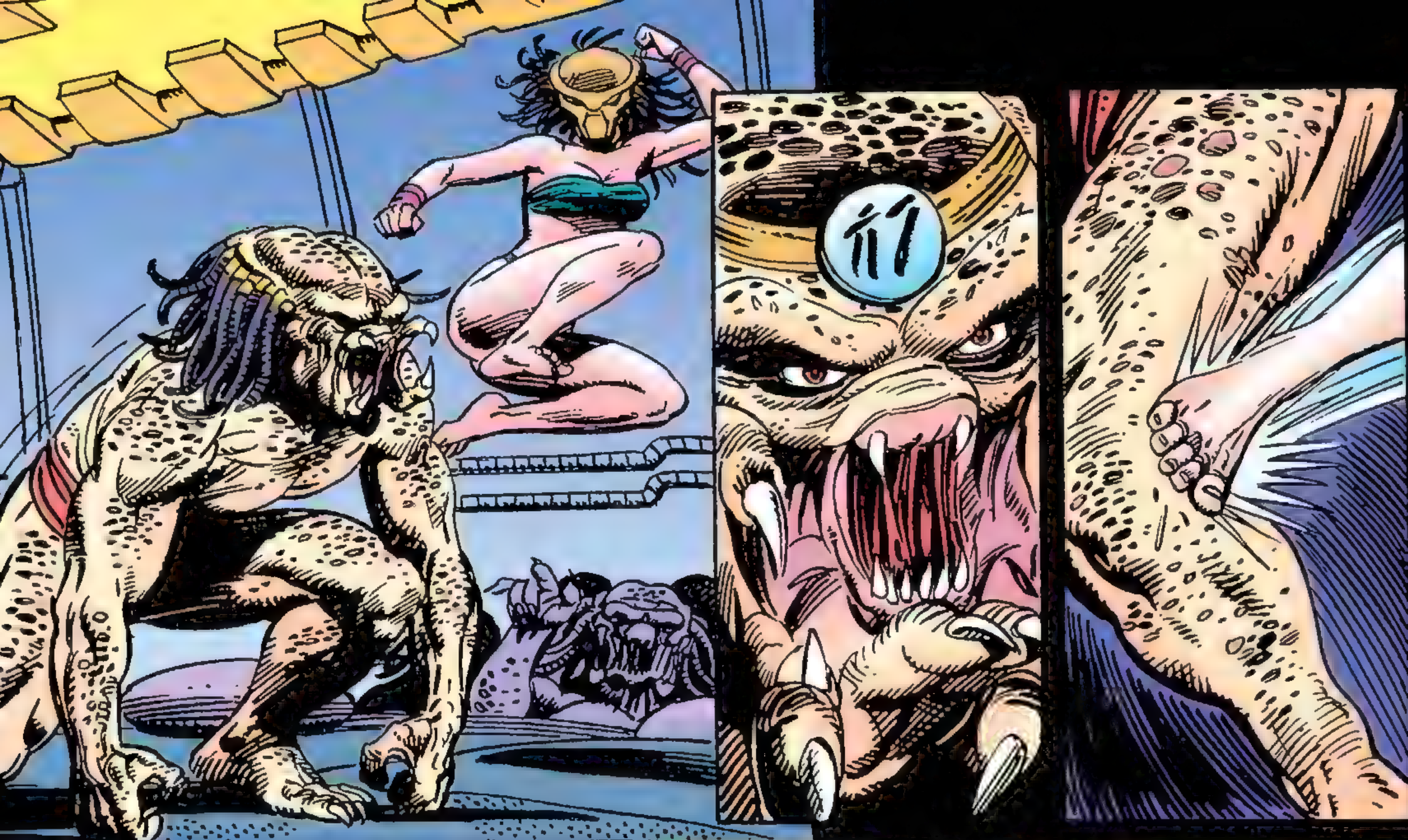


NOW
HE'S
MAD.

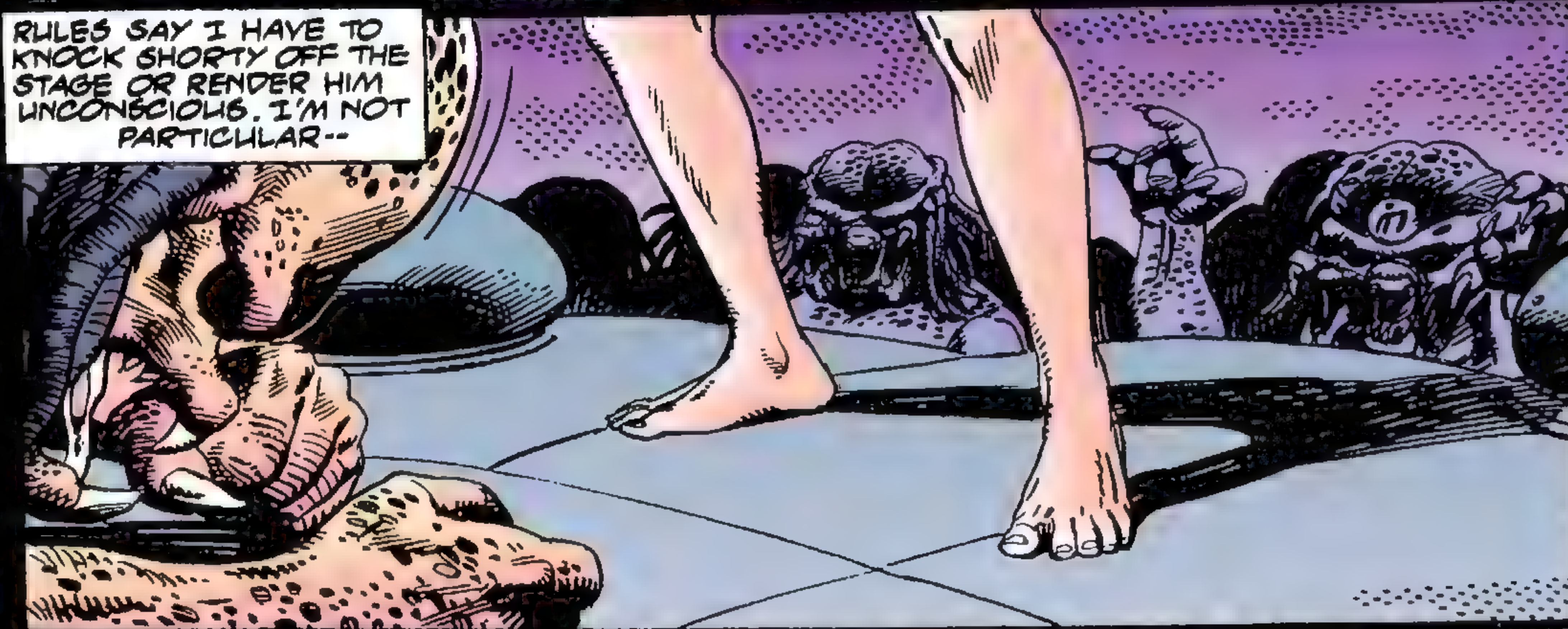


GOOD, MAYBE I
CAN USE THAT TO
MY ADVANTAGE.





RULES SAY I HAVE TO
KNOCK SHORTY OFF THE
STAGE OR RENDER HIM
UNCONSCIOUS. I'M NOT
PARTICULAR--

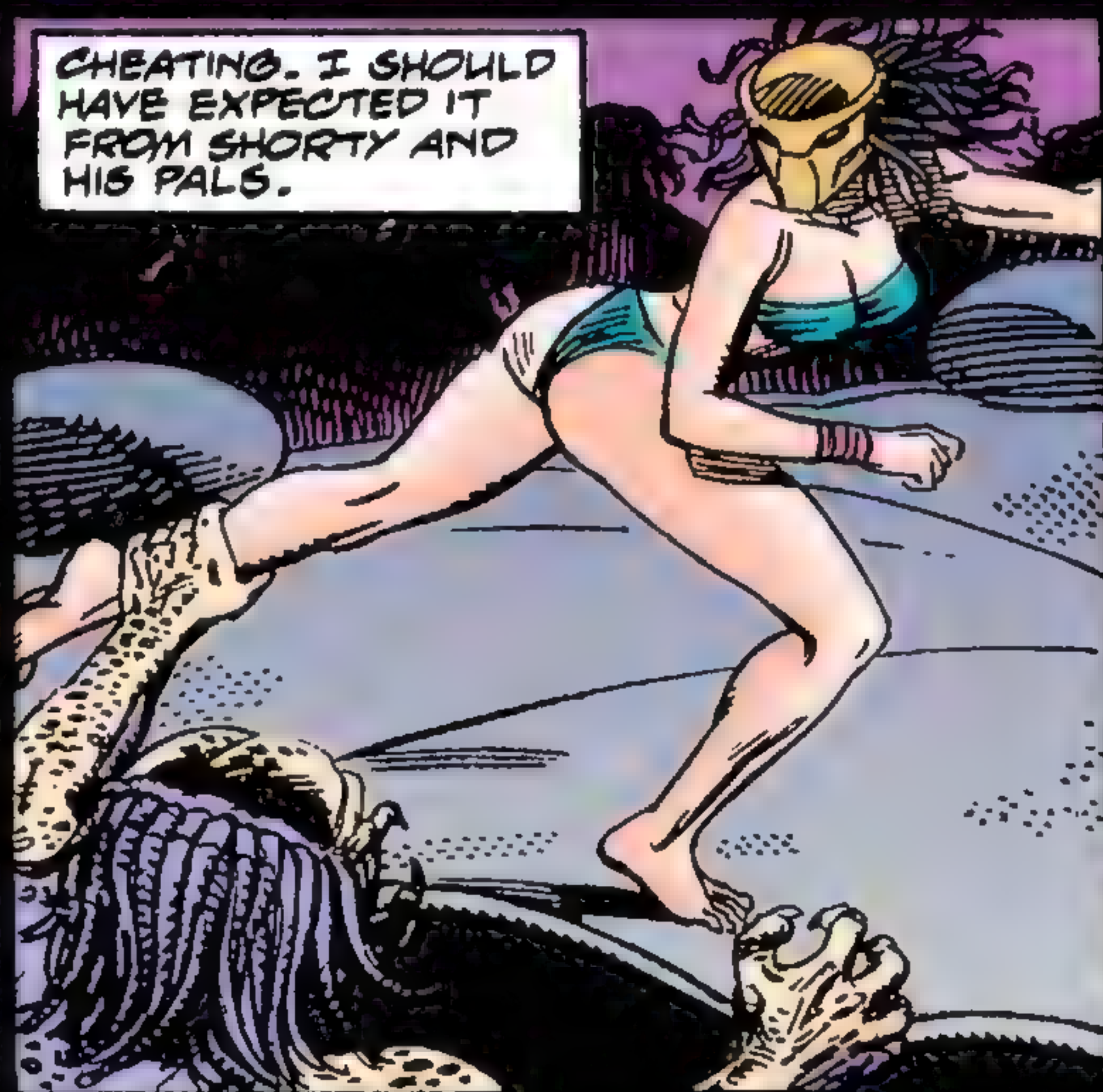




-- BUT KICKING HIM
SENSELESS HOLDS A
CERTAIN APPEAL .



WHA--?



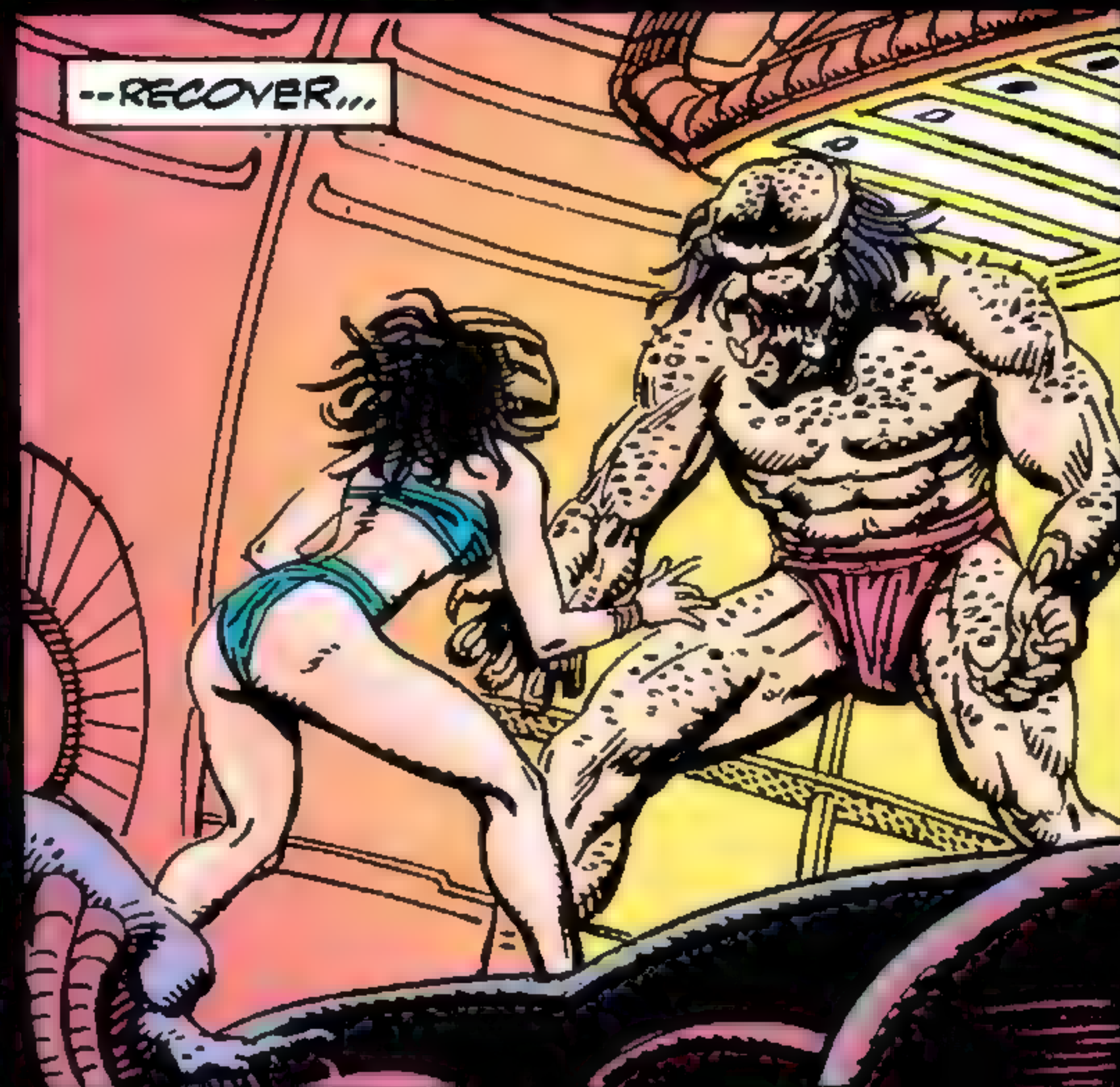
CHEATING. I SHOULD
HAVE EXPECTED IT
FROM SHORTY AND
HIS PALS.



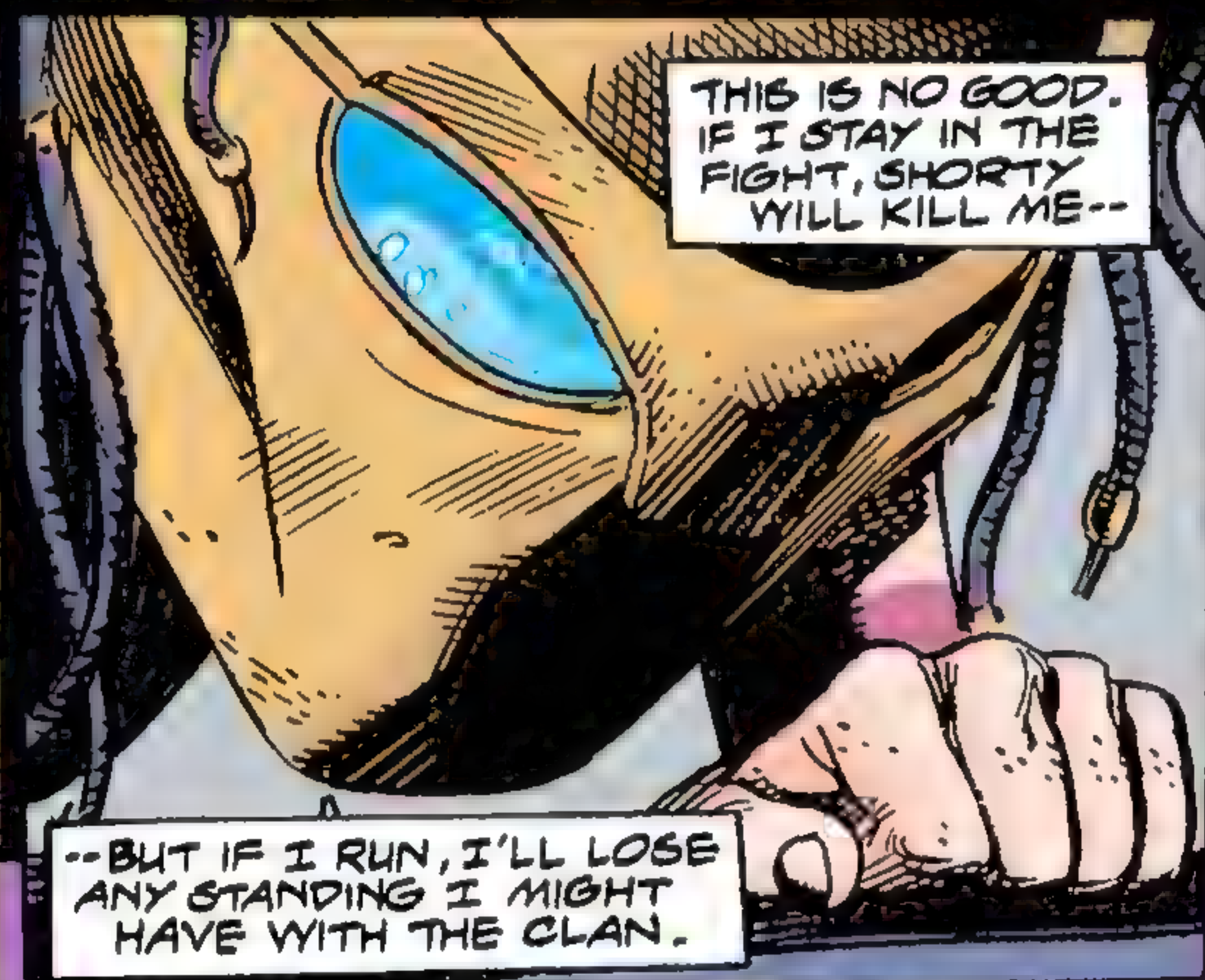
I HAVE TO
DEAL WITH
THIS QUICKLY--



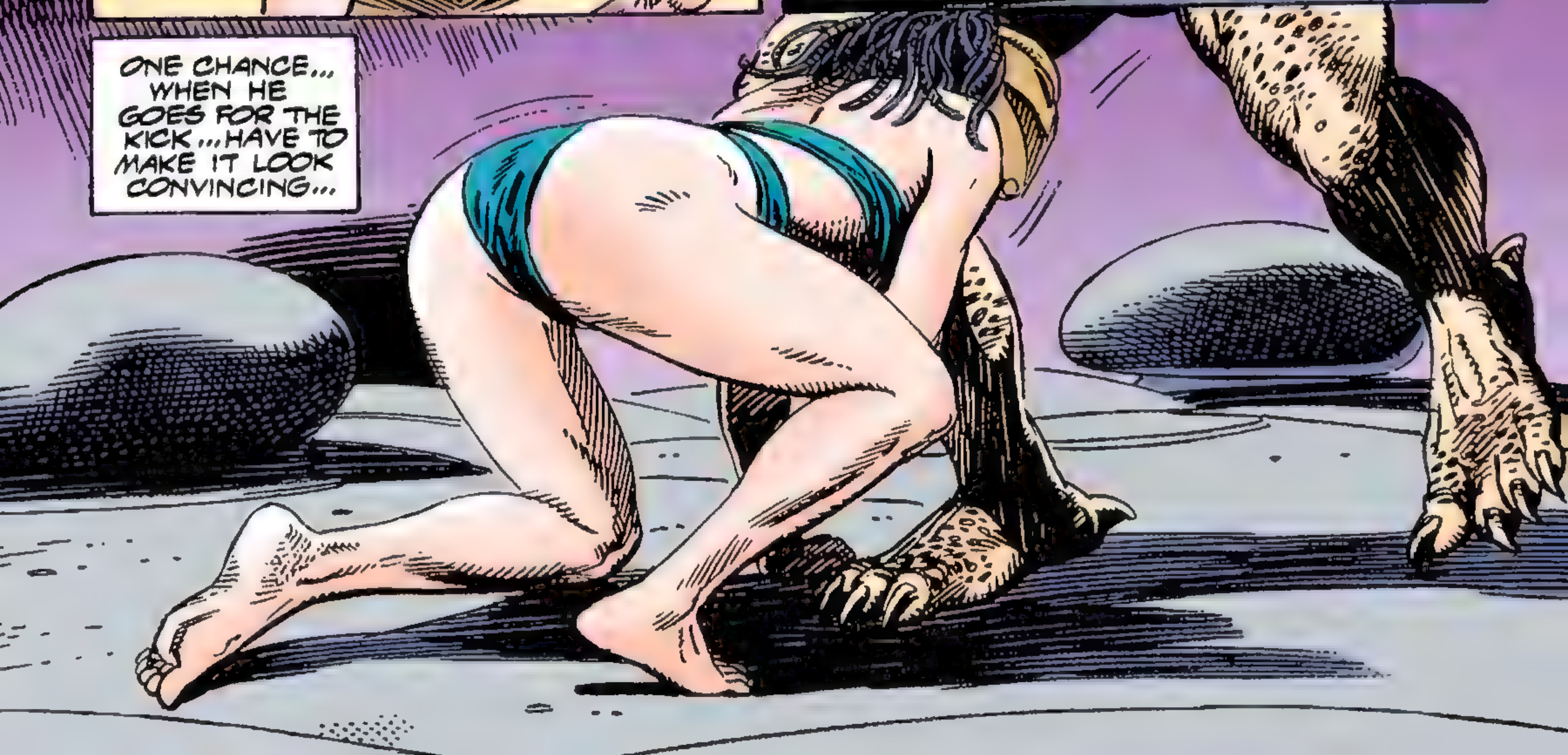
--CAN'T LET SHORTY
HAVE A CHANCE TO--

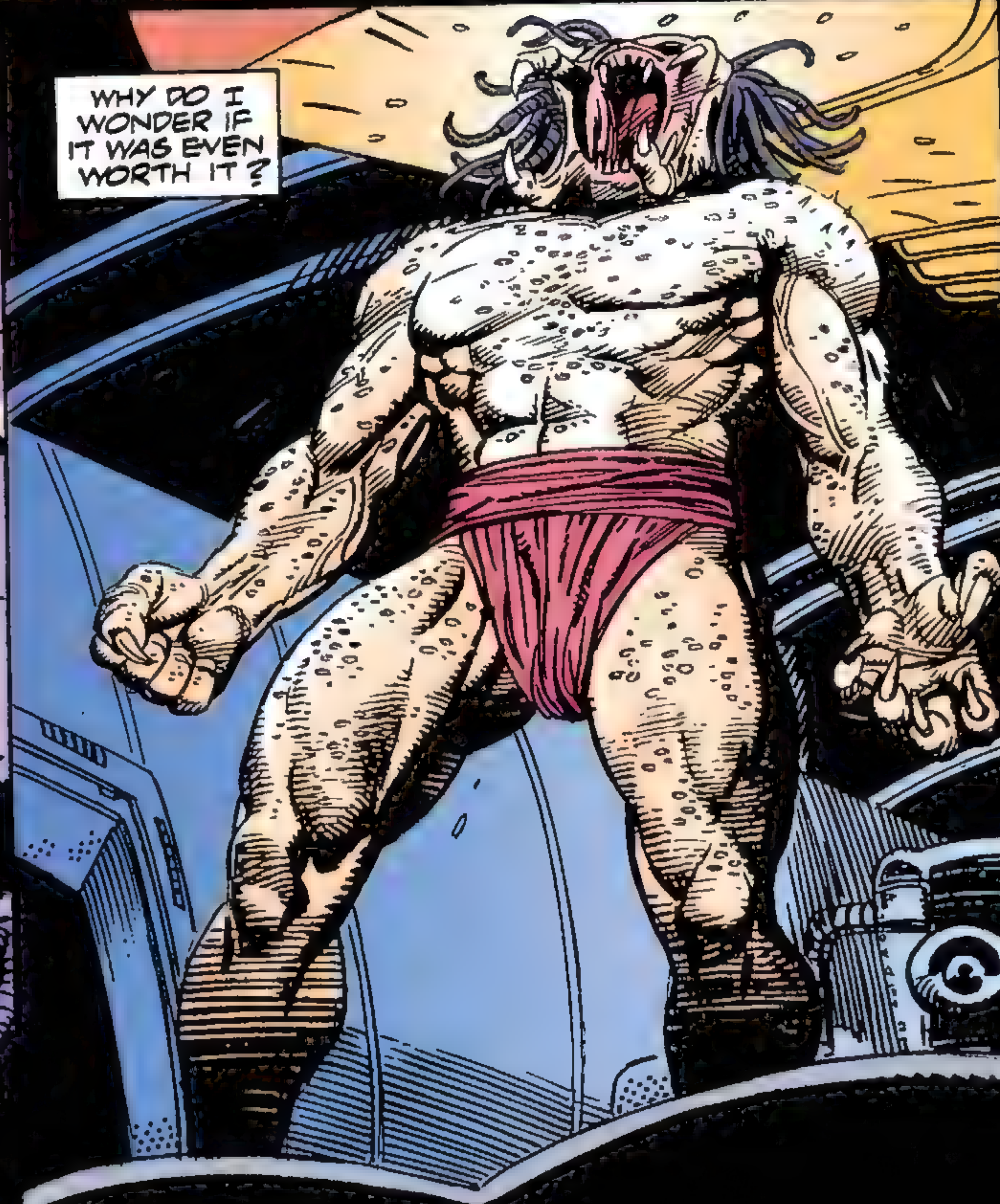
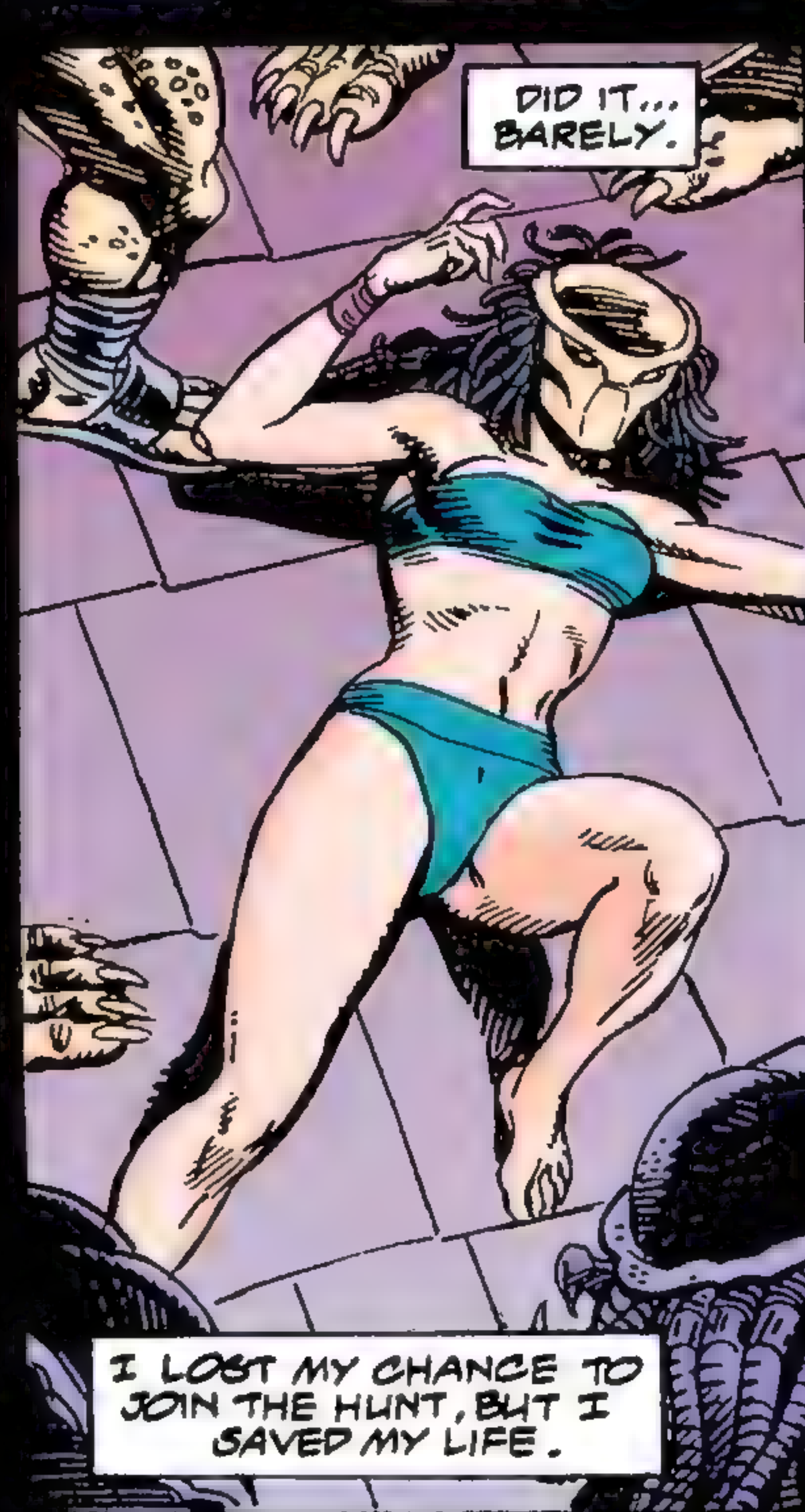
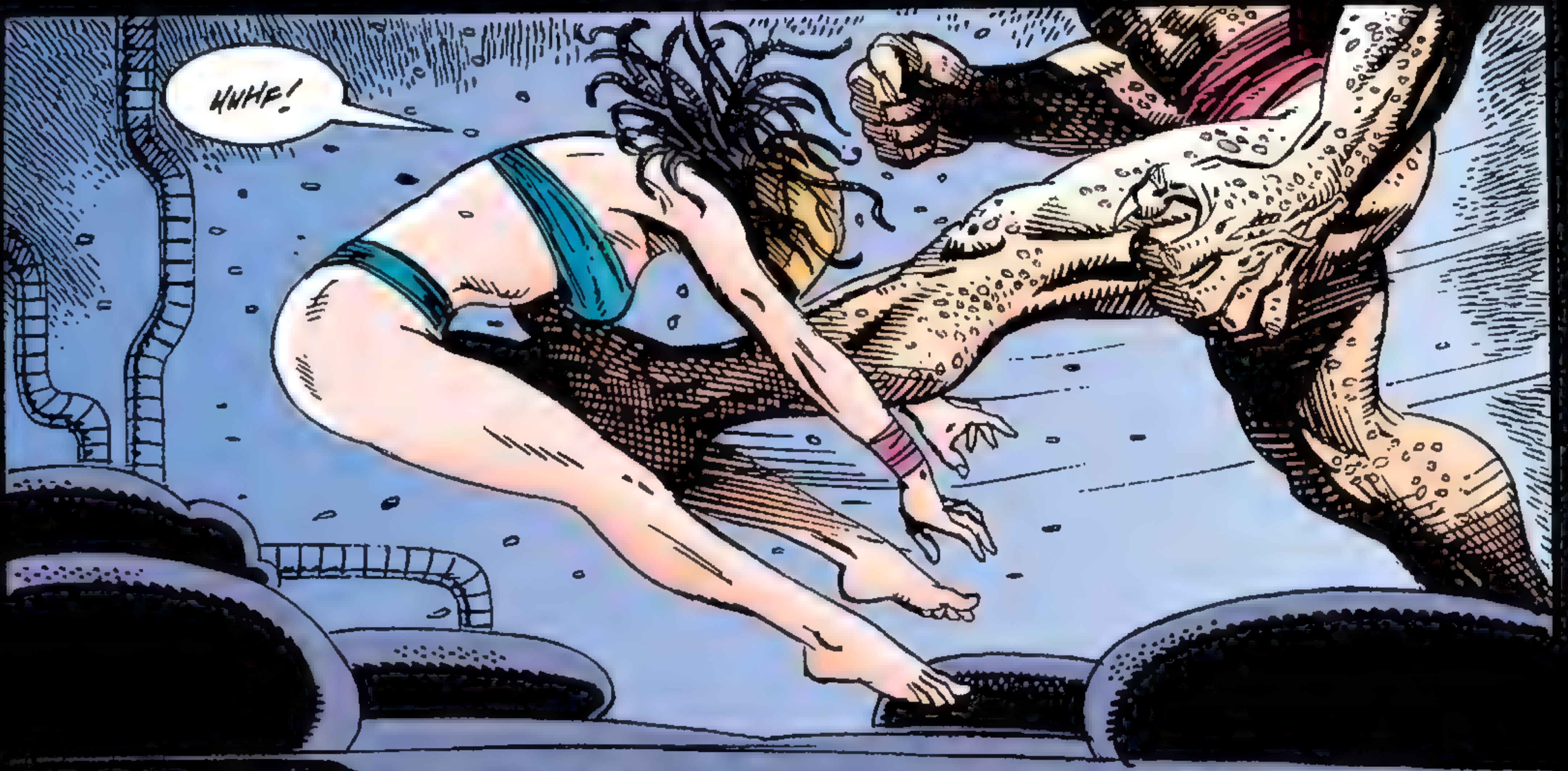


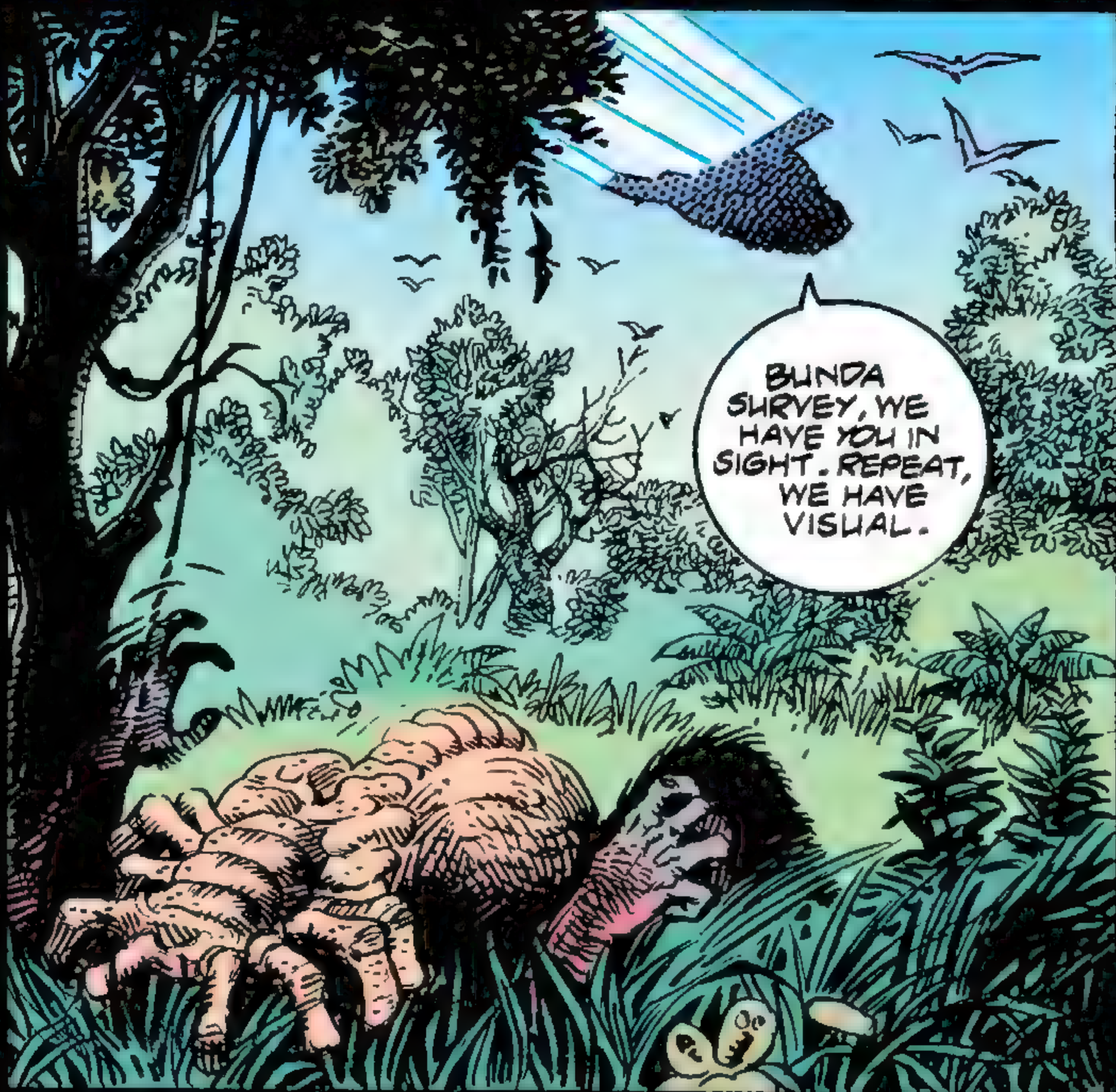
--RECOVER...

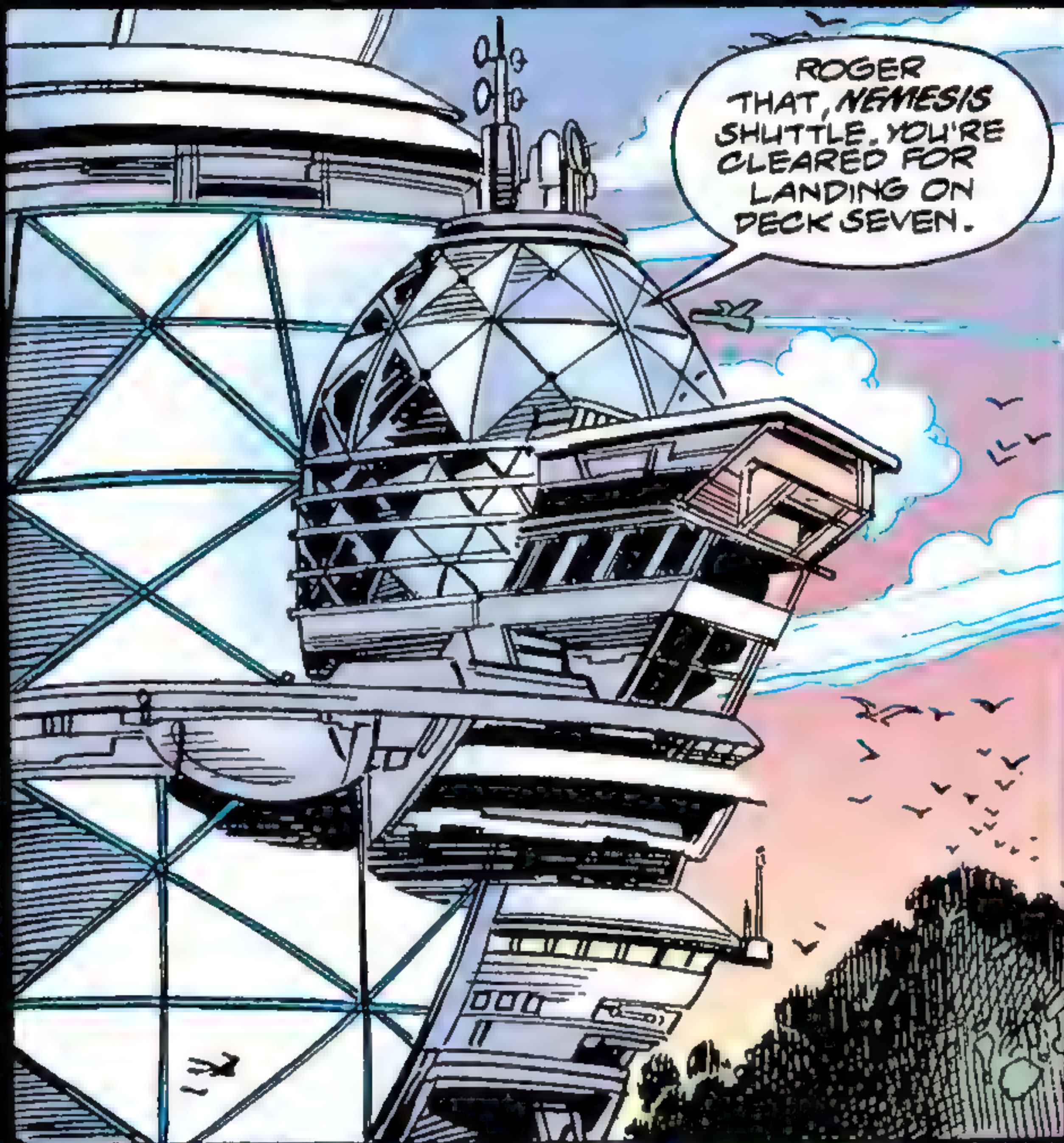


ONE CHANCE...
WHEN HE
GOES FOR THE
KICK...HAVE TO
MAKE IT LOOK
CONVINCING...

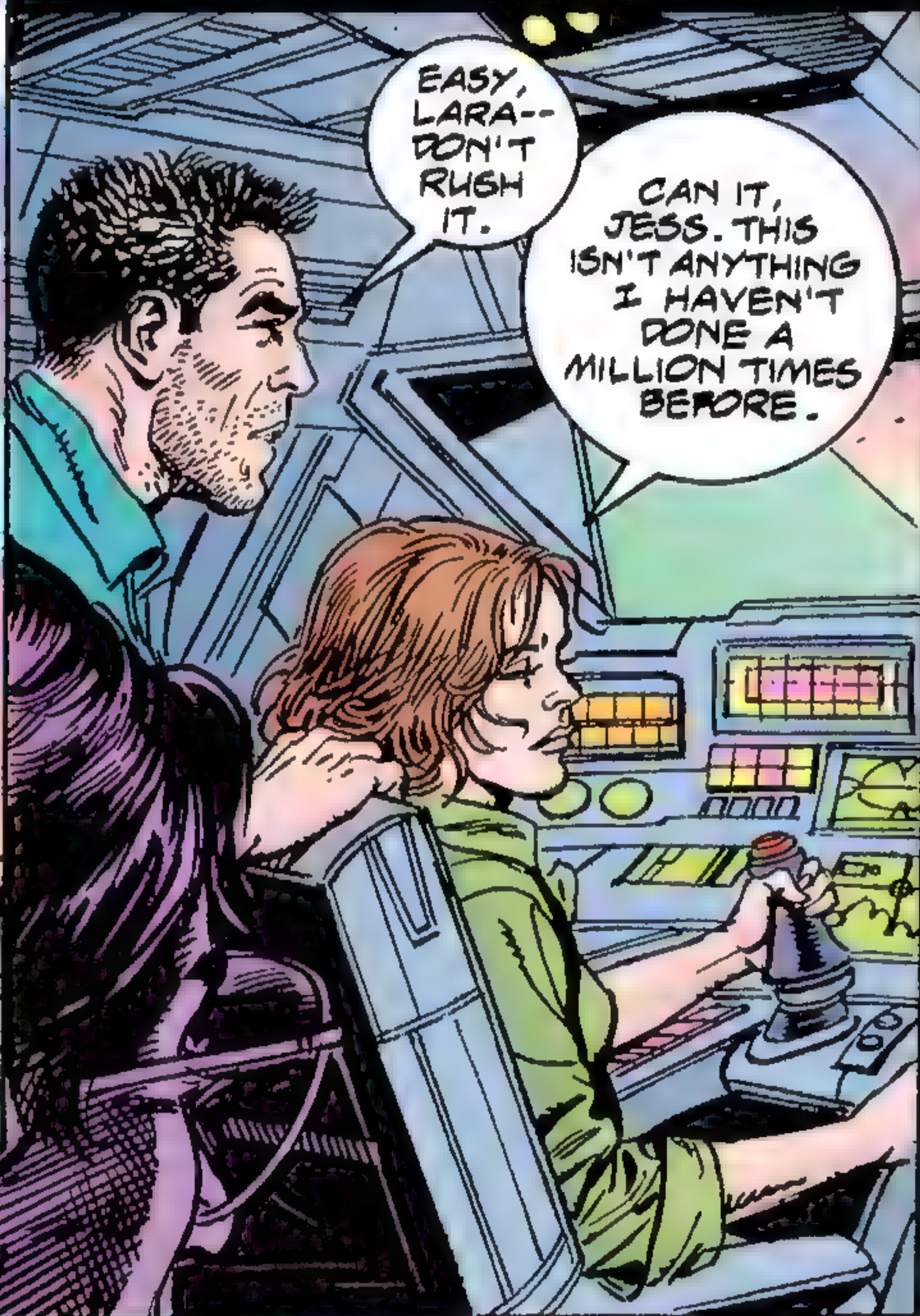






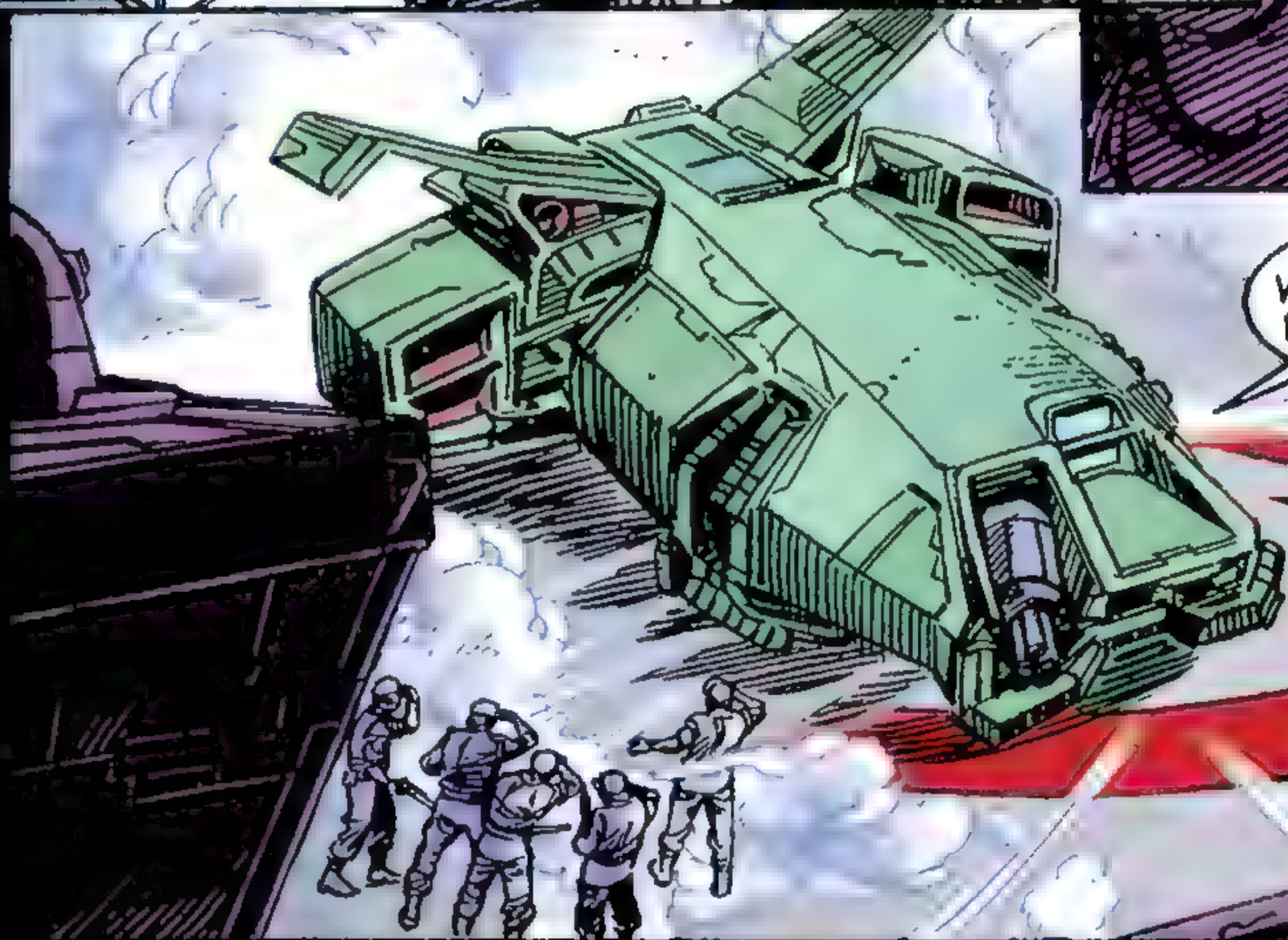


ROGER
THAT, NEMESIS
SHUTTLE. YOU'RE
CLEARED FOR
LANDING ON
DECK SEVEN.



EASY,
LARA--
DON'T
RUSH
IT.

CAN IT,
JESS. THIS
ISN'T ANYTHING
I HAVEN'T
DONE A
MILLION TIMES
BEFORE.



WE'RE
DOWN.

FINALLY!
FIRST STOP, THE
MESS HALL. A
TUB THIS BIG
HAS GOT TO HAVE
REAL FOOD IN
ITS LARDER.

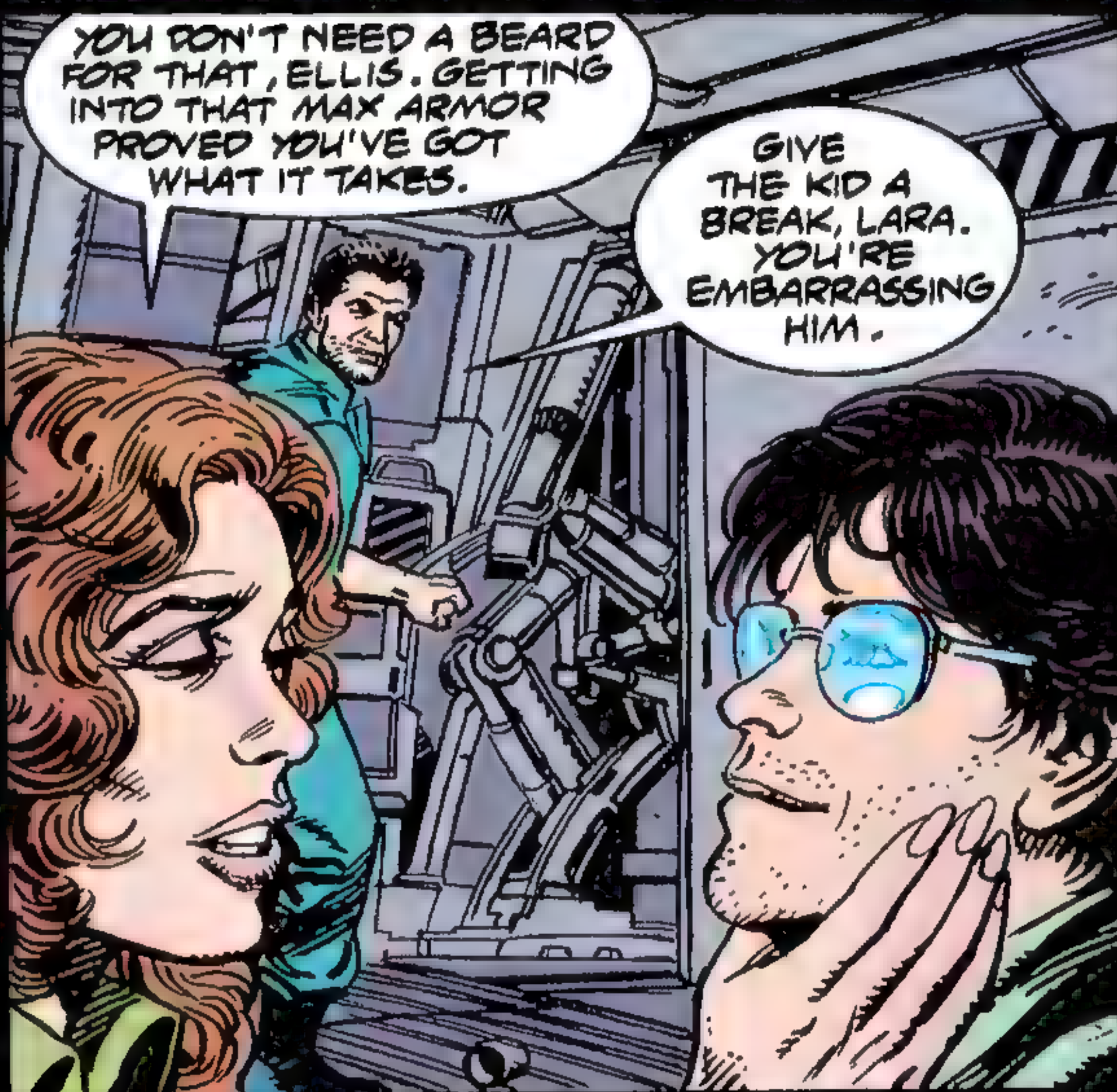


FIRST WE THANK WHOEVER'S
IN COMMAND FOR GIVING US
ENOUGH FUEL TO LAND HERE.
THEN WE HIT THE SHOWERS--

--BELIEVE
ME, WE ALL
NEED
ONE.

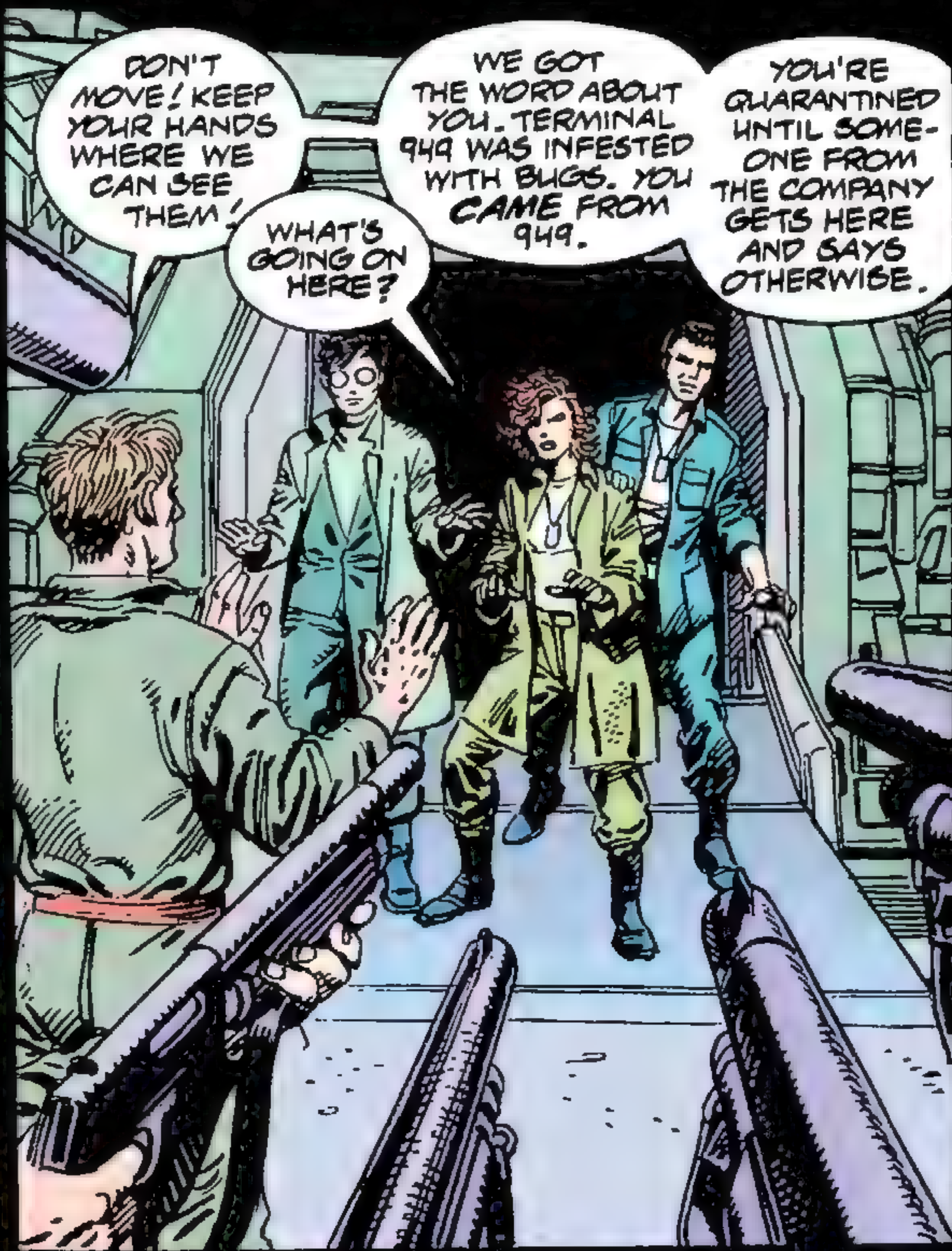
AND YOU
COULD
BOTH DO
WITH A
SHAVE.

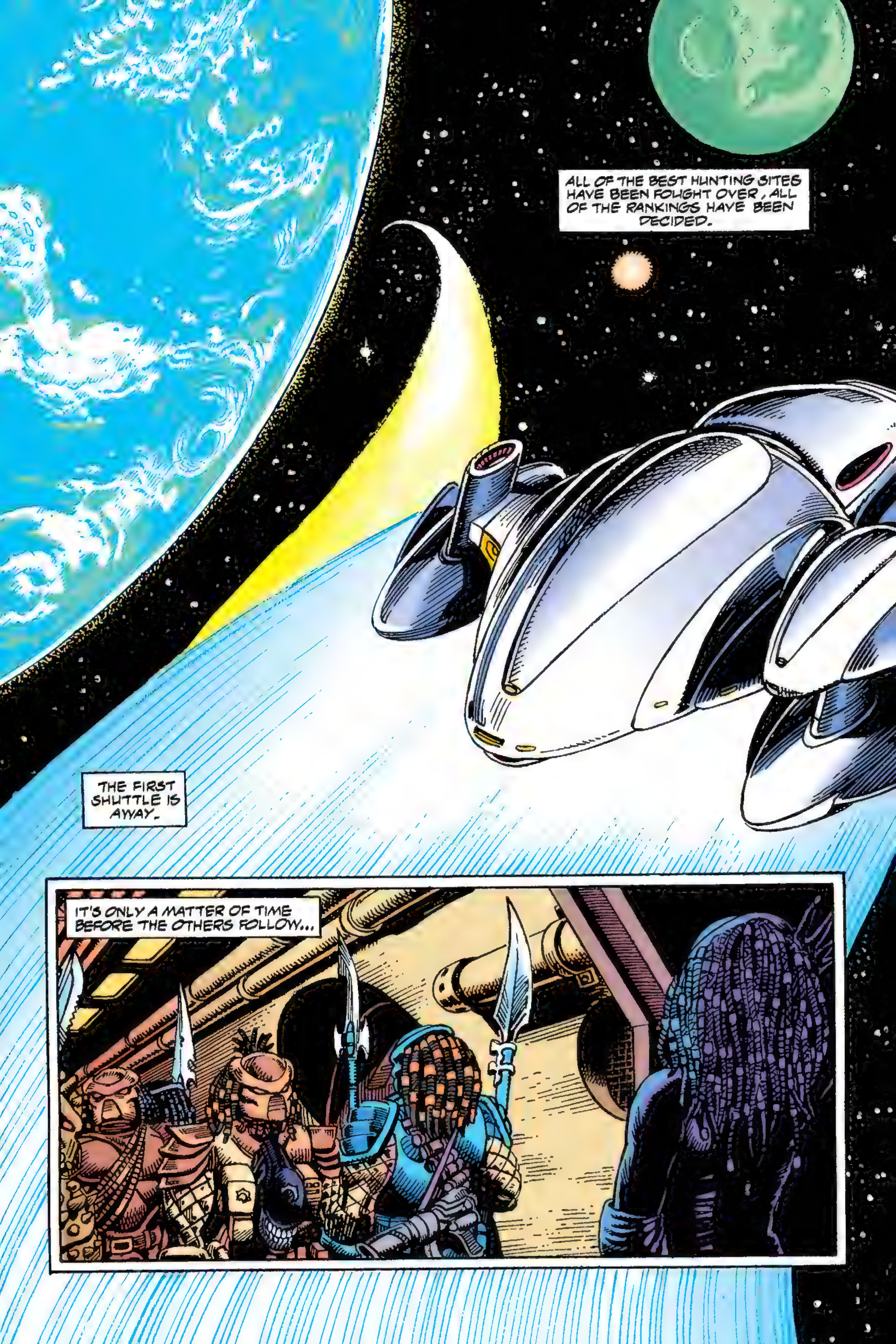
REALLY?
I THOUGHT
THE BEARD
MADE ME
LOOK MORE
MANLY.



YOU DON'T NEED A BEARD
FOR THAT, ELLIS. GETTING
INTO THAT MAX ARMOR
PROVED YOU'VE GOT
WHAT IT TAKES.

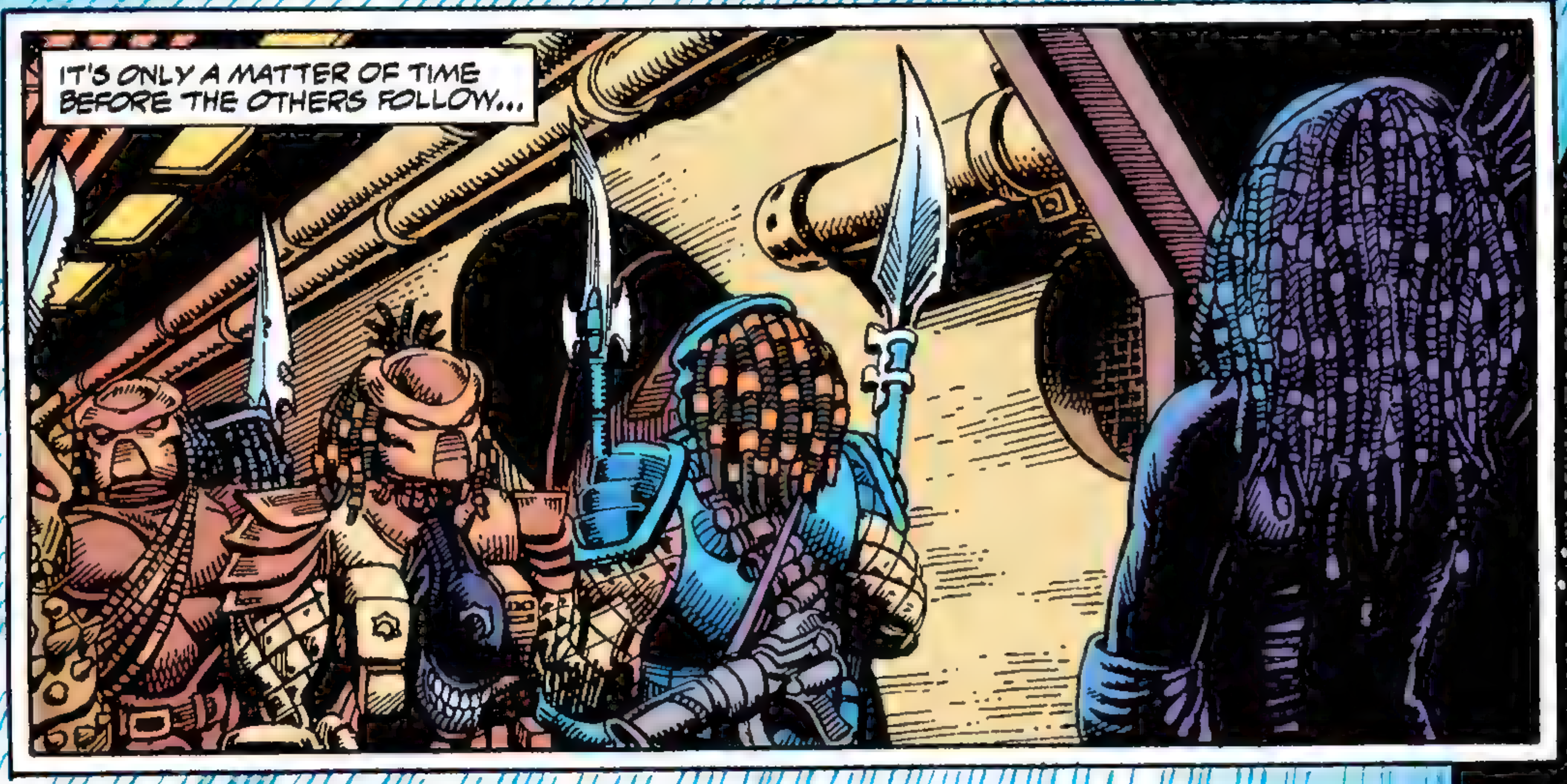
GIVE
THE KID A
BREAK, LARA.
YOU'RE
EMBARRASSING
HIM.



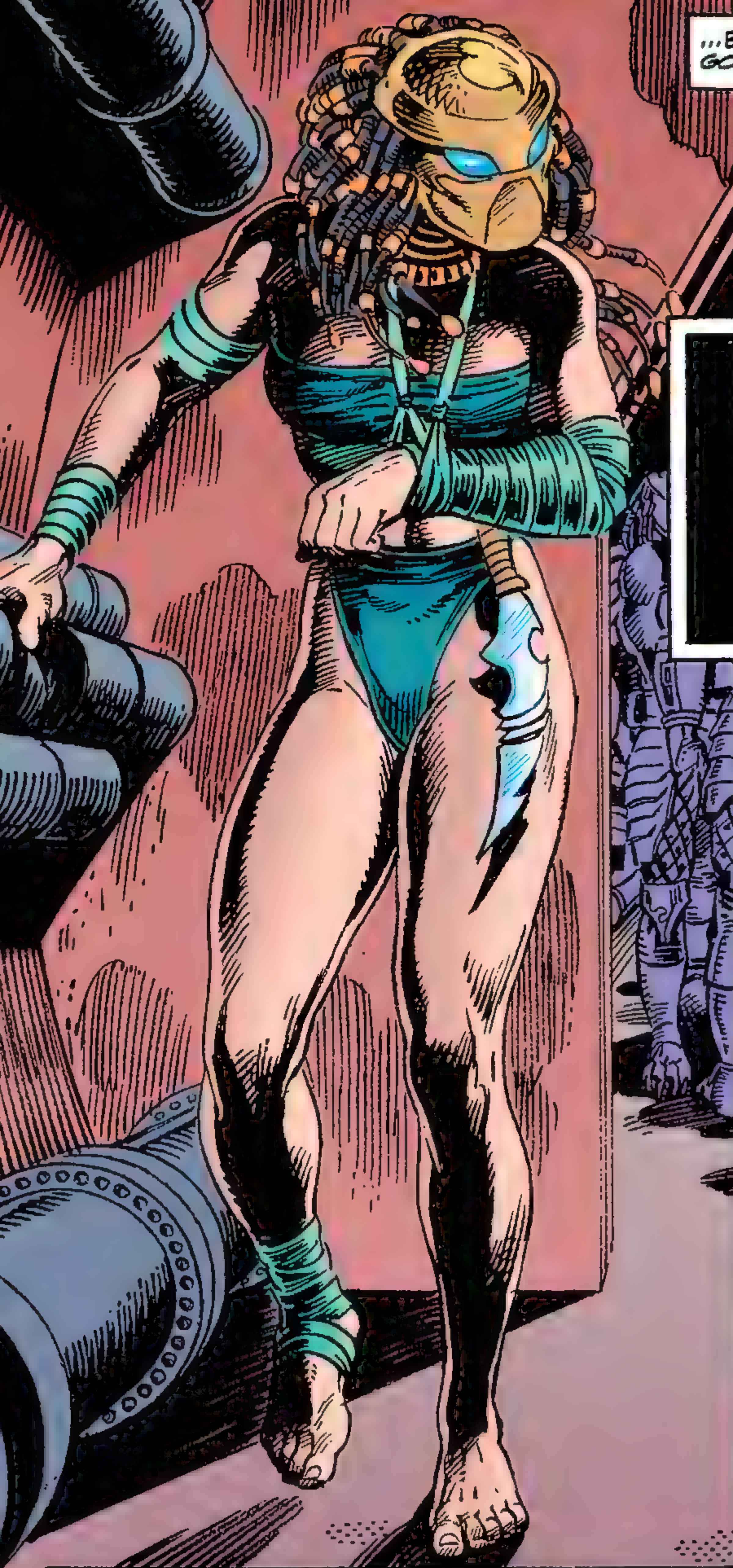
A large, sleek, white and blue futuristic shuttle is shown in profile, flying over a planet's surface. The planet's surface is a mix of blue oceans and white clouds. A bright yellow light source, possibly the sun, is visible in the background. The sky is black with numerous white stars. A large, green, circular object, possibly a moon or a planet, is in the upper right corner.

ALL OF THE BEST HUNTING SITES
HAVE BEEN FOUGHT OVER, ALL
OF THE RANKINGS HAVE BEEN
DECIDED.

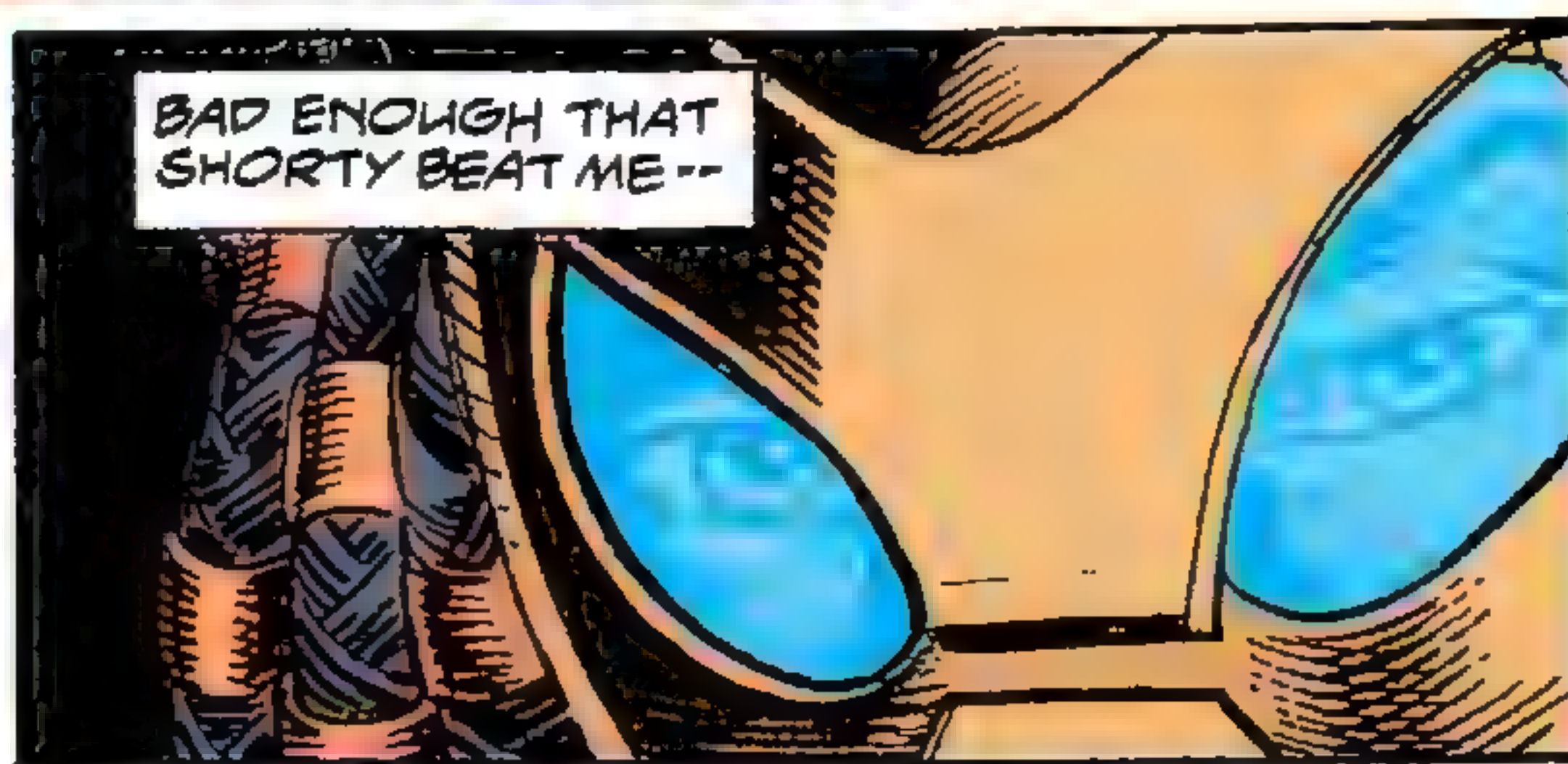
THE FIRST
SHUTTLE IS
AWAY.

A group of warriors in a futuristic setting. They are wearing armor and holding weapons. One warrior in the foreground is wearing a blue and white checkered tunic and a blue helmet. Another warrior to the left is wearing a brown and gold tunic and a brown helmet. They are standing in a room with yellow walls and a large, ornate doorway in the background. A large, blue, tent-like structure is visible on the right side of the frame.

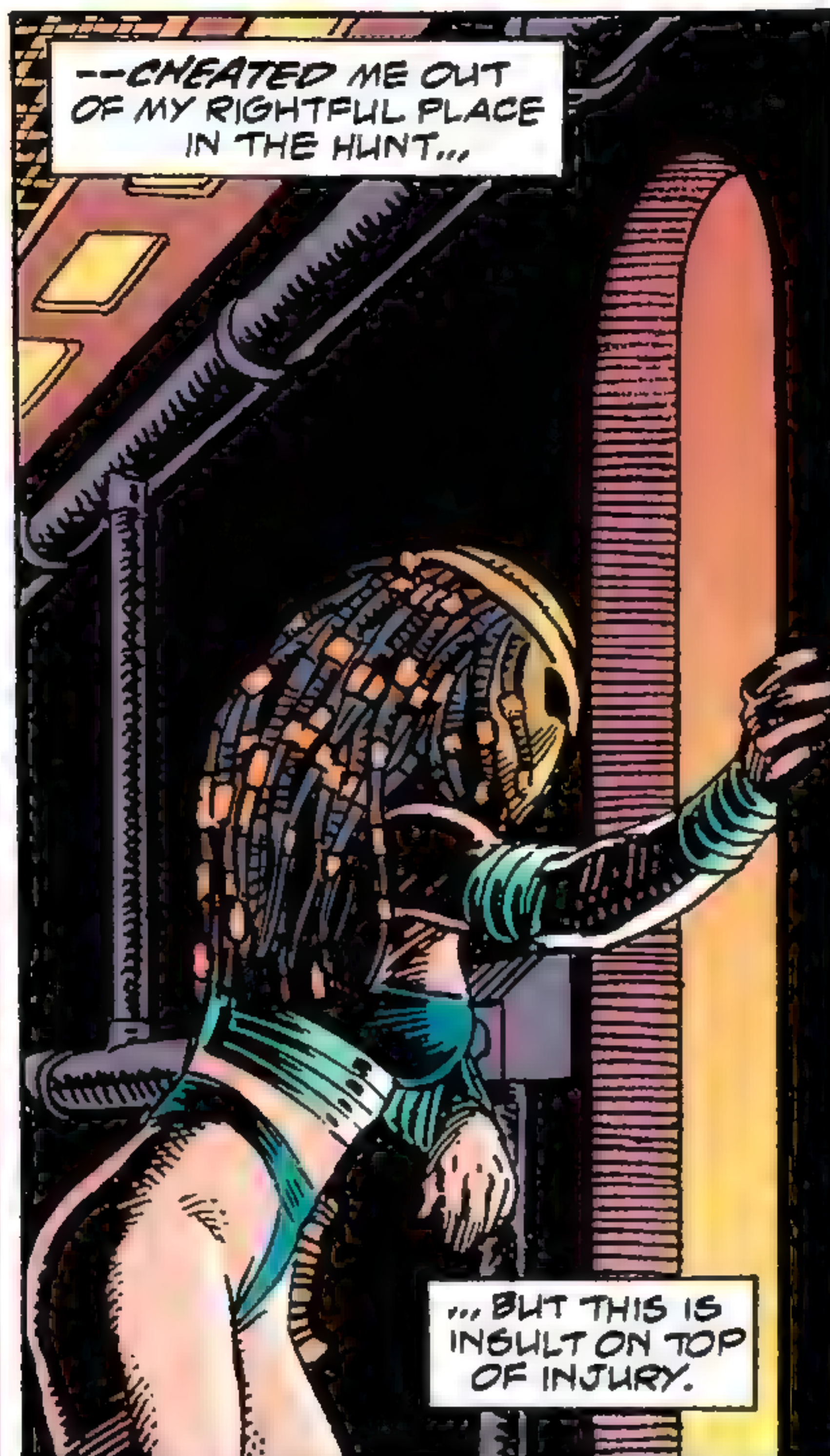
IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME
BEFORE THE OTHERS FOLLOW...



...BUT I WON'T BE
GOING ANYWHERE.



BAD ENOUGH THAT
SHORTY BEAT ME--

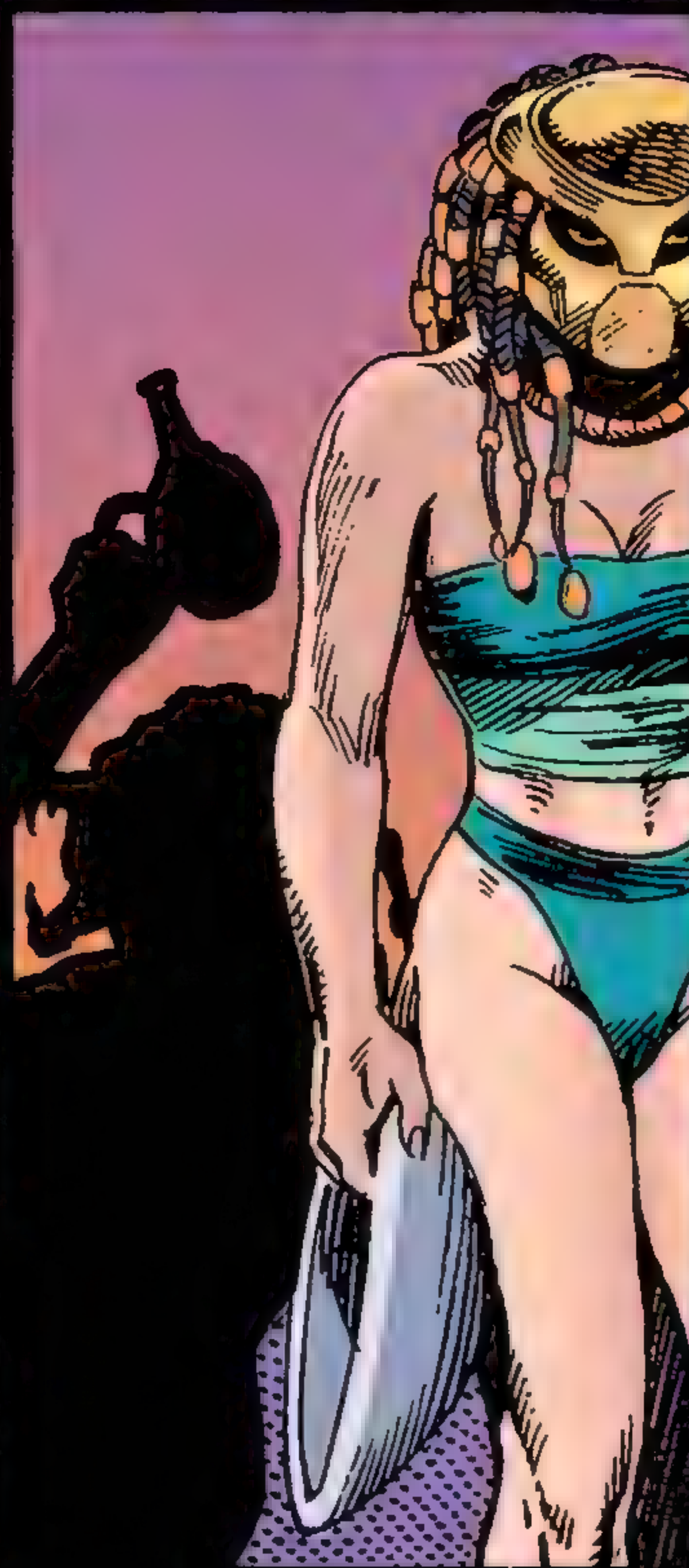
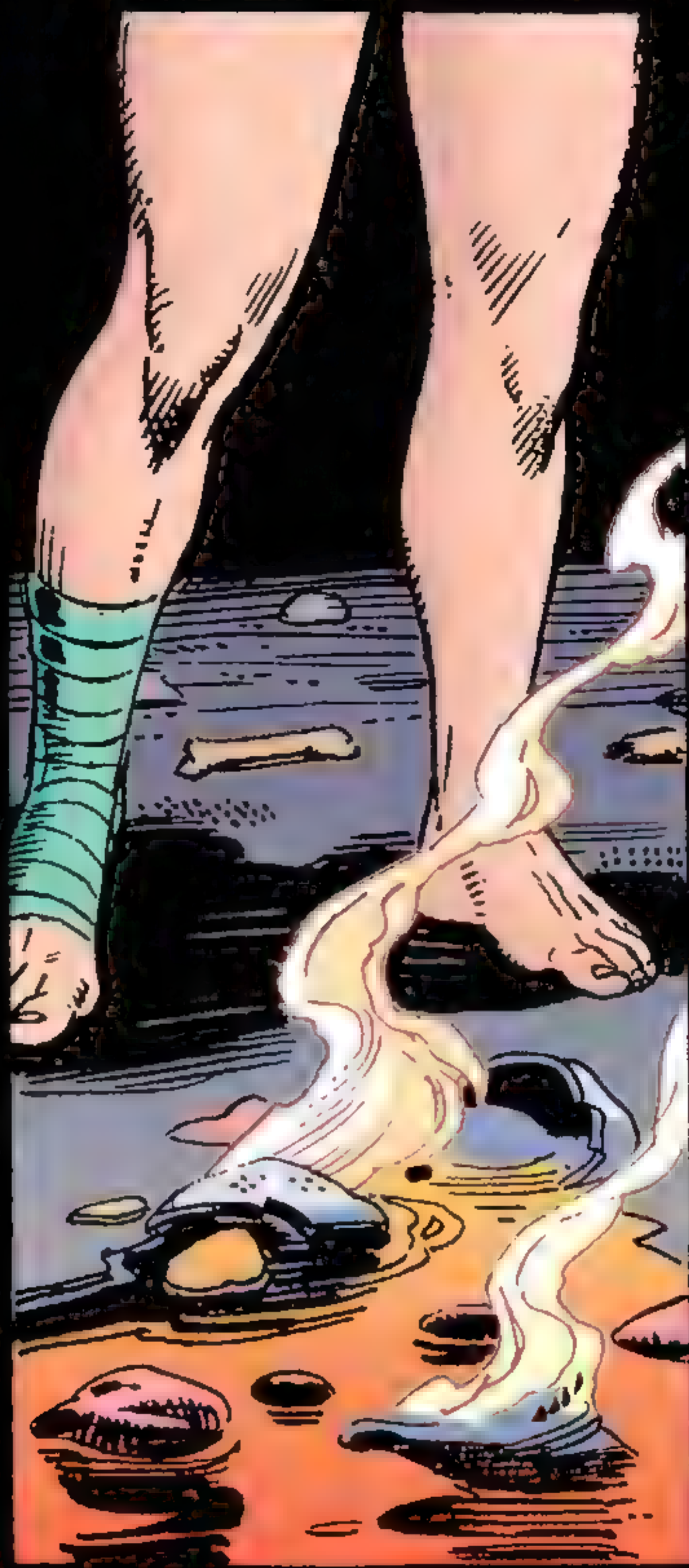
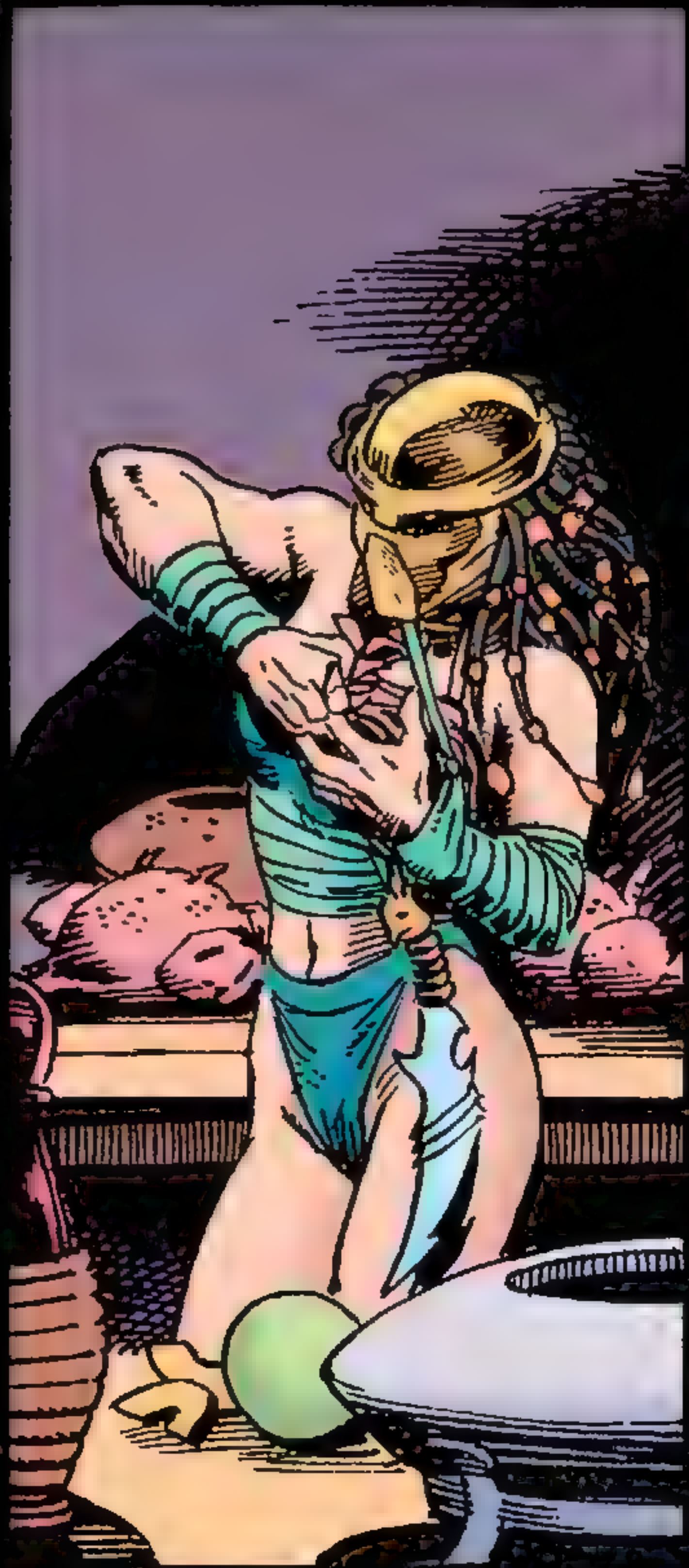


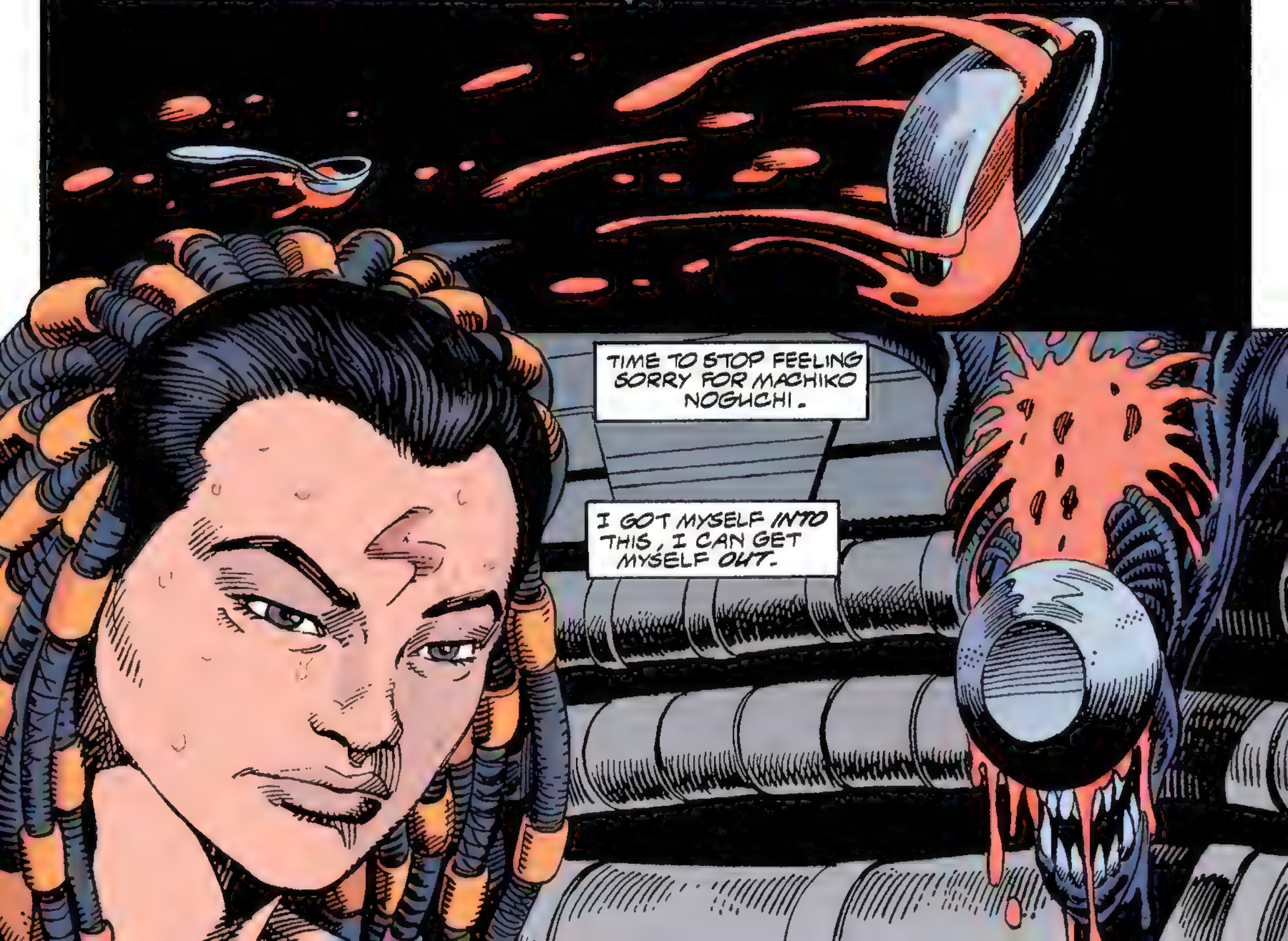
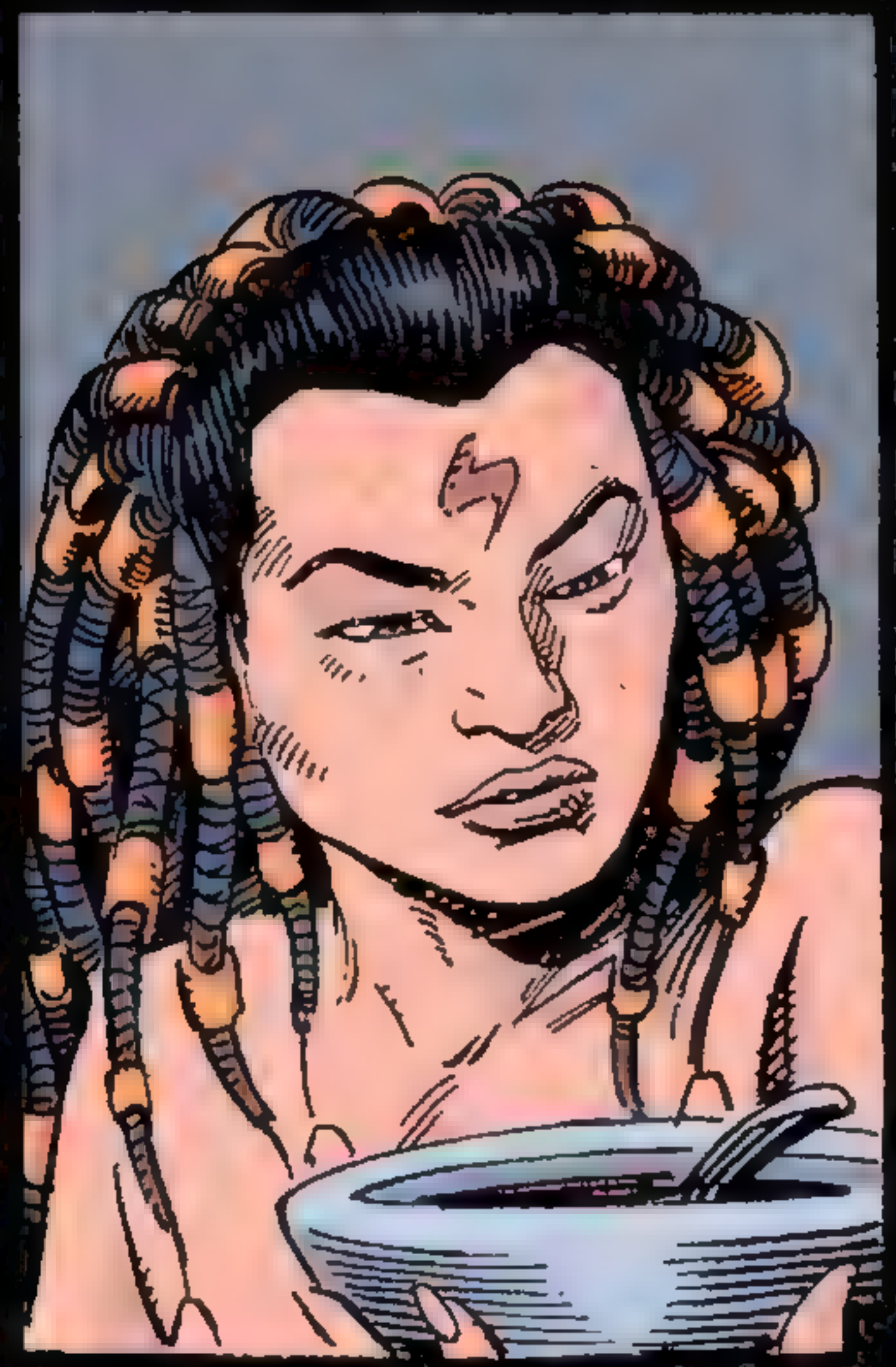
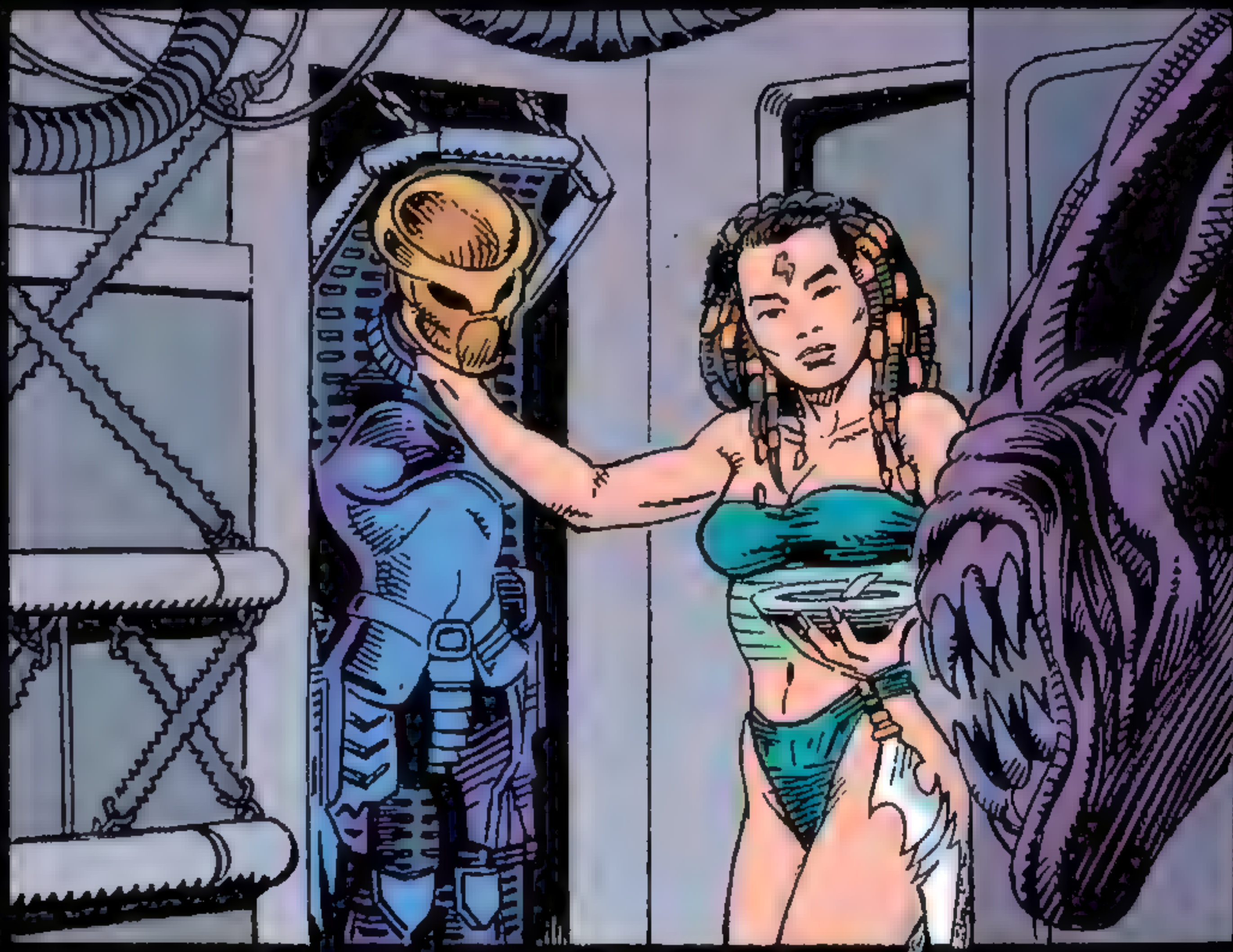
--CHEATED ME OUT
OF MY RIGHTFUL PLACE
IN THE HUNT--

...BUT THIS IS
INSULT ON TOP
OF INJURY.



THAT'S THE
HUNTER WAY.





TIME TO STOP FEELING
SORRY FOR MACHIKO
NOGUCHI.

I GOT MYSELF INTO
THIS, I CAN GET
MYSELF OUT.



STUPID
GUN--!

WAIT
= PUFF =
A SECOND,
PRATT--

GET
YOUR HAND
OFF
ME, REMBERT!

THE RADIO--?! I WAS BUSY
DUCKING! YOU FIRED FIVE
SHOTS = huff = AND DIDN'T
COME CLOSE TO HITTING
ANYTHING BUT ME!

--I DON'T
THINK = huff =
IT'S CHASING
US ANYMORE.
LISTEN...

WHAT?
WELL, WHERE
IS IT? HOW
DID IT GET
HERE?

HOW
SHOULD
I KNOW?

YEAH !!!
WELL I
WON'T MISS
NEXT
TIME ...

WE
COULD BE
CALLING IN
HELP RIGHT
NOW--IF YOU'D
THOUGHT TO
GRAB THE
RADIO.

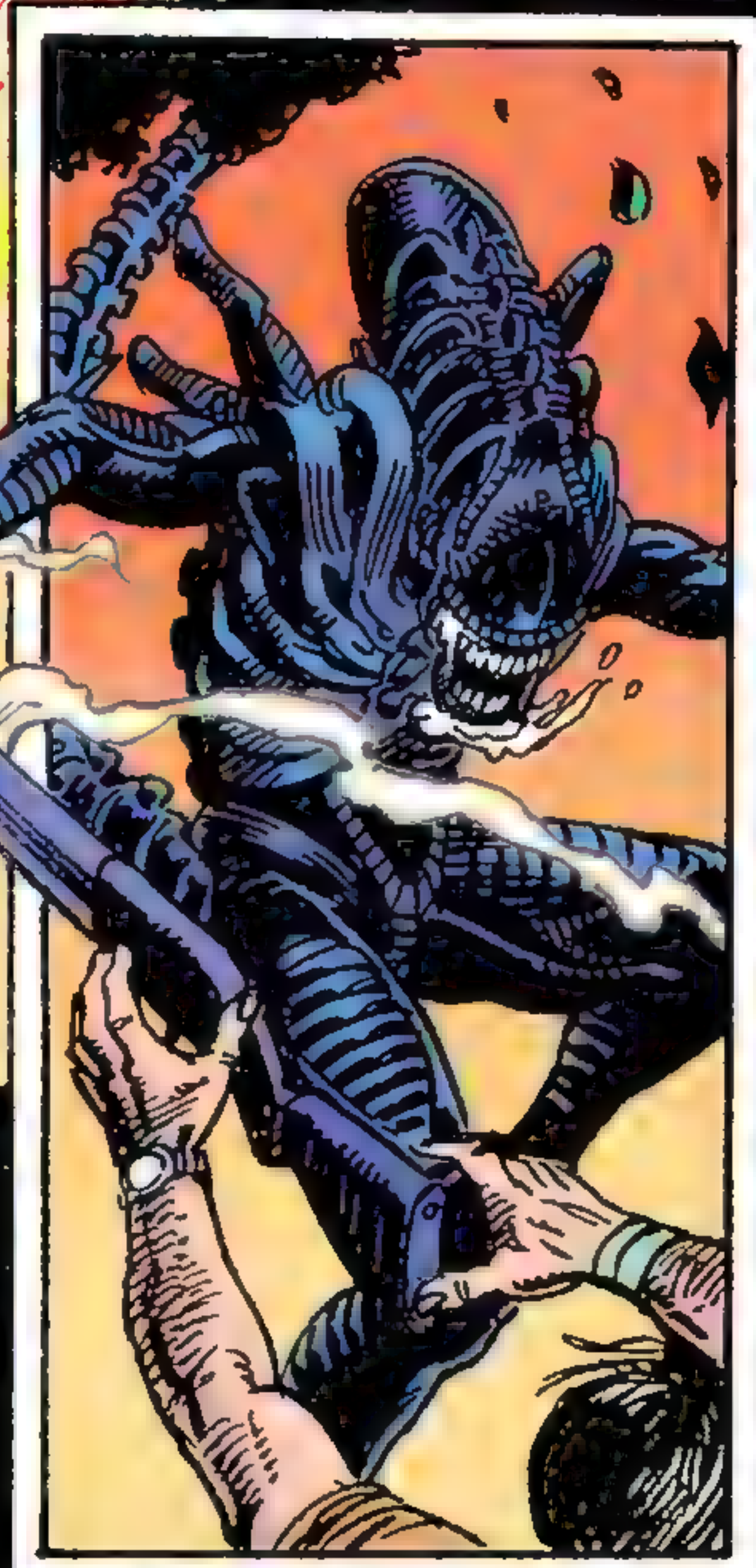
CH-CHUK

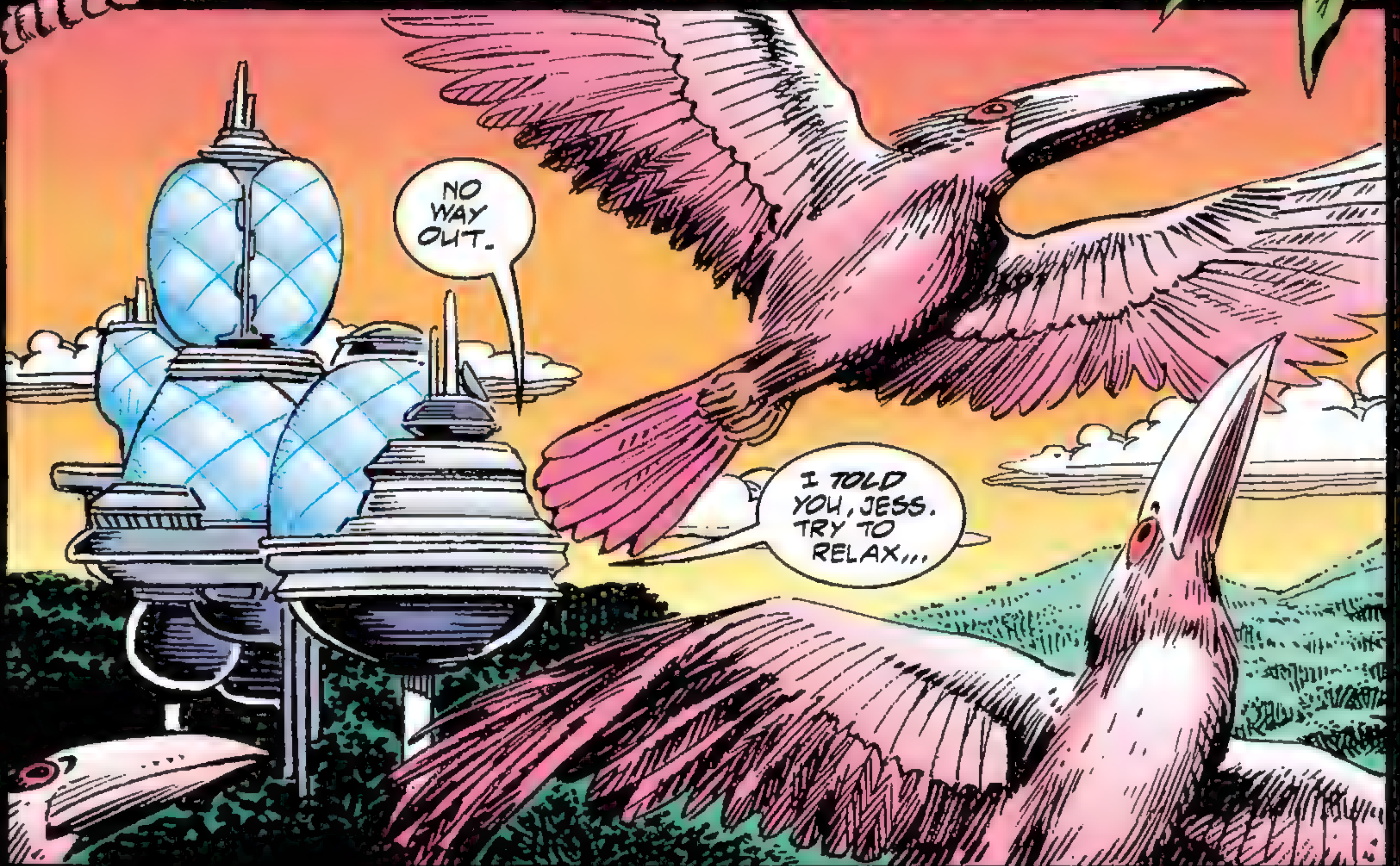
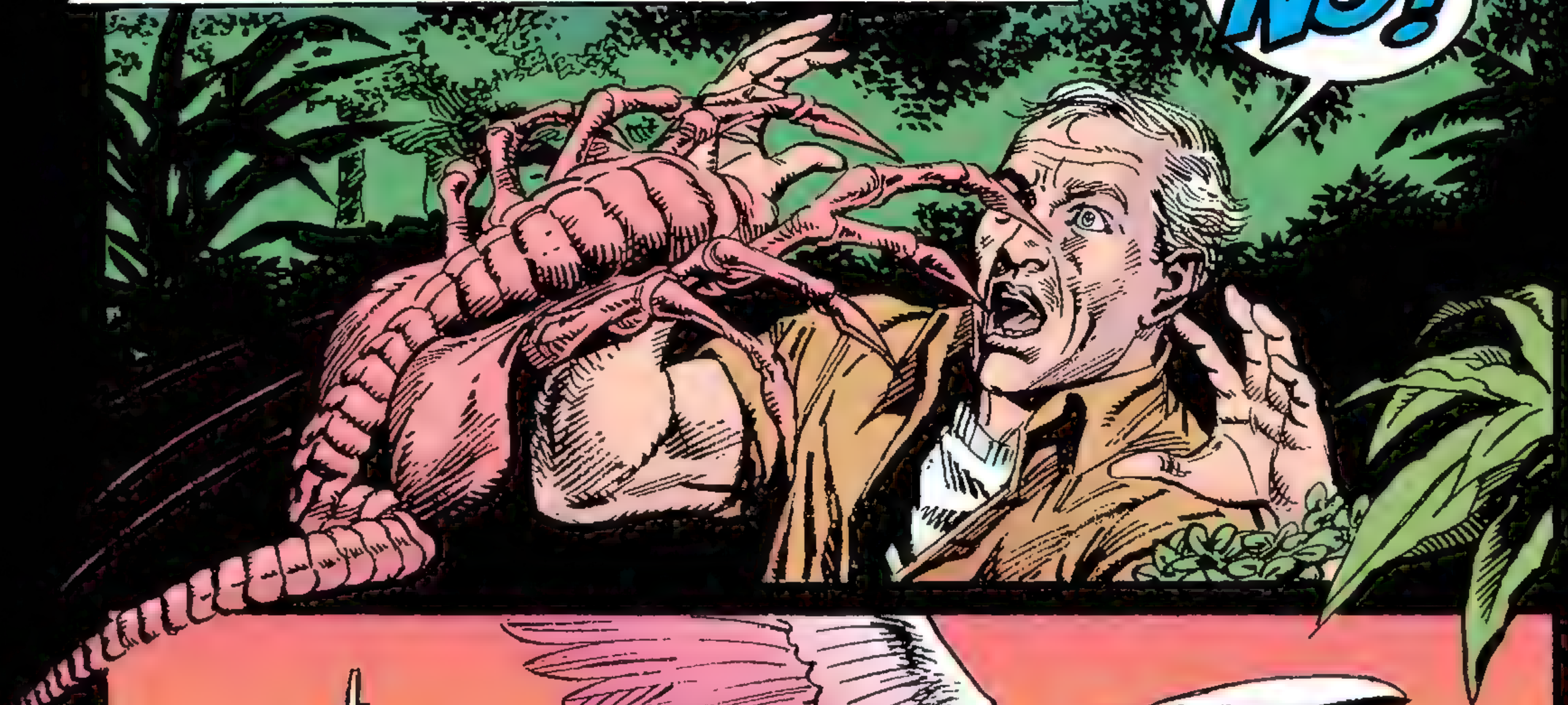
CRACKS

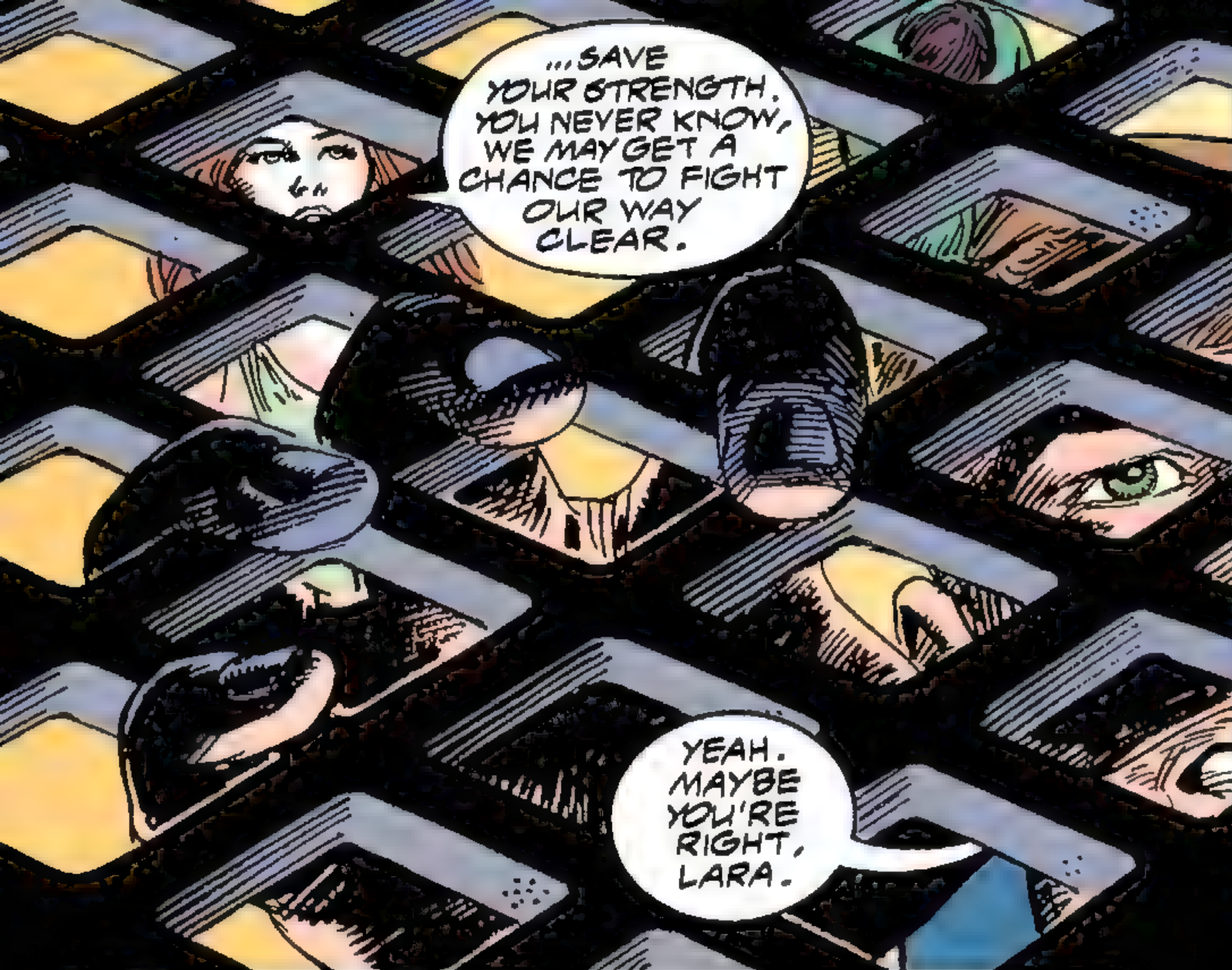




BOOM

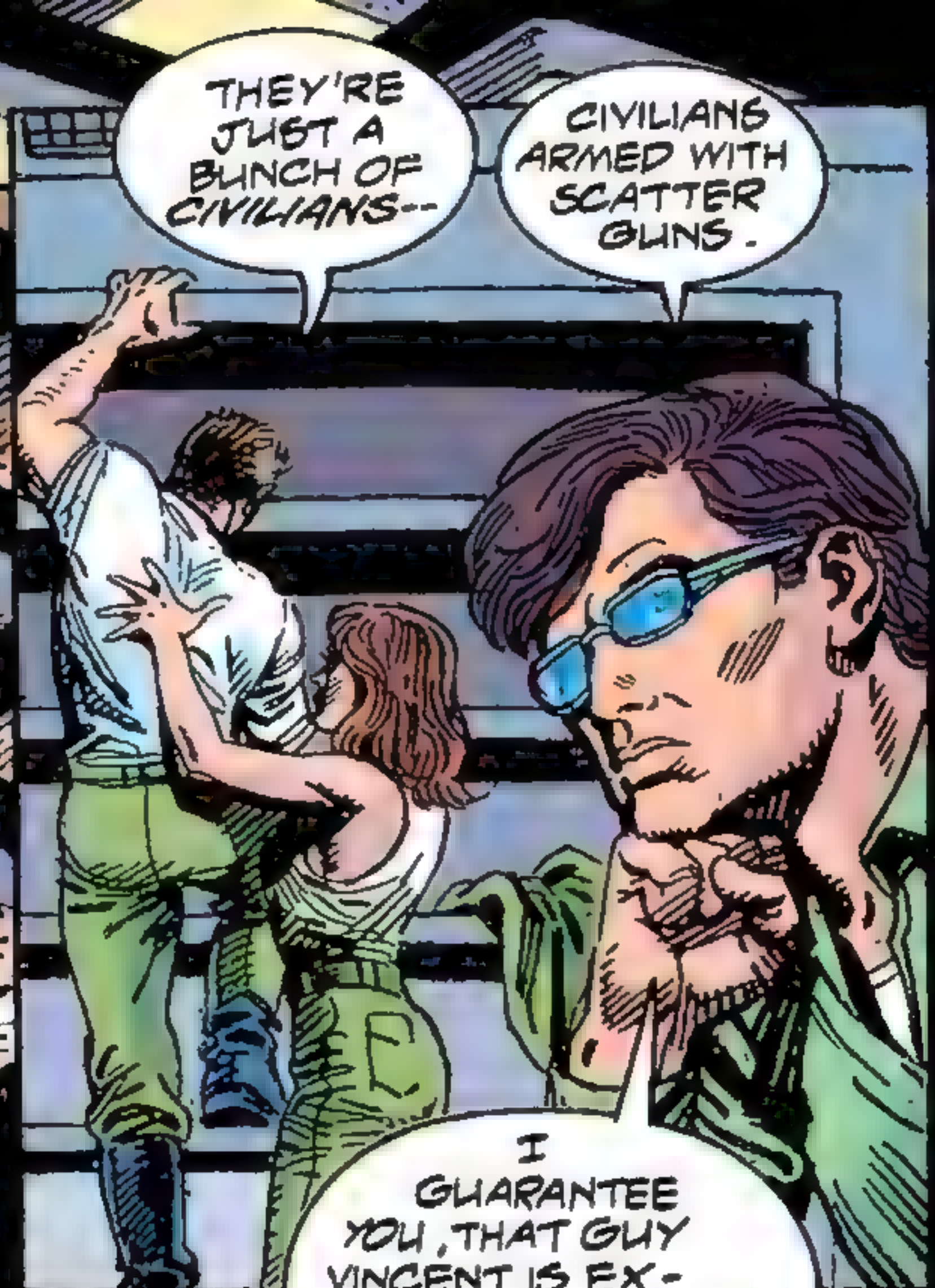






...SAVE YOUR STRENGTH. YOU NEVER KNOW, WE MAY GET A CHANCE TO FIGHT OUR WAY CLEAR.

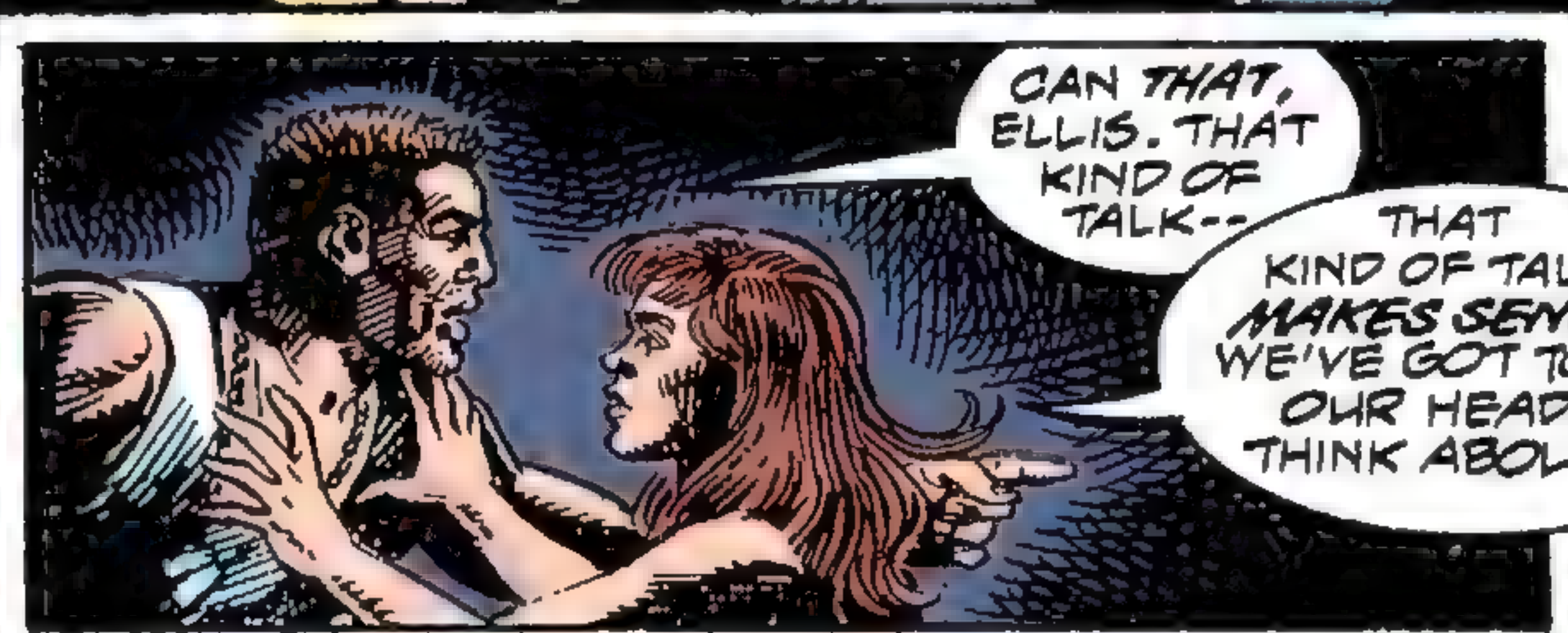
YEAH. MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, LARA.



THEY'RE JUST A BUNCH OF CIVILIANS--

CIVILIANS ARMED WITH SCATTER GUNS.

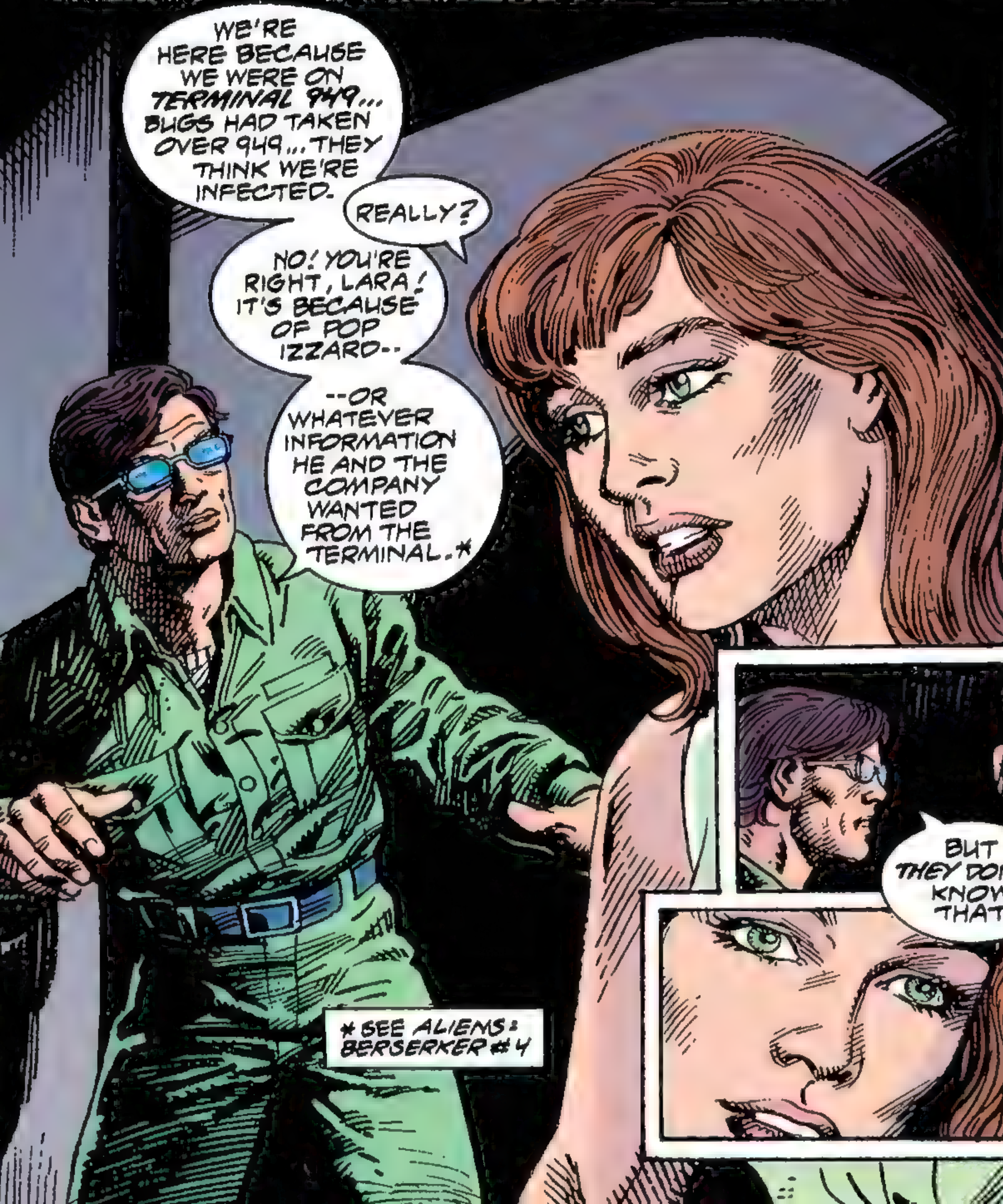
I GUARANTEE YOU, THAT GUY VINCENT IS EX-MILITARY OR EX-POLICE. HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING.



CAN THAT, ELLIS. THAT KIND OF TALK--

THAT KIND OF TALK MAKES SENSE. WE'VE GOT TO USE OUR HEADS. THINK ABOUT IT.

WHY ARE WE HERE? WHY ARE WE LOCKED UP?



WE'RE HERE BECAUSE WE WERE ON TERMINAL 949... BUGS HAD TAKEN OVER 949... THEY THINK WE'RE INFECTED.

REALLY?

NO! YOU'RE RIGHT, LARA! IT'S BECAUSE OF POP IZZARD--

--OR WHATEVER INFORMATION HE AND THE COMPANY WANTED FROM THE TERMINAL.*

*SEE ALIENS: BERSERKER #4



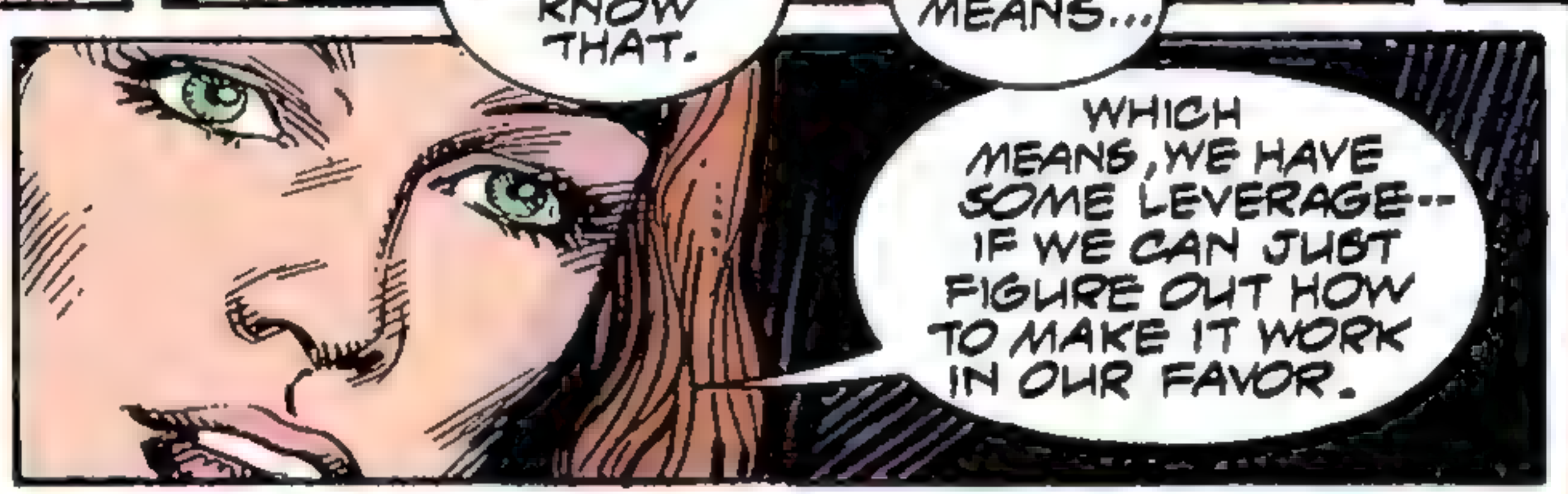
SO, THEY THINK WE KNOW SOMETHING...

...WHICH WE DON'T.



BUT THEY DON'T KNOW THAT.

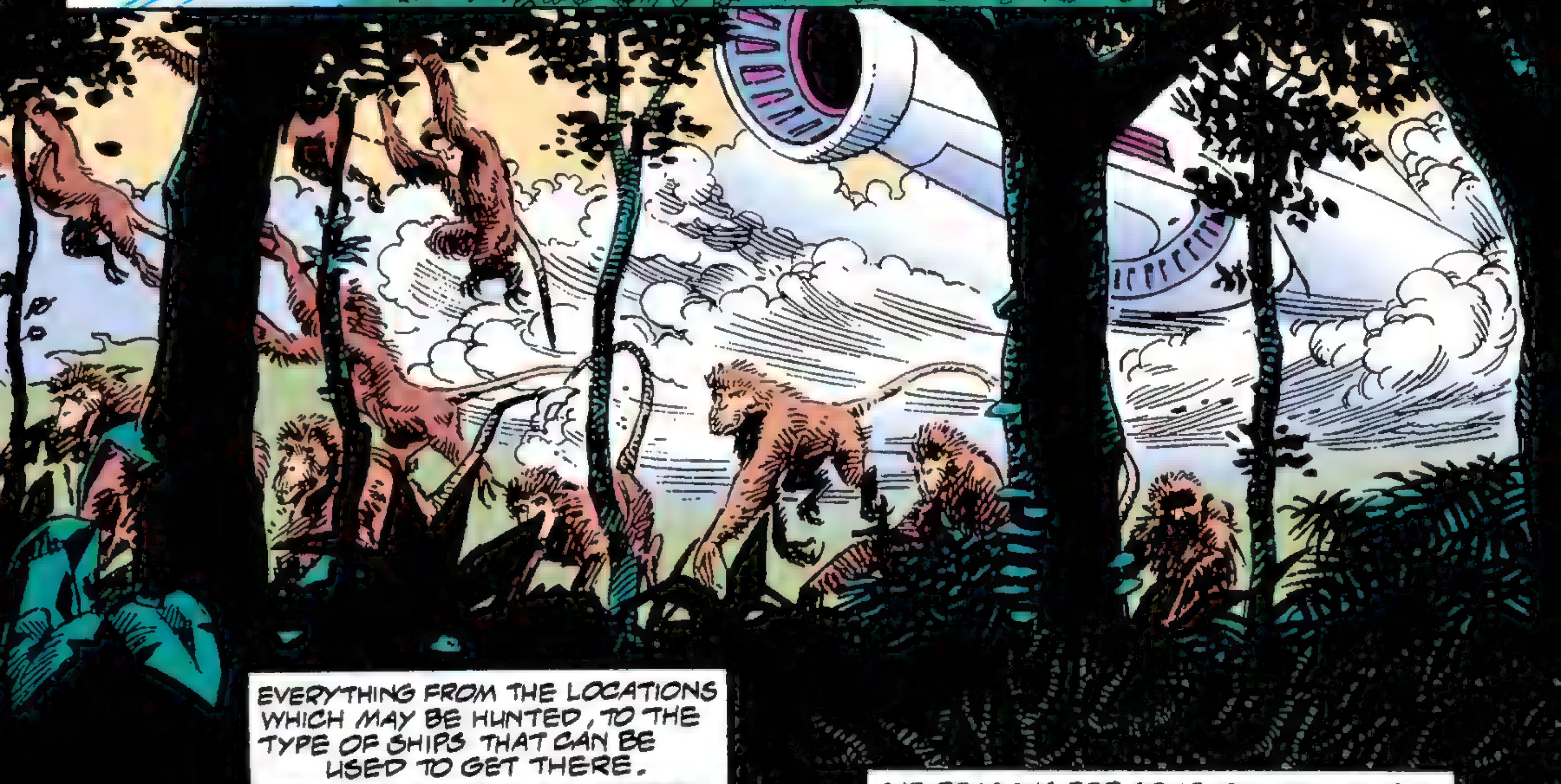
WHICH MEANS...



WHICH MEANS, WE HAVE SOME LEVERAGE-- IF WE CAN JUST FIGURE OUT HOW TO MAKE IT WORK IN OUR FAVOR.

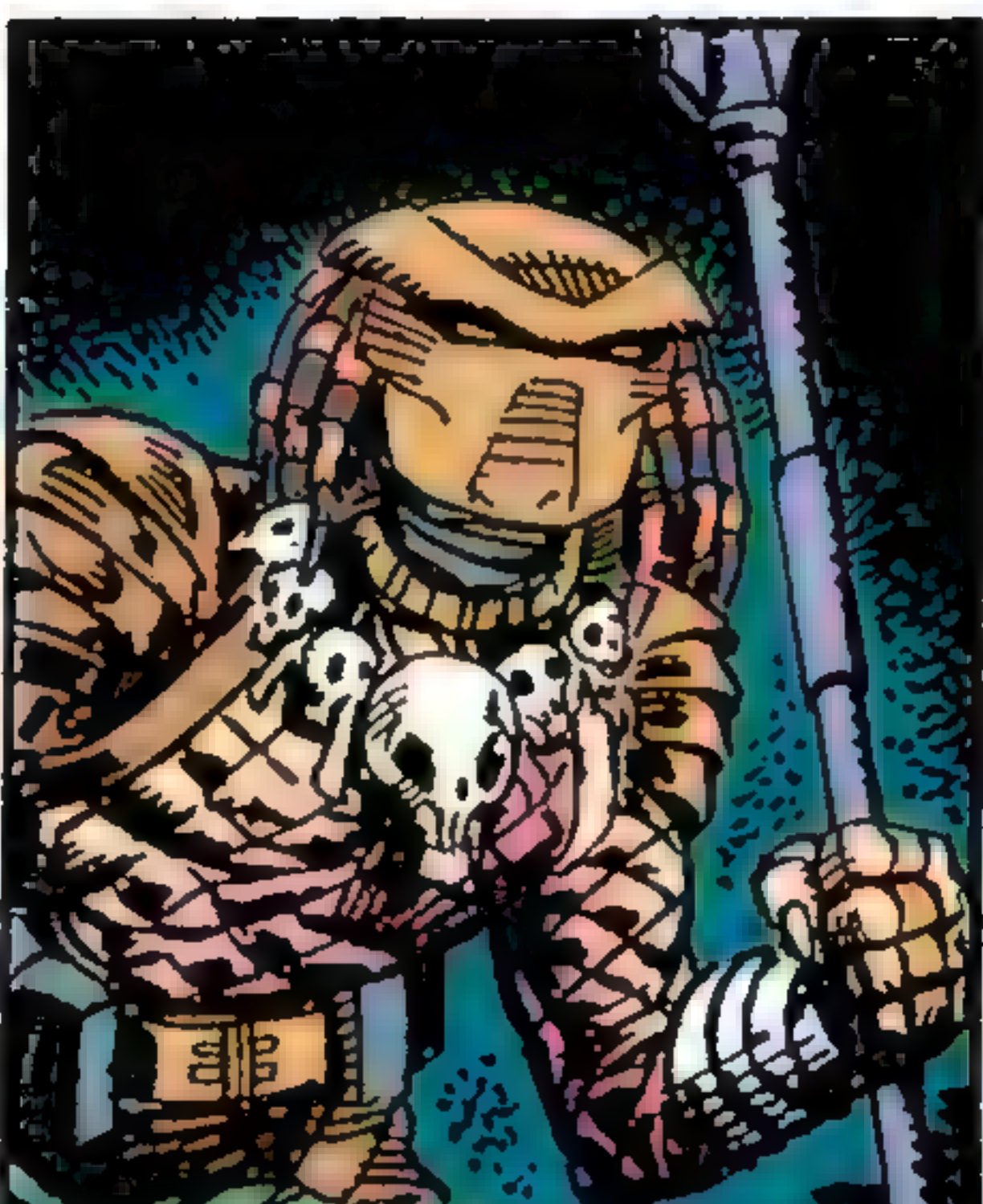


LIKE EVERY OTHER ASPECT OF THE HUNTERS' LIVES, THE HUNT FOLLOWS AN INVIOLENT SET OF RULES.



EVERYTHING FROM THE LOCATIONS WHICH MAY BE HUNTED, TO THE TYPE OF SHIPS THAT CAN BE USED TO GET THERE.

THE REASONS FOR SOME OF THE LAWS ARE OBVIOUS, THE ORIGINS OF OTHERS ARE LOST TO ANTIQUITY. IT IS THE CLOSEST THING TO RELIGION THAT I HAVE SEEN IN HUNTER CULTURE.



A TEMPTING ANALOGY IS THAT OF A PRIEST TEACHING A GROUP OF NOVITIATES, BUT IT SIMPLIFIES THE TRUTH TOO MUCH.



NOVITIATES DON'T RISK DEATH FOR FAILING TO LEARN THEIR LESSONS.

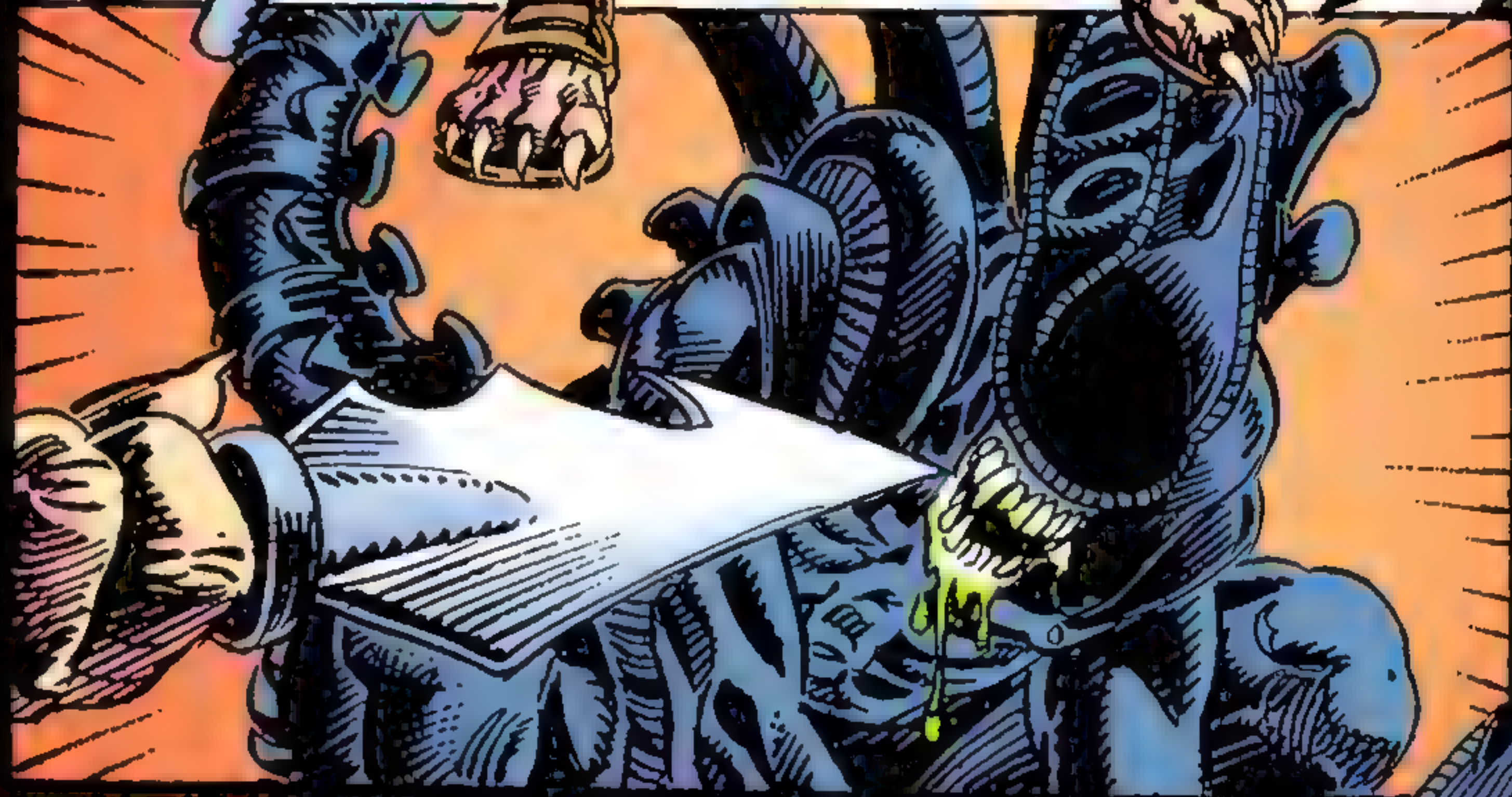
STILL, AS I LEARNED MYSELF,
NOTHING MATCHES THE THRILL
OF RISKING EVERYTHING
AGAINST SUCCESS.

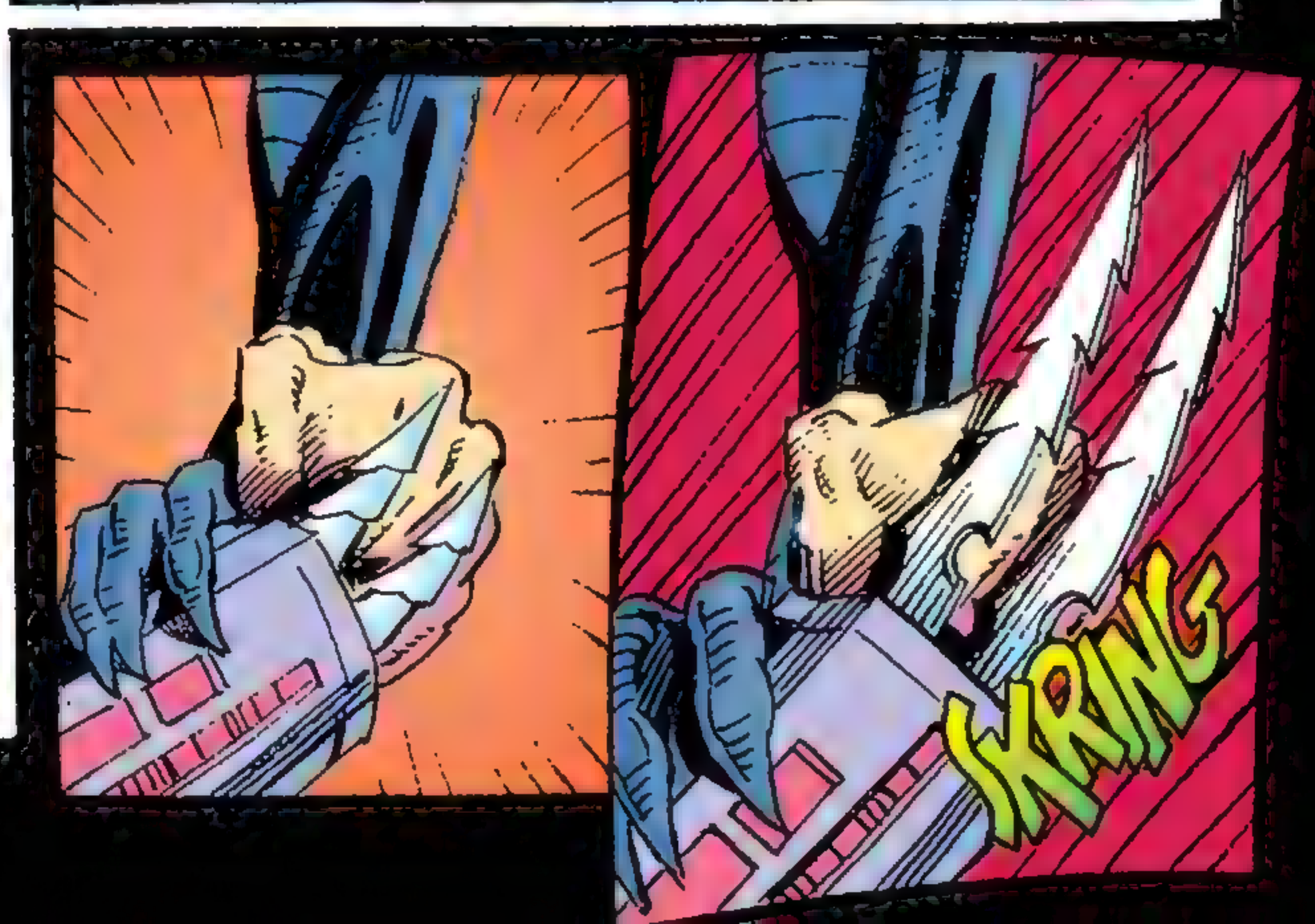
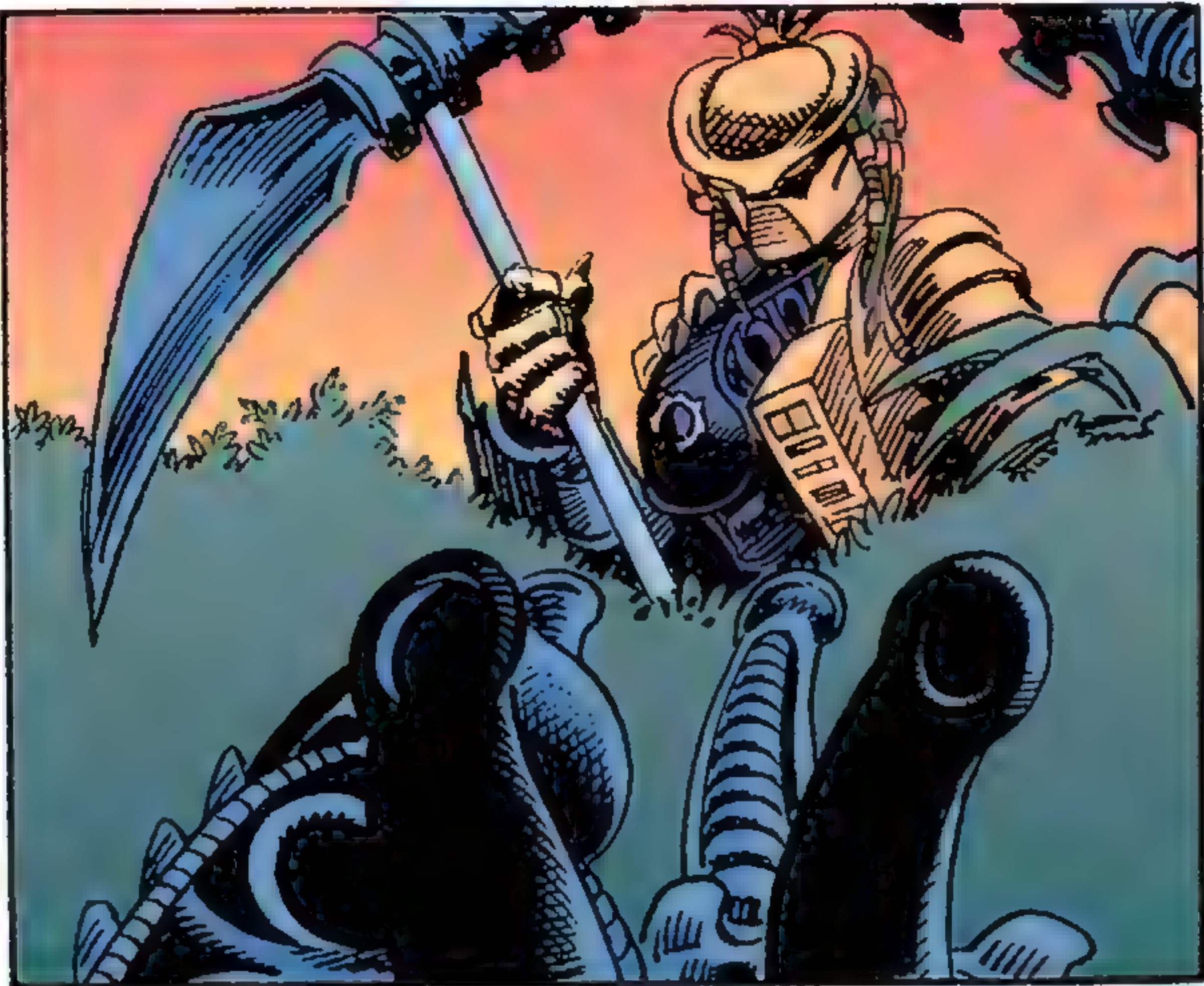
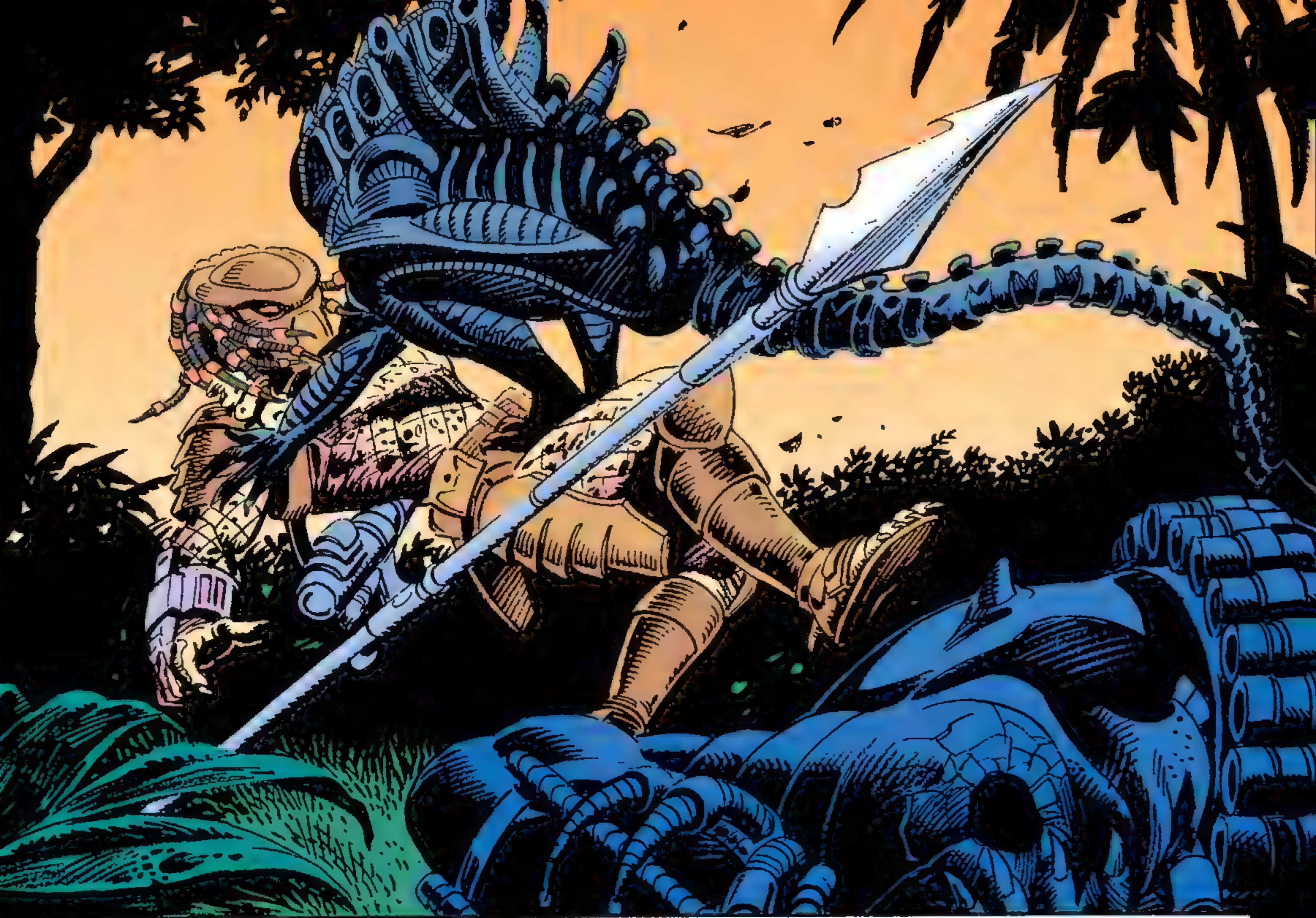
ESPECIALLY AGAINST
AN ADVERSARY AS
RESOURCEFUL AND
AS ADAPTIVE AS
THE BUGS.

ON EARTH, PEOPLE PAY SMALL
FORTUNES TO ARTIFICIALLY
EXPERIENCE A TASTE OF
THE HYPERAWARENESS AND
THE ADRENALINE-HIGH THAT
COMES FROM PUTTING ONE'S
LIFE ON THE LINE.

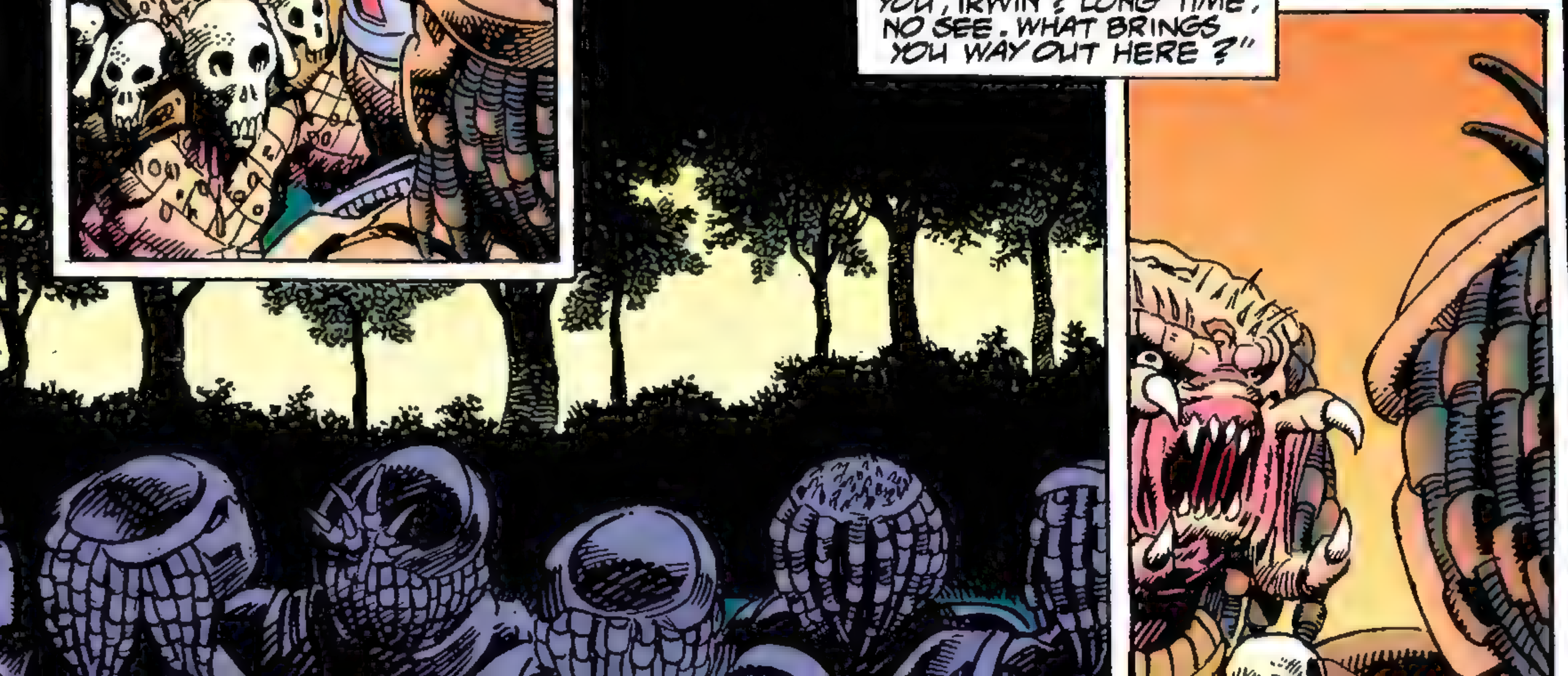
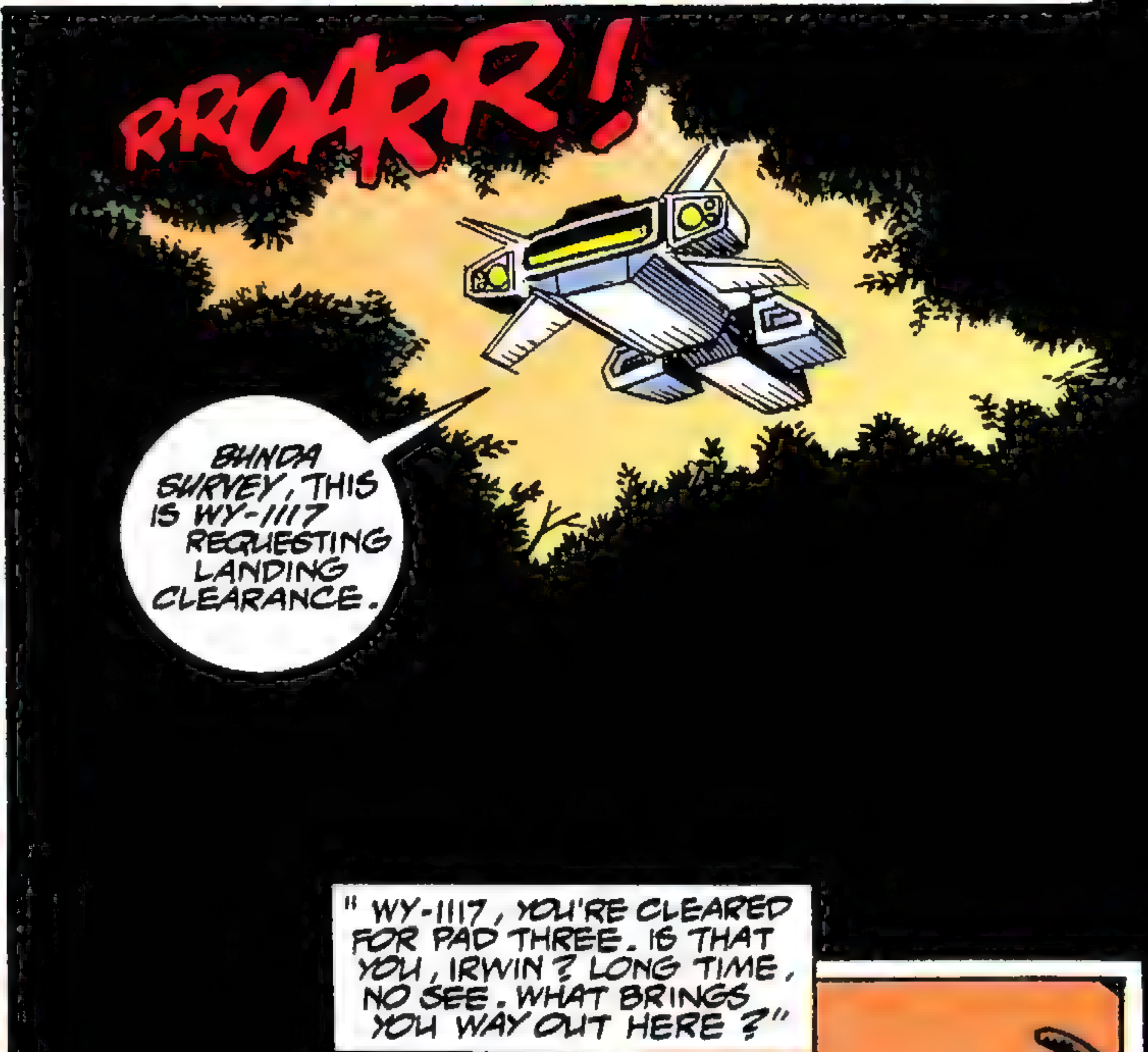
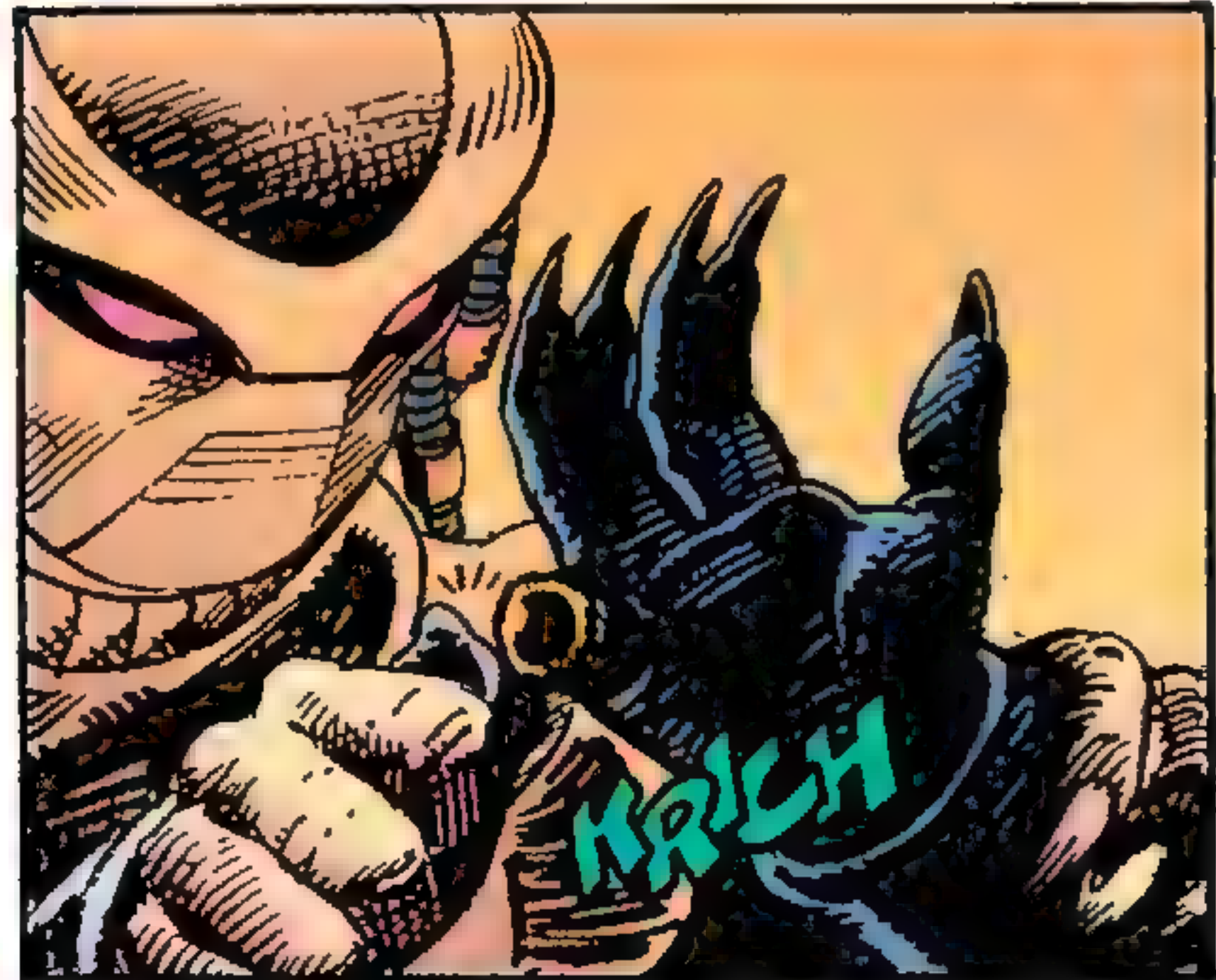
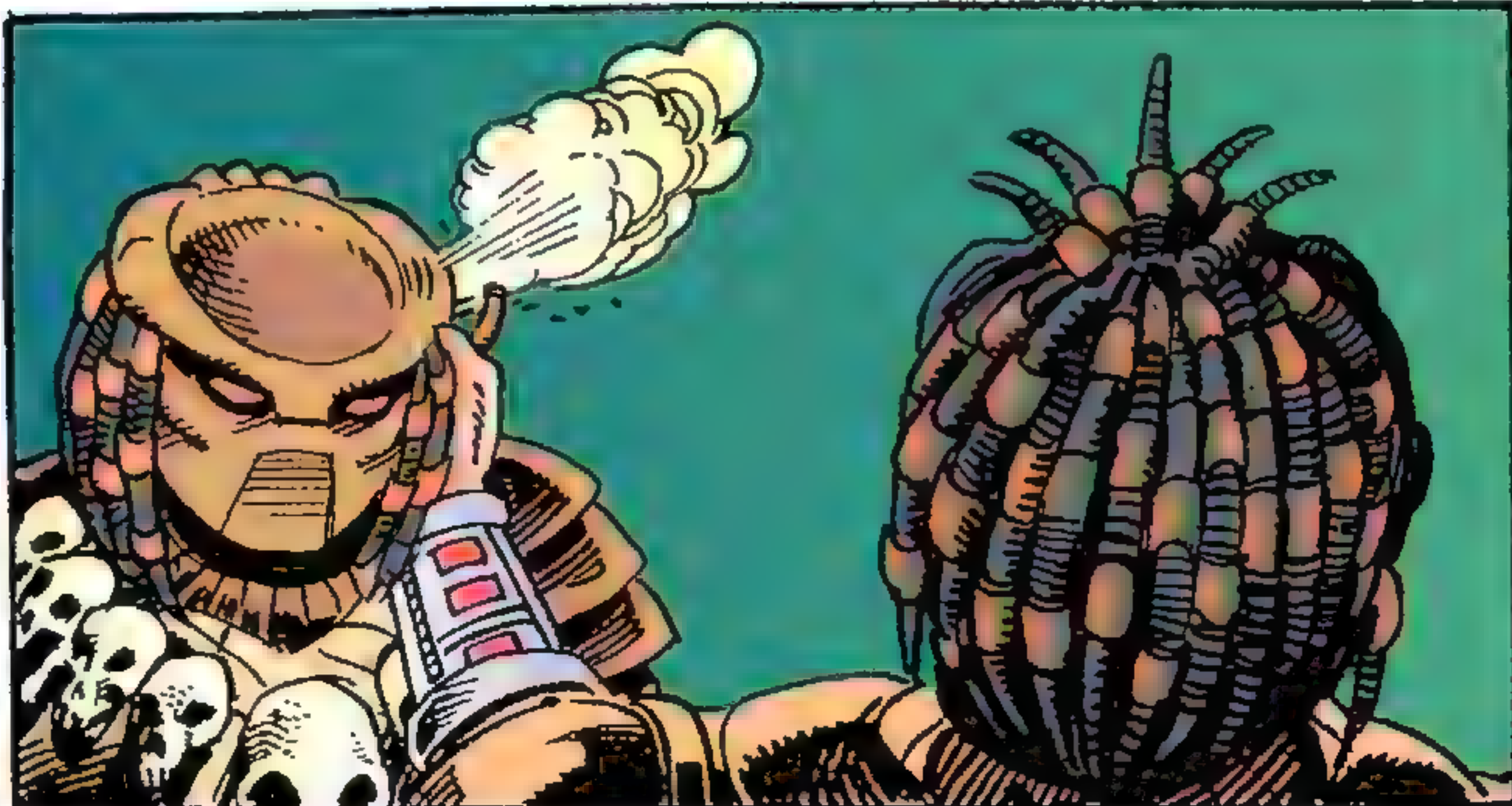
ALL IT IS,
THOUGH,
IS A TASTE.

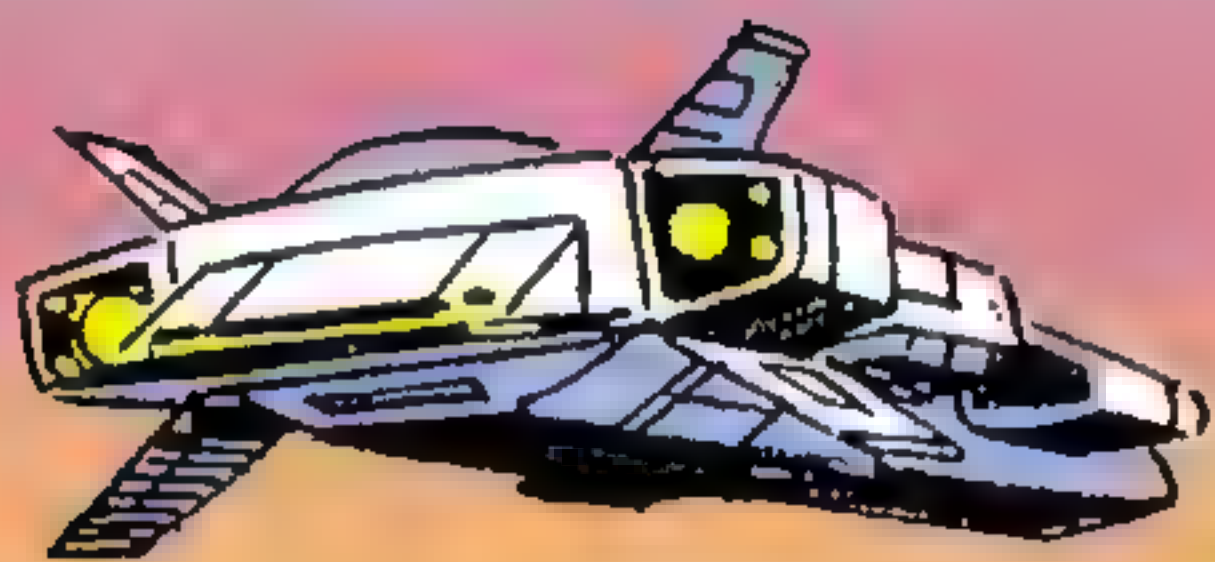
THE REAL THING
COMES WITH A
MUCH HIGHER
PRICE.



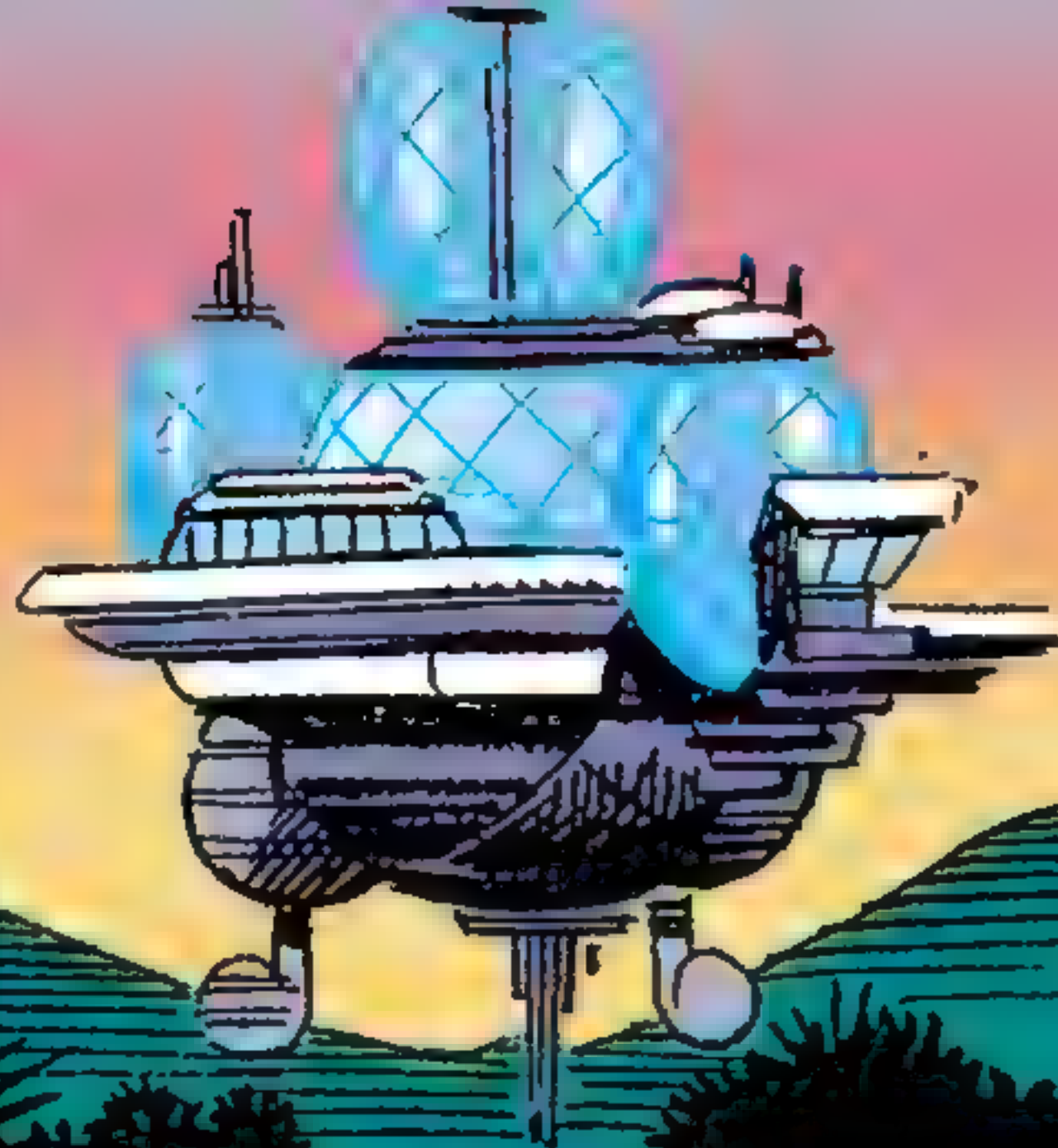




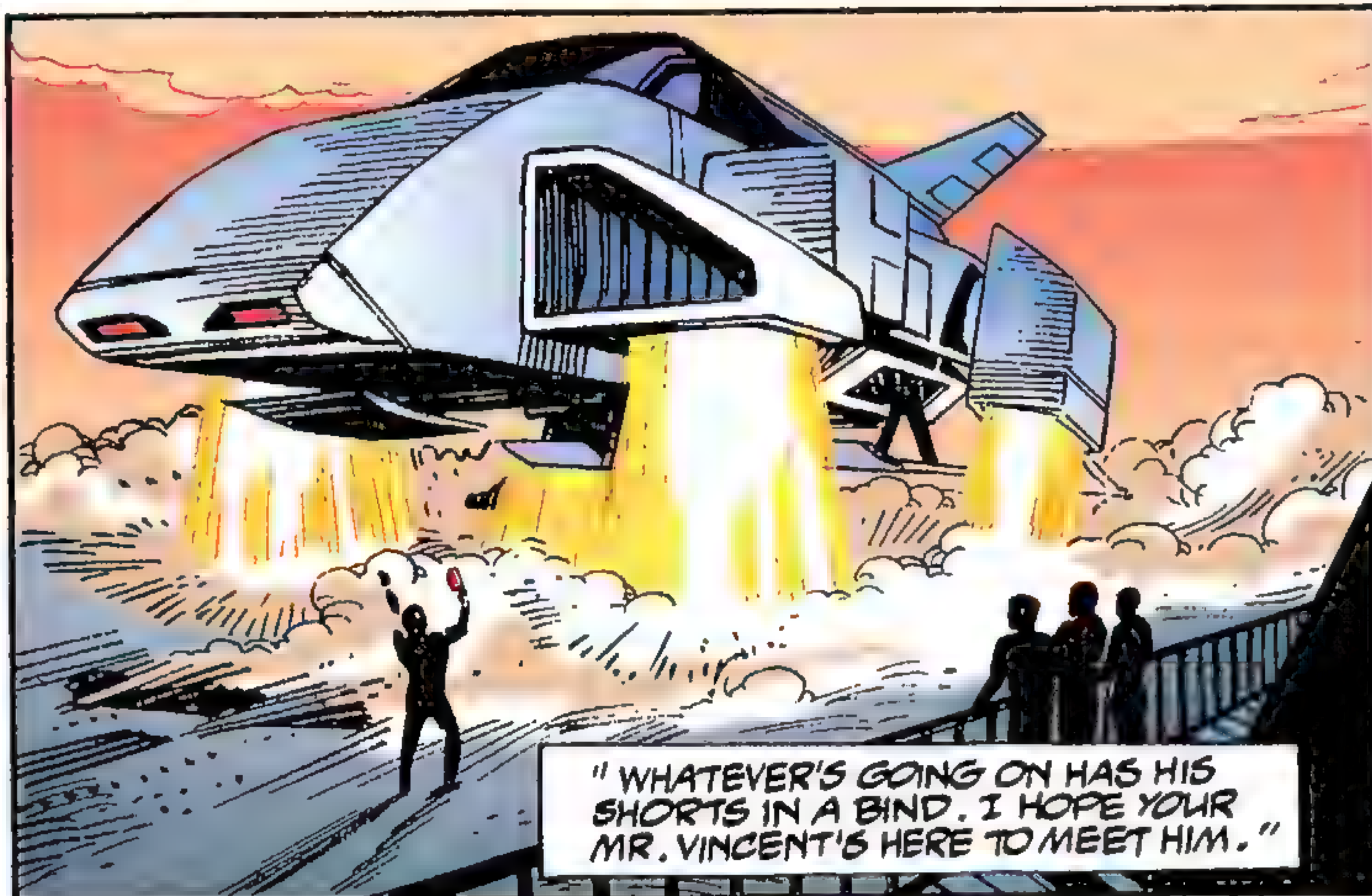




PLAYING
CHAUFFEUR
TO COMPANY
BIG SHOTS
AS USUAL,
WINDY.



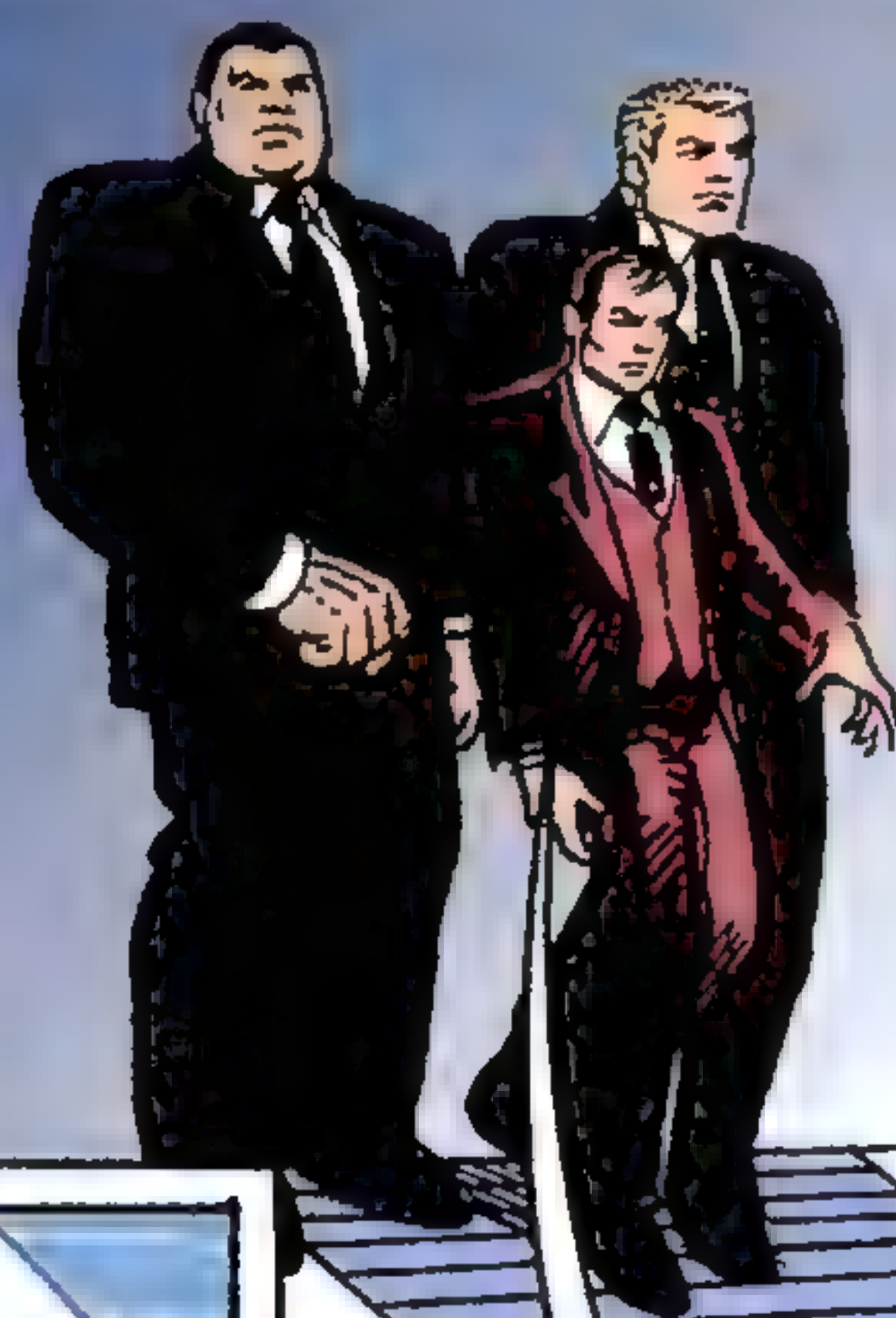
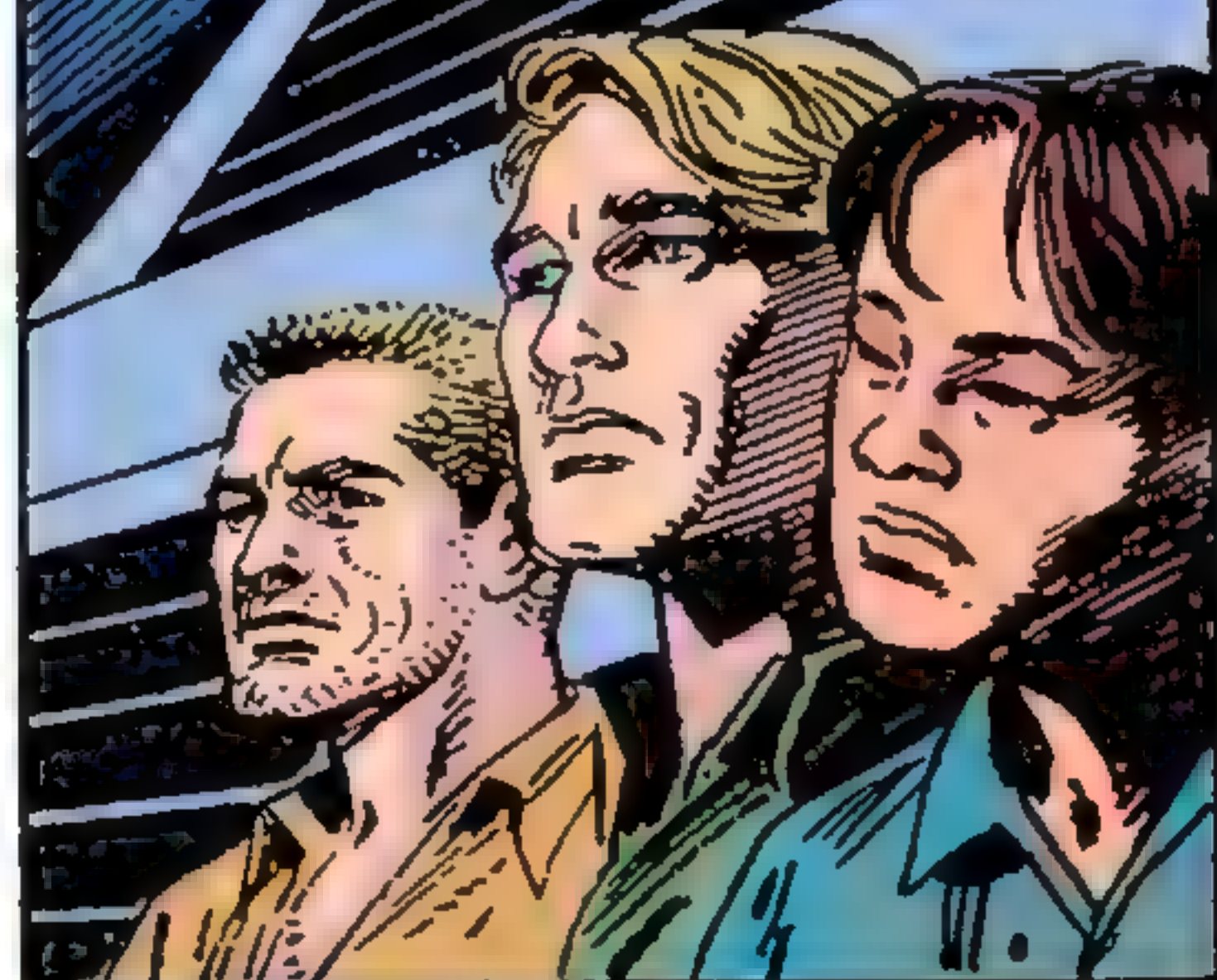
SPEAKING OF
WHICH, THIS GUY BRIGGS
HAS A MAJOR HAIR OUT OF
PLACE. HE'S BEEN AFTER
ME TO BEND THE LAWS
OF PHYSICS EVER SINCE
WE LEFT "ZEN'S
RESPITE."



"WHATEVER'S GOING ON HAS HIS
SHORTS IN A BIND. I HOPE YOUR
MR. VINCENT'S HERE TO MEET HIM."

"VINCENT'S ON THE PAD,
IRWIN. MEET YOU ON THE
CONTROL DECK?"

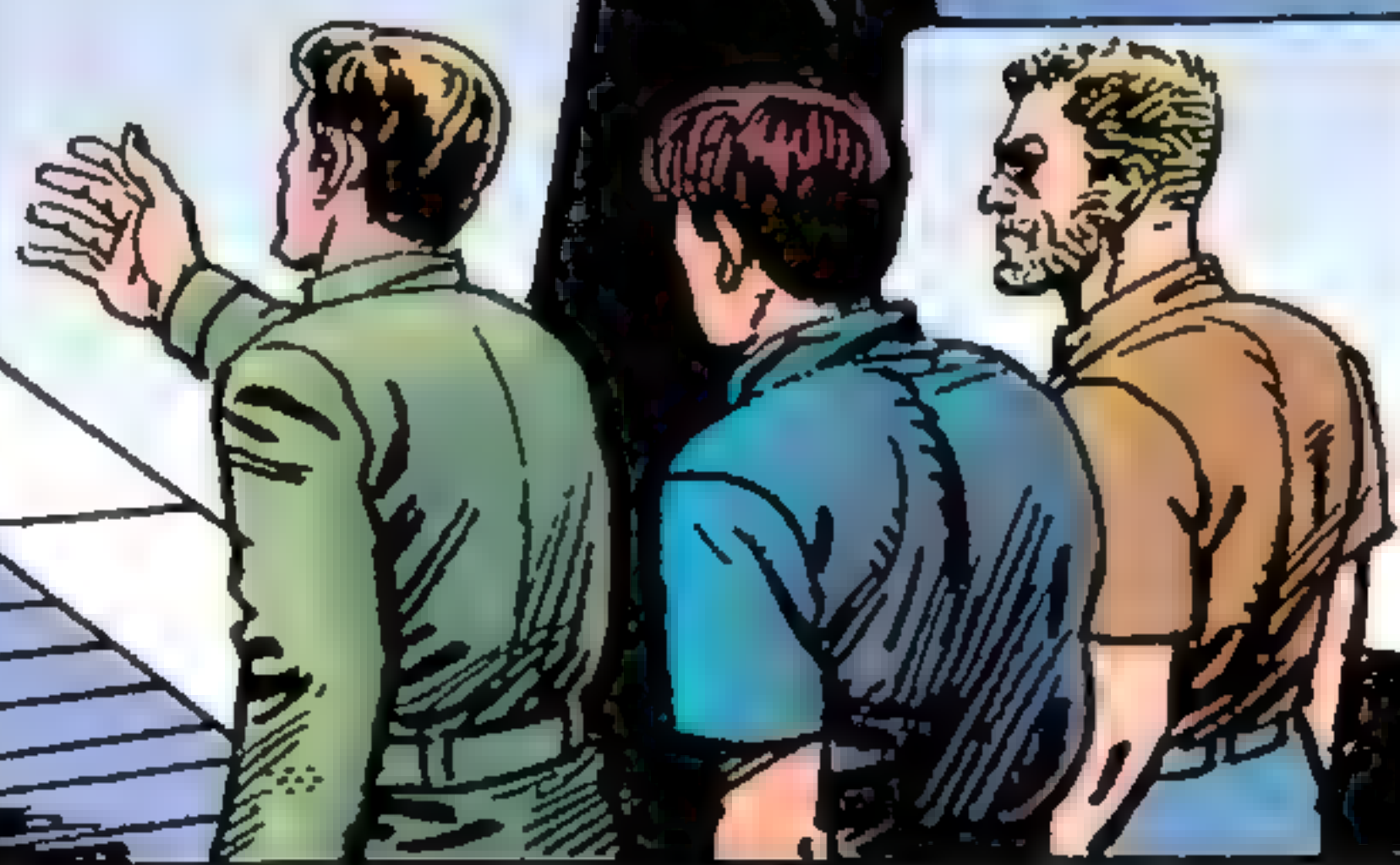
"YOU GOT IT,
WINDY."



WELCOME
TO BLINDA,
MR. BRIGGS.

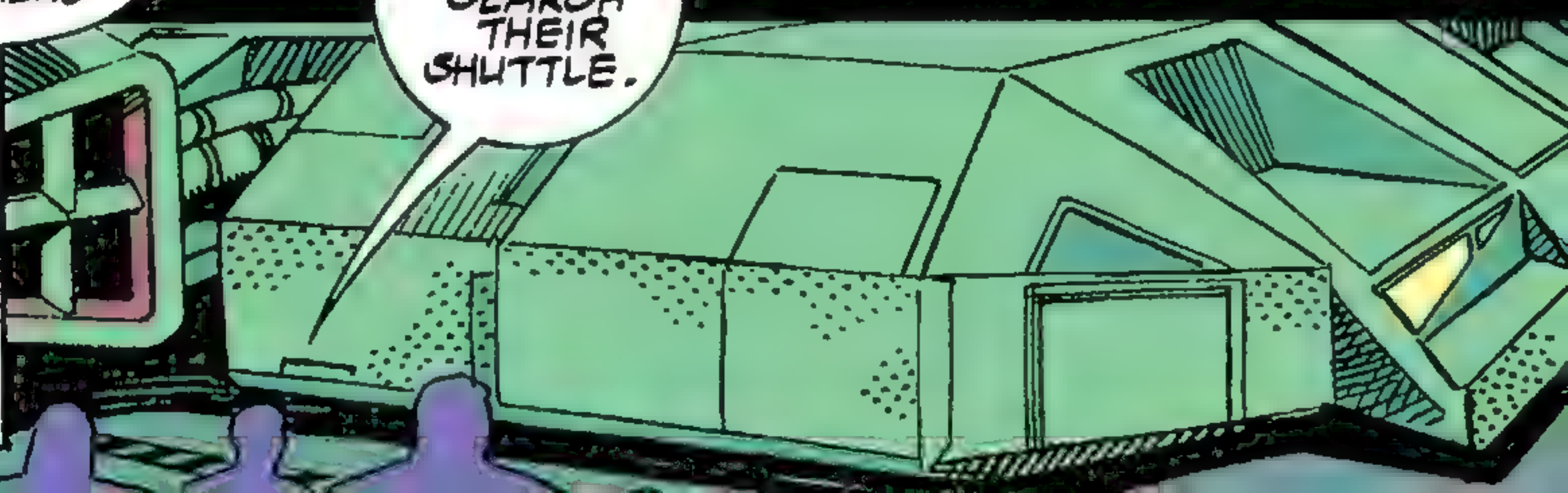
WOW,
IS THAT A
SUN
JUMPER--?

SAVE THE
PLEASANTRIES,
VINCENT.



I'LL
INTERVIEW
OUR THREE
PRISONERS--

--AFTER
MY MEN
SEARCH
THEIR
SHUTTLE.





NAME LARA KATHERINE I.
(F - 28 YEARS E.S.)

PROFILE HONORABLE
DISCHARGE USCMC
(LIEUTENANT)

B-LEVEL TRAINING IN
COMMUNICATIONS AND
ELECTRONICS.

C-LEVEL TRAINING IN
ASTRAL-NAVIGATION.

CURRENT ASSIGNMENT:
W-Y49392 (NEMESIS)

SECURITY CLEARANCE: C2



NAME JESS MARTIN A.
(M - 30 YEARS E.S.)

PROFILE DISHONORABLE
DISCHARGE USCMC (PFC).

NO TRAINING HIGHER THAN
D-LEVEL

CURRENT ASSIGNMENT:
W-Y49392 (NEMESIS)

SECURITY CLEARANCE:
D7 - POSSIBLE SECURITY
RISK



NAME ELUE BRIAN K.
(M - 24 YEARS E.S.)

PROFILE TECH-I A-LEVEL
TRAINING IN ROBOTICS,
ELECTRONICS, SYNTHETIC
REPAIR.

CURRENT ASSIGNMENT:
W-Y49392 (NEMESIS)

SECURITY CLEARANCE: C2

MY NAME
IS BRIGGS. THE
COMPANY HAS
AUTHORIZED ME
TO MAKE YOU
AN OFFER.

AS SOLE
SURVIVORS OF THE
NEMESIS, THE THREE
OF YOU WILL BE
ALLOWED TO SPLIT
THE ENTIRE CREW'S
BONUS FROM THAT
JOB--

-- PROVIDED
YOU TURN OVER
THE DATA
RECOVERED FROM
TERMINAL 949'S
COMPUTER.

ALL WE
WANT IS SAFE
PASSAGE
BACK TO--

CERTAINLY,
WHATEVER YOU
WANT, MS. LARA.
JUST TELL ME
WHERE THAT
DATA IS.

HOW DO
WE KNOW
YOU'LL LIVE UP
TO YOUR END
OF THE
AGREEMENT,
BRIGGS?

THE
COMPANY'S
BEEN KNIFING US
IN THE BACK
EVERY TIME WE
TURN AROUND--

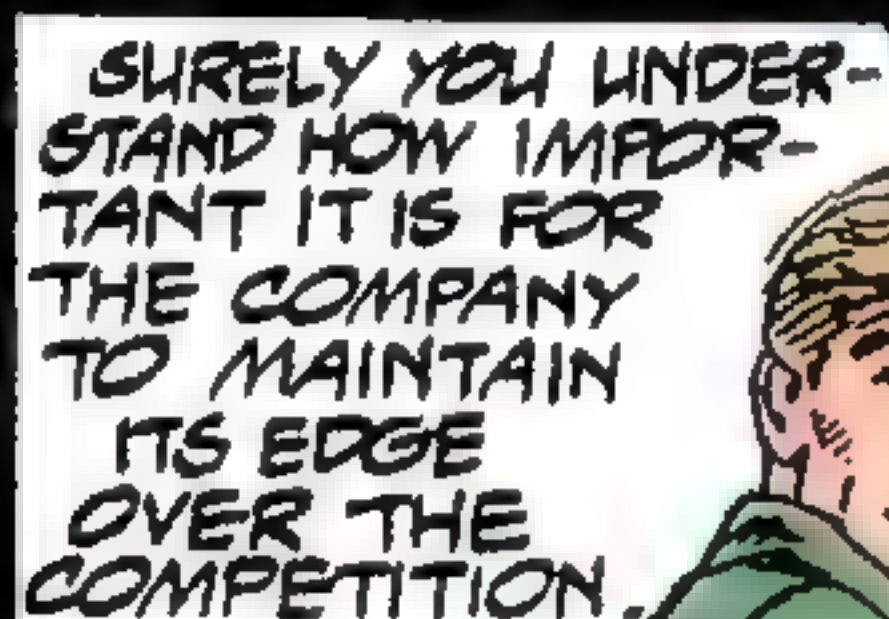
NOT TO MENTION
ALL OF THOSE
PEOPLE ON
949.

JESS!

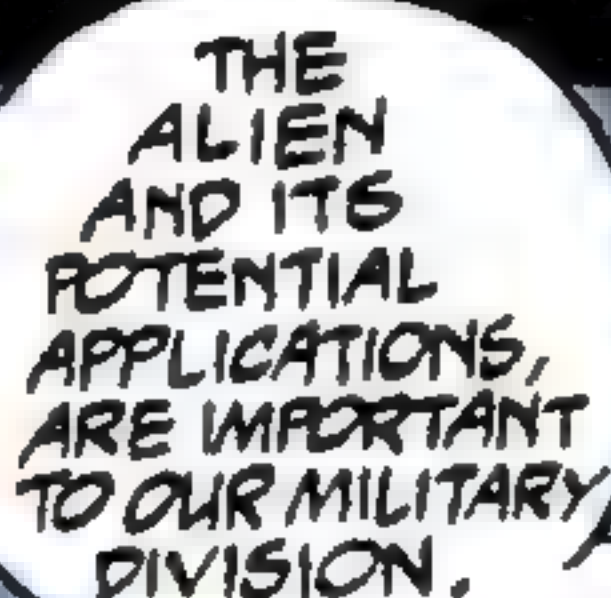
NO, LARA,
I'M OUT. HE'S
ASKING US
TO JUST
FORGET ABOUT
TEAPE, PULASKI,
AND THAT
POOR BASTARD
IN THE MAX-X

*MOBILE ASSAULT EXO-WARRIOR.

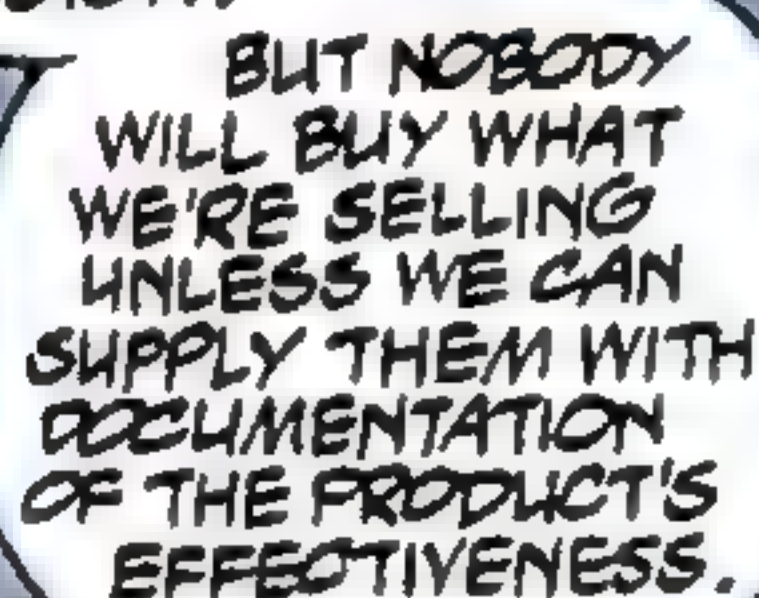




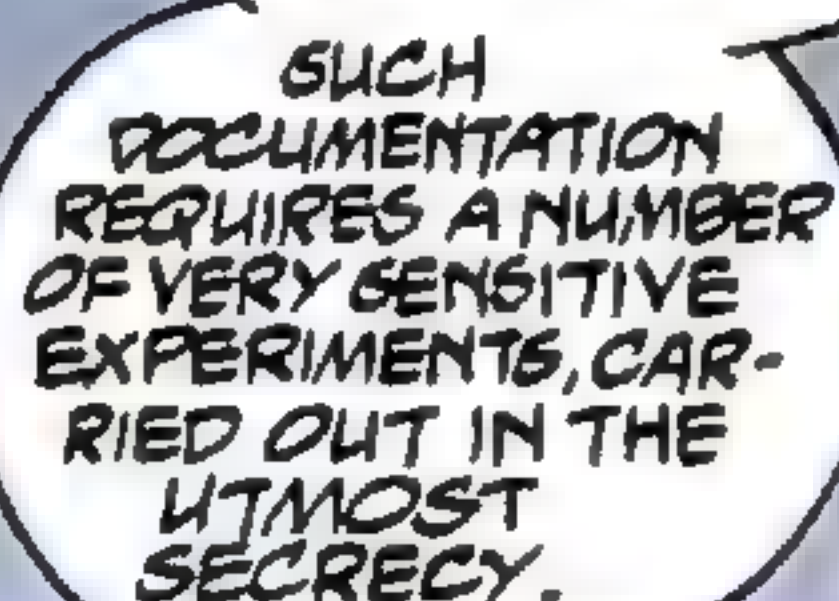
SURELY YOU UNDER-
STAND HOW IMPOR-
TANT IT IS FOR
THE COMPANY
TO MAINTAIN
ITS EDGE
OVER THE
COMPETITION.



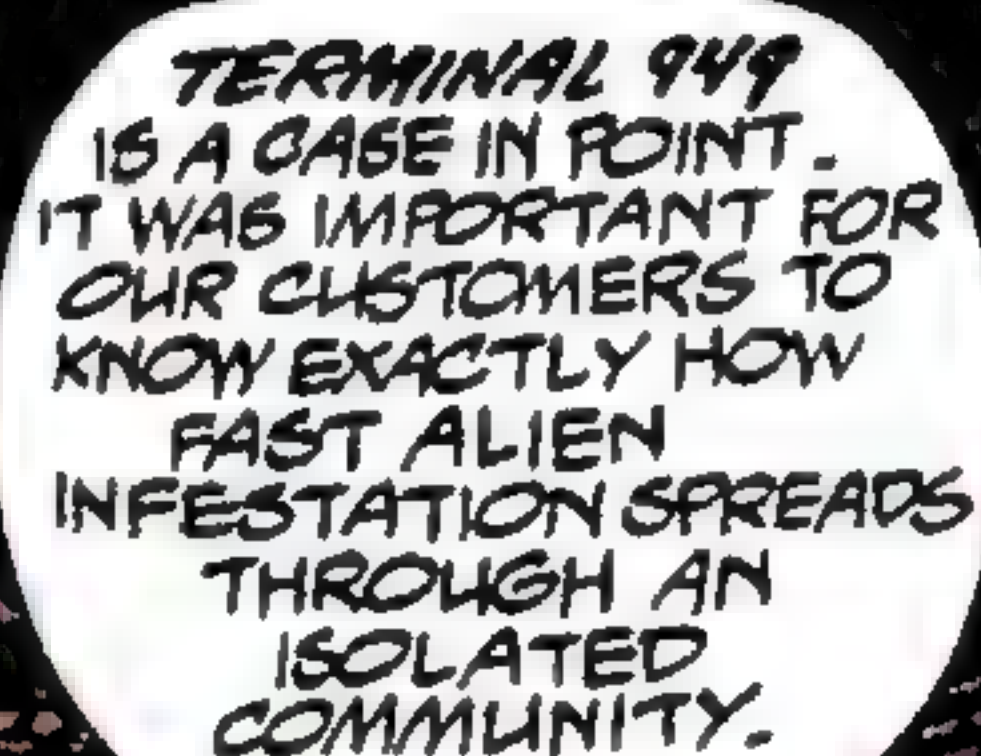
THE
ALIEN
AND ITS
POTENTIAL
APPLICATIONS,
ARE IMPORTANT
TO OUR MILITARY
DIVISION.



BUT NOBODY
WILL BUY WHAT
WE'RE SELLING
UNLESS WE CAN
SUPPLY THEM WITH
DOCUMENTATION
OF THE PRODUCT'S
EFFECTIVENESS.



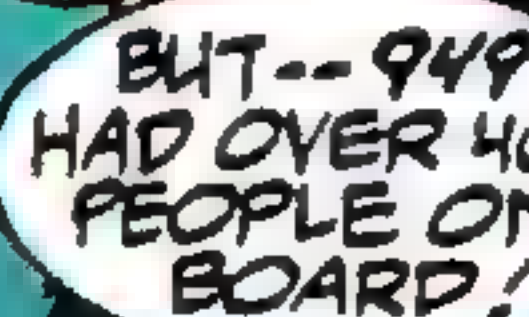
SUCH
DOCUMENTATION
REQUIRES A NUMBER
OF VERY SENSITIVE
EXPERIMENTS, CAR-
RIED OUT IN THE
UTMOST
SECRECY.



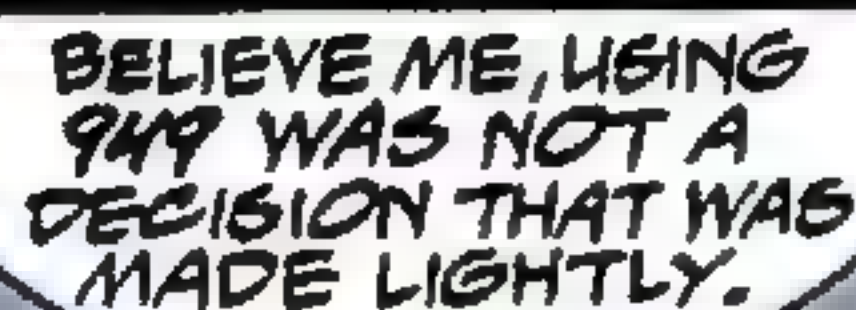
TERMINAL 949
IS A CASE IN POINT.
IT WAS IMPORTANT FOR
OUR CUSTOMERS TO
KNOW EXACTLY HOW
FAST ALIEN
INFESTATION SPREADS
THROUGH AN
ISOLATED
COMMUNITY.



WHAT?



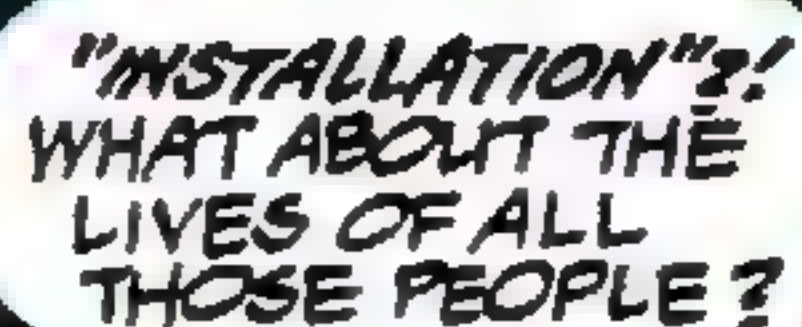
BUT-- 949
HAD OVER 400
PEOPLE ON
BOARD!



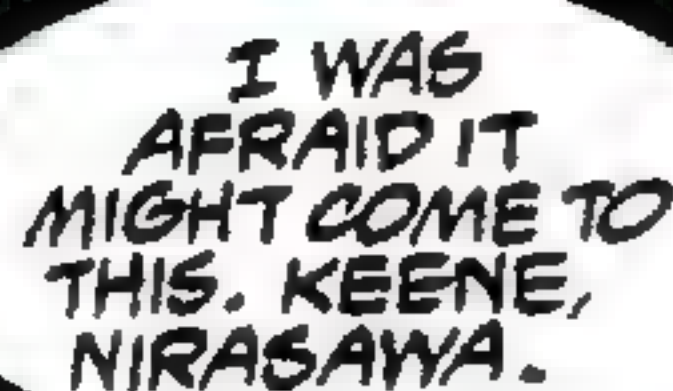
BELIEVE ME, USING
949 WAS NOT A
DECISION THAT WAS
MADE LIGHTLY.



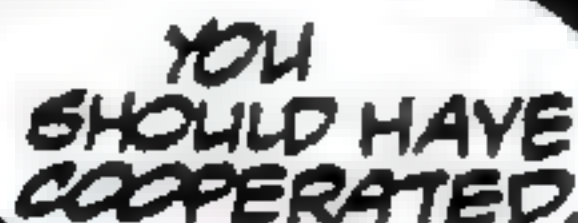
THE
COMPANY HAD
SEVERAL BILLION
DOLLARS INVESTED
IN THAT
INSTALLATION.



"INSTALLATION"?!
WHAT ABOUT THE
LIVES OF ALL
THOSE PEOPLE?



I WAS
AFRAID IT
MIGHT COME TO
THIS. KEENE,
NIRASAWA.



YOU
SHOULD HAVE
COOPERATED.

"WHAT HAPPENS NEXT
WILL BE VERY UNPLEASANT."

"...PRETTY ROUTINE,
THE ONLY EXCITEMENT
WE'VE HAD AROUND
HERE, AND, IN FACT,
IT HAPPENED
TODAY--"

KATLANK

"--IS TWO OF OUR
SURVEYORS FAILED
TO RETURN ON
SCHEDULE, PROBABLY
TURN UP DRUNK
TOMORRO--"

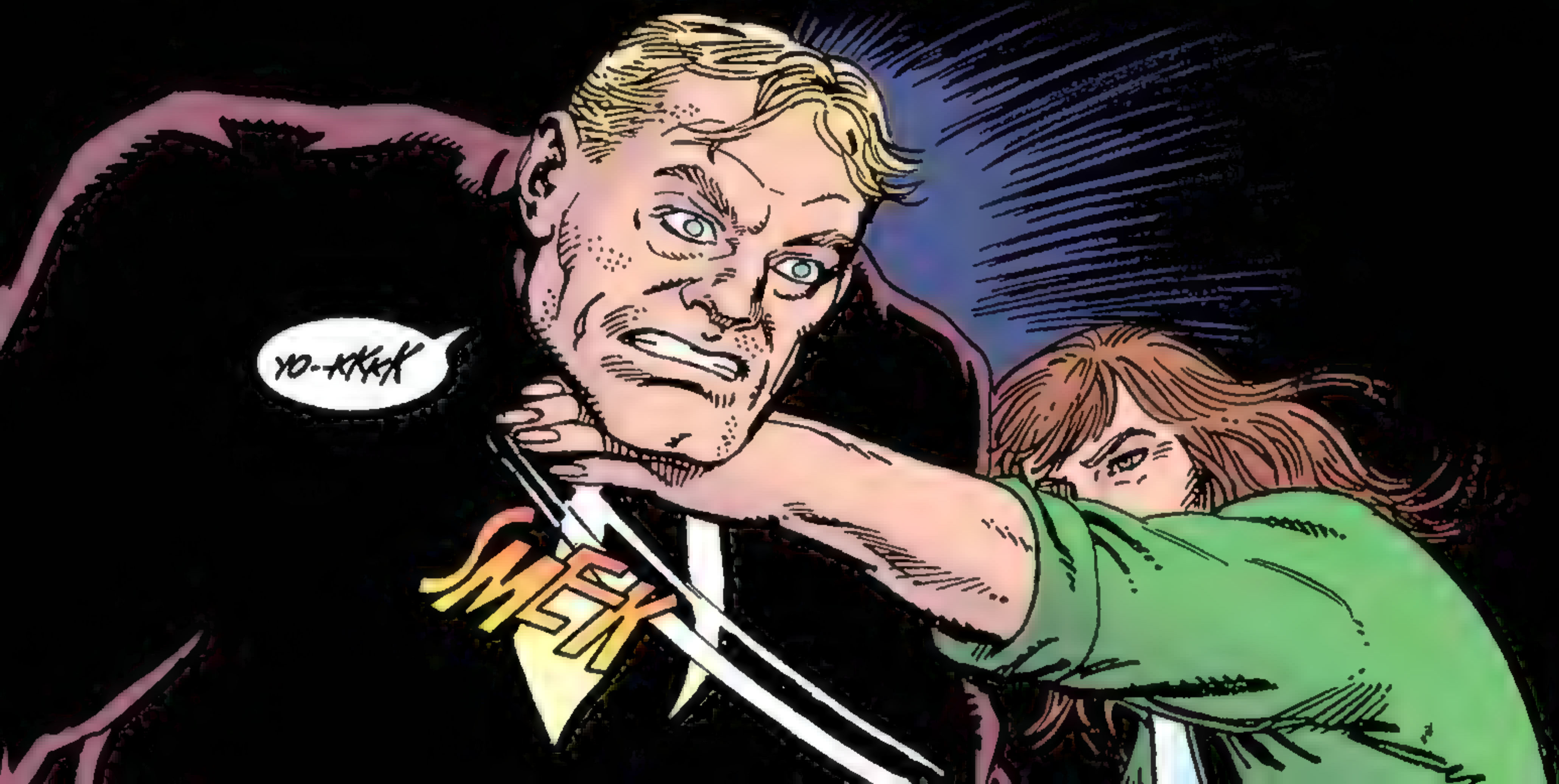
--WH,
WHAT WAS
THAT?

SOUNDED
LIKE IT CAME
FROM OUTSIDE.
MAYBE THE
PLATFORM'S
SCRAPING THE
TREETOPS...

ON A
CALM NIGHT
LIKE THIS?
IMPOSSIBLE. THE
NAV-COMPUTERS
WOULD AUTO-
MATICALLY--

HEY,
WHAT'S
THIS?







Y-YOU
KILLED
HIM!

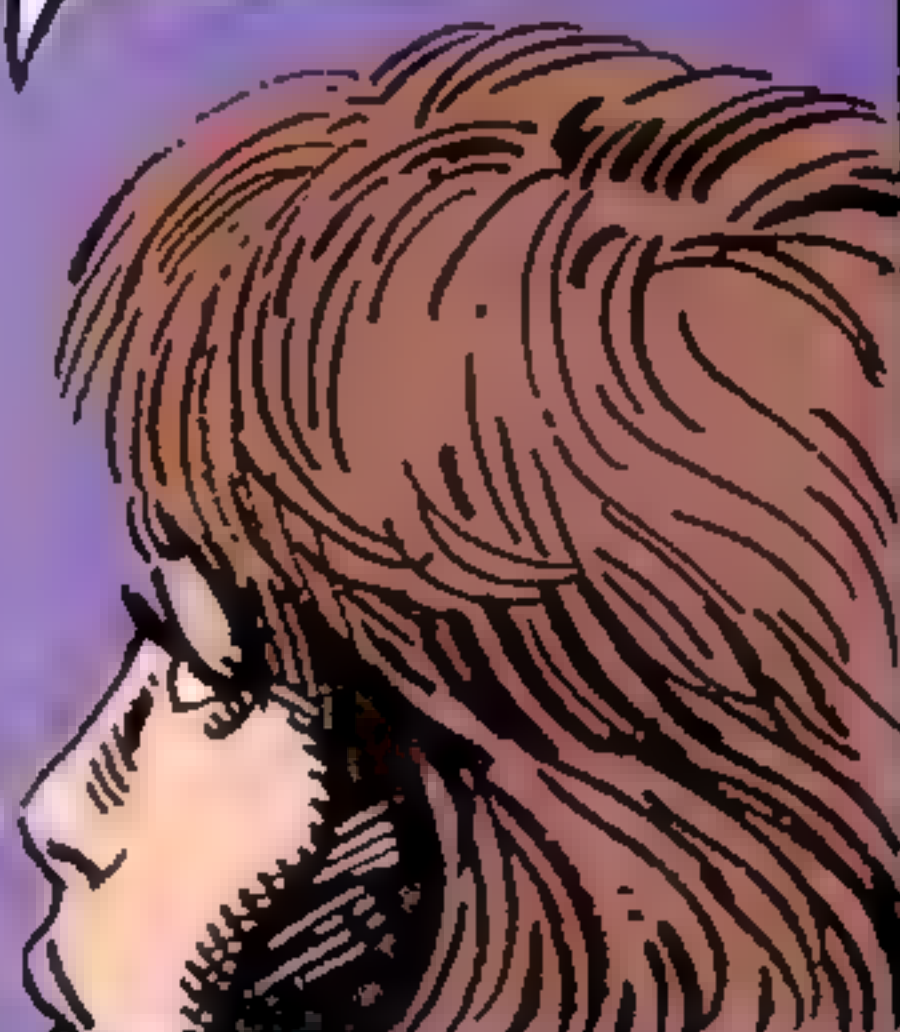
BUT,
HOW--?



OH,
YEAH. I
FORGOT.

TRAINING.
I USED TO
BE A
MARINE.

SO DID
HE. COME ON,
HELP ME--



I
LOOK UPON
YOU WITH
NEW EYES,
LARA.

YEAH,
WELL I WAS
GETTING TIRED OF
WAITING FOR YOU
TO MAKE YOUR
MOVE. SO NOW
WHAT?

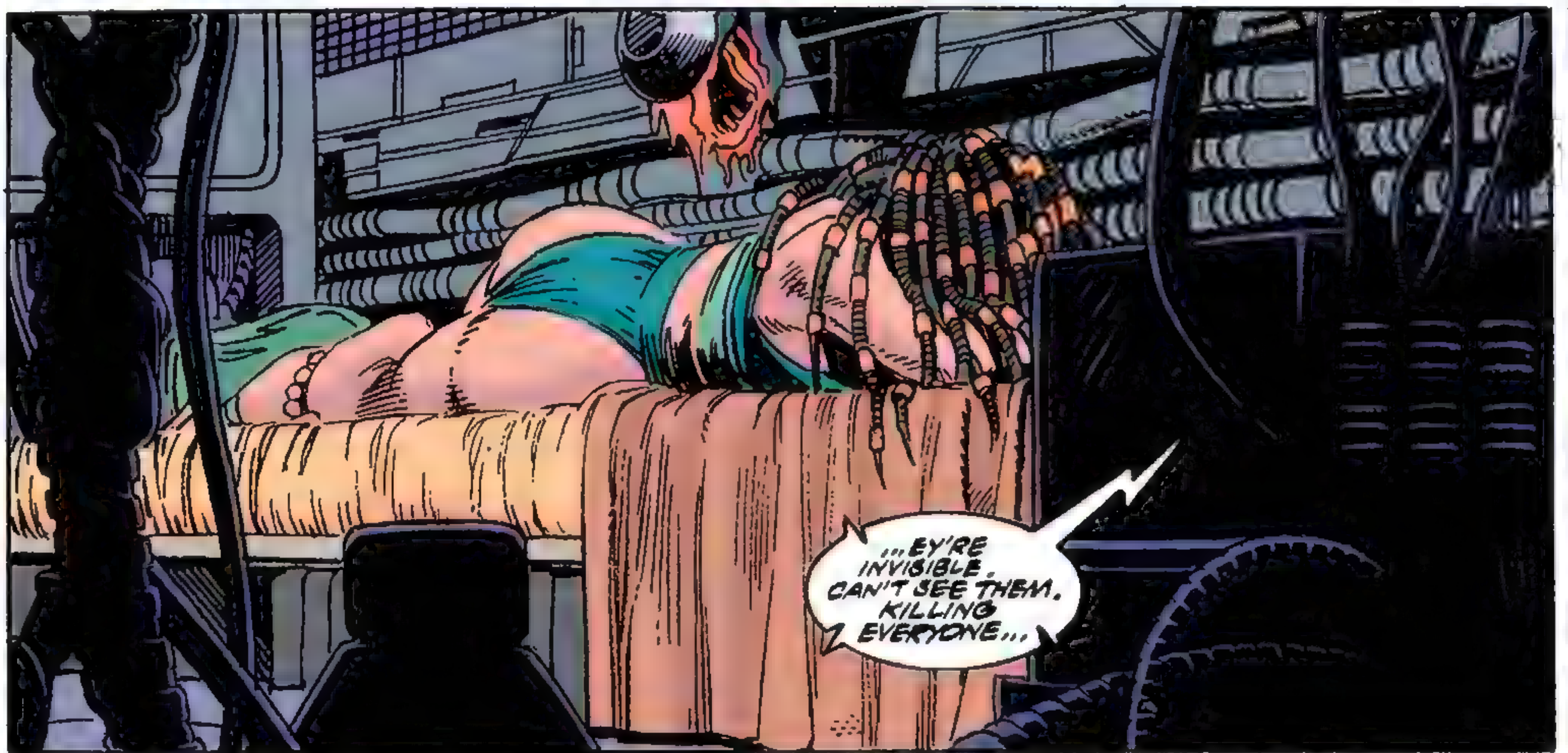
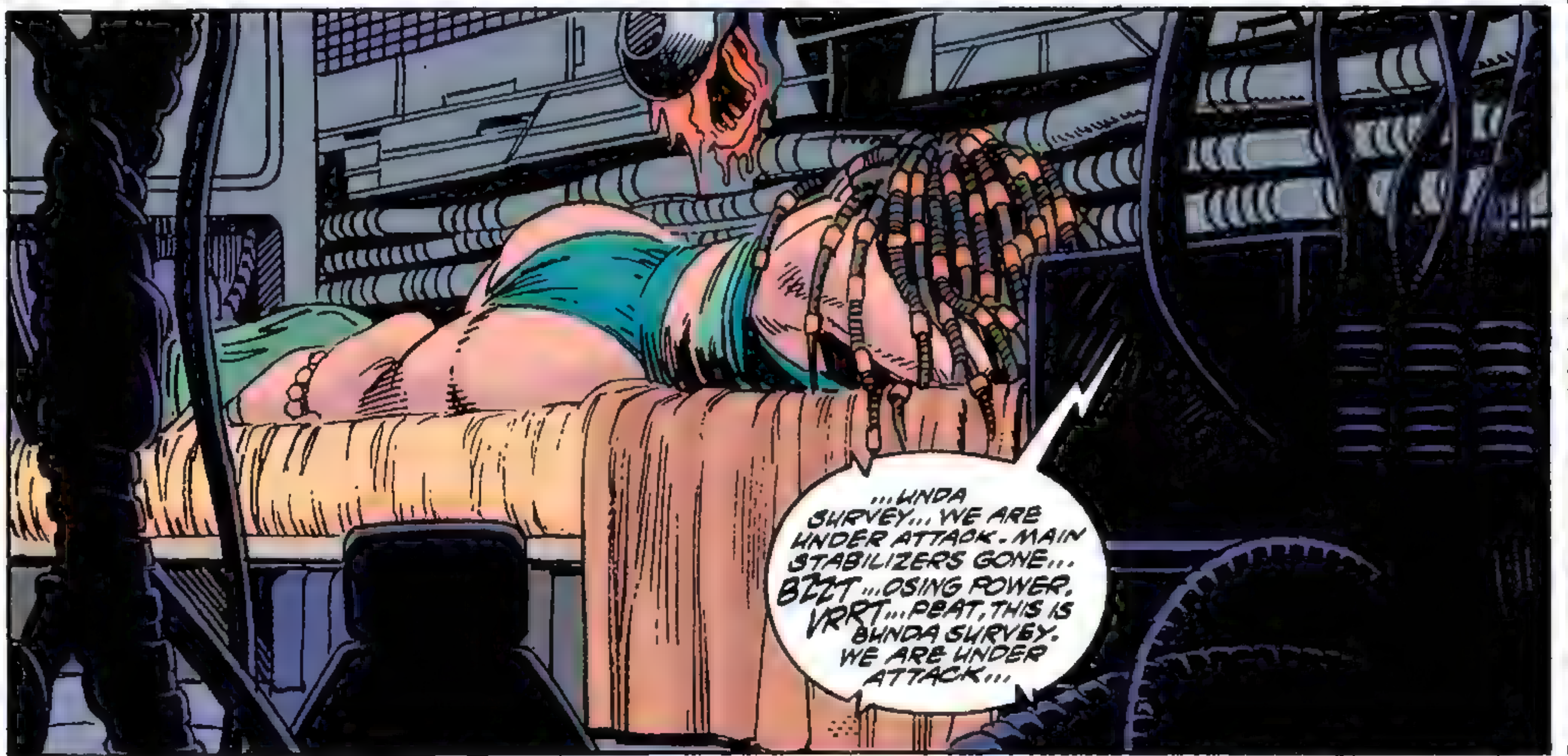


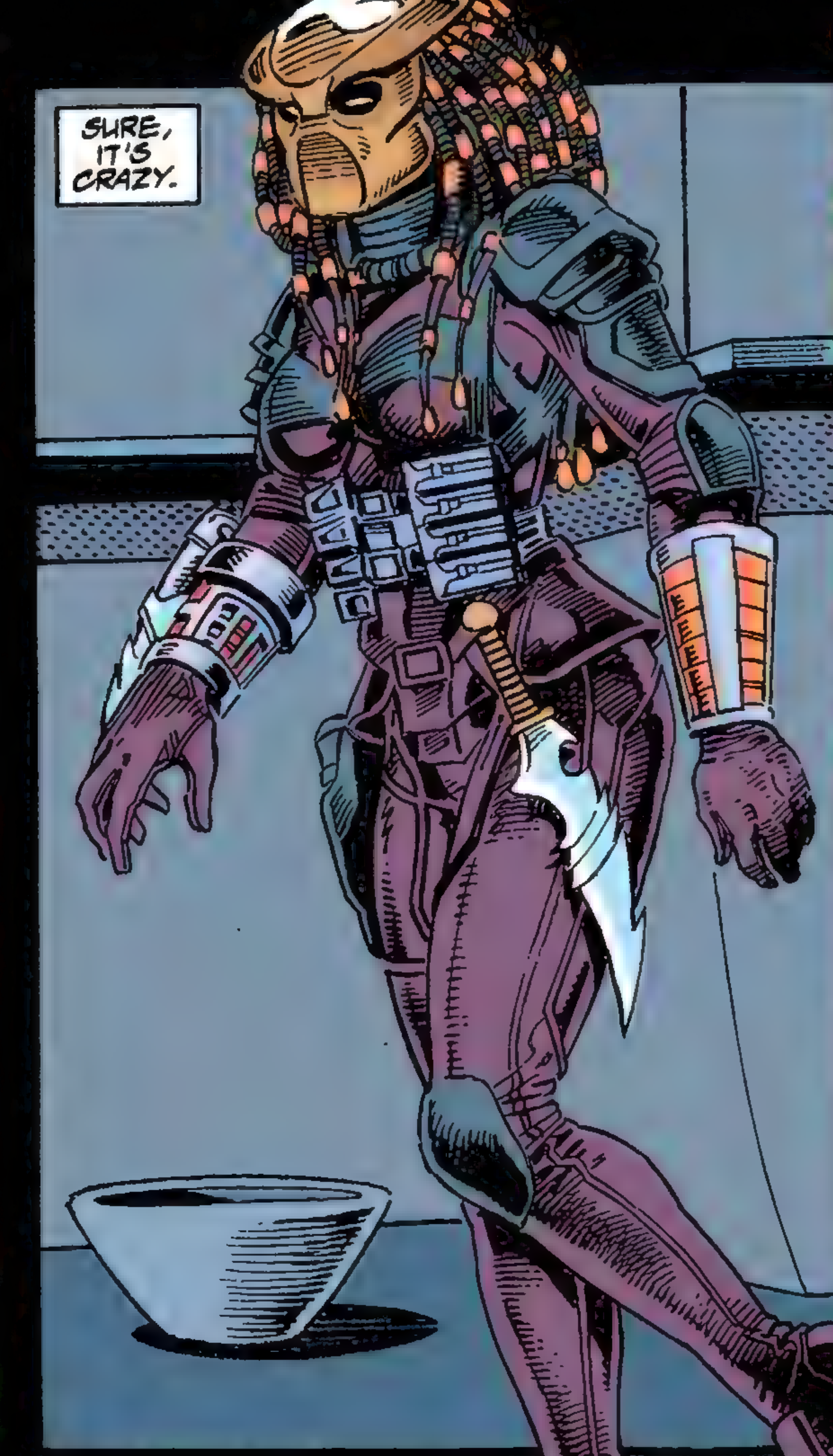
YOU
HAVE TO ASK?
WE REV UP THE
ENGINES ON THIS
THING AND BLAST
THE HELL OUT
OF HERE.

NO GOOD.
WE WERE
RUNNING ON
FUMES WHEN
WE LANDED.



COME
ON, ELLIS.
REFUELING
TAKES
TWO.





SURE,
IT'S
CRAZY.



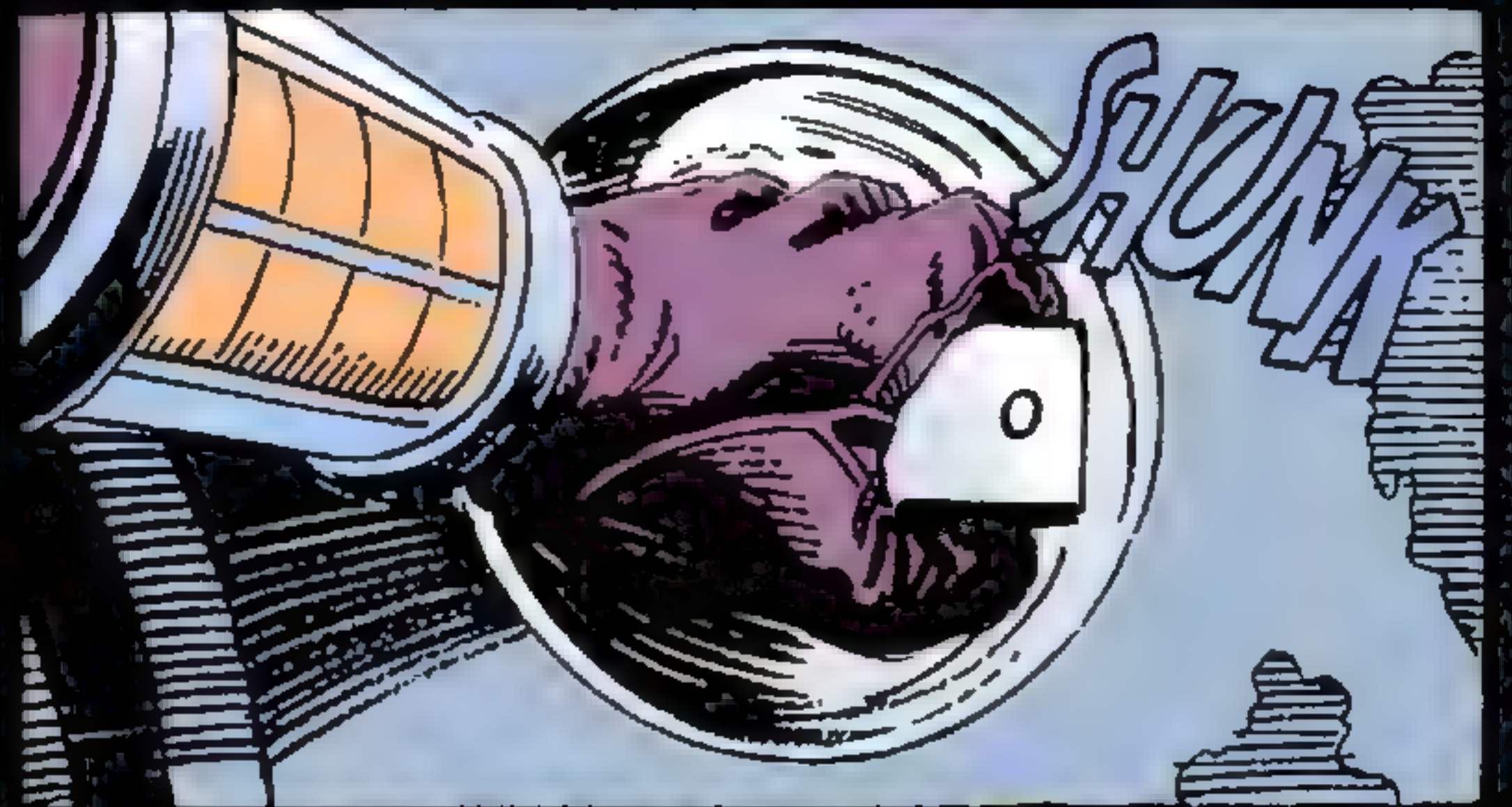
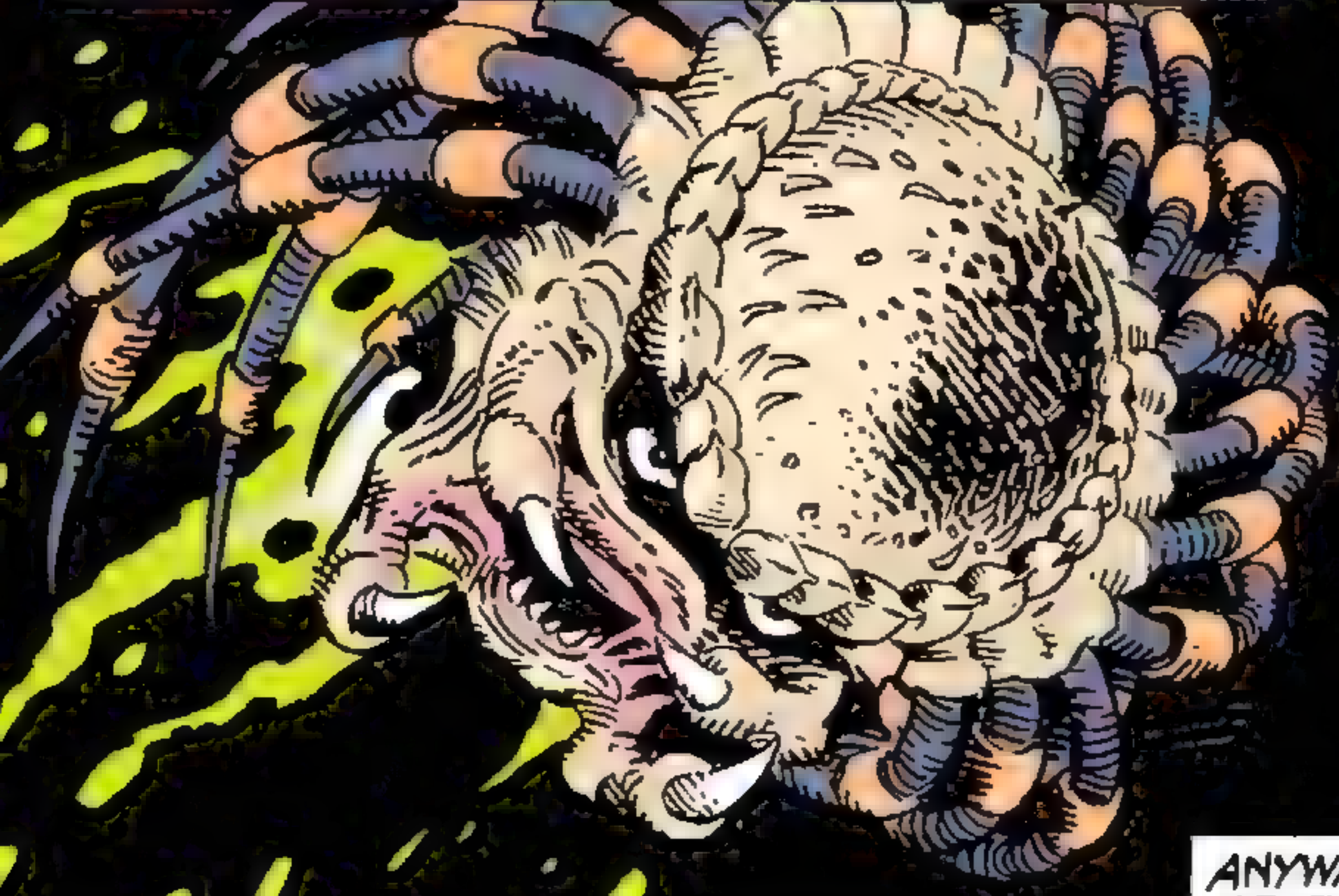
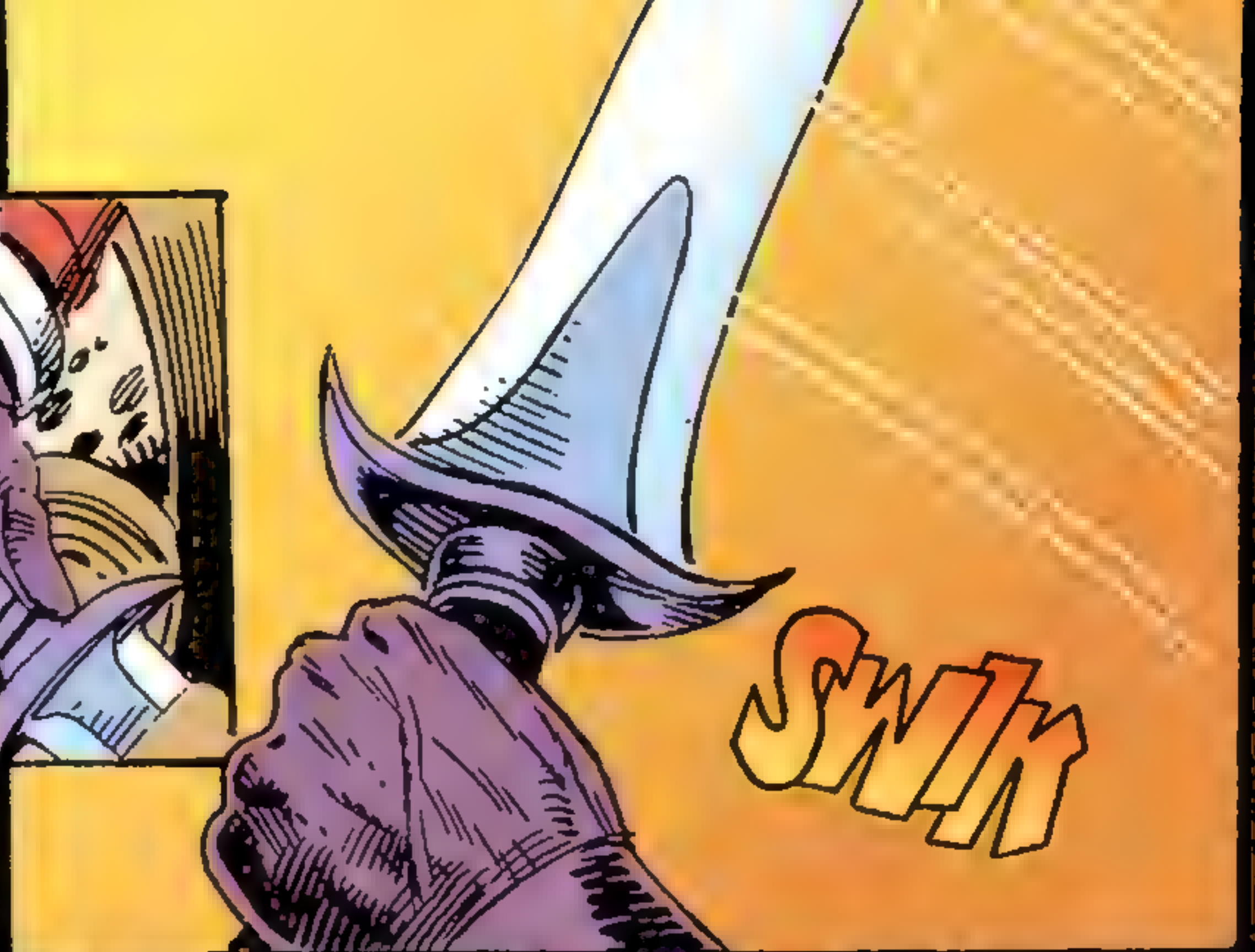
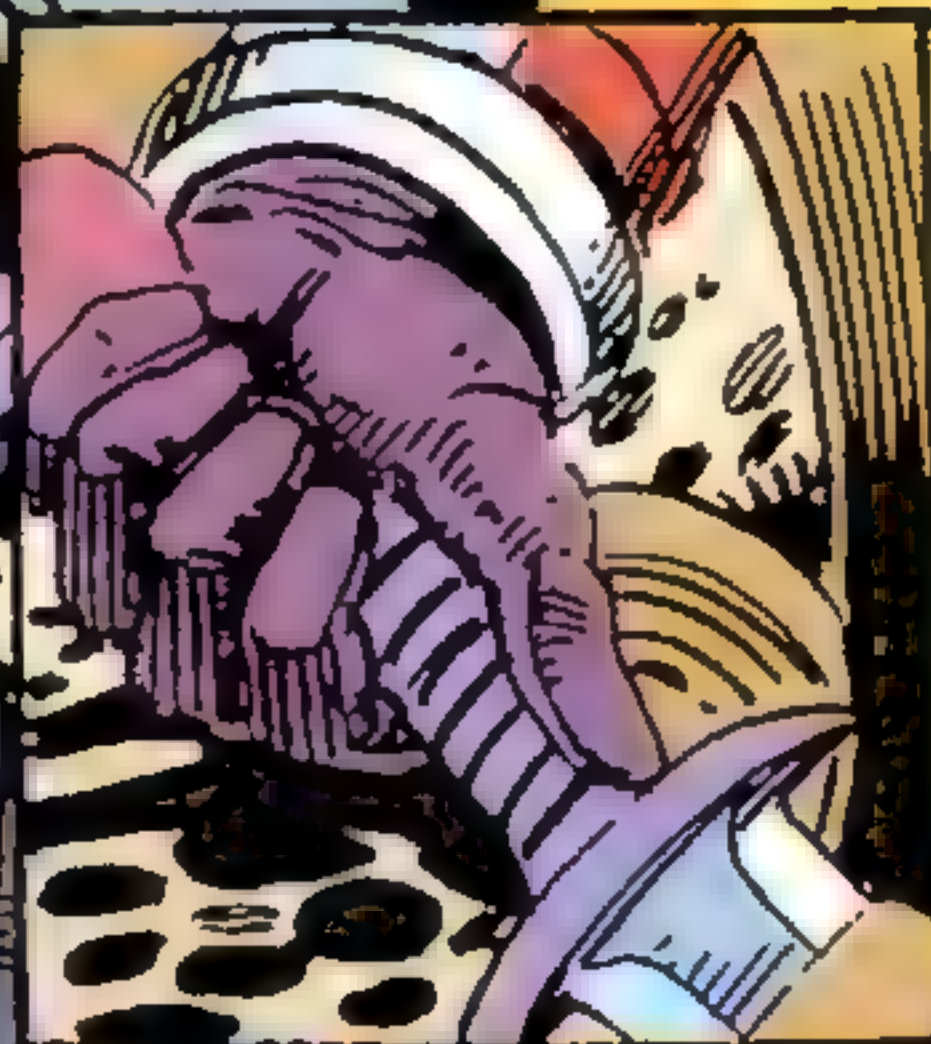
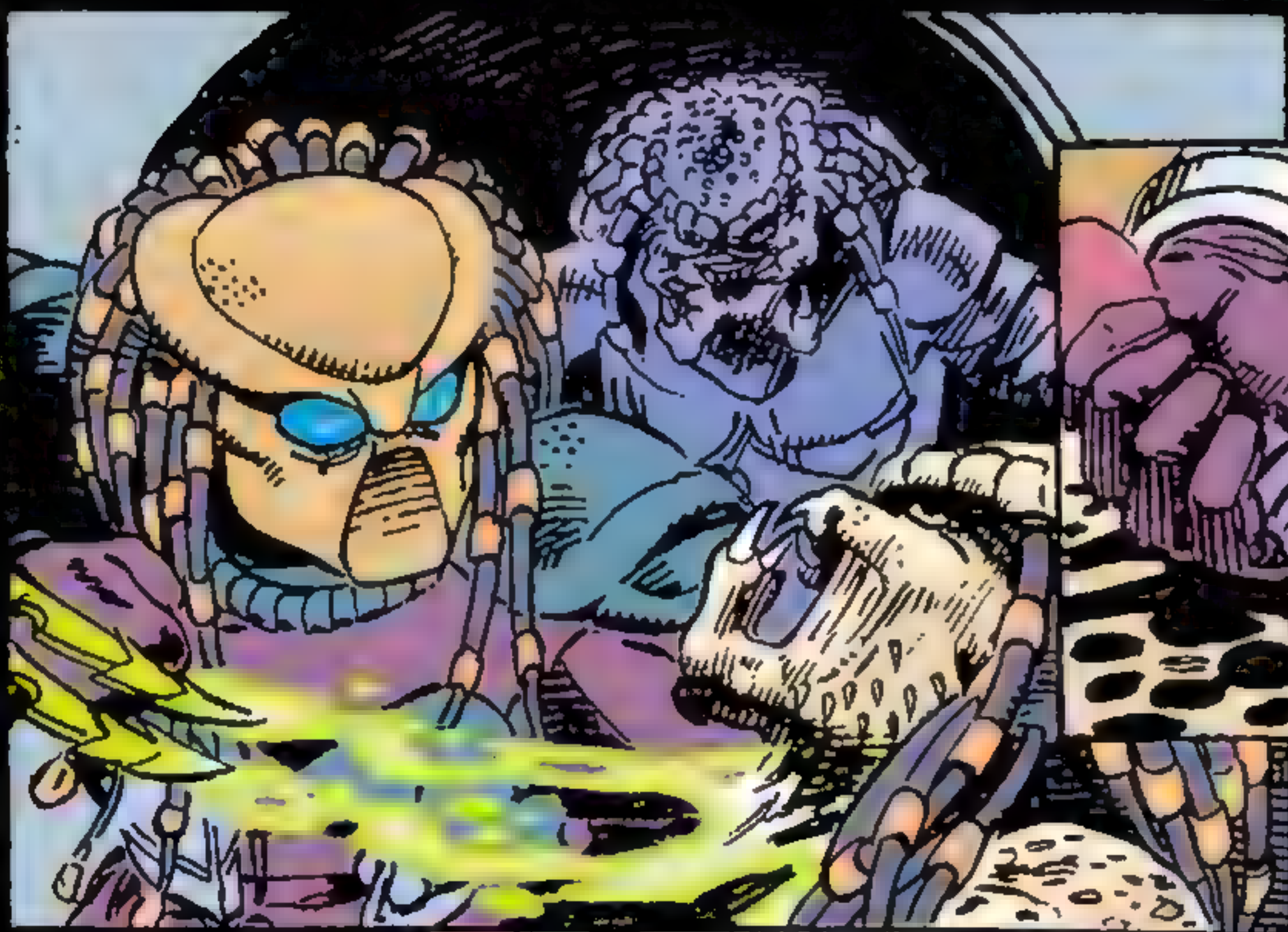
BUT WHAT
CHOICE DO
I HAVE?



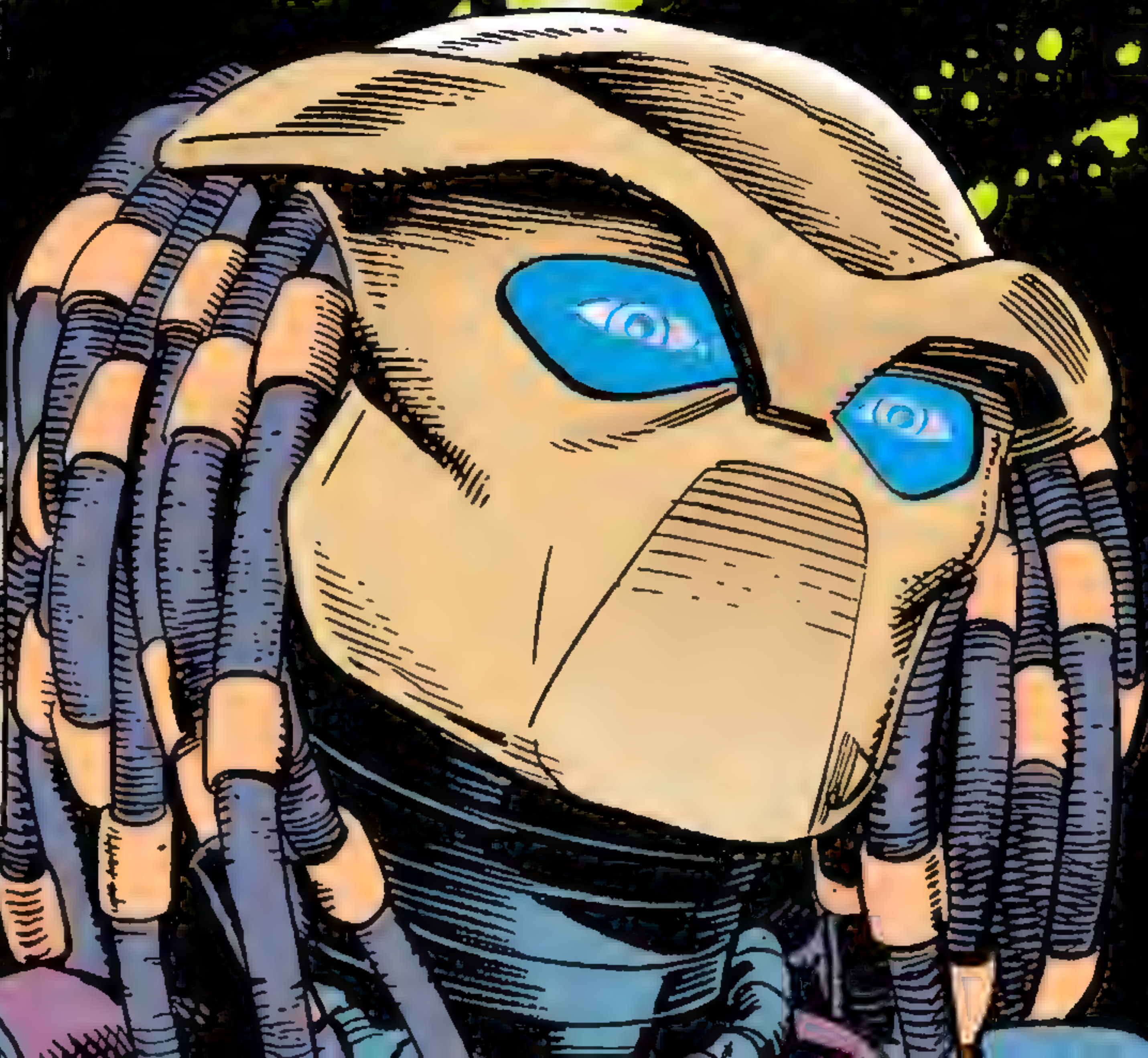
EVEN THOUGH I'M
WITH THE HUNTERS,
I'M STILL HUMAN.

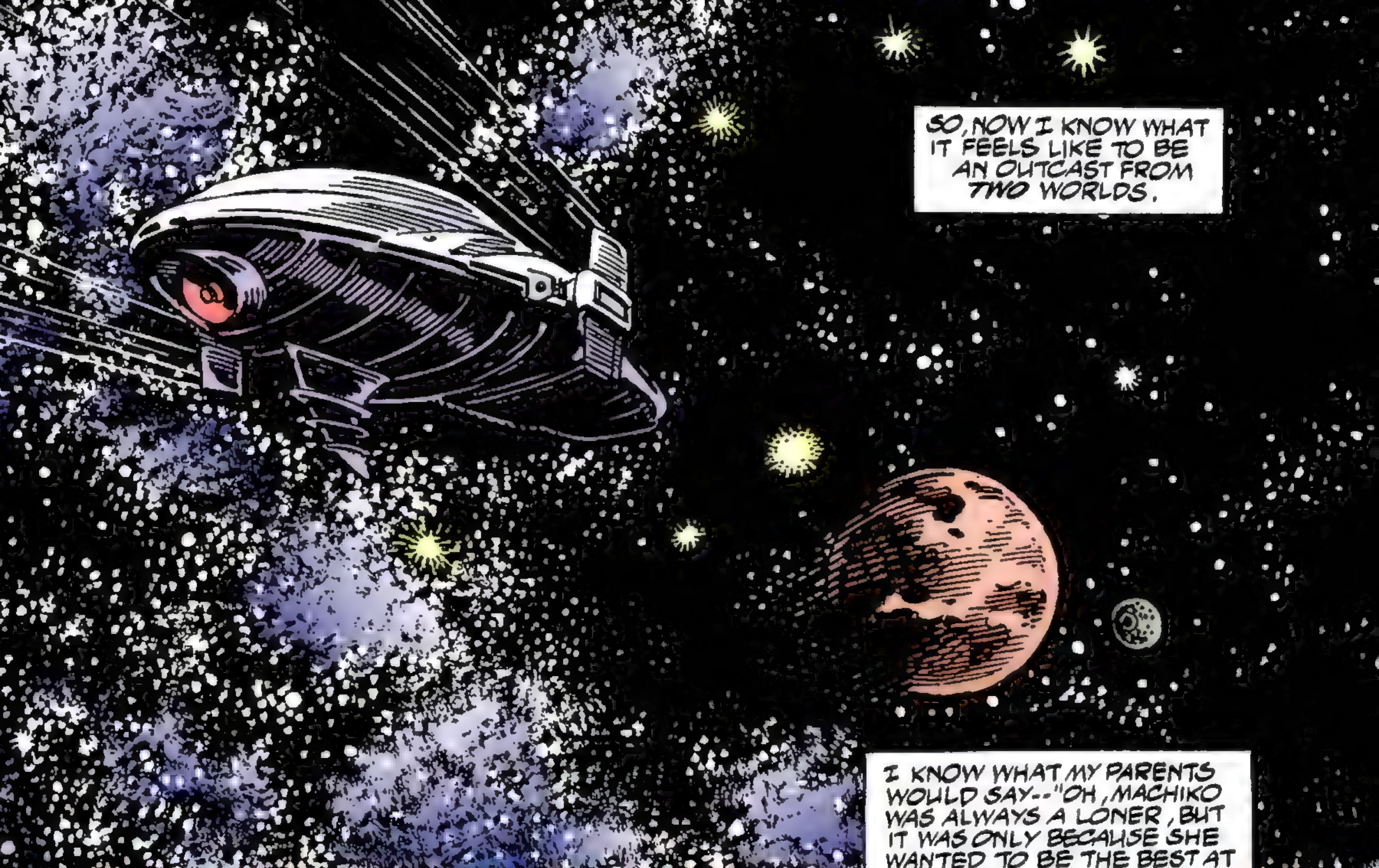


I CAN'T STAND BY
AND DO NOTHING.



ANYWAY, THERE'S
NO TURNING BACK
NOW.





SO, NOW I KNOW WHAT
IT FEELS LIKE TO BE
AN OUTCAST FROM
TWO WORLDS.

I KNOW WHAT MY PARENTS
WOULD SAY--"OH, MACHIKO
WAS ALWAYS A LONER, BUT
IT WAS ONLY BECAUSE SHE
WANTED TO BE THE BEST AT
EVERYTHING." THEY WERE
ALWAYS MAKING EXCUSES
FOR ME.

OTHER PEOPLE WOULD BE
MORE HONEST -- "NOGUCHI?
ANY TIME SHE CAN'T HAVE
HER WAY, SHE WANTS TO
CHANGE THE RULES."

MY CURRENT COMPANIONS...
WELL, THEY'D BE LESS
CHARITABLE STILL. GOOD
THING THE SHIP ONLY
HAS A SKELETON
CREW.

**BANG
BANG
BANG**

THEY'VE BEEN POUNDING ON THE HATCH LIKE DEMON DRUMMERS EVER SINCE THEY DISCOVERED I KILLED THE "CAPTAIN."

...MY ALLEGIANCE STILL LIES WITH MY OWN SPECIES.

BANG
BANG BANG

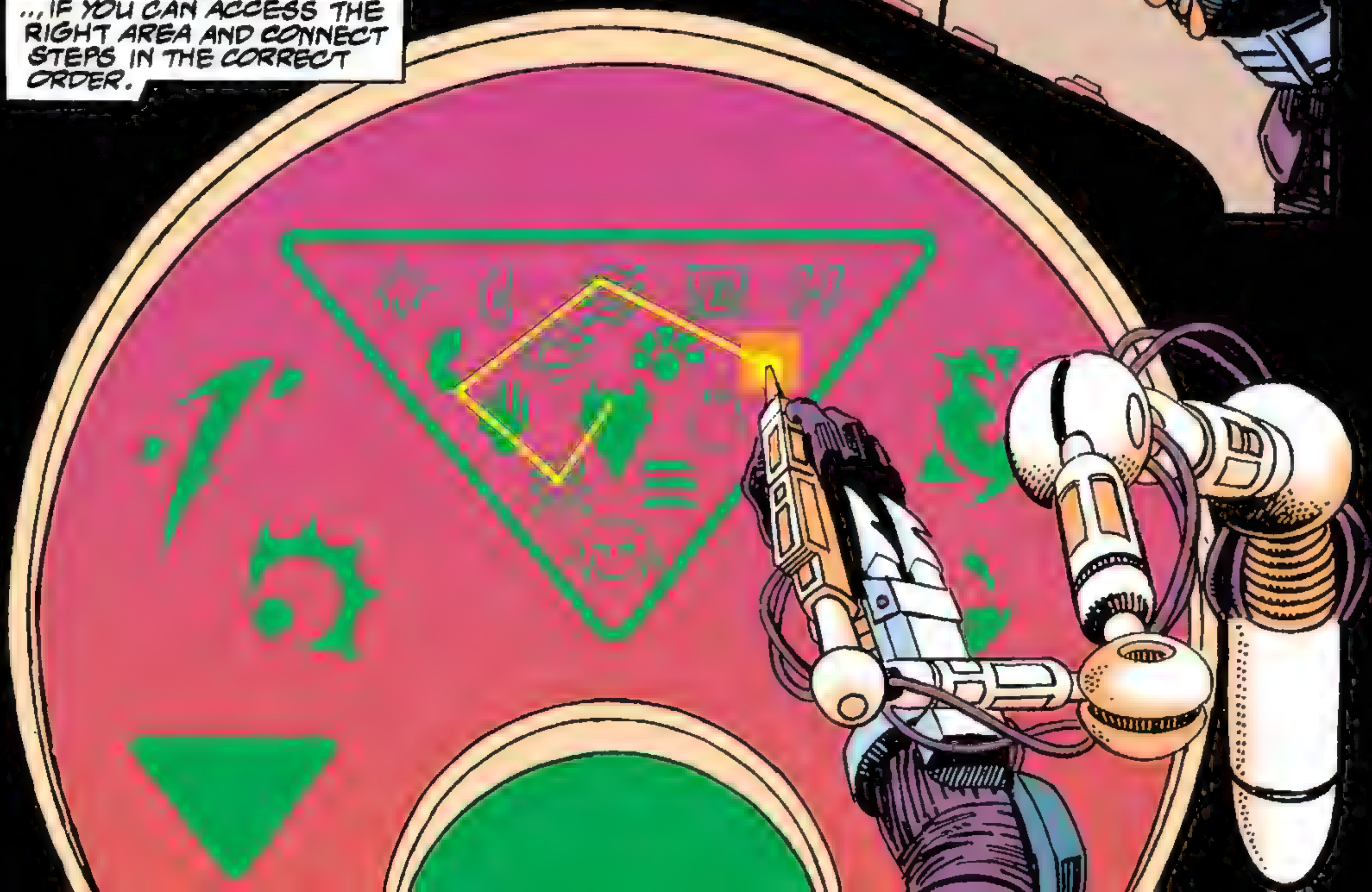
BUT WHAT ALTERNATIVE DID I HAVE? THERE ARE HUMAN LIVES AT STAKE, AND WHEN IT COMES DOWN TO A CHOICE...

WON'T BE LONG BEFORE ONE OF THE CREW THINKS TO GO FOR CUTTING EQUIPMENT. I NEED SOME KIND OF DIVERSION.

CLICK

...IF YOU CAN ACCESS THE RIGHT AREA AND CONNECT STEPS IN THE CORRECT ORDER.

I HOPE THE COMPUTER CAN UNDERSTAND MY SCRIBBLING. THE HUNTERS' COMPUTER SYSTEM IS ALL IMAGE-BASED. SIMPLE, REALLY...



TOPKNOT IS GOING TO REGRET
SHOWING ME HOW TO USE THE
SYSTEM.

CHIK

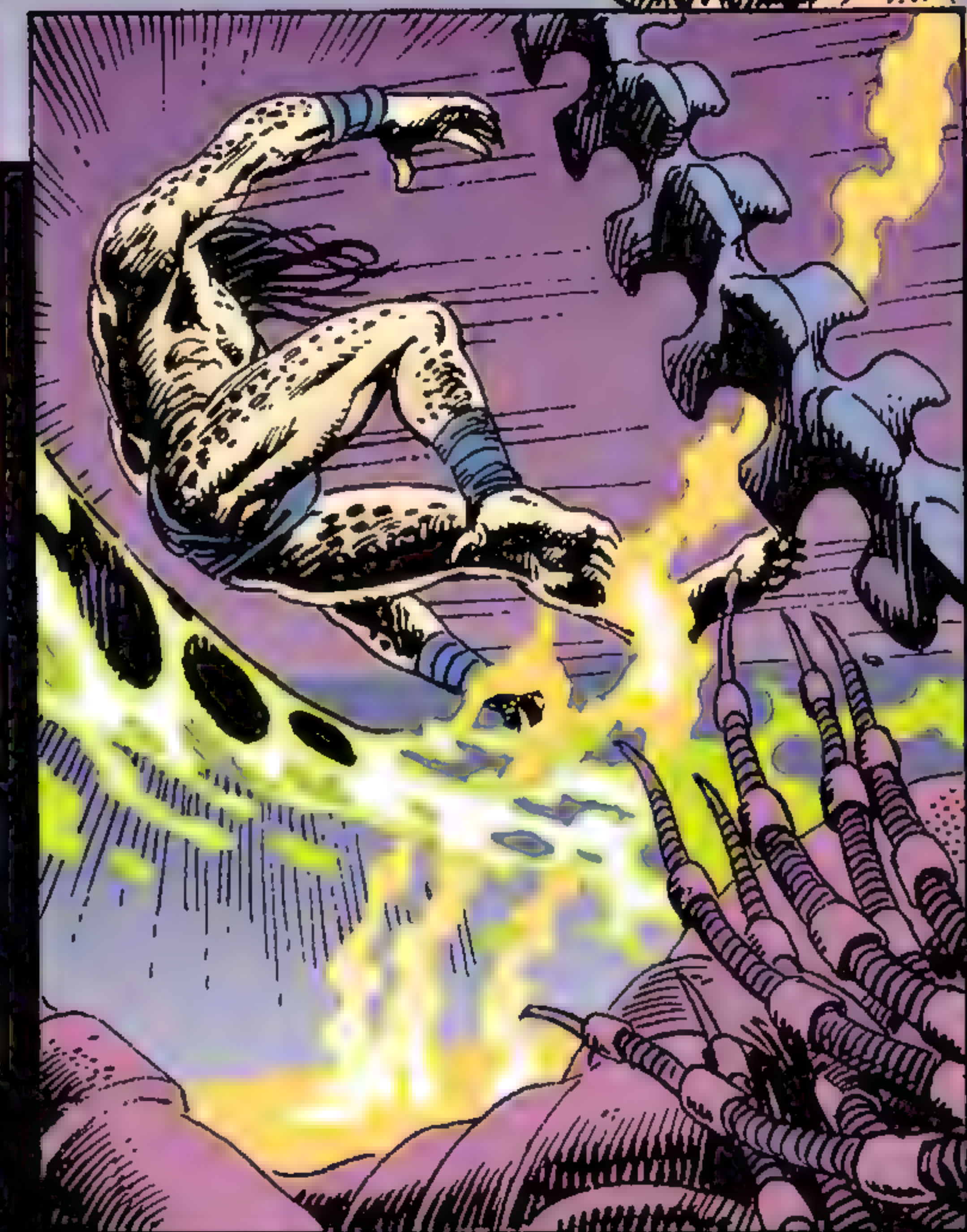
VRRR

CLIK CLUNK

SNAP

CHAK



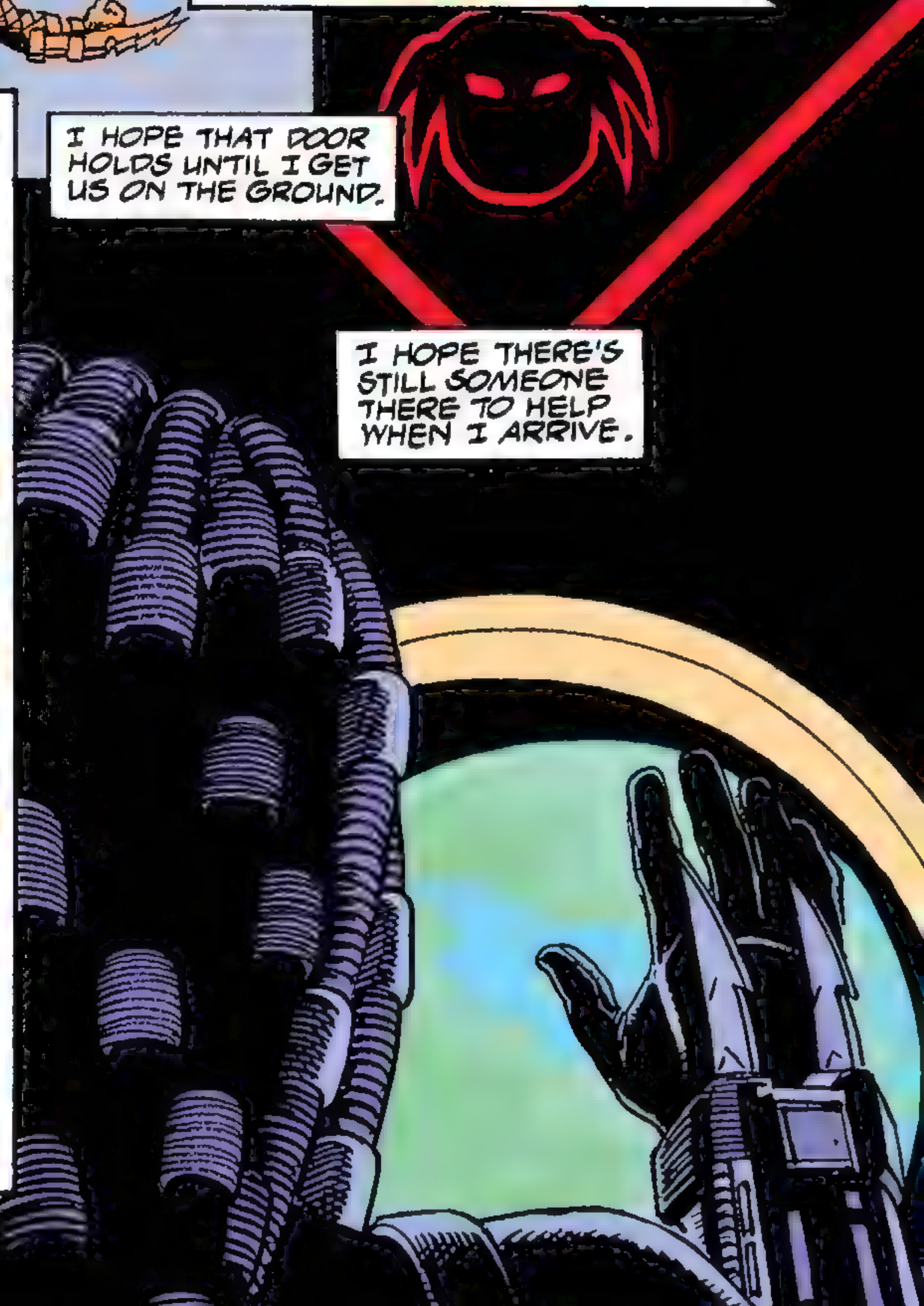




THAT TOOK LESS TIME
THAN I EXPECTED.

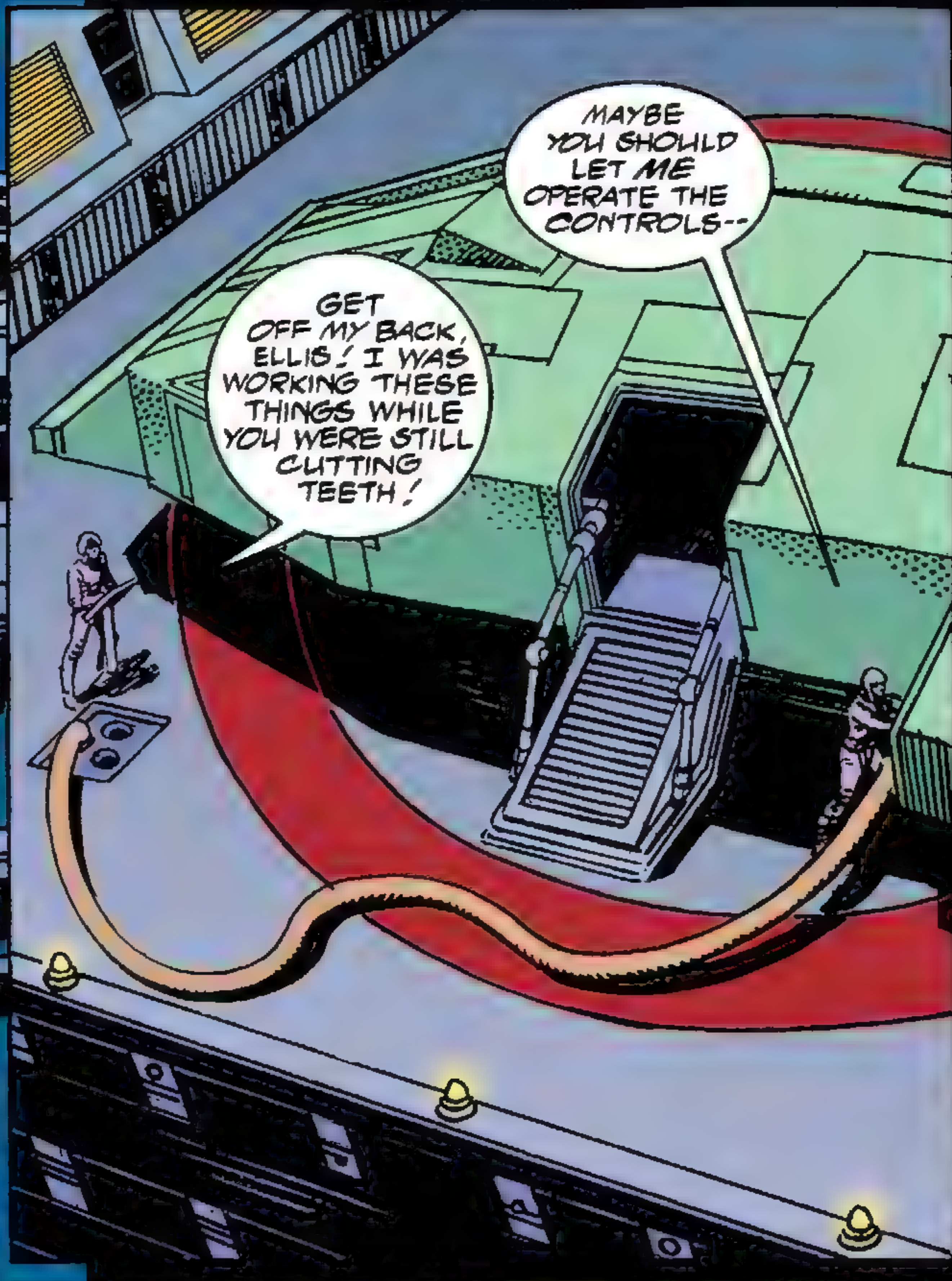
I HOPE THAT DOOR
HOLDS UNTIL I GET
US ON THE GROUND.

I HOPE THERE'S
STILL SOMEONE
THERE TO HELP
WHEN I ARRIVE.





HURRY,
JESS, THE
PLATFORM'S
REALLY
STARTING
TO TILT!



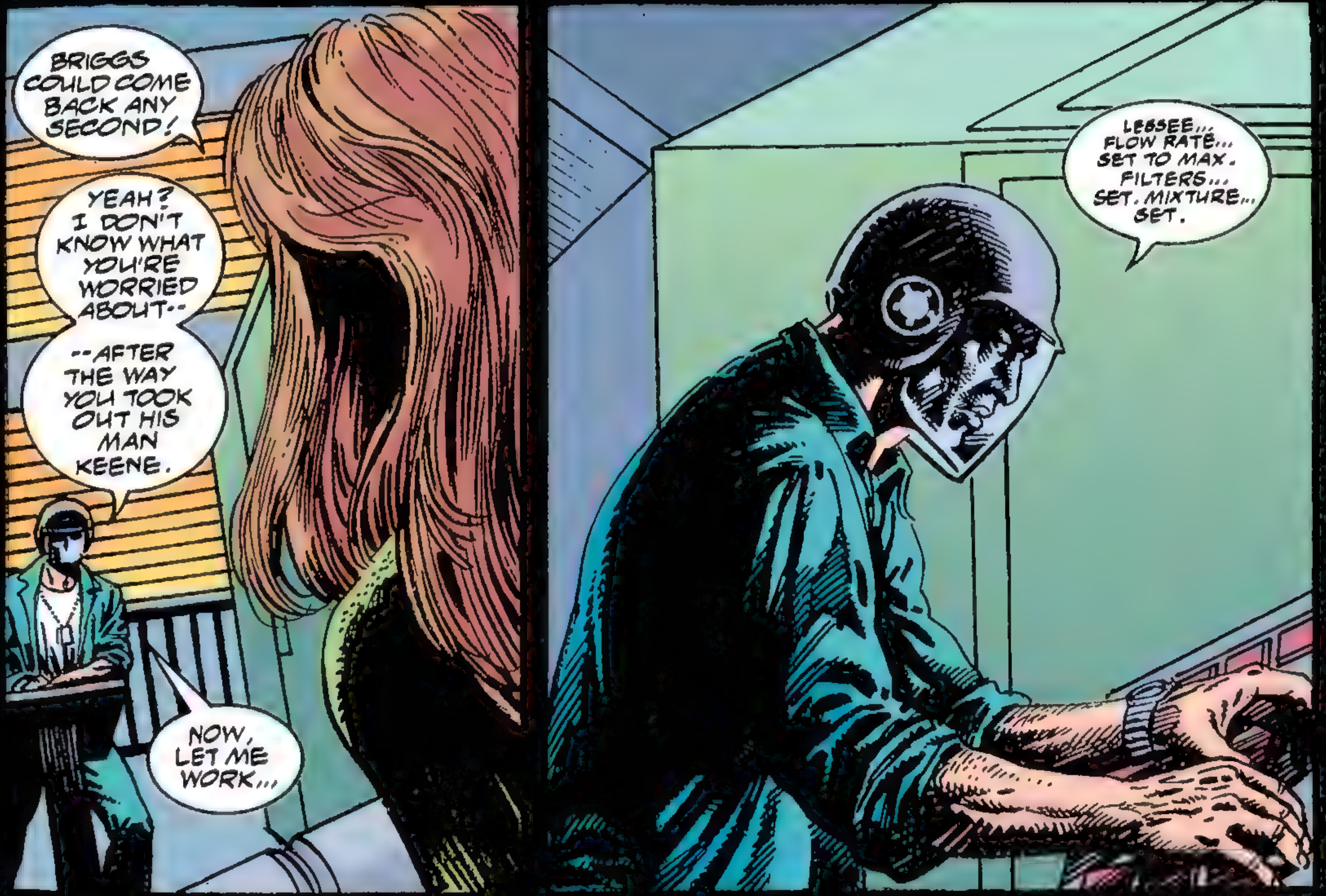
GET
OFF MY BACK,
ELLIS! I WAS
WORKING THESE
THINGS WHILE
YOU WERE STILL
CUTTING
TEETH!

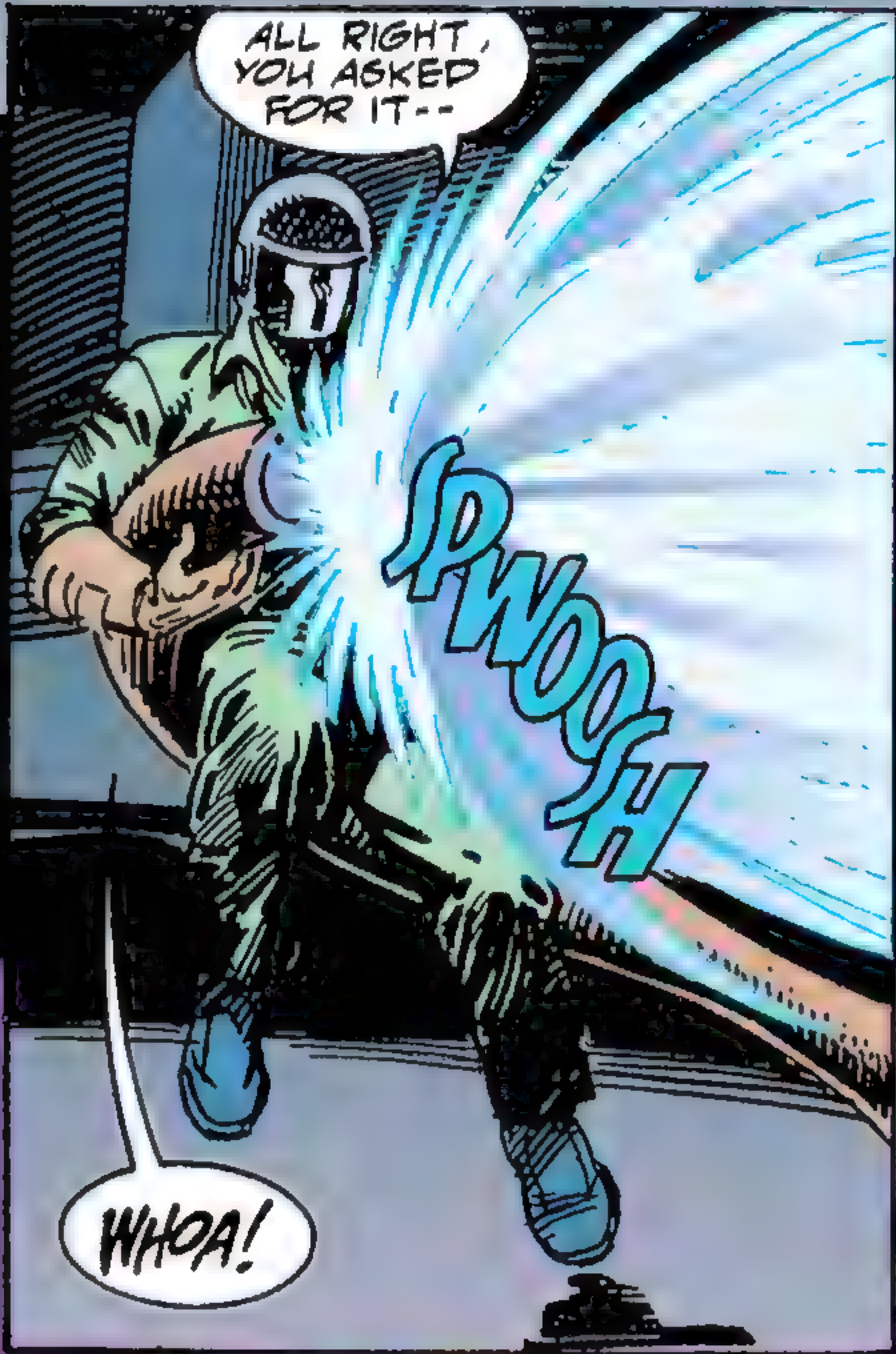
MAYBE
YOU SHOULD
LET ME
OPERATE THE
CONTROLS--



WHAT'S THE HOLDUP?
I'M FINISHED WITH THE
PRELAUNCH-- WE CAN
GO AS SOON AS YOU
LOAD SOME FUEL
INTO THIS THING!

I
TRIED TO
TELL HIM,
LARA...





BA-BOOM

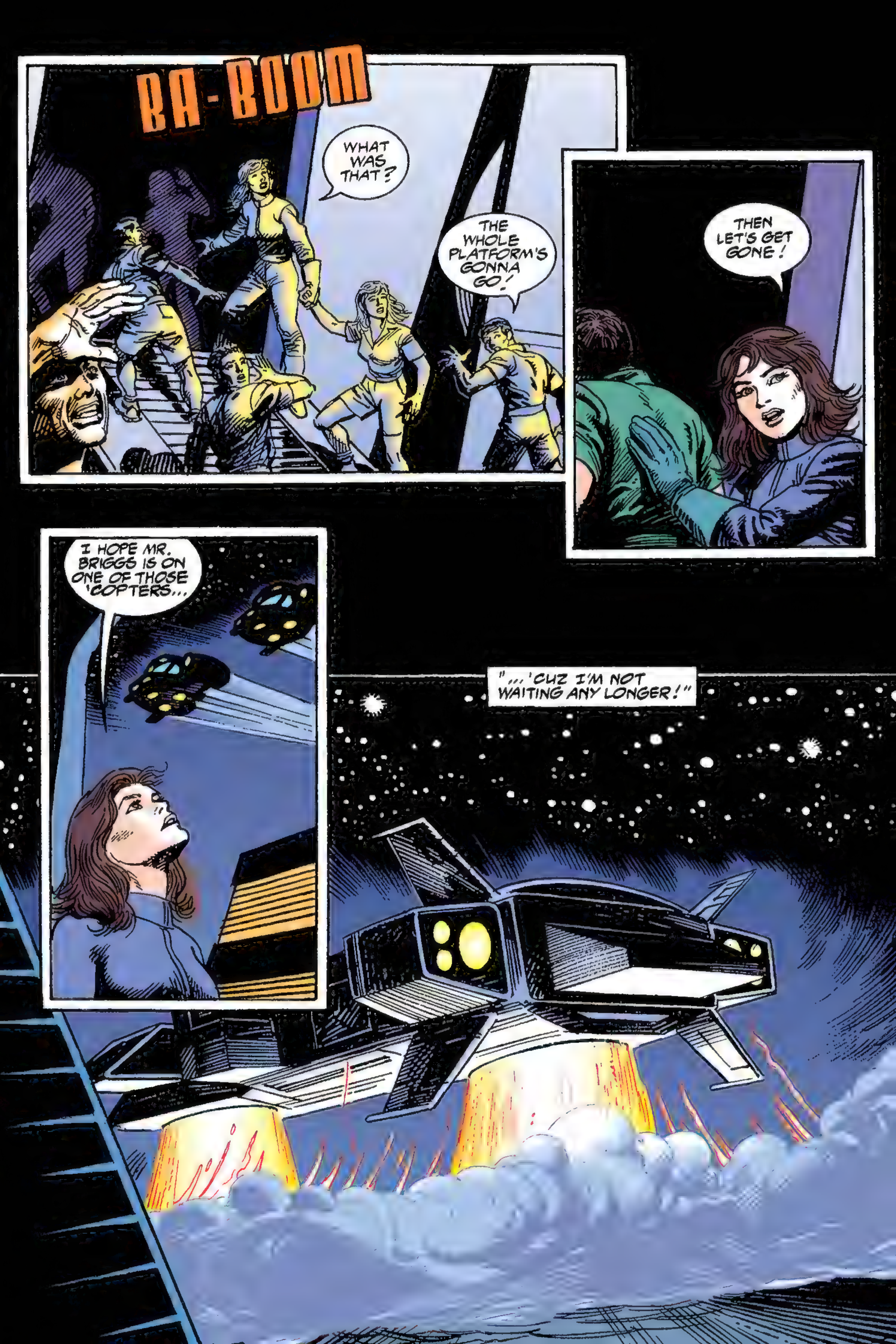
WHAT WAS THAT?

THE WHOLE PLATFORM'S GONNA GO!

THEN LET'S GET GONE!

I HOPE MR. BRIGGS IS ON ONE OF THOSE 'COPTERS...

"... 'CUZ I'M NOT WAITING ANY LONGER!"







DO YOU
THINK THE COMPANY
IS THE ONLY ENTITY
INTERESTED IN THE
PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS
OF "CANCER BLACK"?

Uh,
sir--



--TROUBLE.

TA-TUMP



W-WHAT
IS IT?

YOU MEAN
WHO. CORPORATE
WILL WANT TO KNOW
ABOUT THIS... THIS
"CLOAKING DEVICE,"
OR WHATEVER
IT IS.



I'LL
HOLD HIM,
MR. BRIGGS...



...YOU
GET TO
YOUR SHIN
JUMPER--
heh!



I SUPPOSE THAT MAKES SENSE. THE 949 DATA WON'T DO ME ANY GOOD IF I'M DEAD.

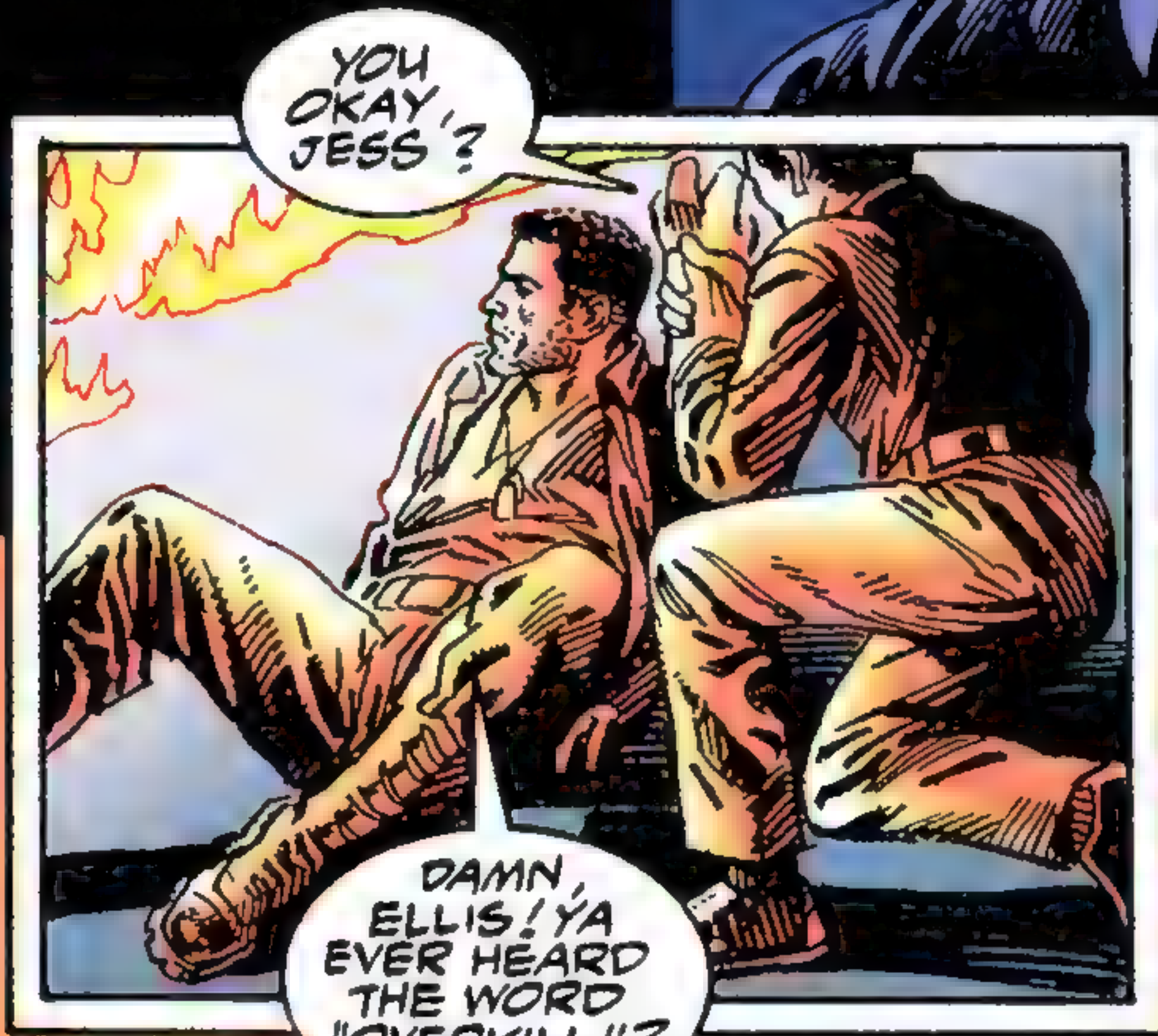
B-BUT...

YOU TAKE POINT, VINCENT.



BUT TO WHERE? THERE GOES YOUR SHIP!

DAMN IRWIN! I'LL HAVE HER HIDE FOR THIS!



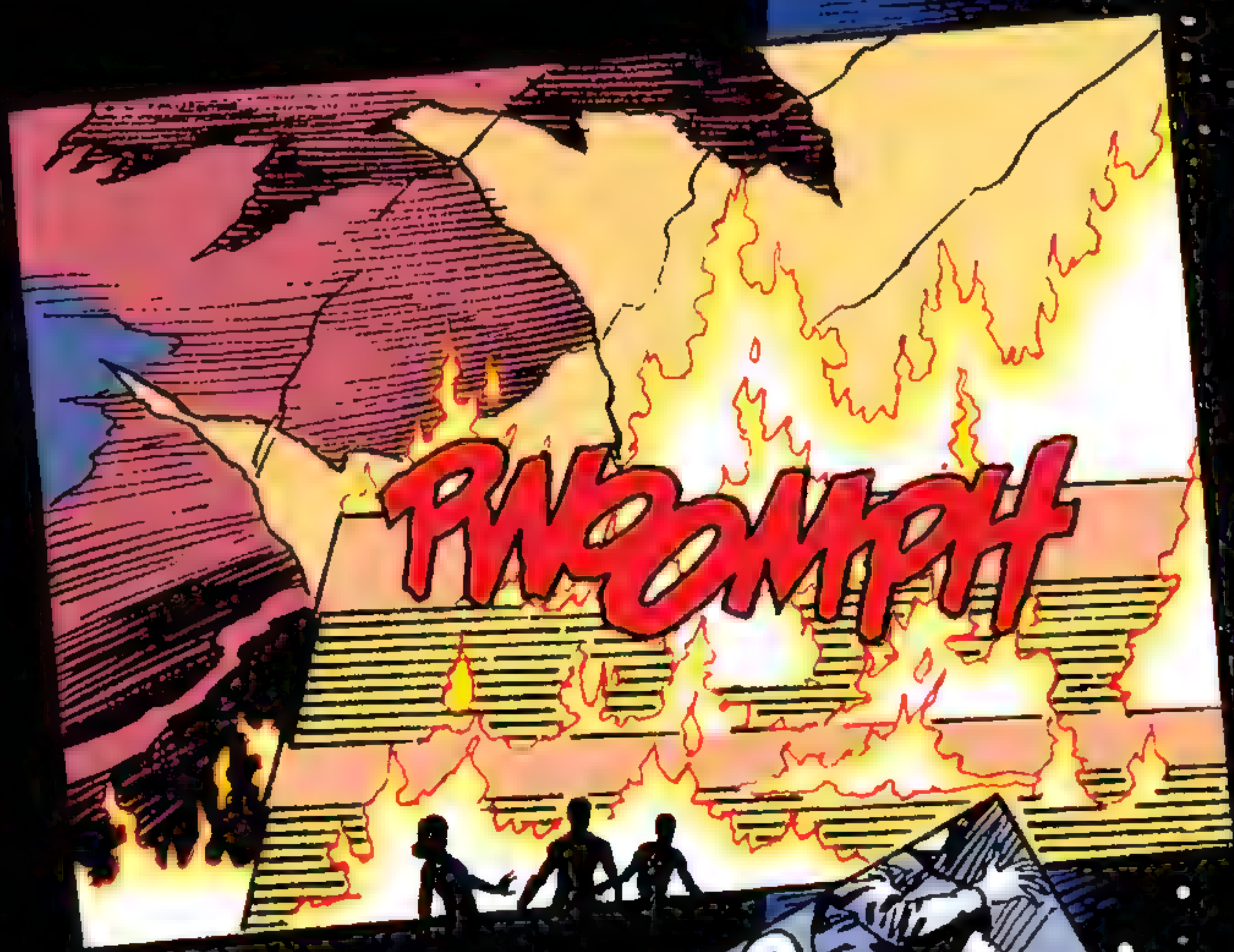
YOU OKAY, JESS?

DAMN, ELLIS! YA EVER HEARD THE WORD "OVERKILL"?



WHAT DID YOU DO?

I THINK I KILLED US.

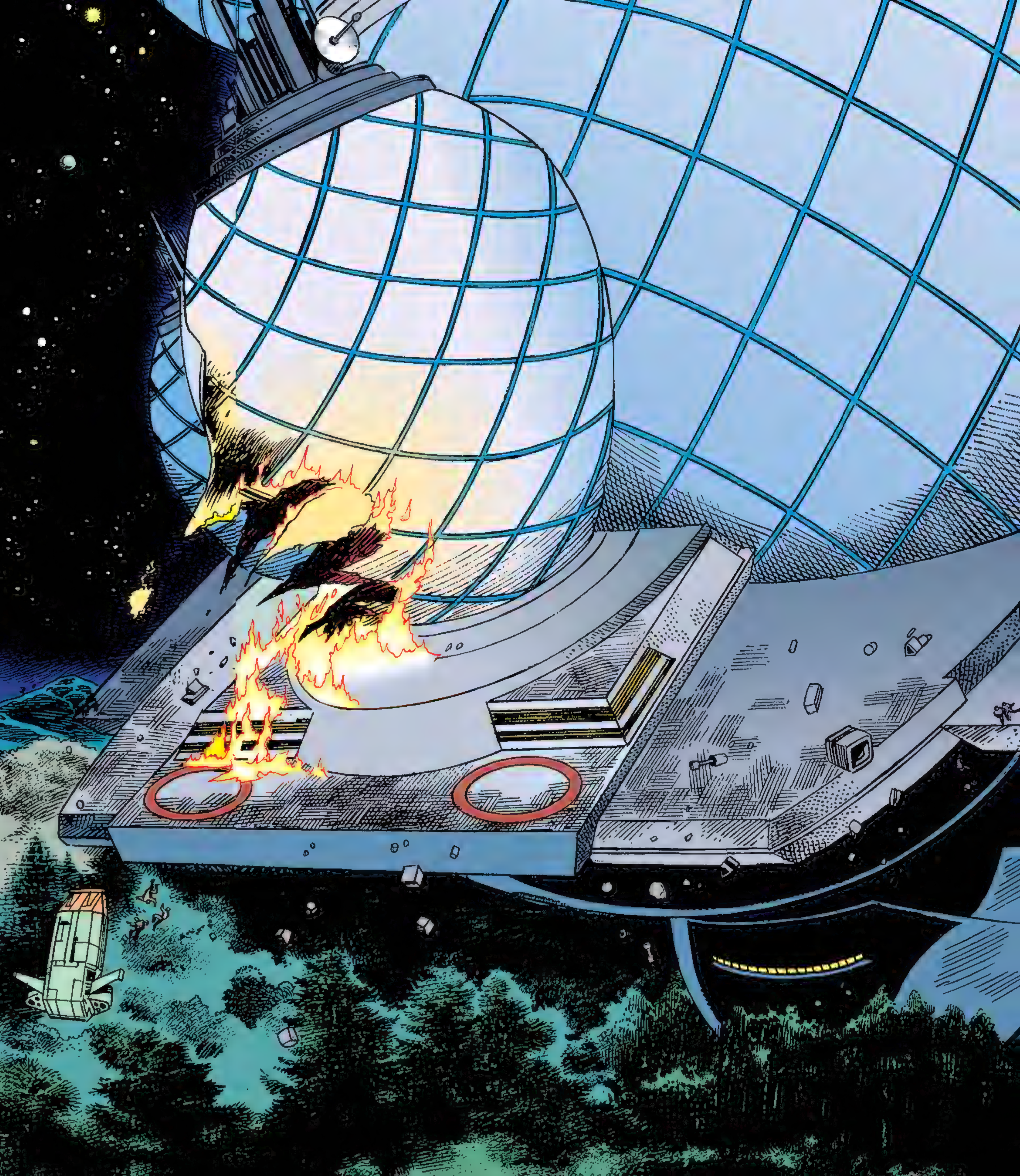


HANG ON!

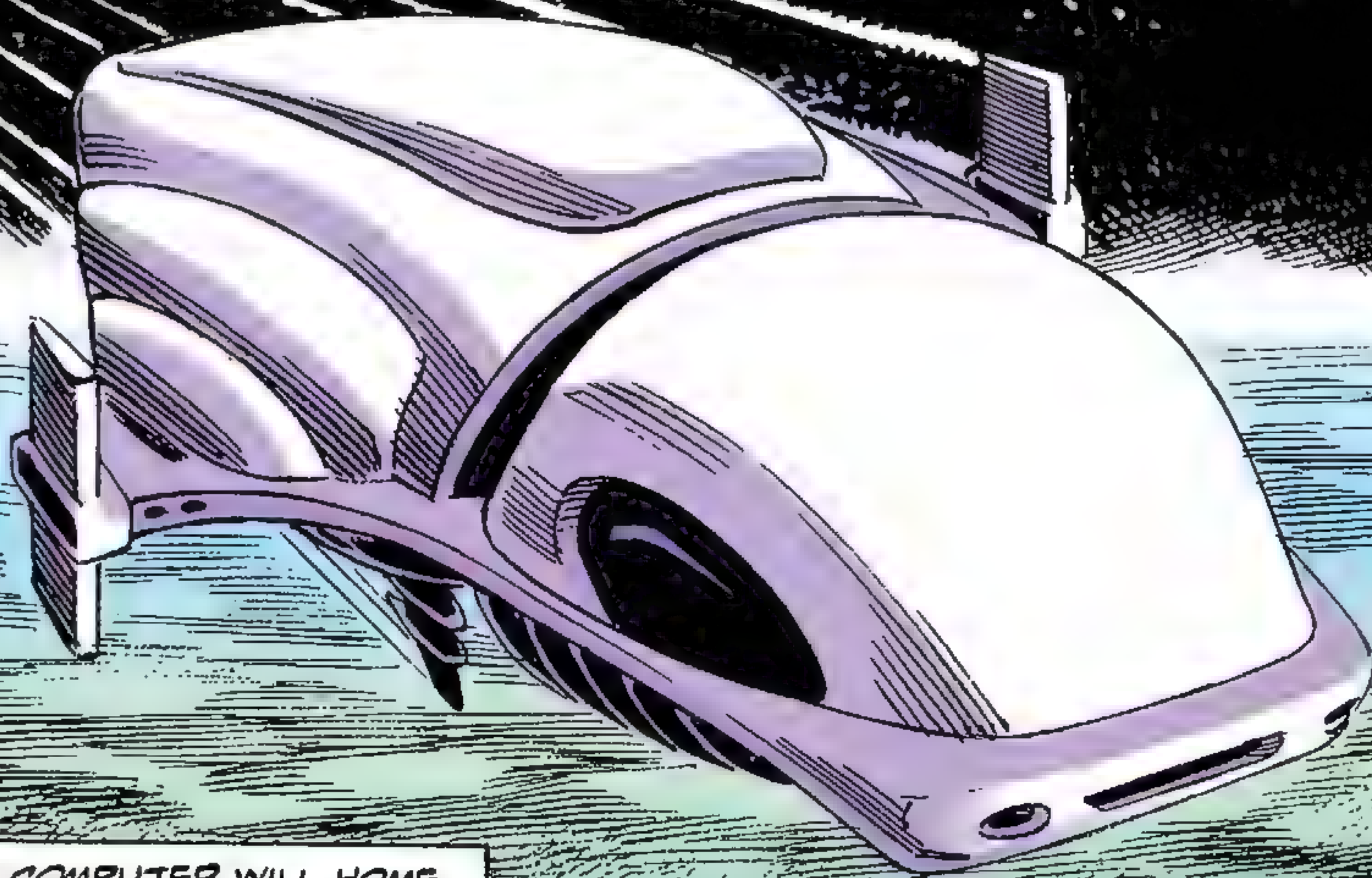
TO WHAT?
WHOA!

VINCENT,
WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

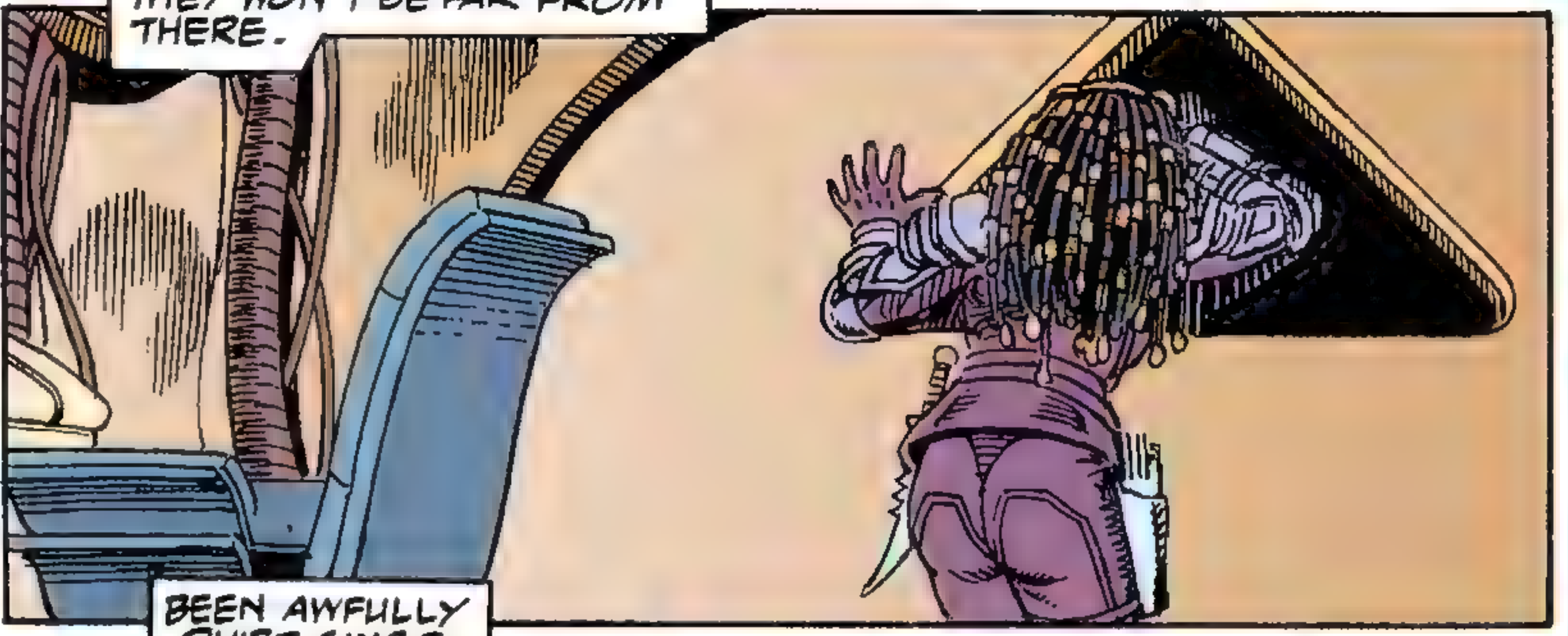
THE
ENVELOPE'S
EXPLODED!
WE'RE GOING
TO CRASH!



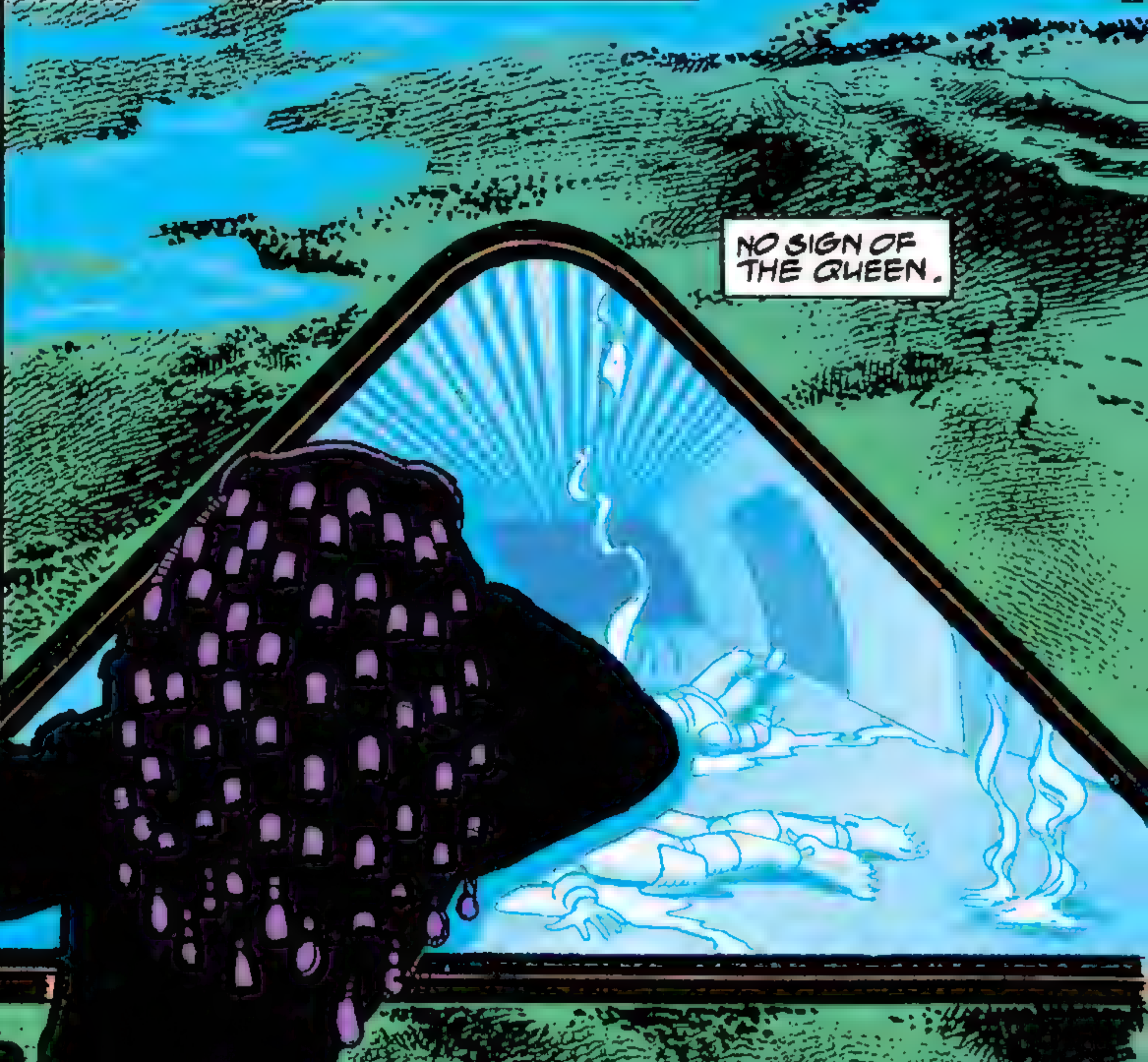
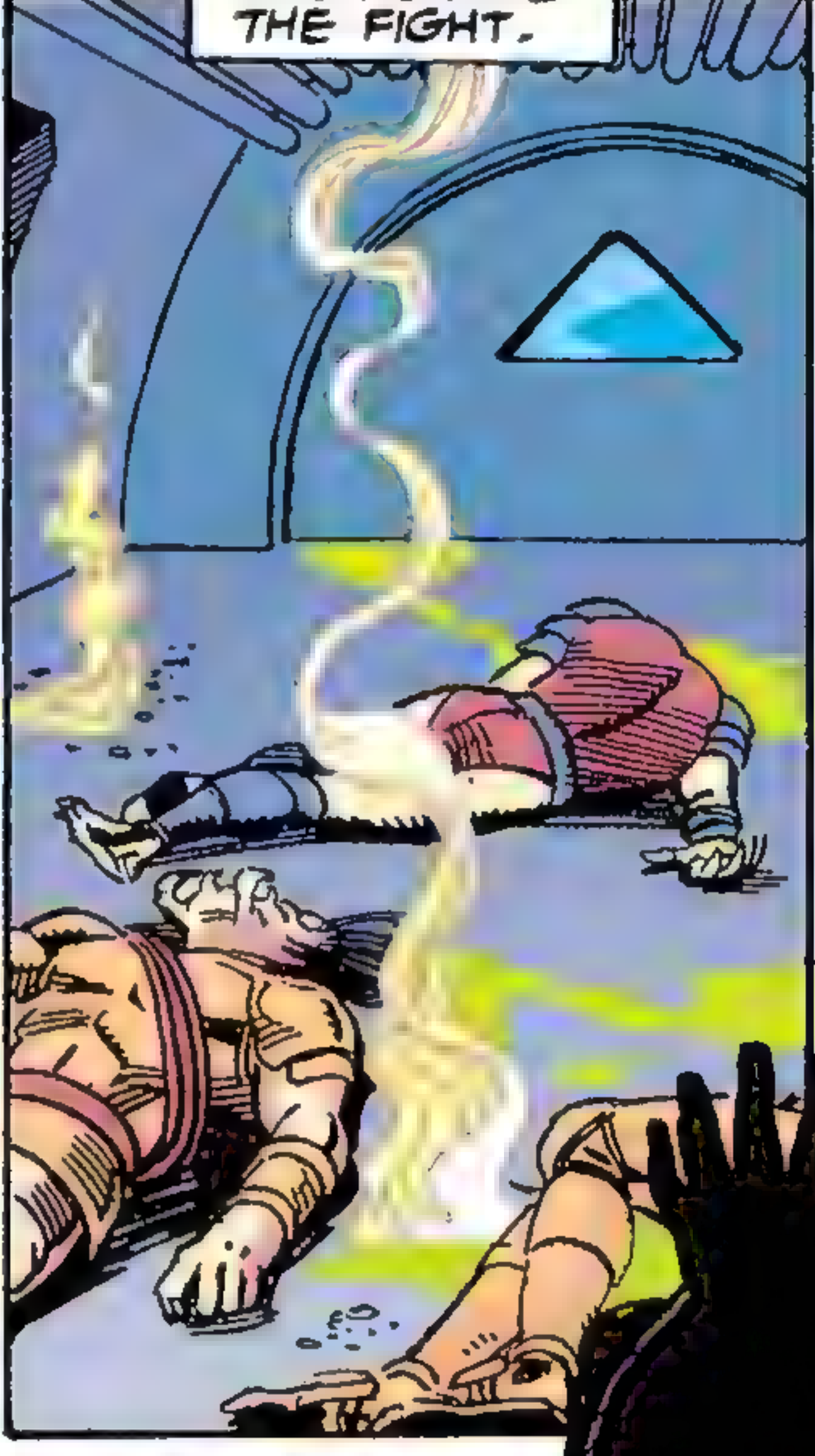
ALMOST
THERE.



THE COMPUTER WILL HOME
IN ON THE SIGNAL FROM
TOPKNOT'S LANDING CRAFT.
THEY WON'T BE FAR FROM
THERE.



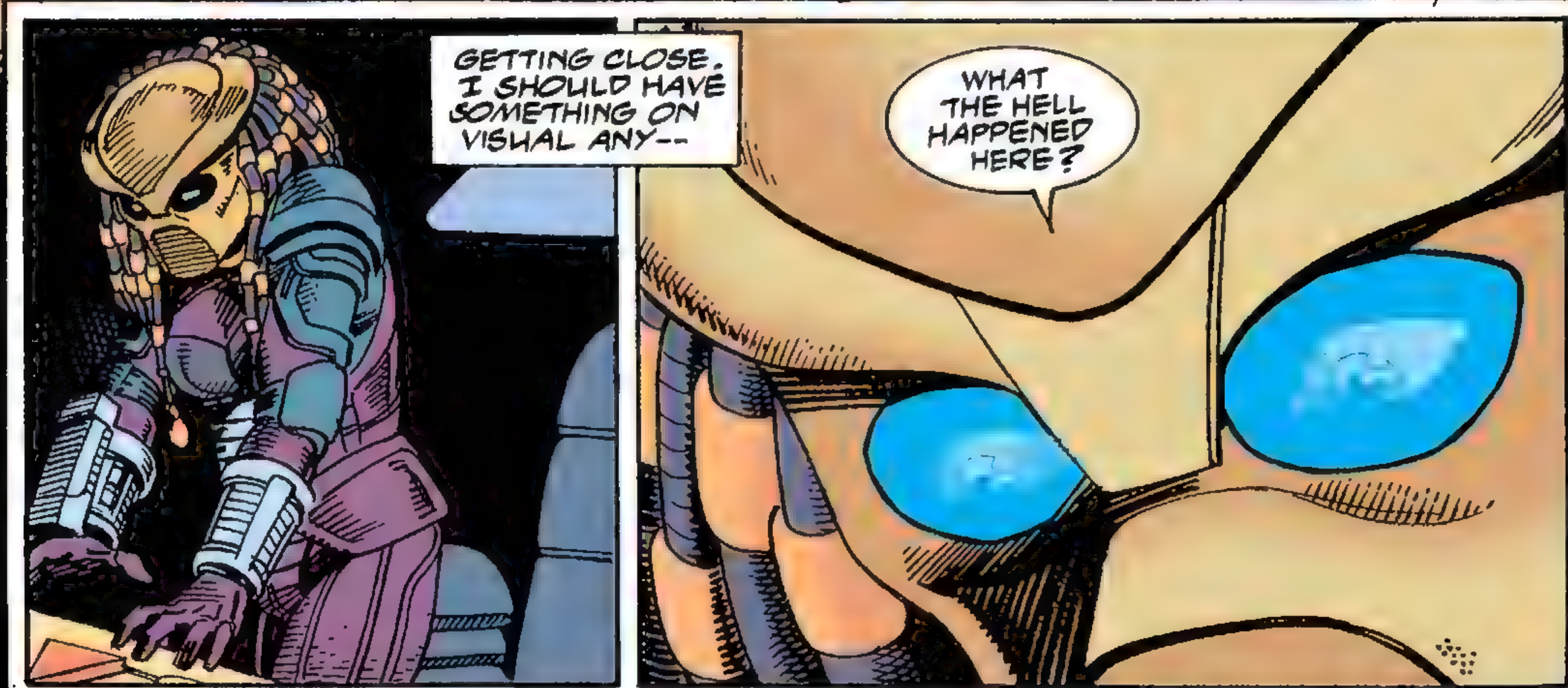
BEEN AWFULLY
QUIET SINCE
THE FIGHT.



NO SIGN OF
THE QUEEN.



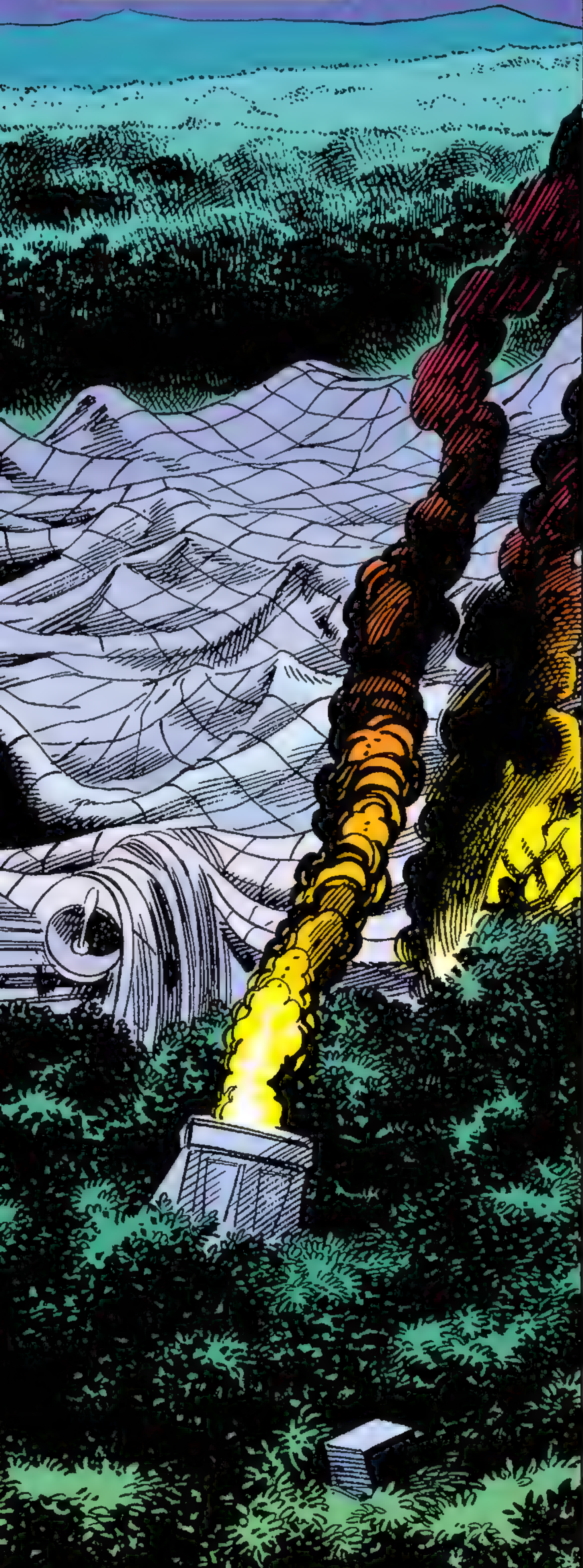
I WONDER
WHAT SHE'S
UP TO.



GETTING CLOSE.
I SHOULD HAVE
SOMETHING ON
VISUAL ANY--

WHAT
THE HELL
HAPPENED
HERE?

DID TOPKNOT AND HIS TROOP
DO THIS? I EXPECTED
TROUBLE, BUT...



DOWN
HERE! DOWN
HERE!

QUIET,
ELLIS! WHAT'RE
YOU TRYING
TO DO?

" DOES THAT LOOK LIKE
A RESCUE SHIP ?



" WE'RE IN DEEP, KID, AND
IT LOOKS LIKE MORE
TROUBLE'S ON THE WAY. "



IT'S OBVIOUS WHERE THE ACTION
IS. I'D BETTER FORGET ABOUT
TOPKNOT'S LANDING CRAFT
AND GET THE SHIP DOWN NEAR
THAT WRECK.



IF I CAN...

MAYBE I WAS WRONG... LOOKS LIKE IT'S GOING AWAY.

THAT DOESN'T HELP US. WHOEVER ATTACKED THE PLATFORM IS STILL OUT THERE.

YEAH, BUT THEY DON'T KNOW THEY'RE UP AGAINST A COUPLE OF EX-COLONIAL MARINES.

THIS IS ALL MY FAULT.

THAT'S NOT TRUE! YOU SAVED OUR LIVES BACK ON 949 WHEN YOU GOT INTO THAT M.A.X. SHIT.

AND YOU SAVED MY BUTT AGAIN TONIGHT--

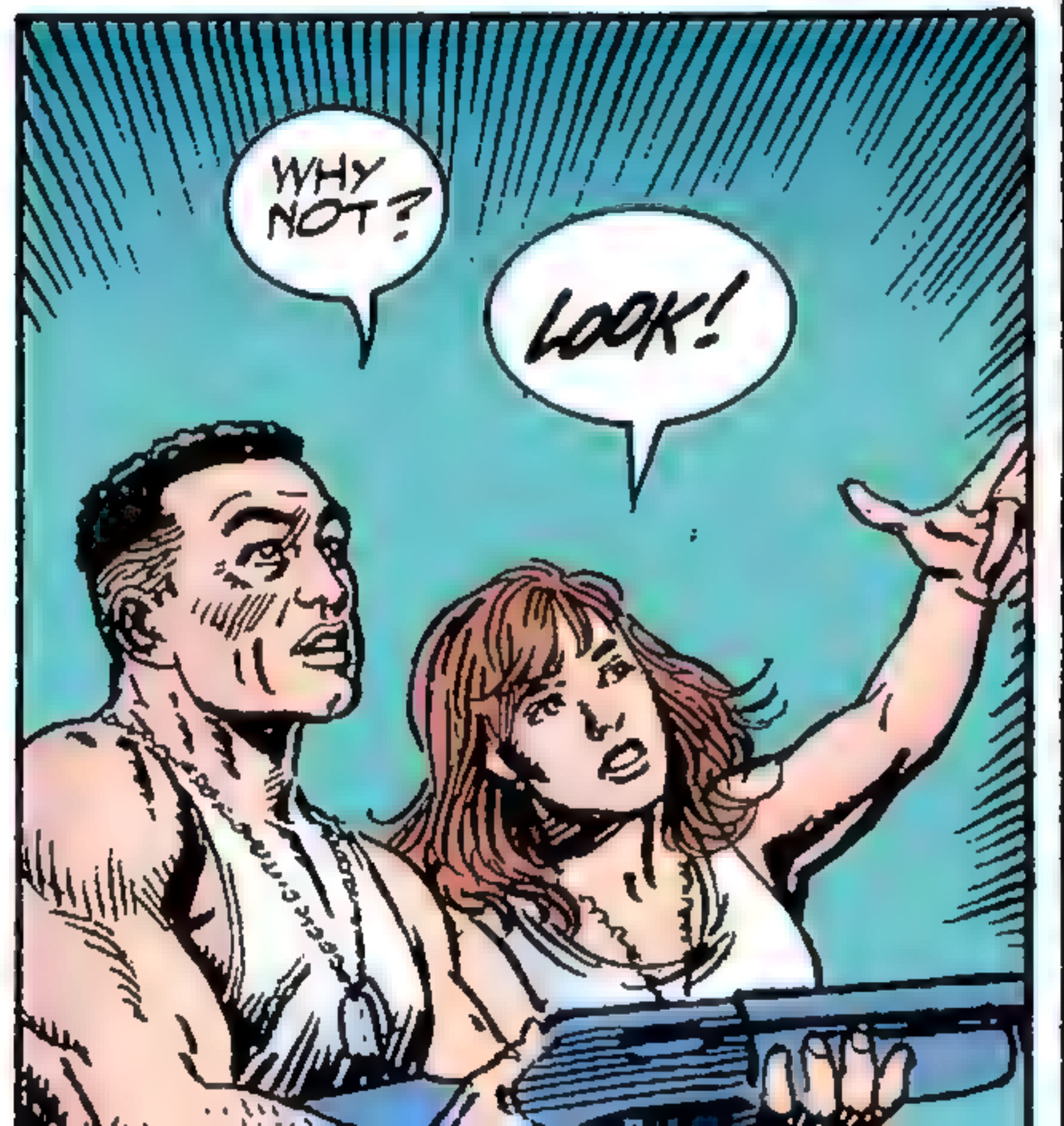
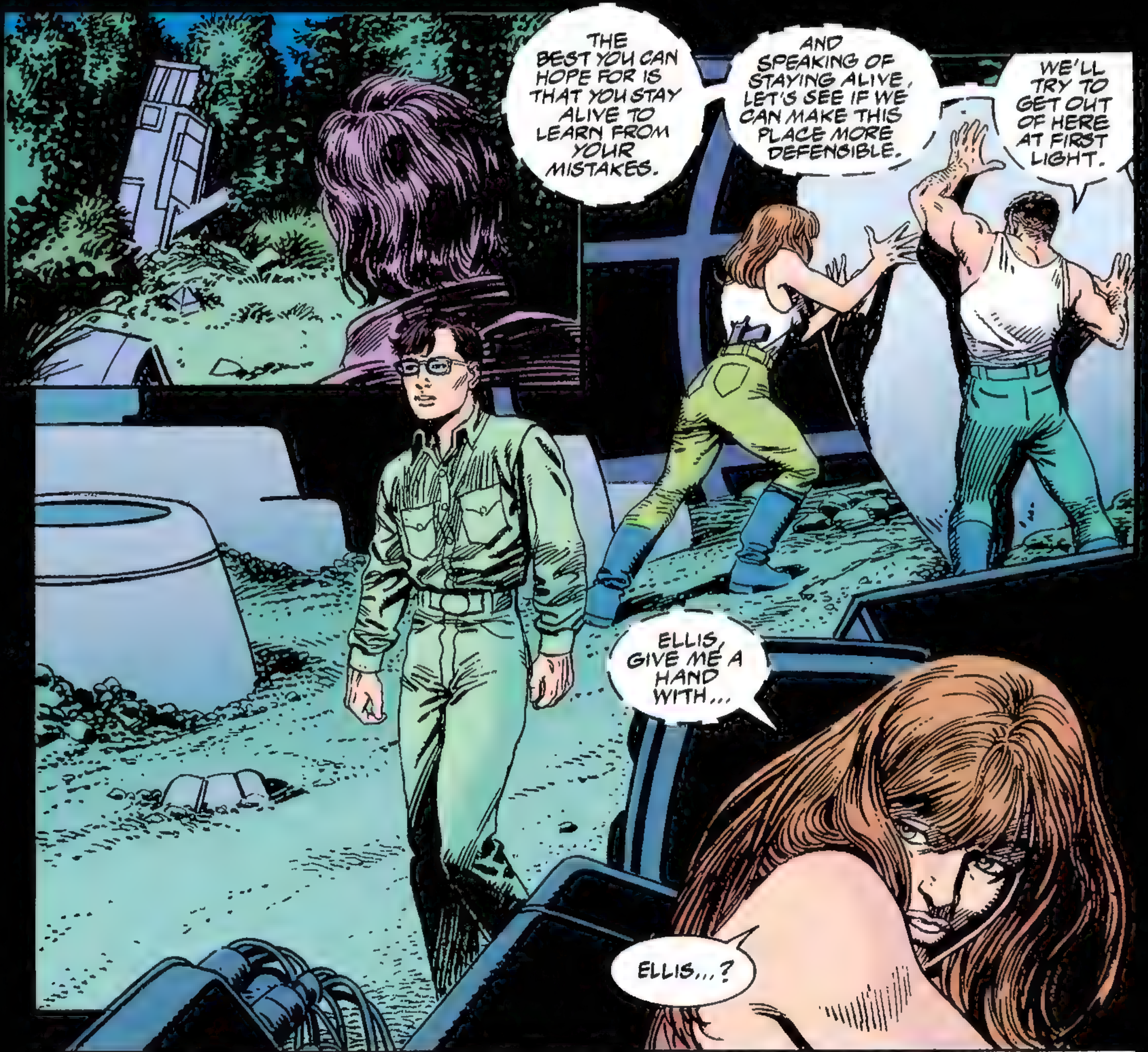
YEAH, AND BLEW UP THE WHOLE PLATFORM DOING IT!

LARA, YOU AND JESS HAVE HAD TRAINING FOR THIS KIND OF STUFF. YOU'D BE BETTER OFF IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ME.

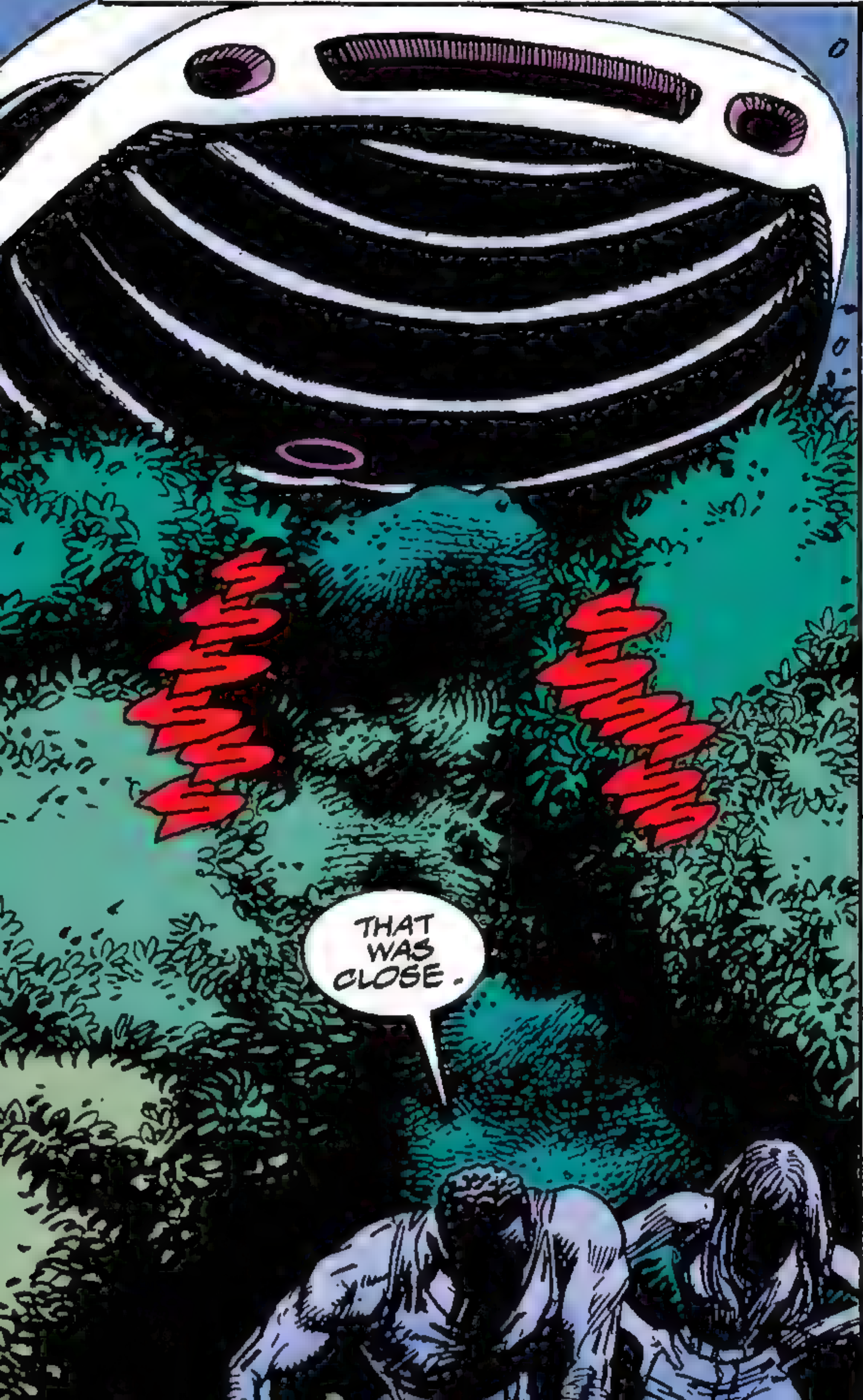
BUT EITHER ONE OF YOU WOULD'VE DONE IT BETTER!

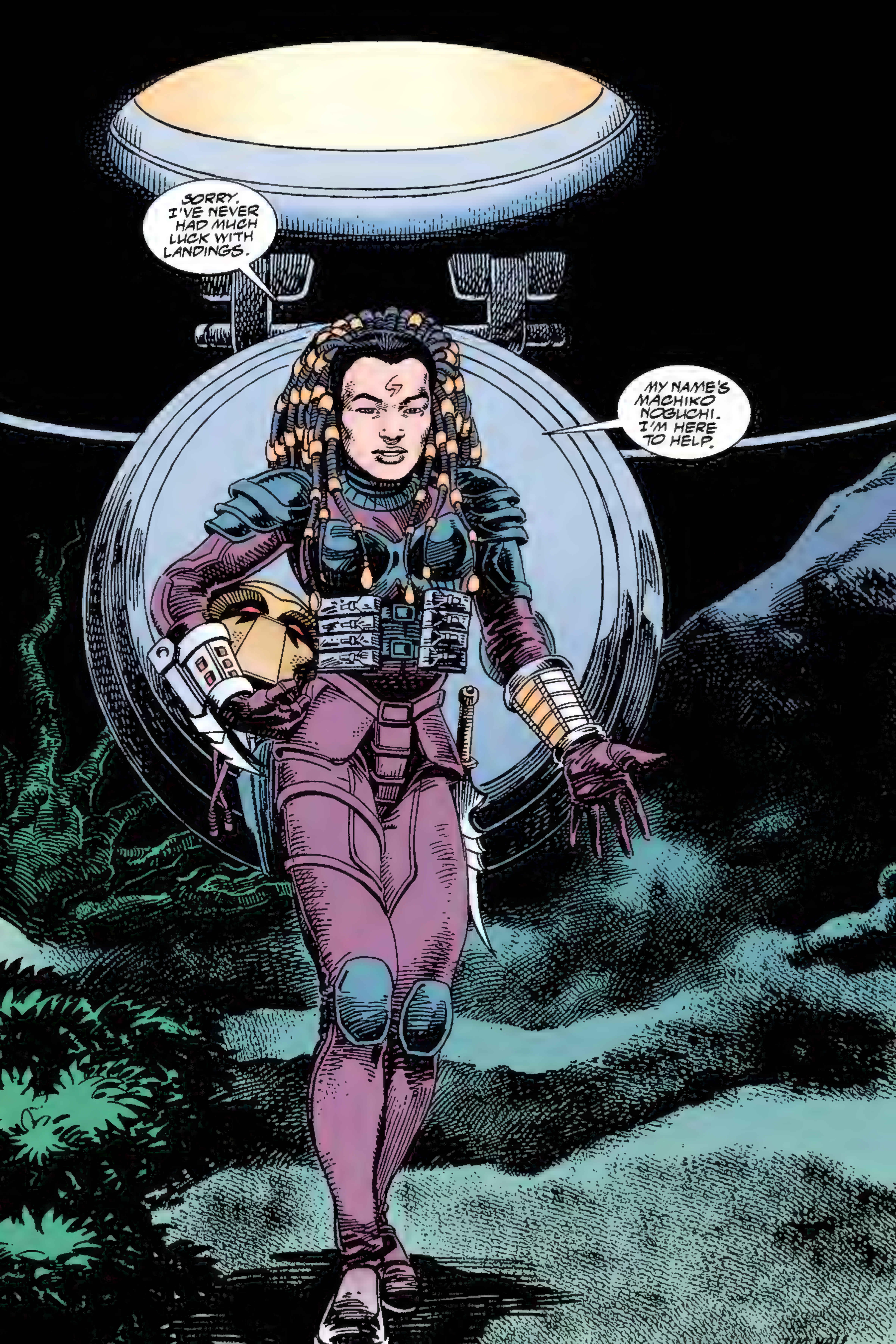
YOU ONLY DID WHAT YOU HAD TO.

SO YOU MADE A MISTAKE. WE ALL HAVE. YOU CAN'T CHANGE THE PAST.



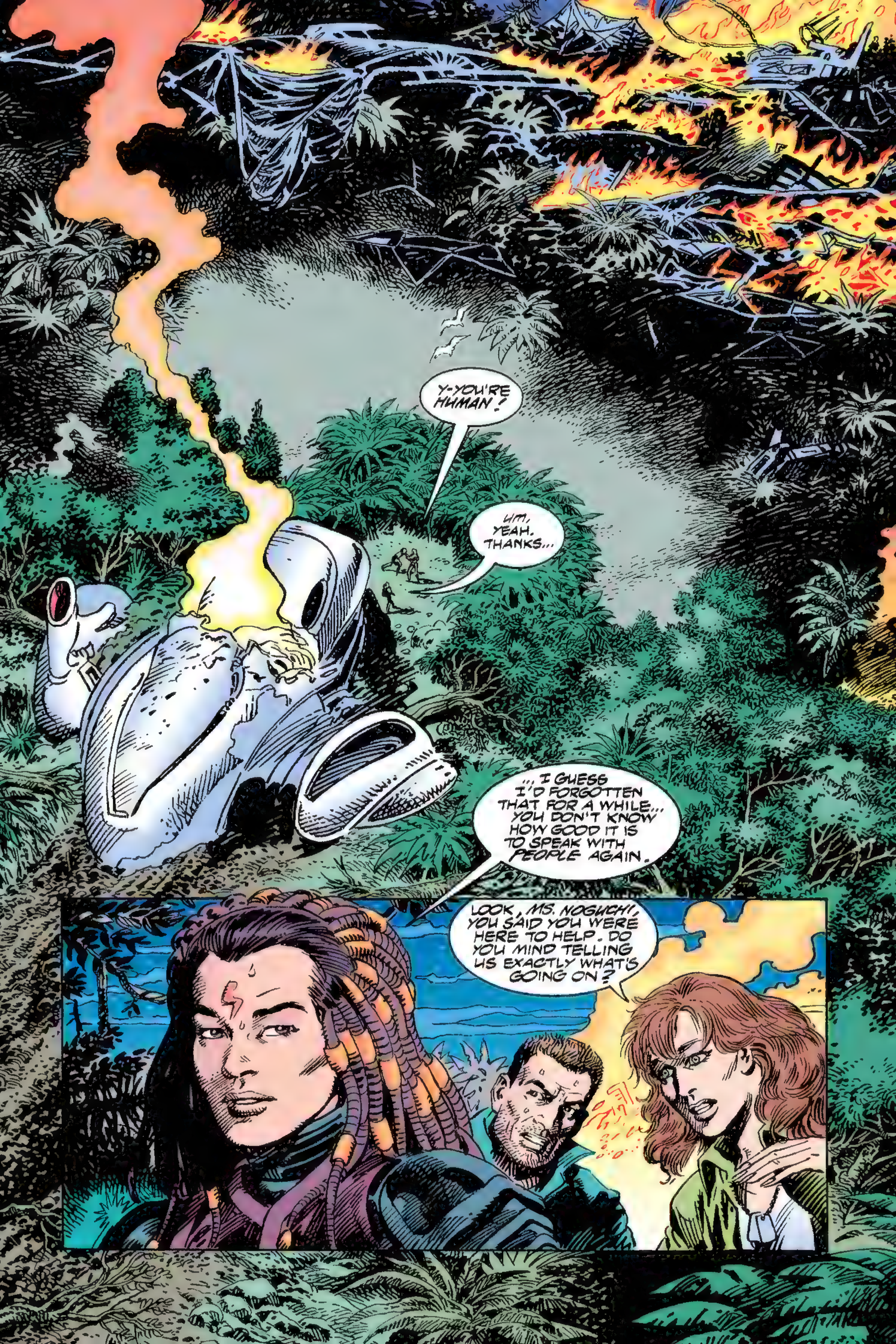






SORRY,
I'VE NEVER
HAD MUCH
LUCK WITH
LANDINGS.

MY NAME'S
MACHIKO
NOBUCHI.
I'M HERE
TO HELP.

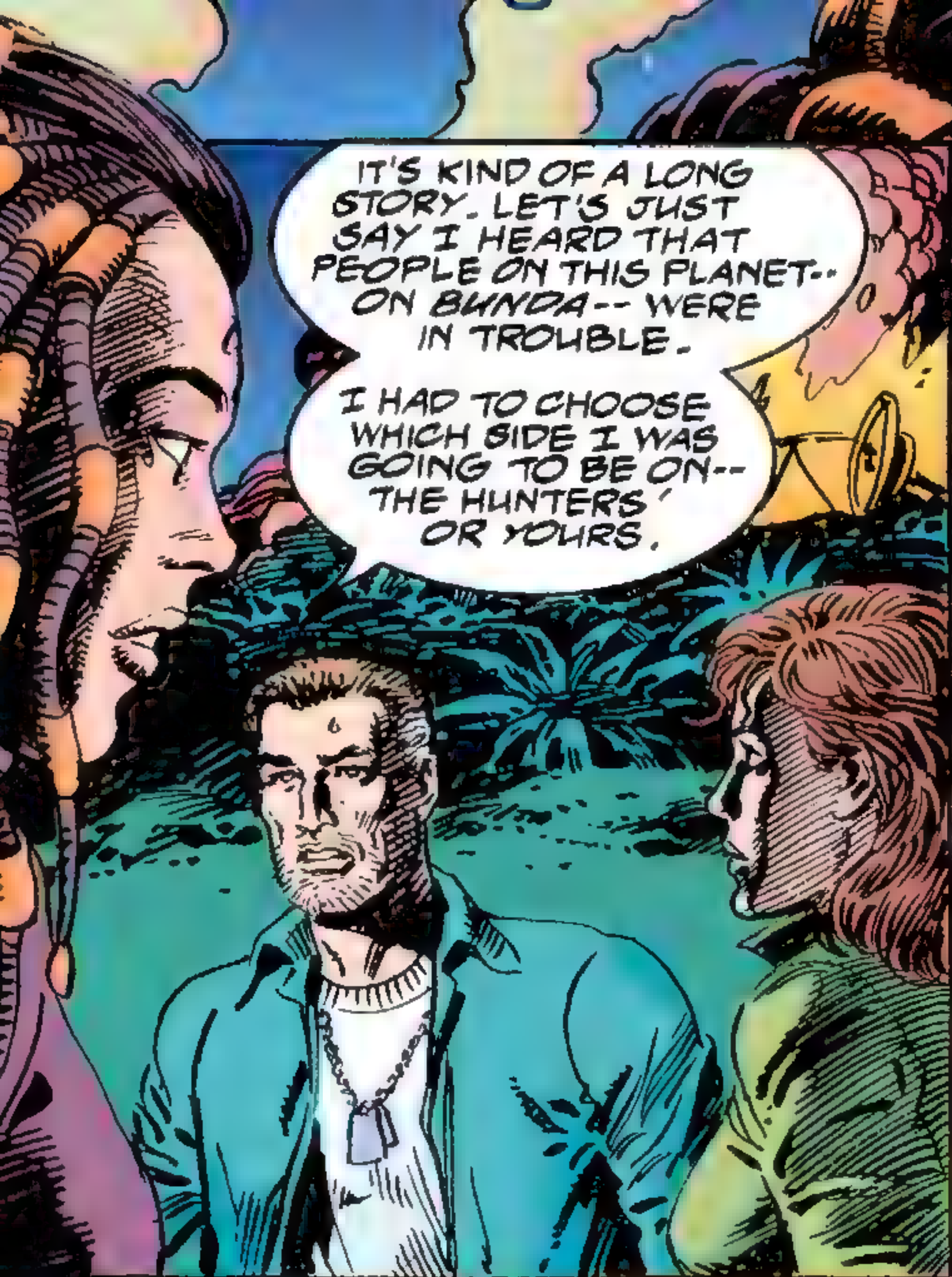


Y-YOU'RE
HUMAN!

UM,
YEAH.
THANKS...

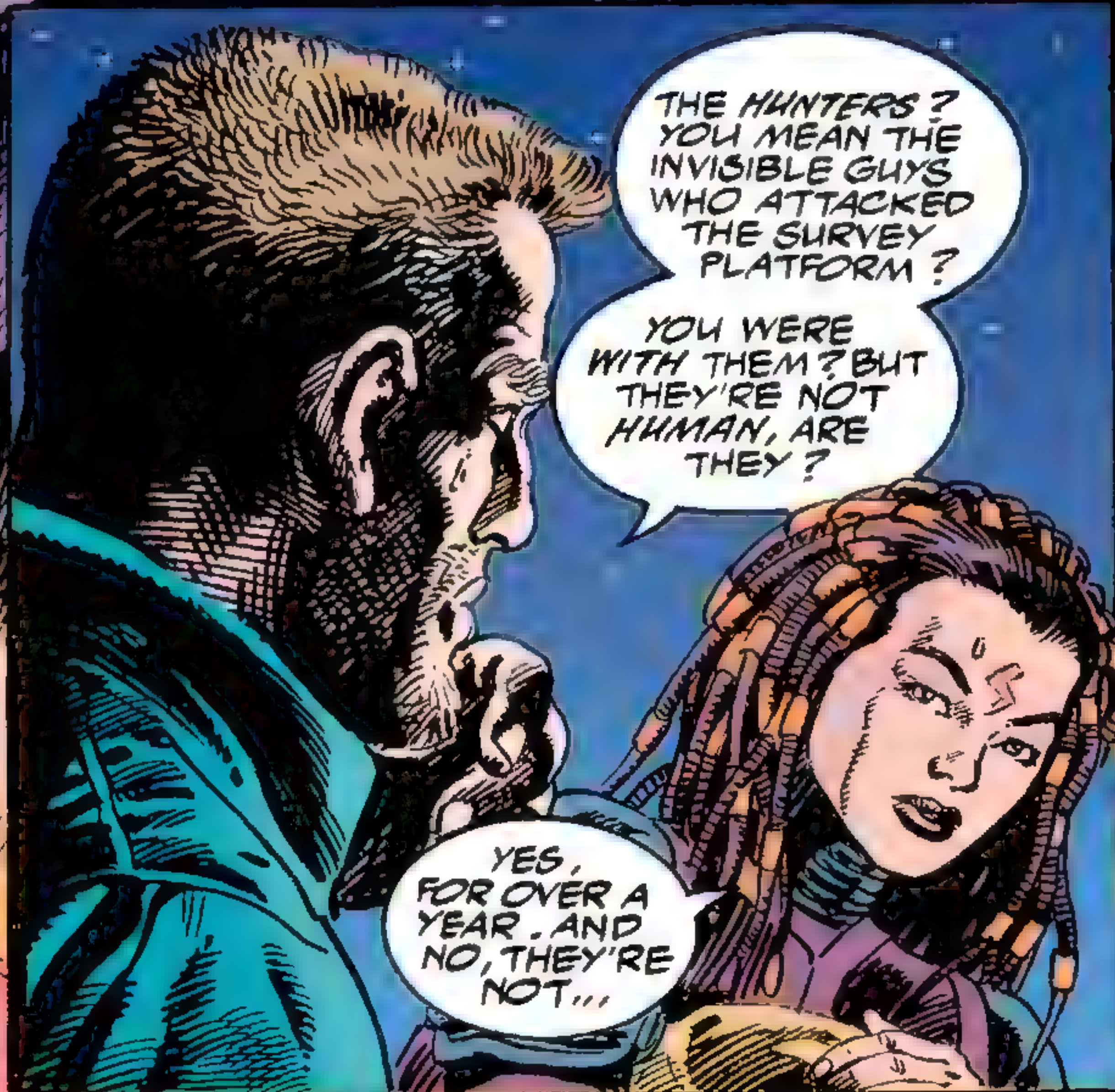
... I GUESS
I'D FORGOTTEN
THAT FOR A WHILE...
YOU DON'T KNOW
HOW GOOD IT IS
TO SPEAK WITH
PEOPLE AGAIN.

LOOK, MS. NOGUCHI,
YOU SAID YOU WERE
HERE TO HELP. DO
YOU MIND TELLING
US EXACTLY WHAT'S
GOING ON?



IT'S KIND OF A LONG STORY. LET'S JUST SAY I HEARD THAT PEOPLE ON THIS PLANET-- ON BUNDA-- WERE IN TROUBLE.

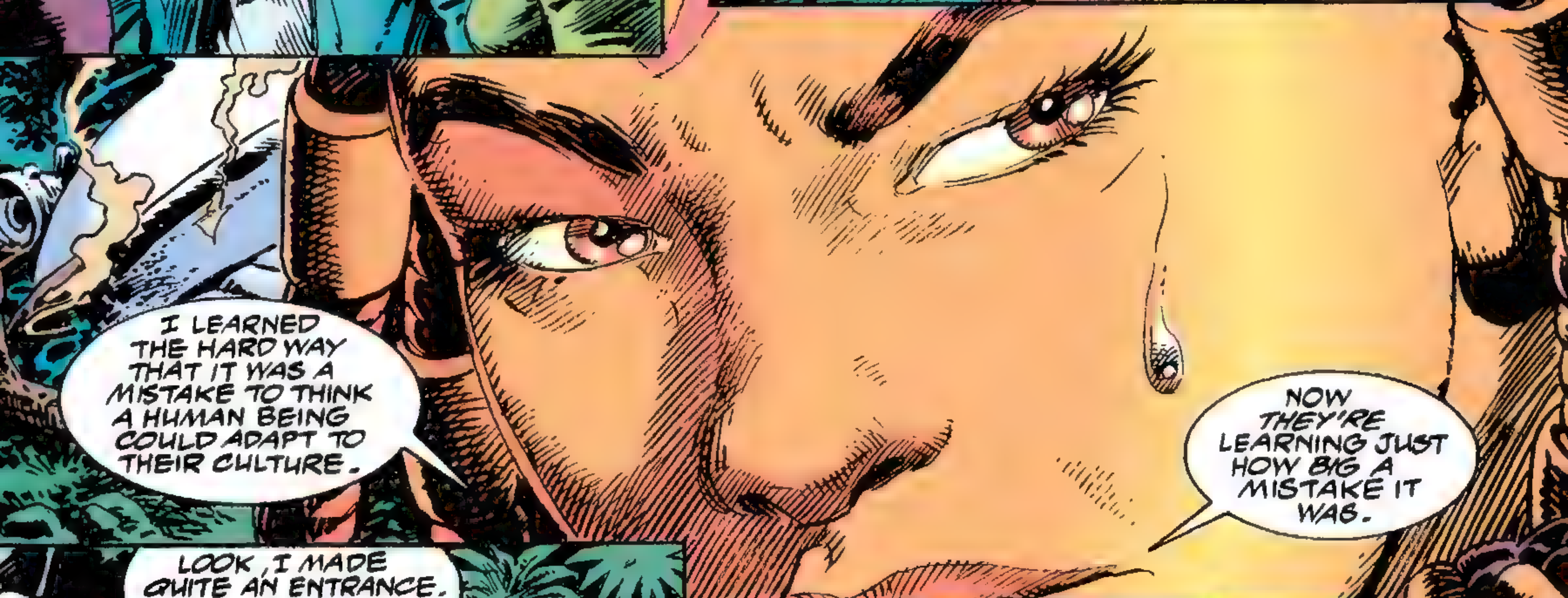
I HAD TO CHOOSE WHICH SIDE I WAS GOING TO BE ON-- THE HUNTERS' OR YOURS.



THE HUNTERS? YOU MEAN THE INVISIBLE GUYS WHO ATTACKED THE SURVEY PLATFORM?

YOU WERE WITH THEM? BUT THEY'RE NOT HUMAN, ARE THEY?

YES, FOR OVER A YEAR. AND NO, THEY'RE NOT...



I LEARNED THE HARD WAY THAT IT WAS A MISTAKE TO THINK A HUMAN BEING COULD ADAPT TO THEIR CULTURE.

NOW THEY'RE LEARNING JUST HOW BIG A MISTAKE IT WAS.



LOOK, I MADE QUITE AN ENTRANCE. IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE WE GET COMPANY.

ARE THERE ANY OTHER SURVIVORS? WE'VE GOT TO ROUND THEM UP AND FIND SOME COVER.

WM...



YOU TWO AREN'T THE ONLY SURVIVORS, ARE YOU?

THREE. THERE ARE THREE OF US, ACTUALLY. THERE MAY BE OTHERS, BUT...

I GUESS WE HAVE A "LONG STORY" OF OUR OWN.

I'M KATE LARA. THIS IS MARTIN JESS. THE THIRD MEMBER OF OUR GROUP IS BRIAN--

ELLIS. HE RAN OFF A BIT AGO-- TRYIN' TO GET HIMSELF KILLED, NEAR AS I CAN TELL.

AS FOR ANY OTHERS, WE SAW A COUPLE OF 'COPTERS AND A SHUTTLE GET AWAY BEFORE THE PLATFORM CRASHED, SO MAYBE THEY ALL GOT TO SAFETY...

...BUT I HOPE NOT.

HE'S MAD BECAUSE THE PLATFORM'S SUPERVISOR HAD US ARRESTED-- ON COMPANY ORDERS.

TELL HER WHY.

THERE ARE THESE CREATURES-- ALIENS-- HORRIBLE THINGS. THEY CAN ADAPT TO ANY ENVIRONMENT, AND THEY'VE BEEN DISCOVERED ALL OVER THE COLONIES.

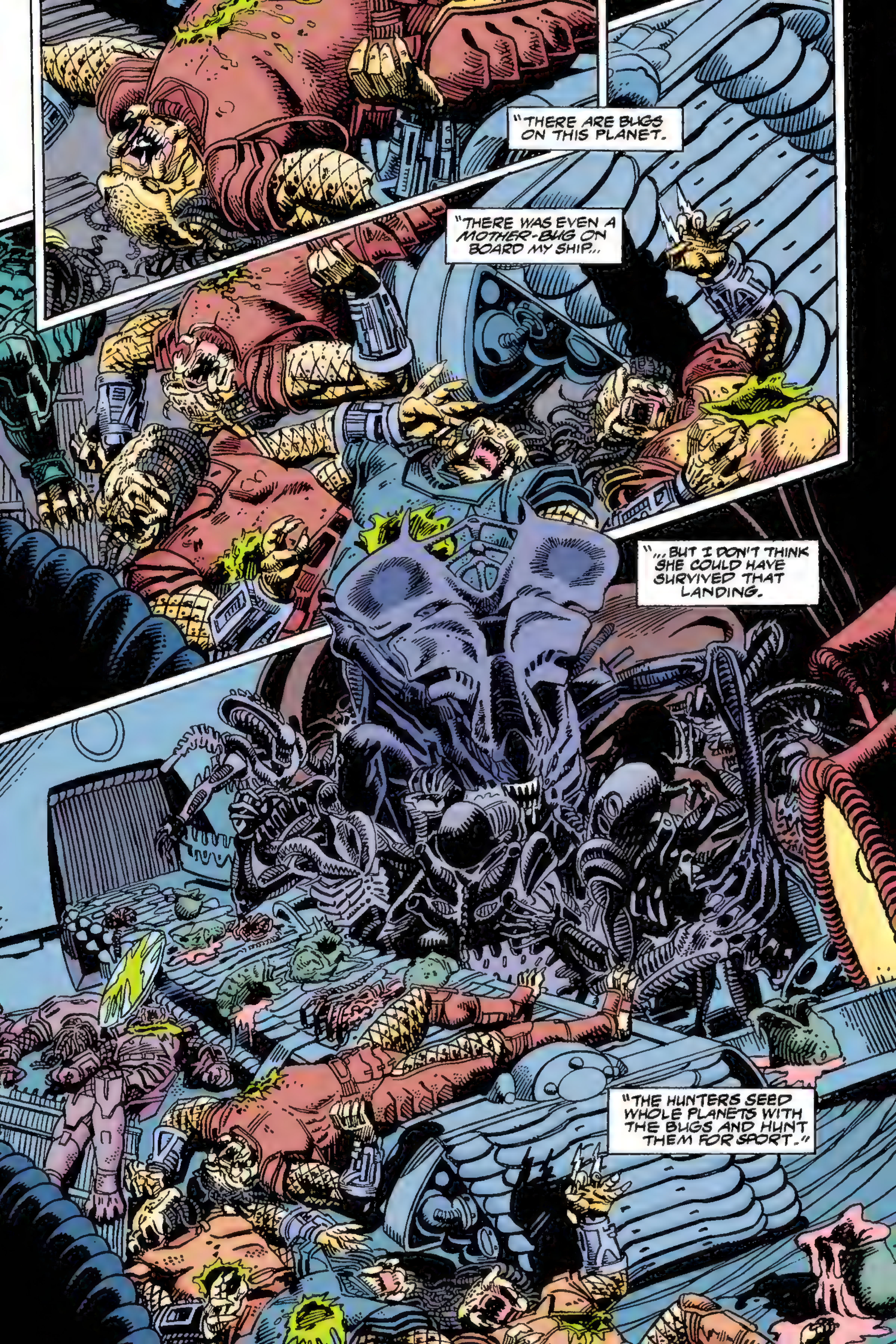
JESS, ELLIS, AND I WERE PART OF AN EXTERMINATION TEAM THAT WAS SENT TO A SPACE STATION TO WIPE OUT AN INFESTATION. WHAT WE DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT THE STATION HAD BEEN INFESTED BY THE COMPANY--

ON PURPOSE! THEY WANTED TO SEE HOW LONG IT WOULD TAKE THE ALIENS TO KILL FOUR HUNDRED INNOCENT PEOPLE-- MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN.

SOME OF THE HIGHER-UPS DIDN'T APPRECIATE THE FACT THAT WE BLEW THEIR DATA TO ATOMS, ALONG WITH THE STATION AND THE--

--BUGS.

YES, I KNOW ALL ABOUT BUGS. WE HAVE MORE IN COMMON THAN YOU KNOW.



"THERE ARE BUGS
ON THIS PLANET."

"THERE WAS EVEN A
MOTHER-BUG ON
BOARD MY SHIP..."

"...BUT I DON'T THINK
SHE COULD HAVE
SURVIVED THAT
LANDING."

"THE HUNTERS SEED
WHOLE PLANETS WITH
THE BUGS AND HUNT
THEM FOR SPORT..."





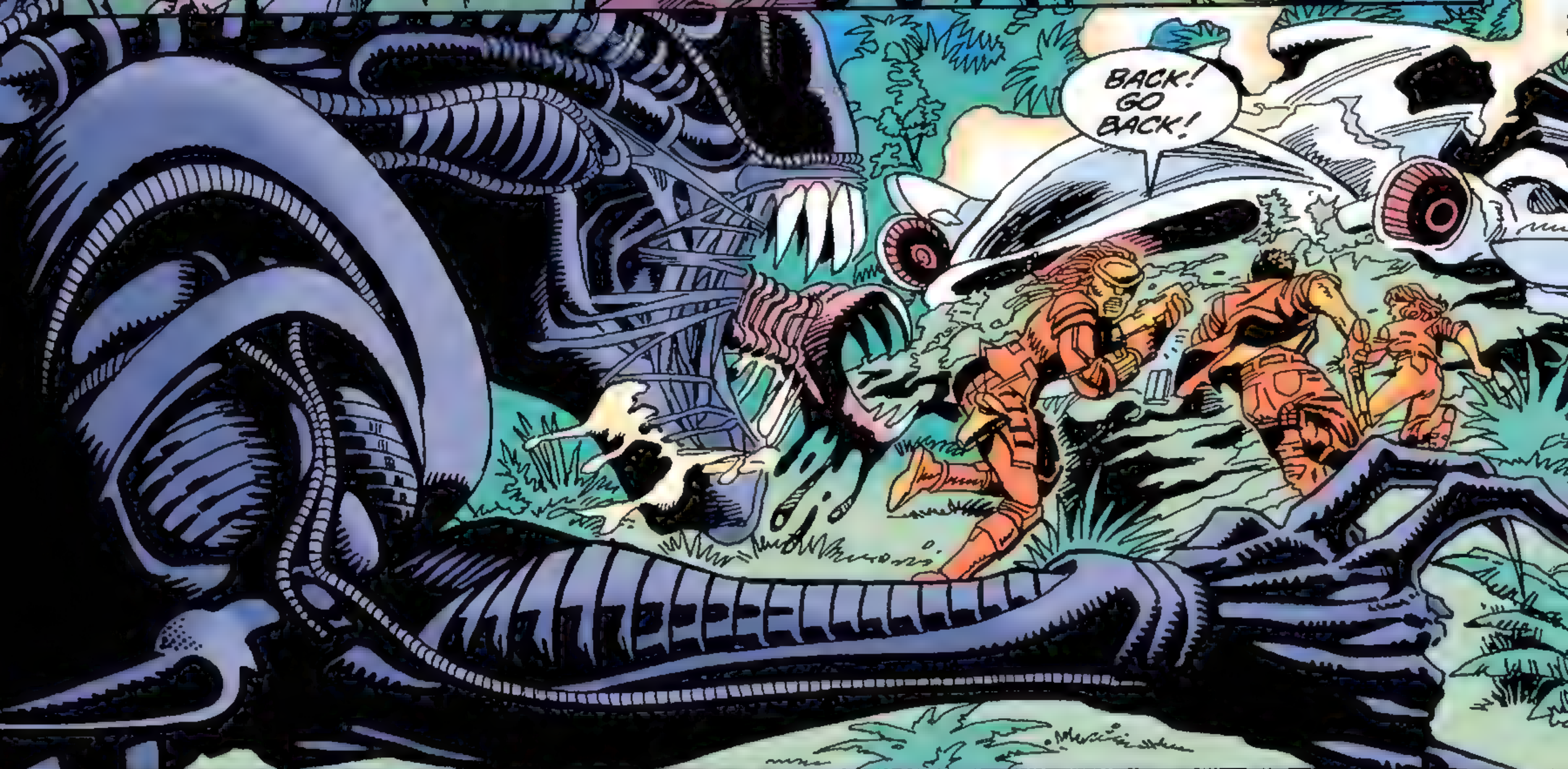
BOOM

BA-BOOM
BA-BOOM

BLAM
BLAM

**FOLLOW
ME!**

BLAM

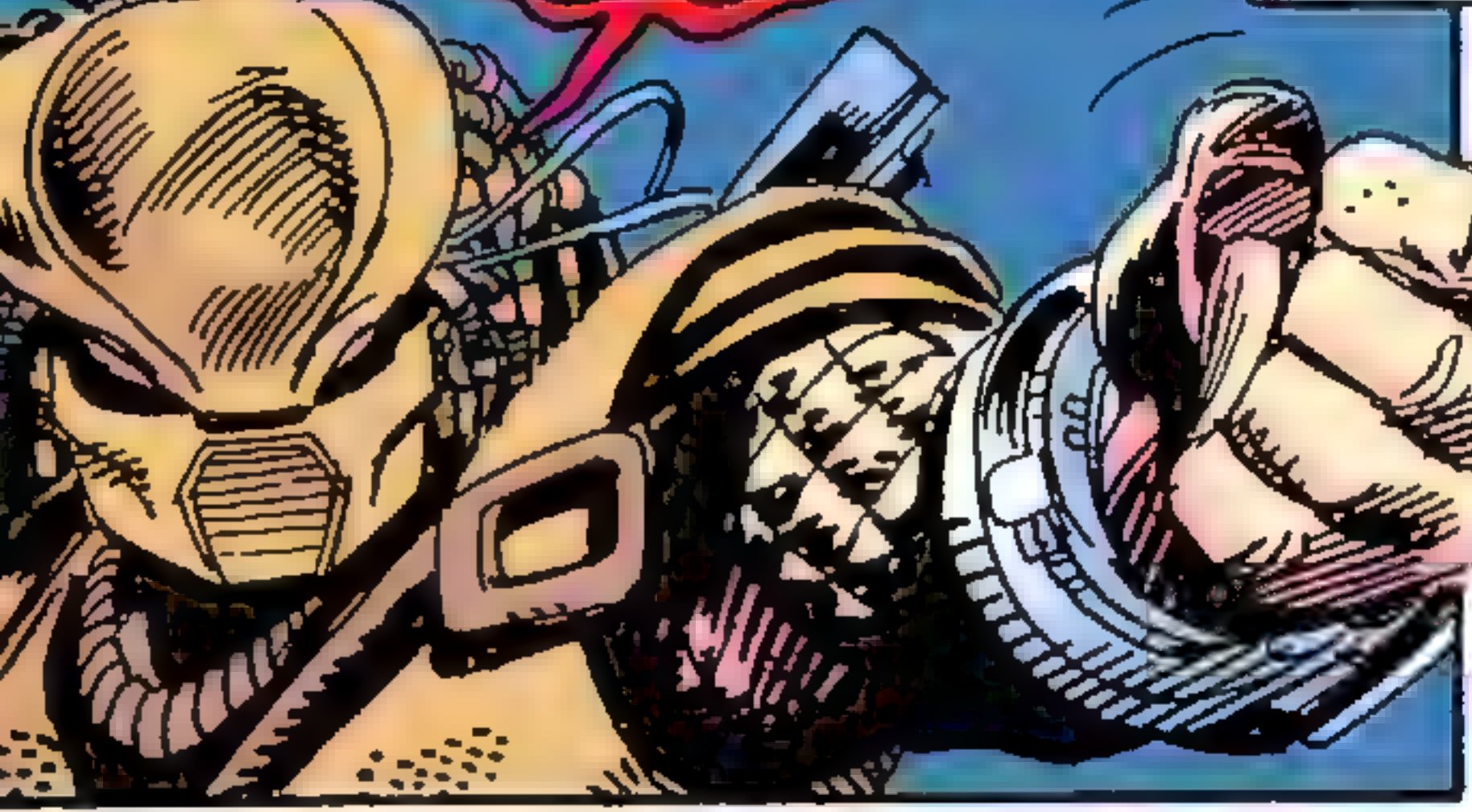




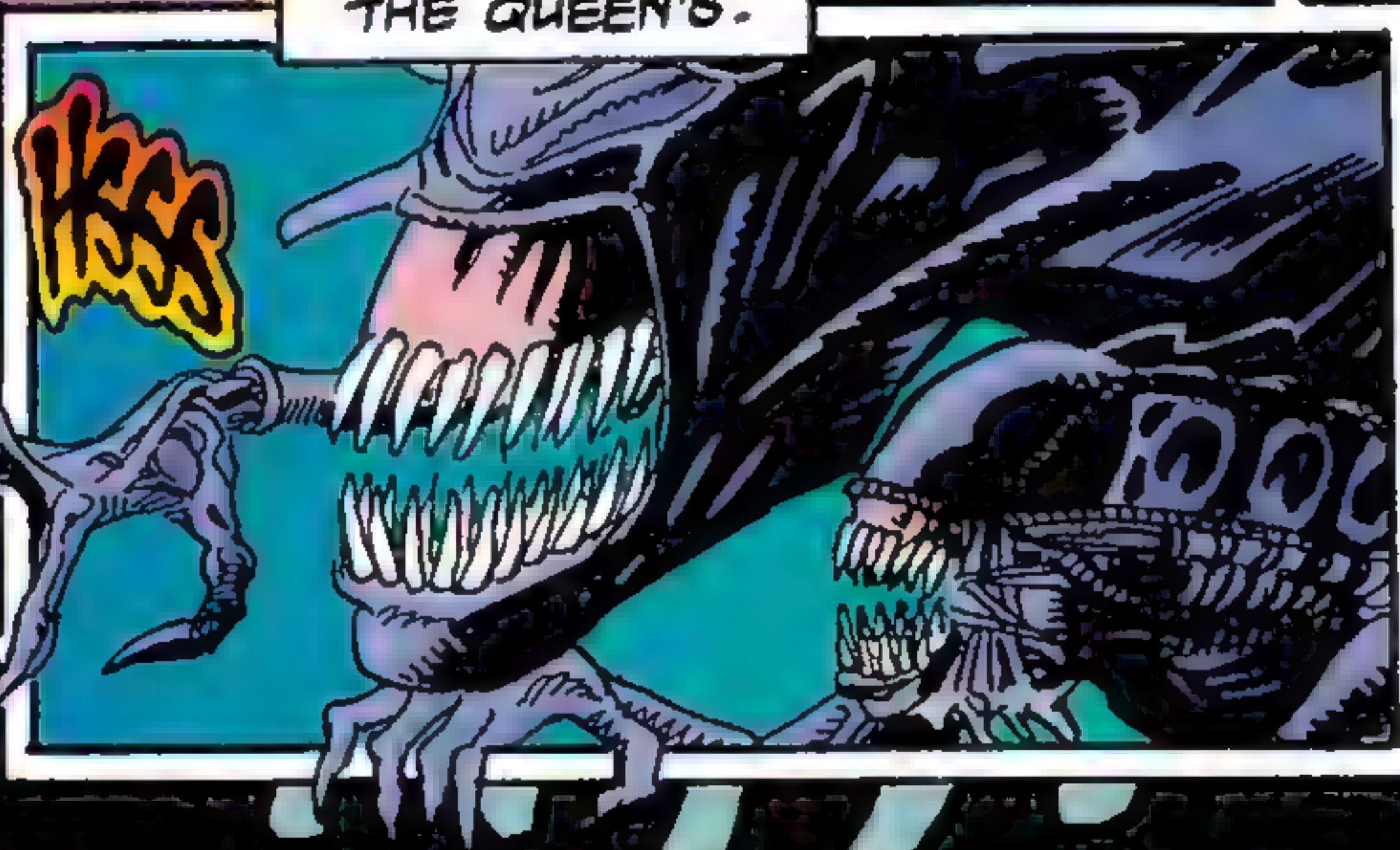
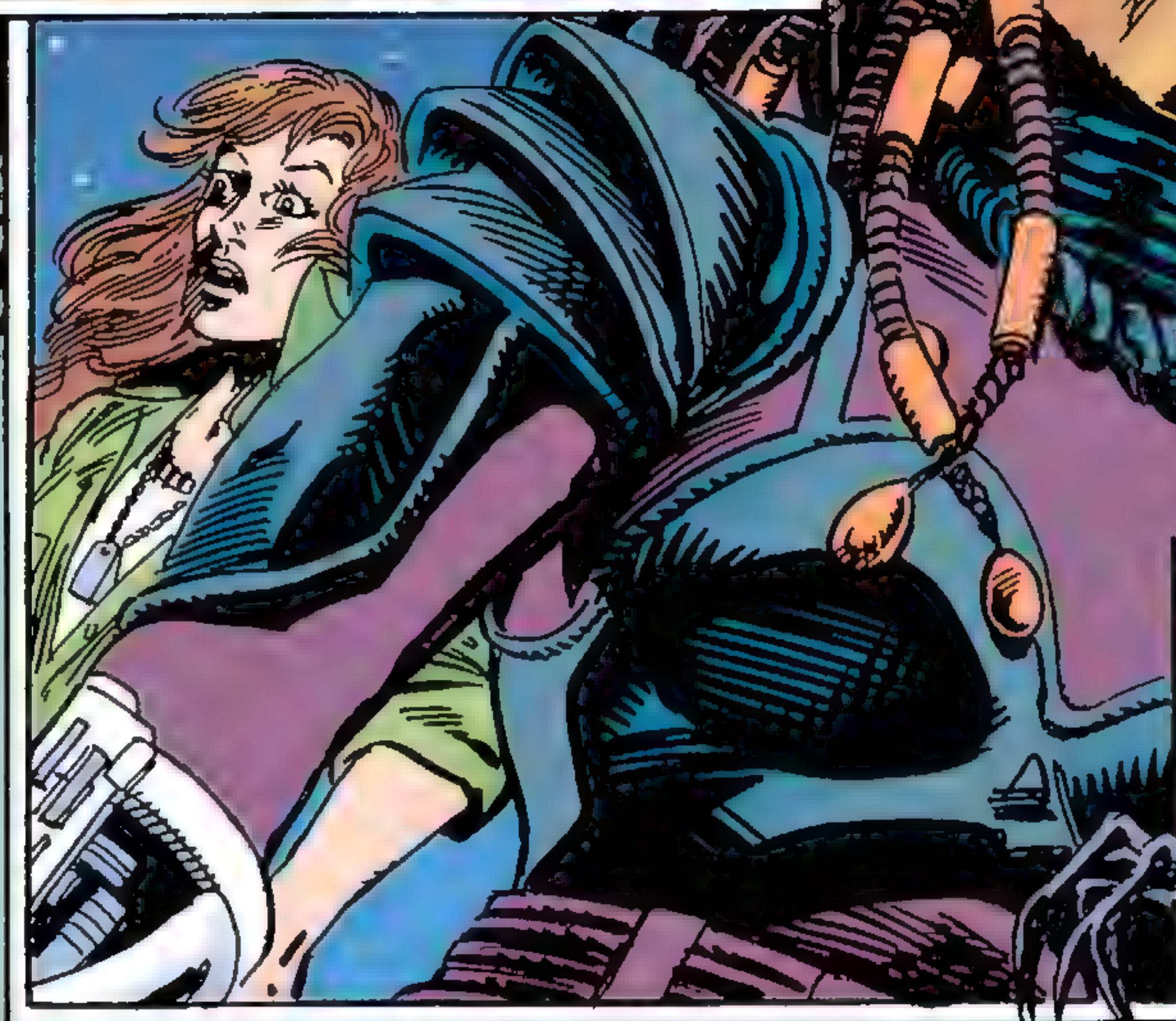
YOU WERE SURE AS HELL RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING, LADY--
--IT'S EXHILARATING.

UHH...
>HRRR!
UHH...

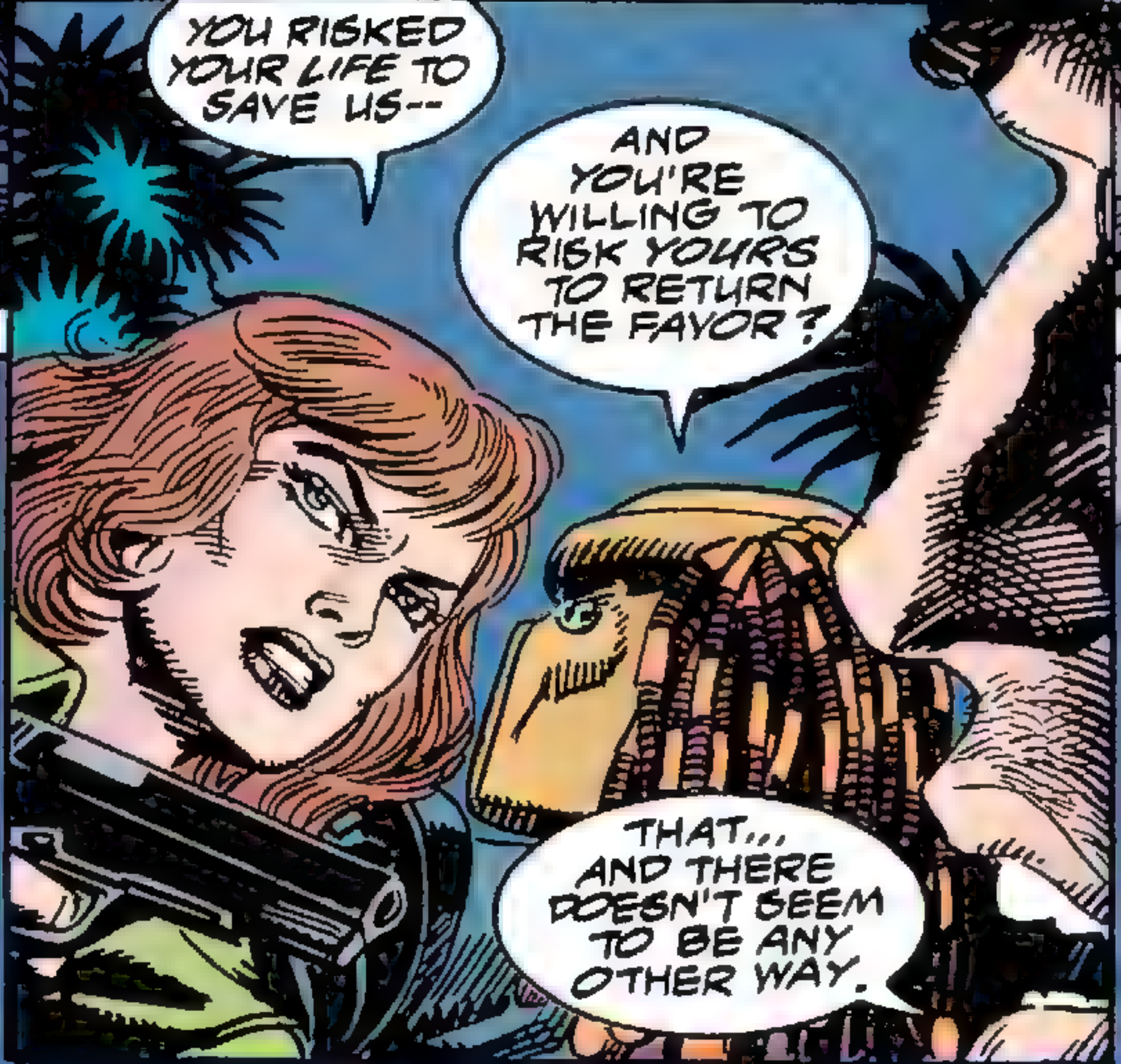
TOPKNOT. HE KNOWS WHAT I'VE DONE. I'VE BROKEN THE CODE. I'M NOT JUST AN OUTSIDER TO THE CLAN...

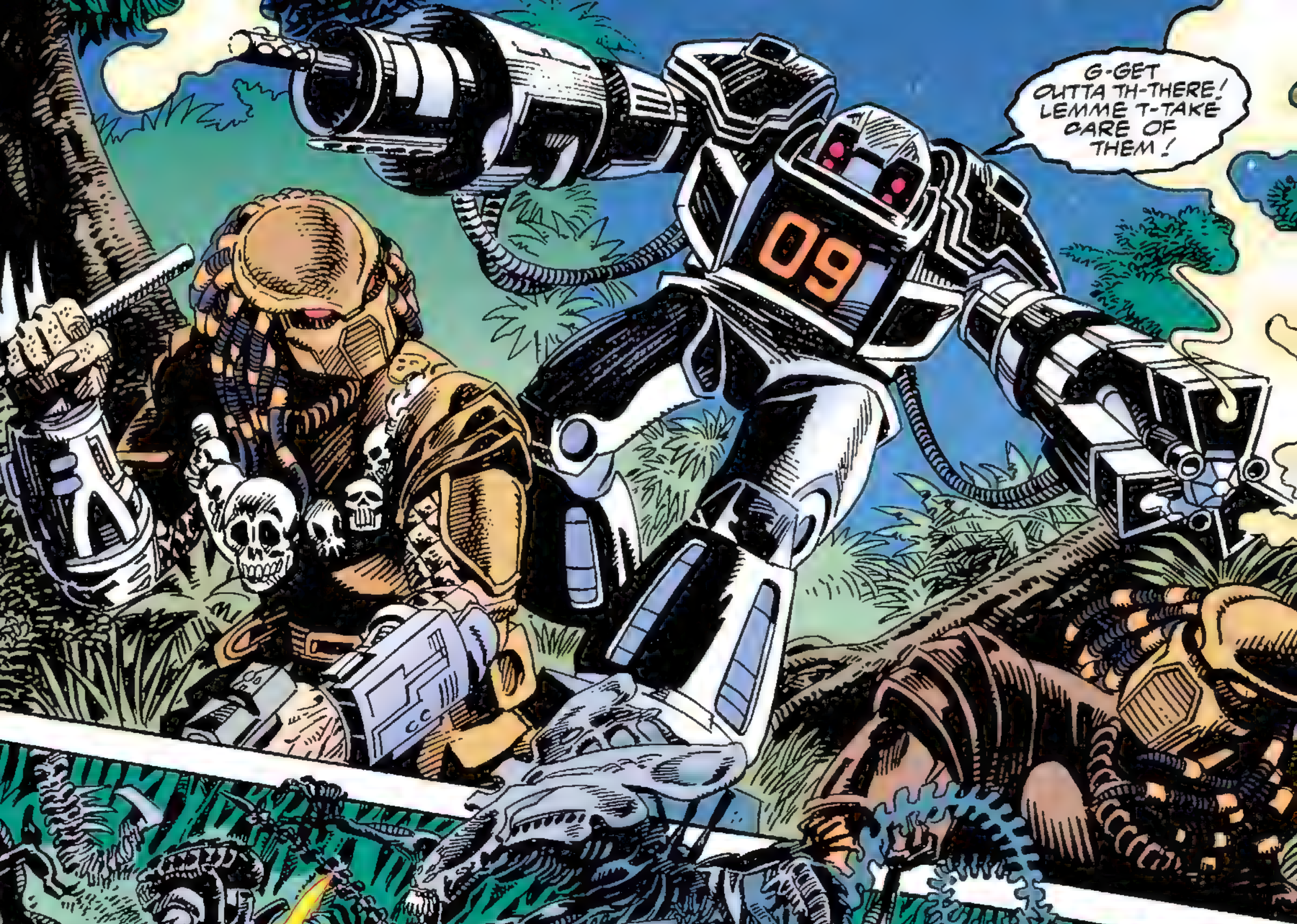


... I'M THE CLAN'S WORST ENEMY.



I WAS ALREADY THE QUEEN'S.



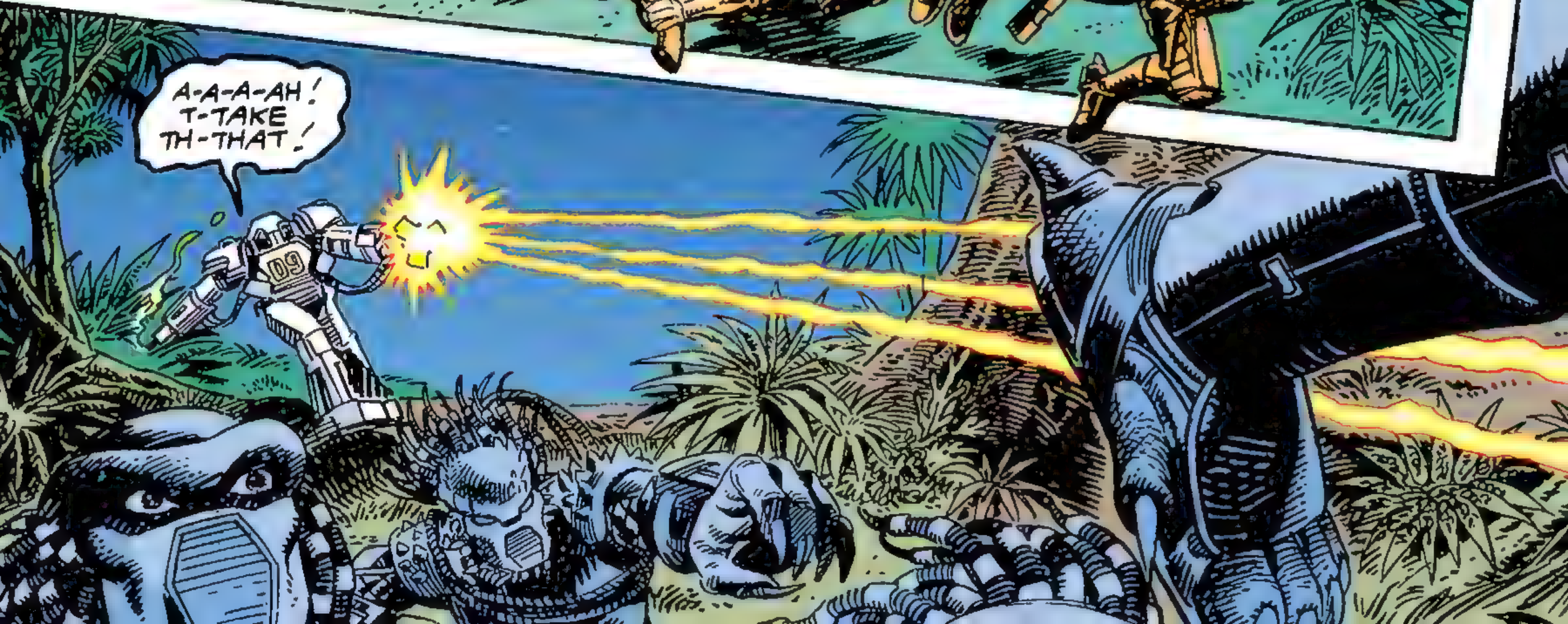


G-GET
OUTTA TH-THERE!
LEMMIE T-TAKE
CARE OF
THEM!

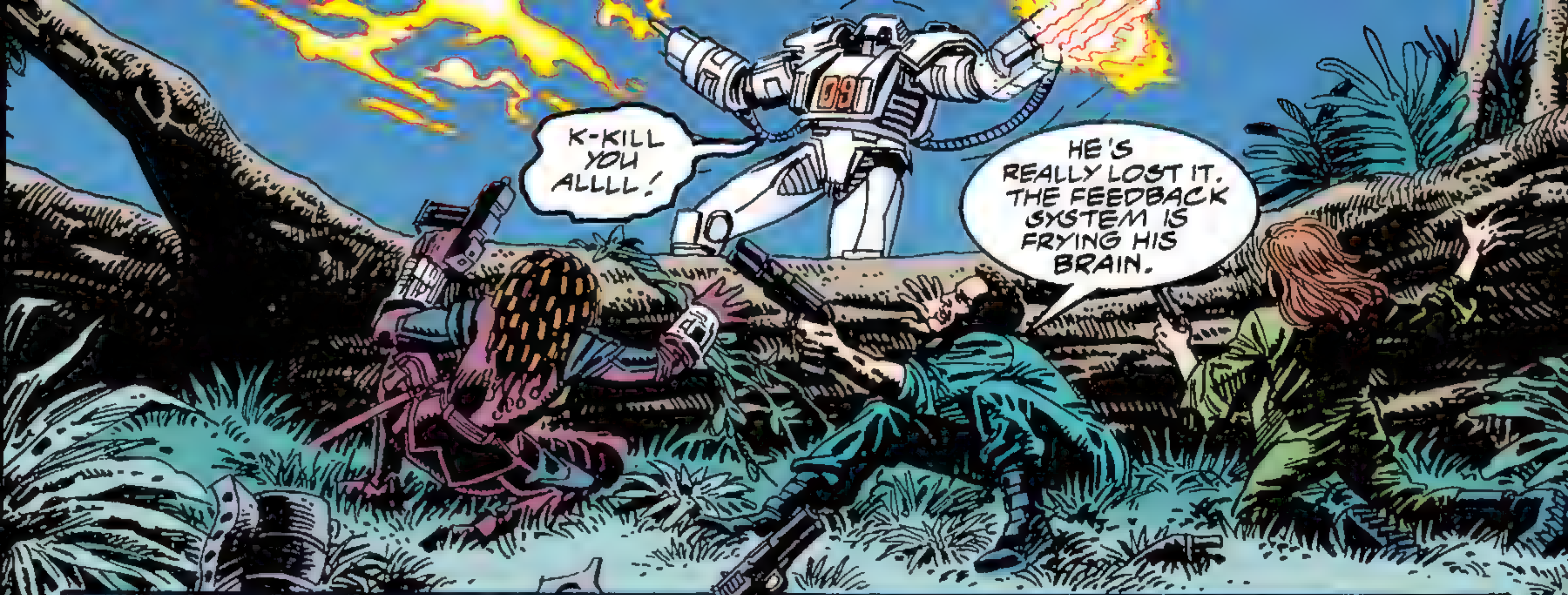


RRRRRRRRRRPP

RUN!



A-A-A-AH!
T-TAKE
TH-THAT!



K-KILL YOU ALLLL!

HE'S REALLY LOST IT. THE FEEDBACK SYSTEM IS FRYING HIS BRAIN.



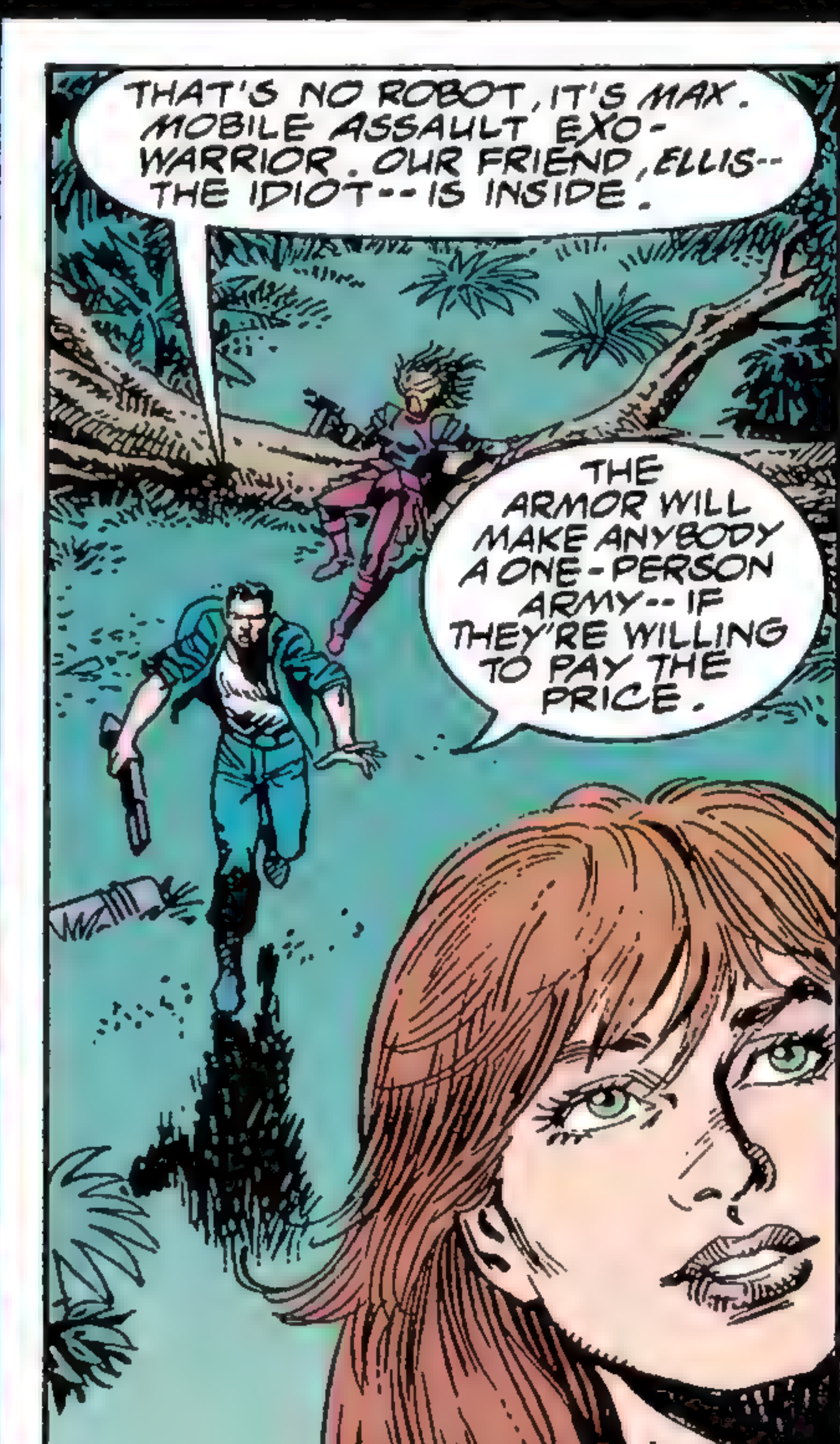
WE'VE GOT TO HELP HIM!

ARE YOU NUTS? LARA, YOU'LL BE KILLED!

STOP HER!



DAMN! I CAN'T LET HER DO THIS ALONE.



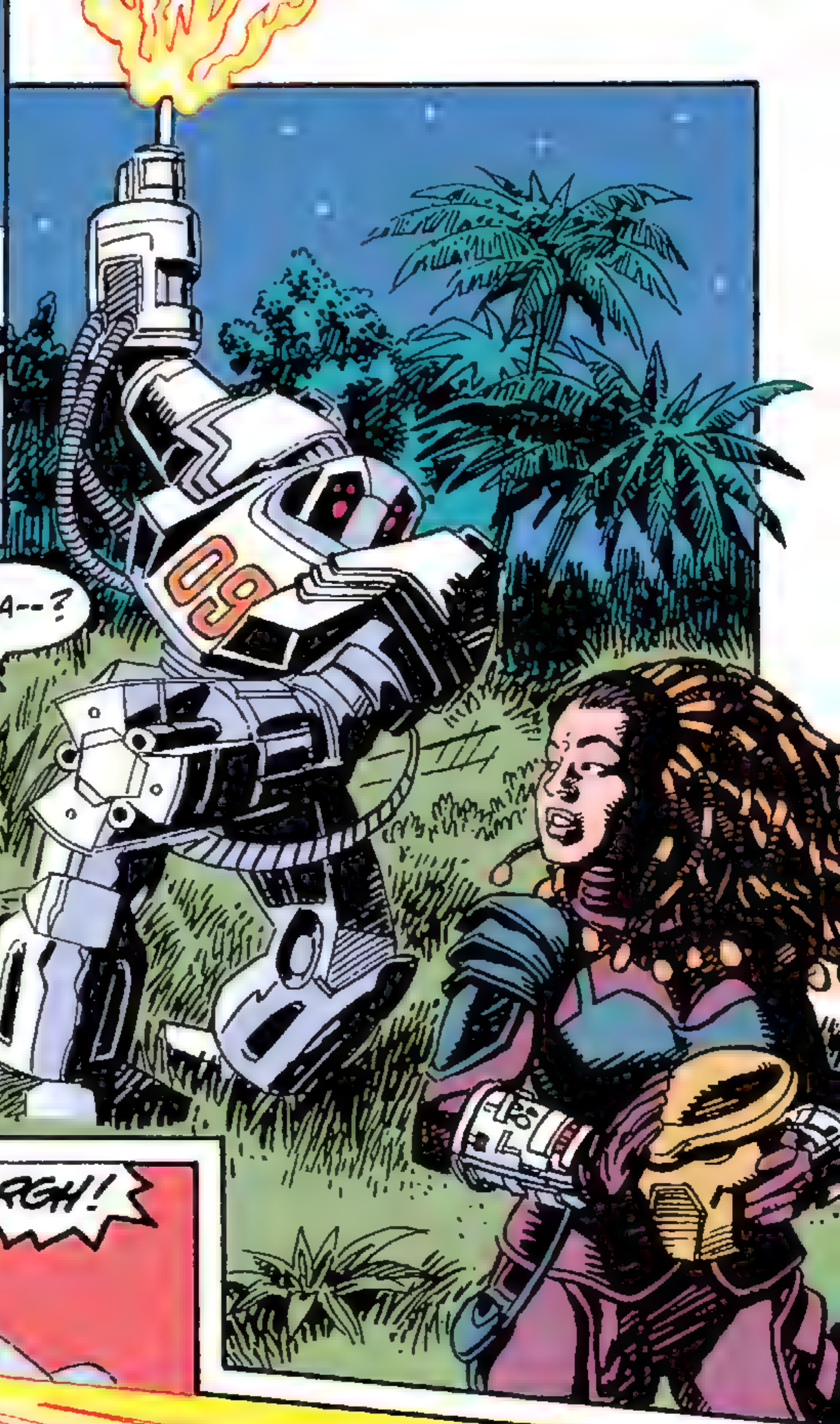
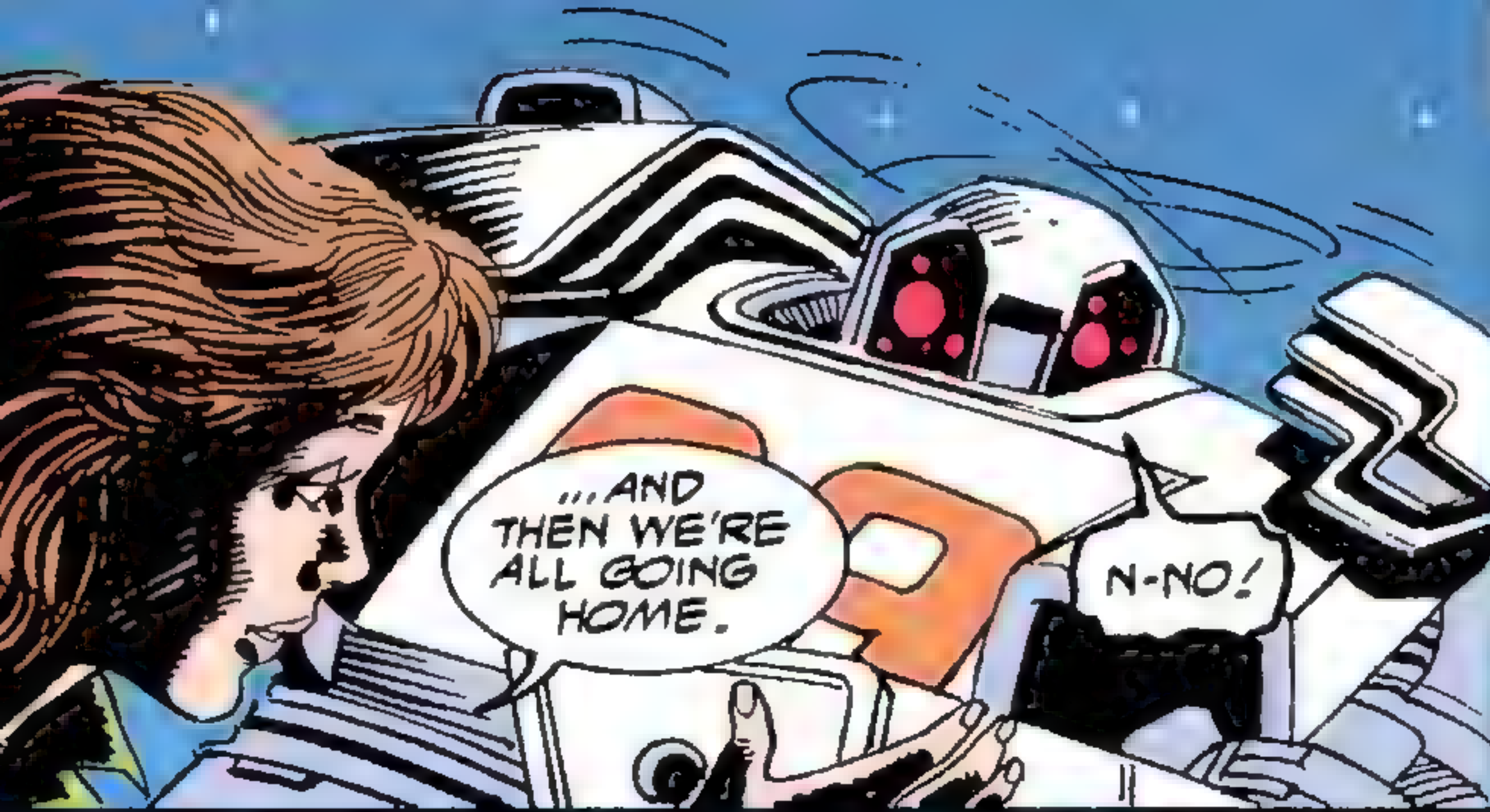
THAT'S NO ROBOT, IT'S MAX. MOBILE ASSAULT EXO-WARRIOR. OUR FRIEND, ELLIS-- THE IDIOT-- IS INSIDE.

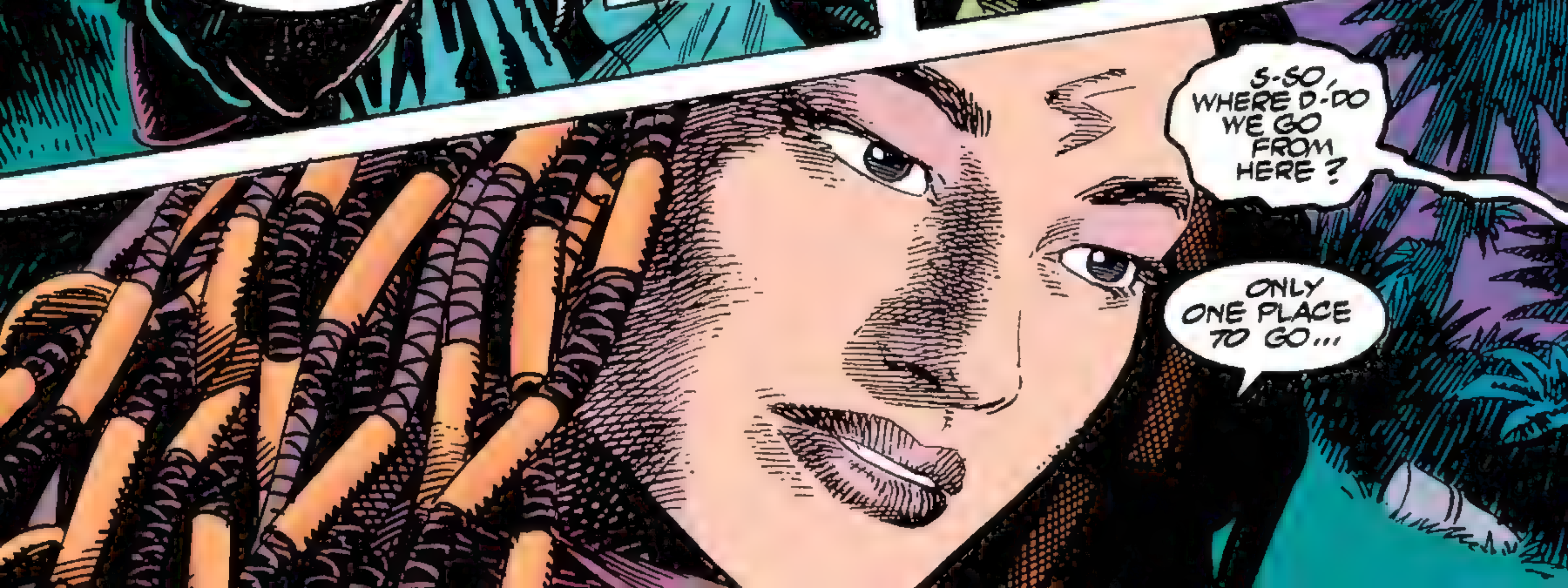
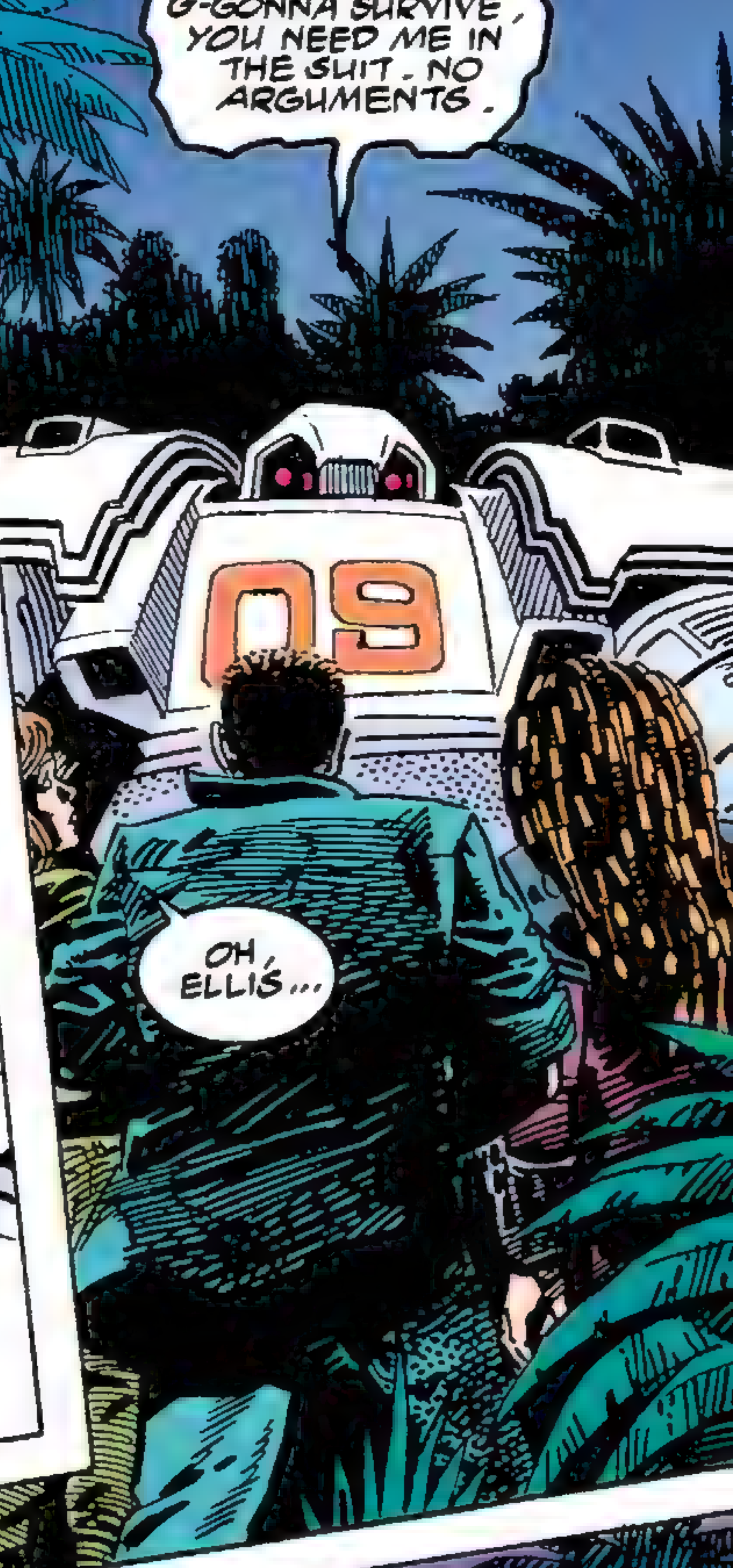
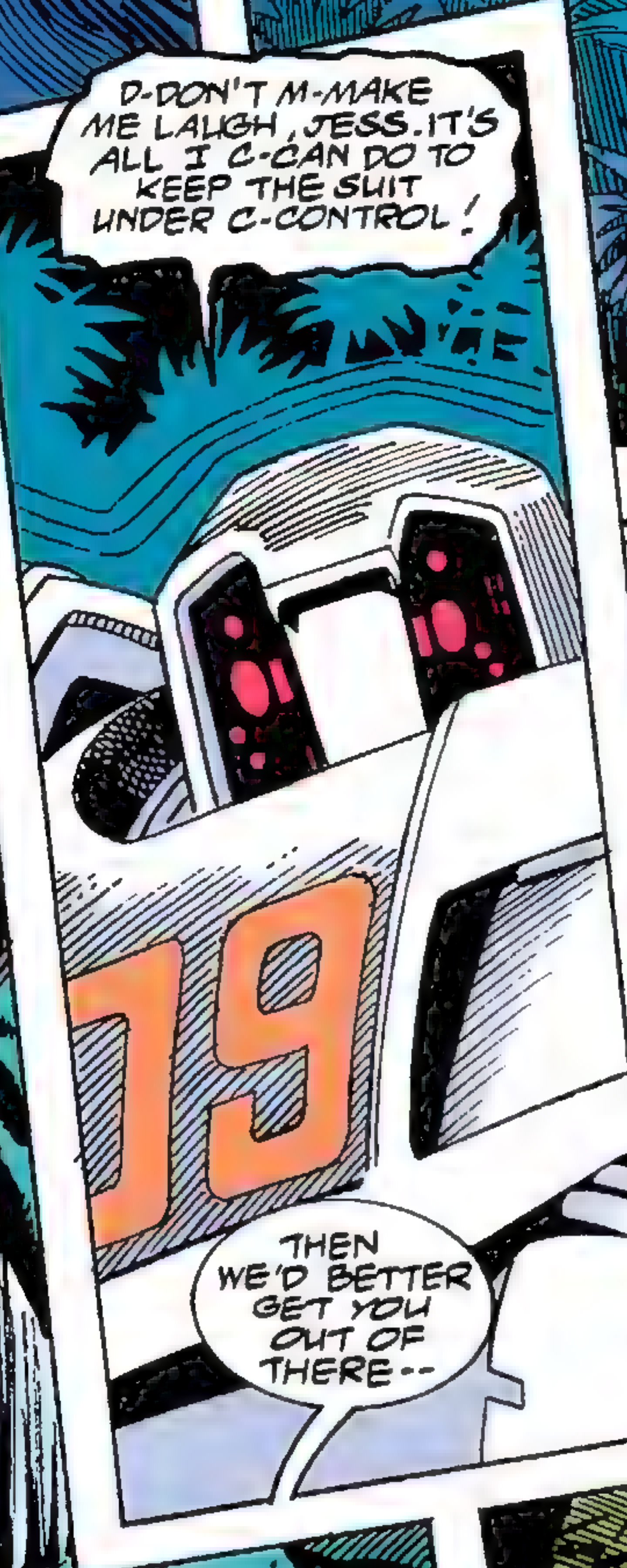
THE ARMOR WILL MAKE ANYBODY A ONE-PERSON ARMY-- IF THEY'RE WILLING TO PAY THE PRICE.

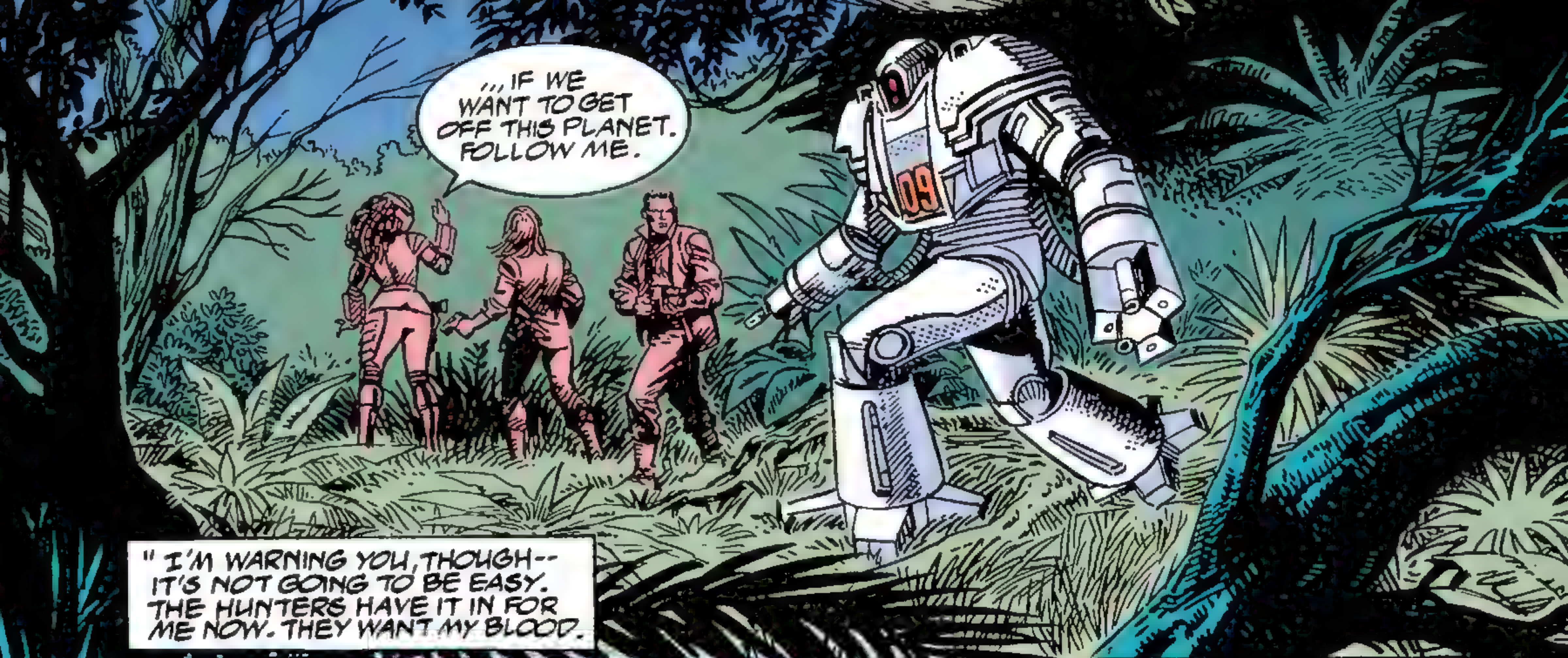


LOOKS LIKE LARA DID IT. MAYBE THE KID'S NOT AS FAR GONE AS I THOUGHT.

IT'S ALL RIGHT, ELLIS. WE'RE GOING TO GET YOU OUT OF THERE...







...IF WE
WANT TO GET
OFF THIS PLANET.
FOLLOW ME.

"I'M WARNING YOU, THOUGH--
IT'S NOT GOING TO BE EASY.
THE HUNTERS HAVE IT IN FOR
ME NOW. THEY WANT MY BLOOD.



"THE GOOD THING
IS, THEY'LL PLAY BY
THEIR RULES--RULES
THEY'VE SPENT THE
LAST YEAR OR SO
TEACHING ME.

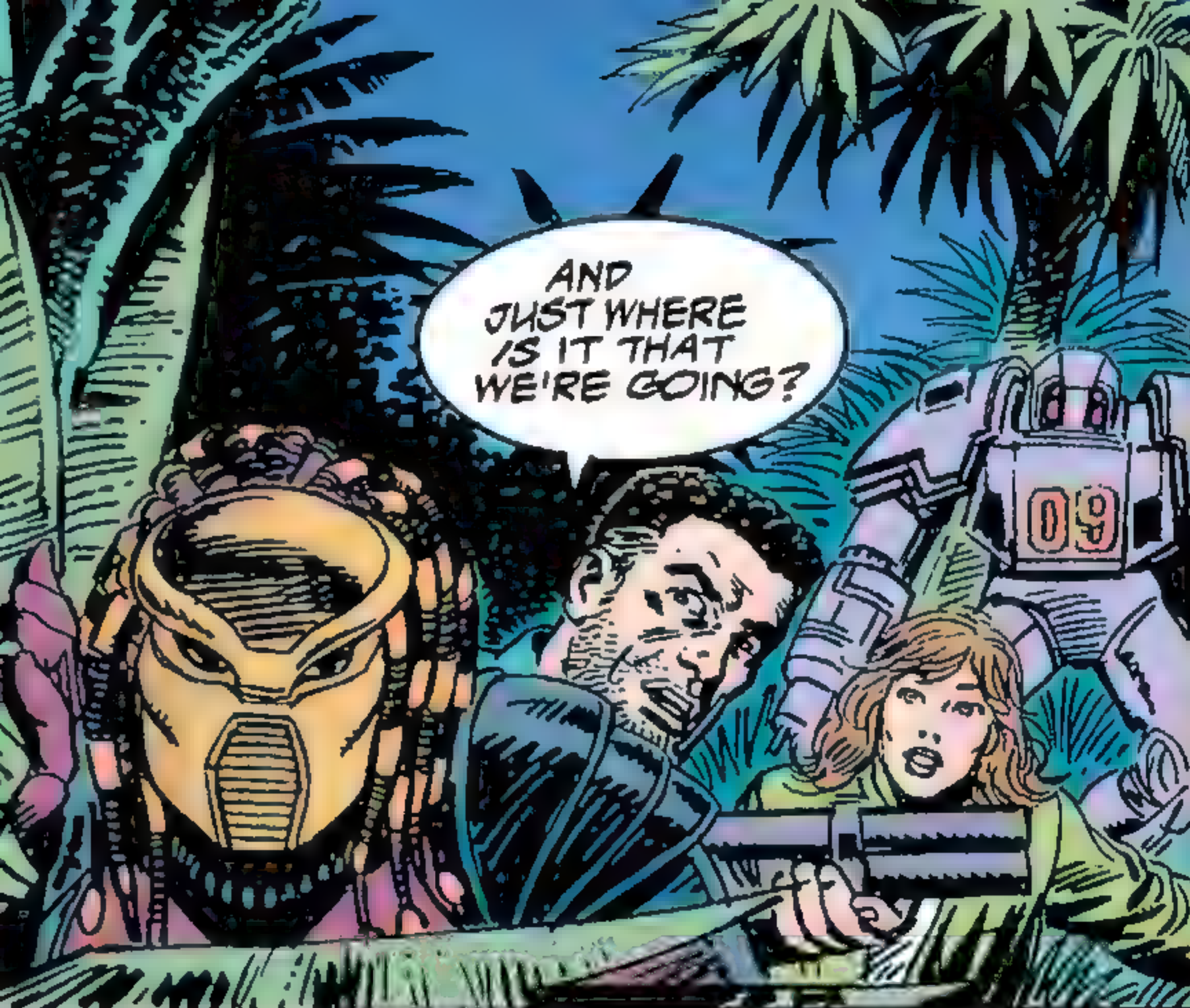


"THEN THERE'S THE MAMA BUG
AND HER BROOD. SHE AND I
HAVE A HISTORY, AND IF ANY-
THING, SHE WANTS ME WORSE
THAN TOPKNOT AND HIS TROUPE.

"AND SHE WON'T PLAY
BY ANY RULES THAT
WE EVEN UNDERSTAND.



"ON TOP OF EVERYTHING
ELSE, I HAVE NO IDEA
WHAT KIND OF MONSTERS
MAY BE NATIVE TO THIS
WORLD.



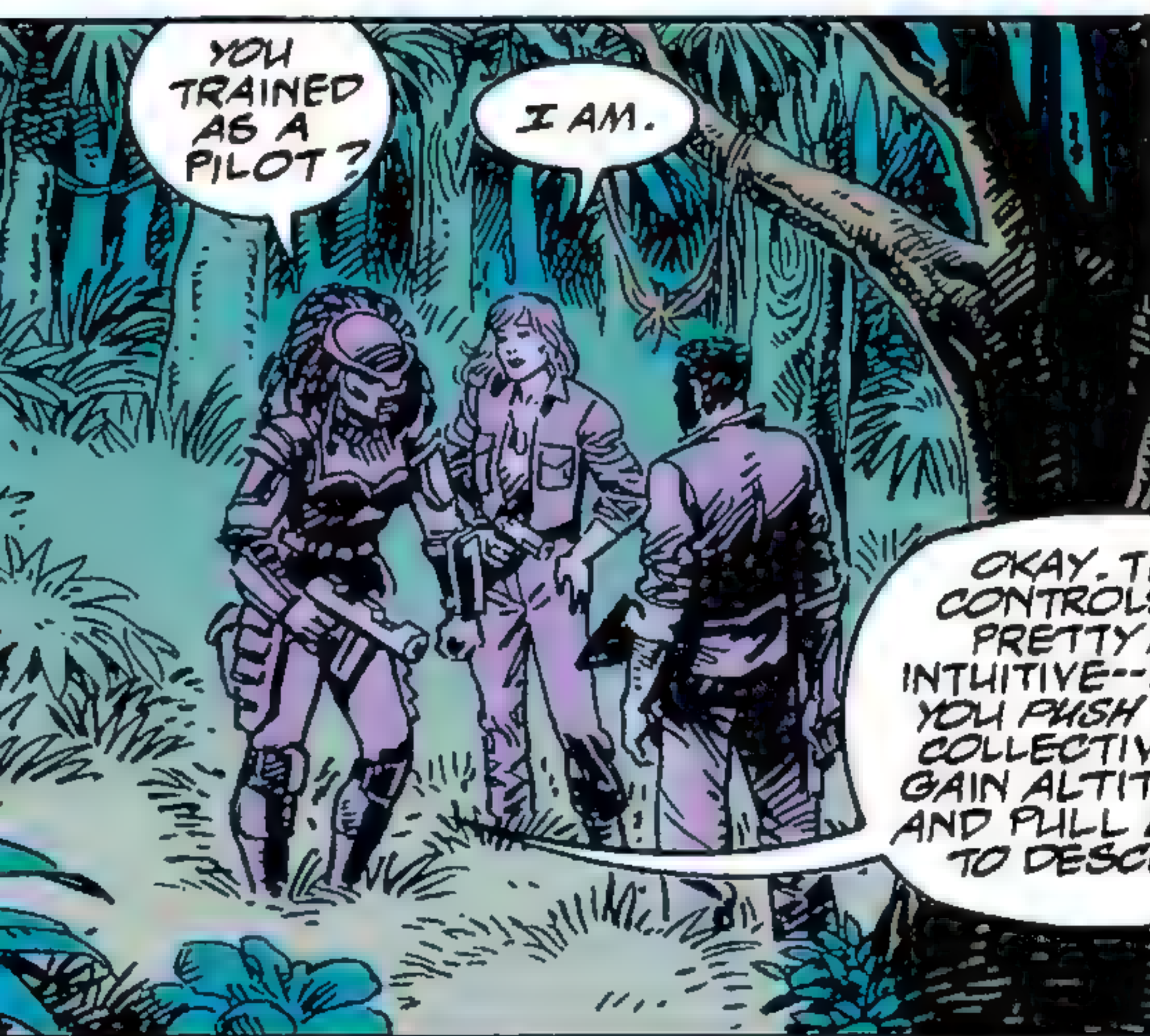
AND
JUST WHERE
IS IT THAT
WE'RE GOING?



HMM. GOOD POINT.
OKAY, IF WE GET
SPLIT UP, HERE'S
WHAT YOU DO.

THE
HUNTING PARTY
ARRIVED IN A
SHUTTLE. IT'S JUST
A FEW KLIKS DUE
SOUTH OF HERE.
IT'LL BE IN A
CLEARING, AND--

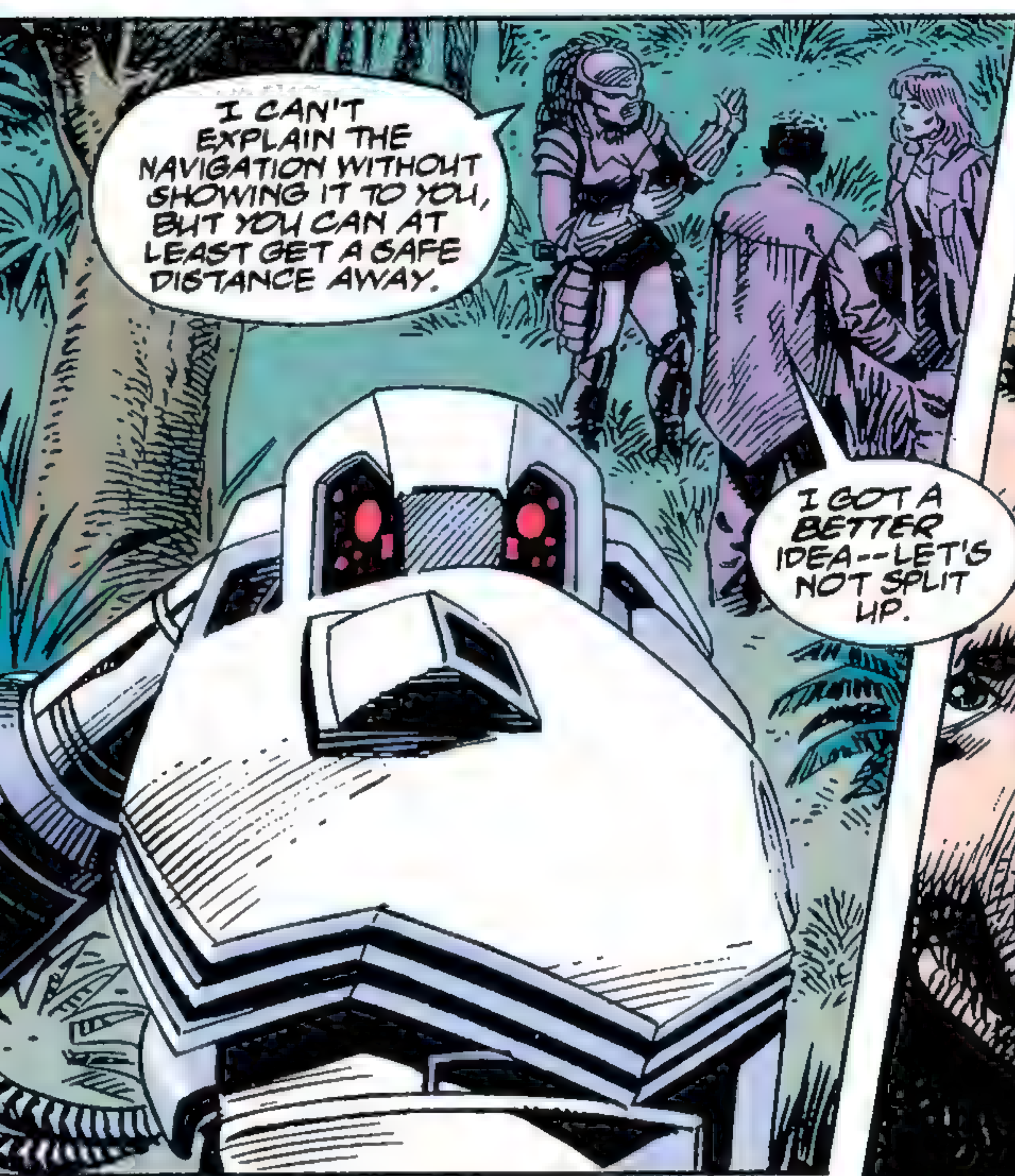
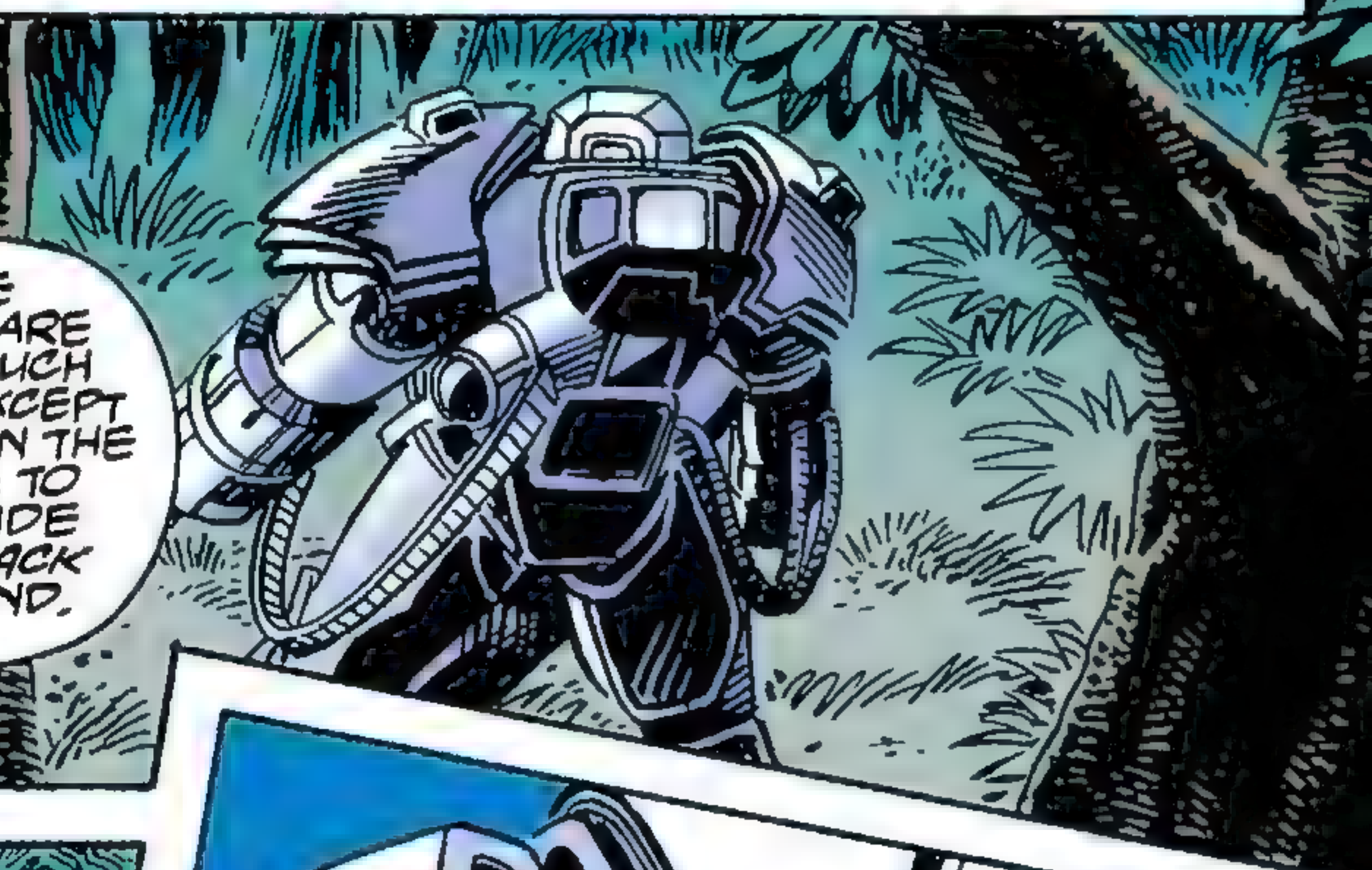
AND WE'RE
SUPPOSED
TO FLY AN
ALIEN
SHIP?



YOU
TRAINED
AS A
PILOT?

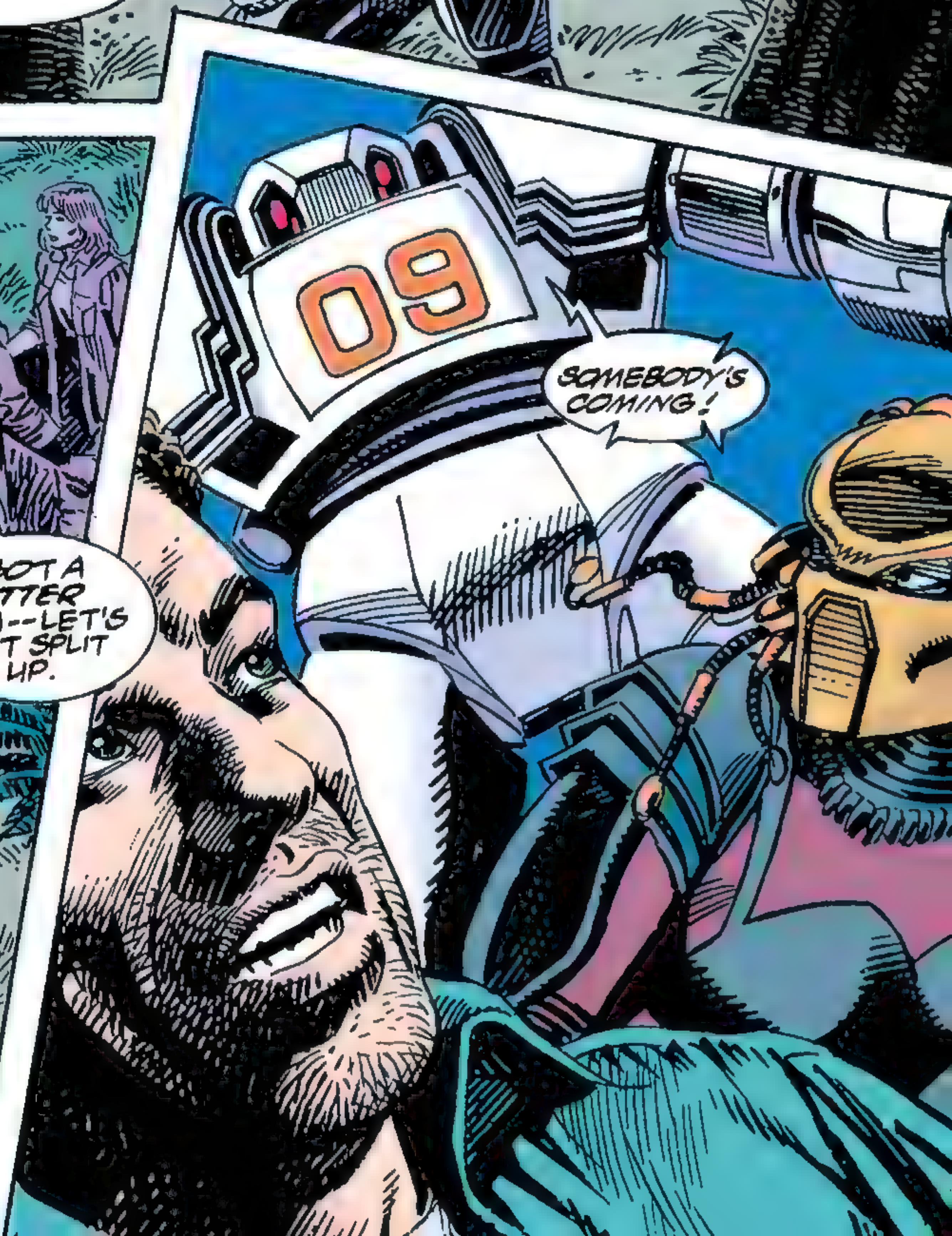
I AM.

OKAY. THE
CONTROLS ARE
PRETTY MUCH
INTUITIVE--EXCEPT
YOU PUSH ON THE
COLLECTIVE TO
GAIN ALTITUDE
AND PULL BACK
TO DESCEND.

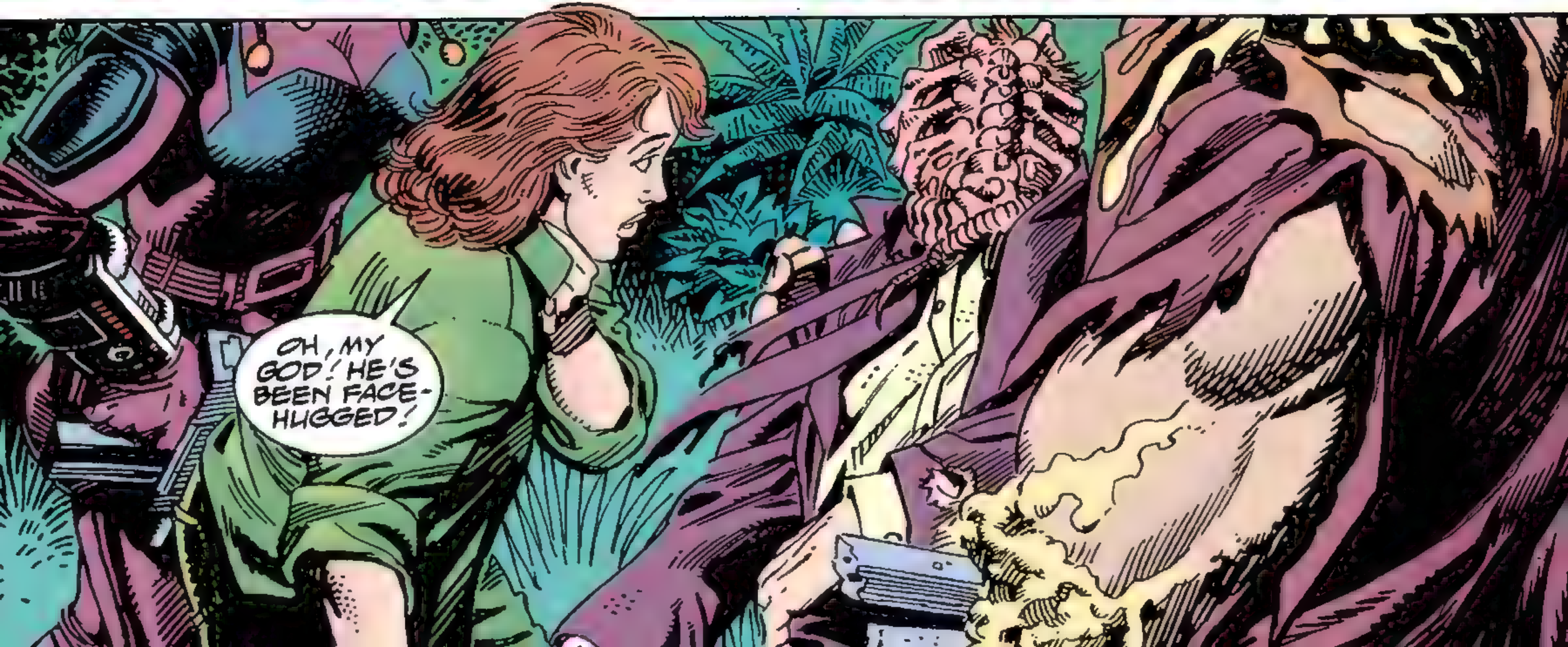
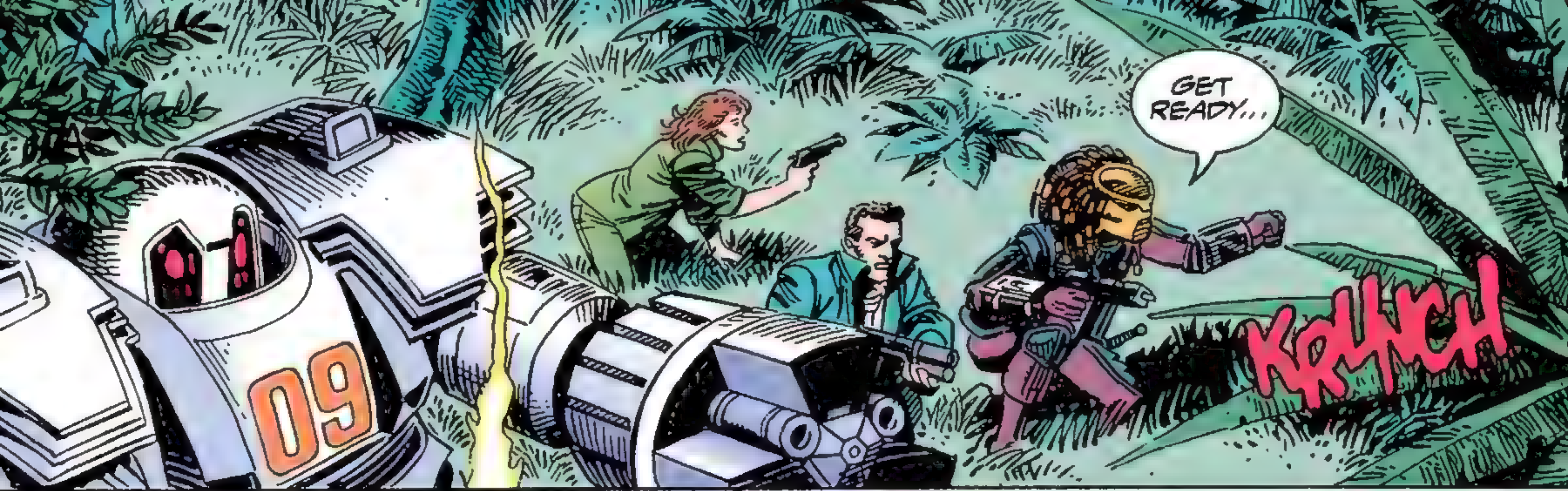


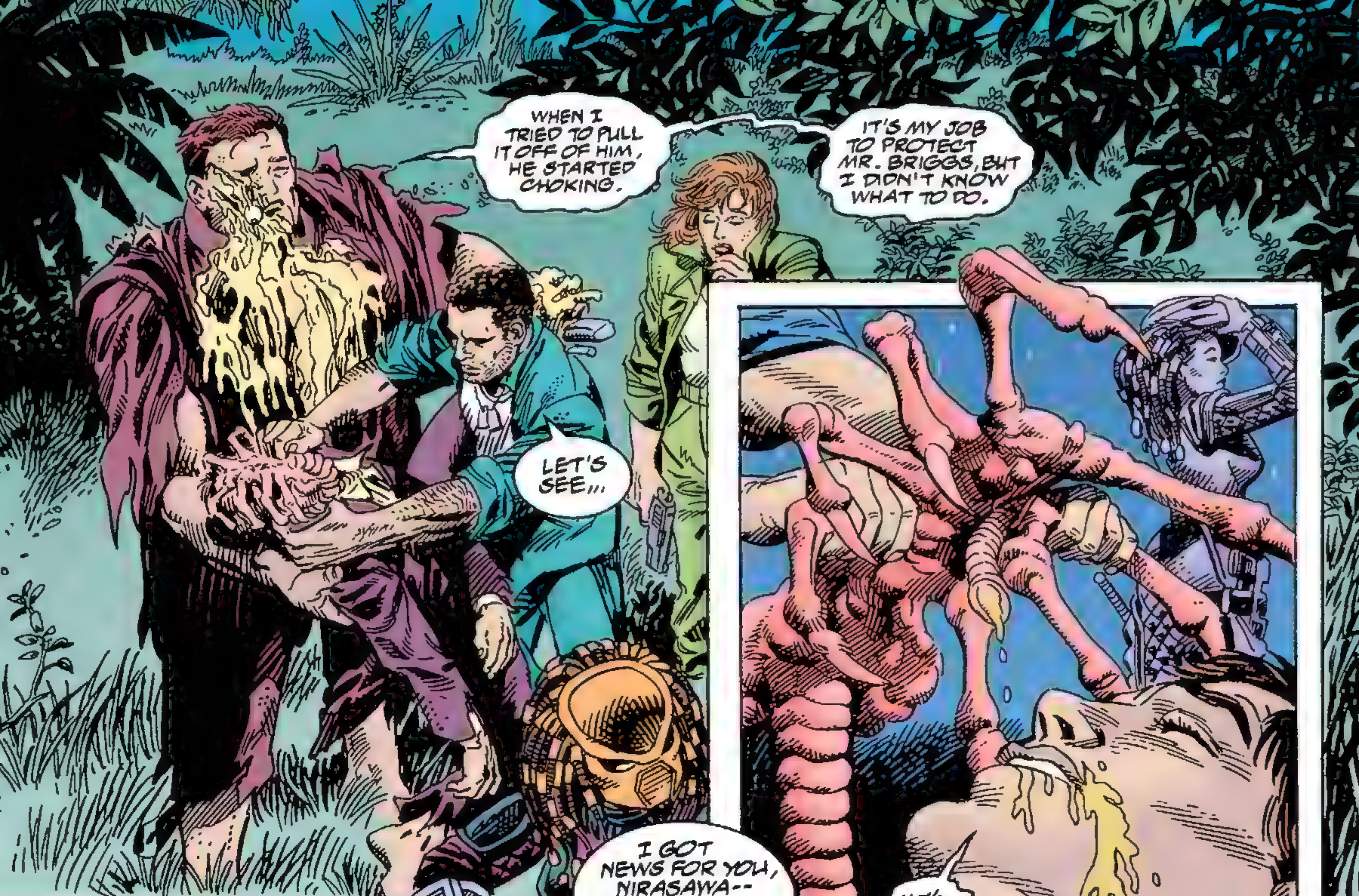
I CAN'T
EXPLAIN THE
NAVIGATION WITHOUT
SHOWING IT TO YOU,
BUT YOU CAN AT
LEAST GET A SAFE
DISTANCE AWAY.

I GOT A
BETTER
IDEA--LET'S
NOT SPLIT
UP.



SOMEBODY'S
COMING!



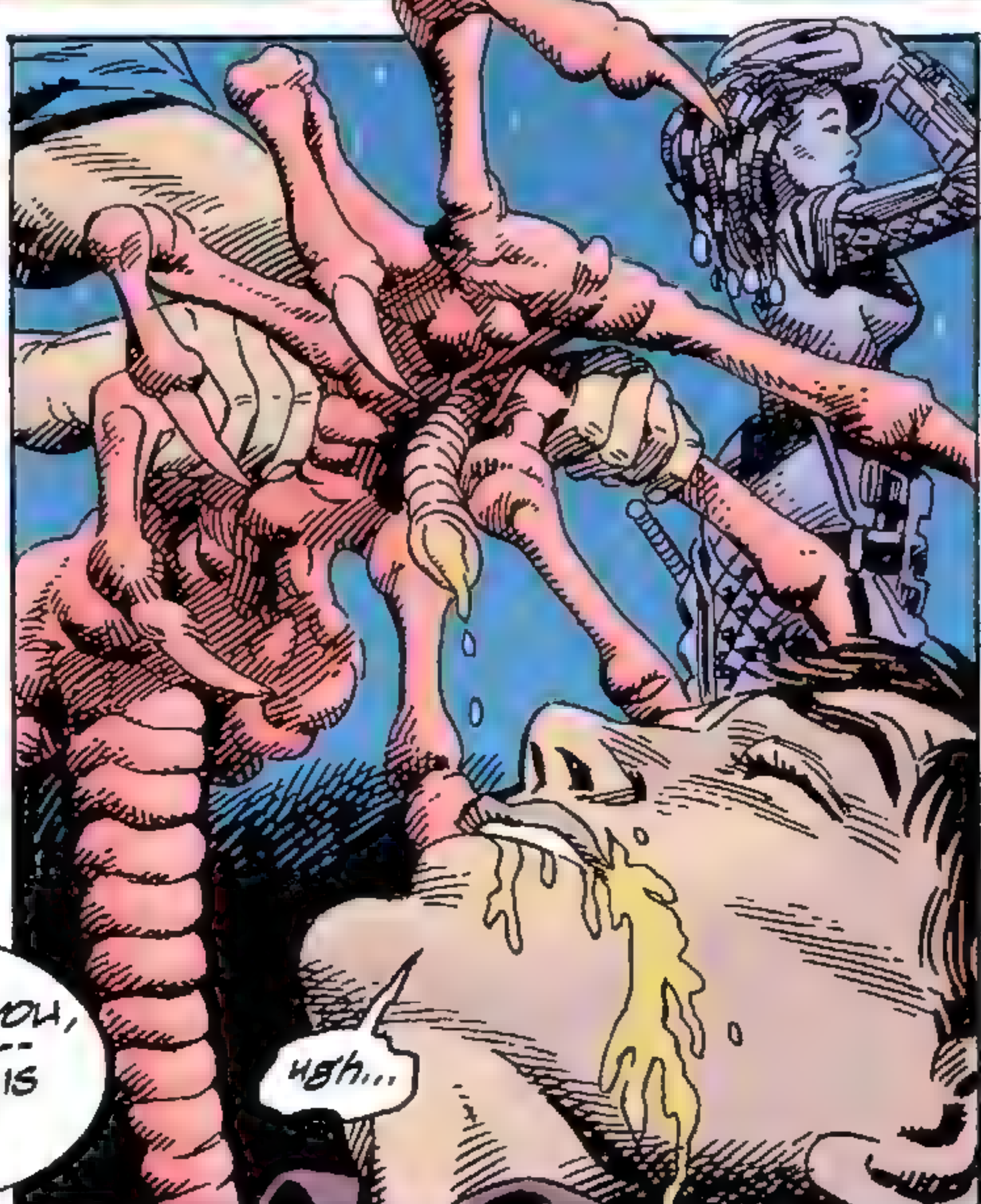


WHEN I TRIED TO PULL IT OFF OF HIM, HE STARTED CHOKING.

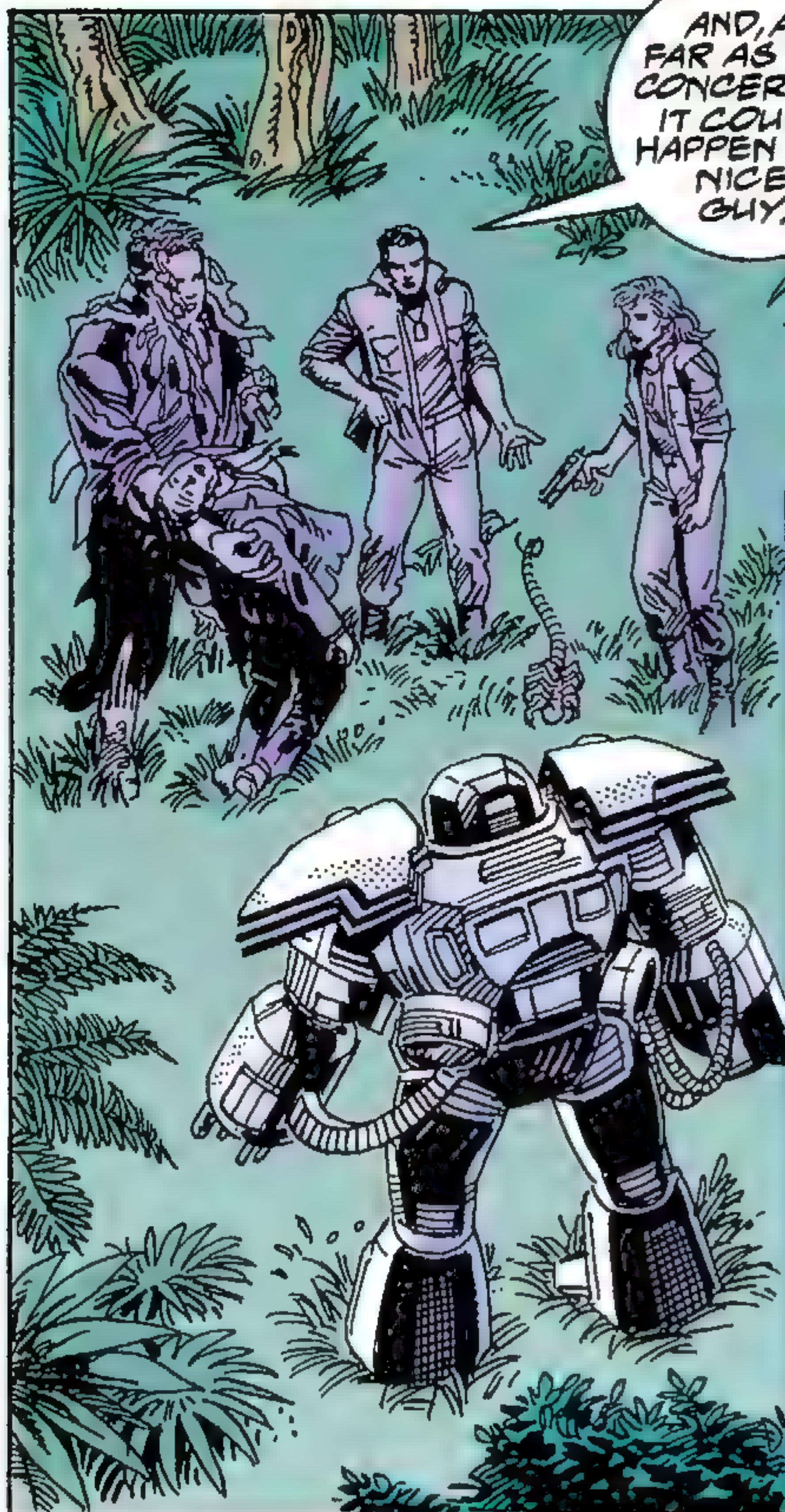
IT'S MY JOB TO PROTECT MR. BRIGGS, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

LET'S SEE...

I GOT NEWS FOR YOU, NIRASAWA-- YOUR BOSS IS BEYOND HELP.



ugh...



AND, AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, IT COULDN'T HAPPEN TO A NICER GUY.

JESS--!

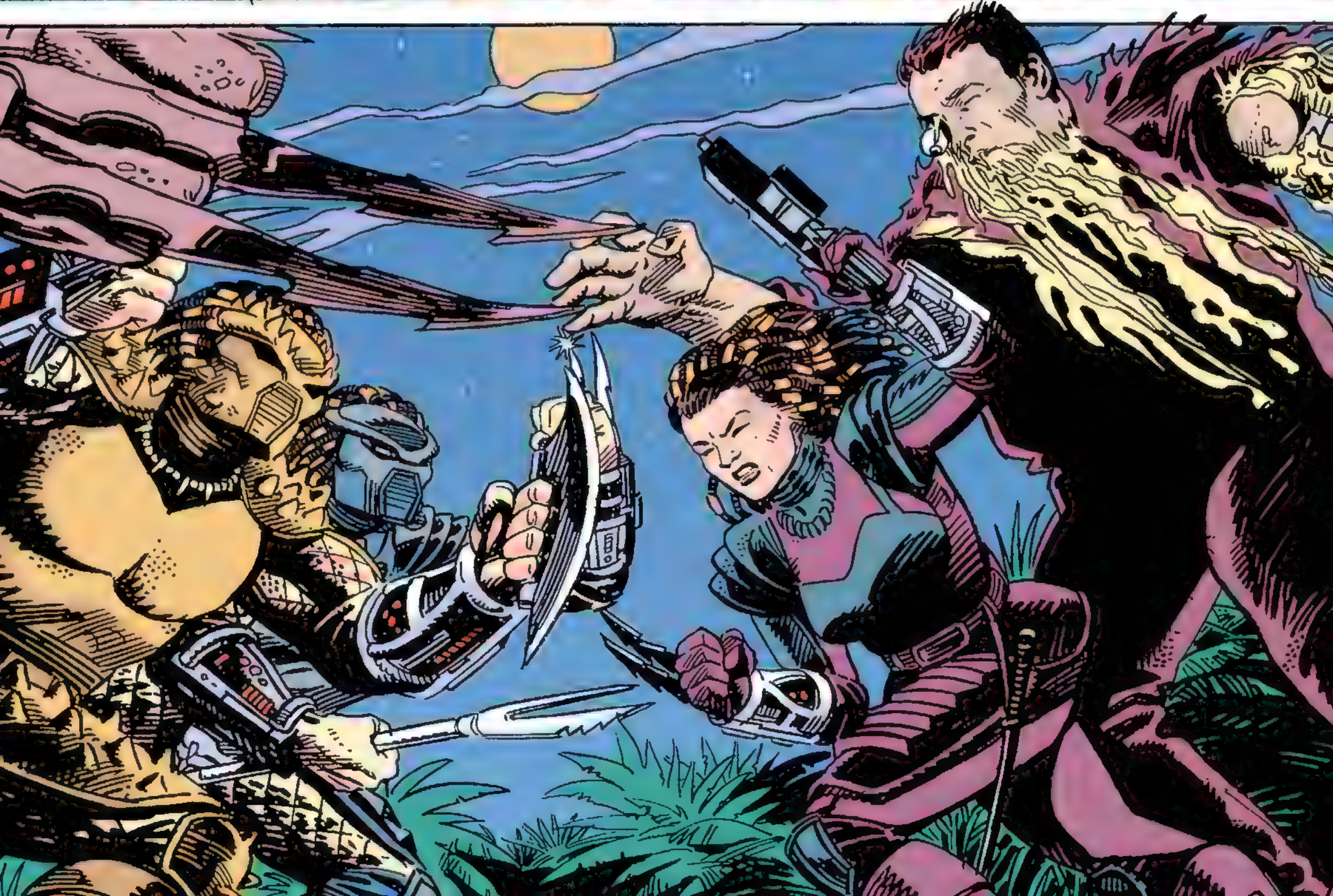
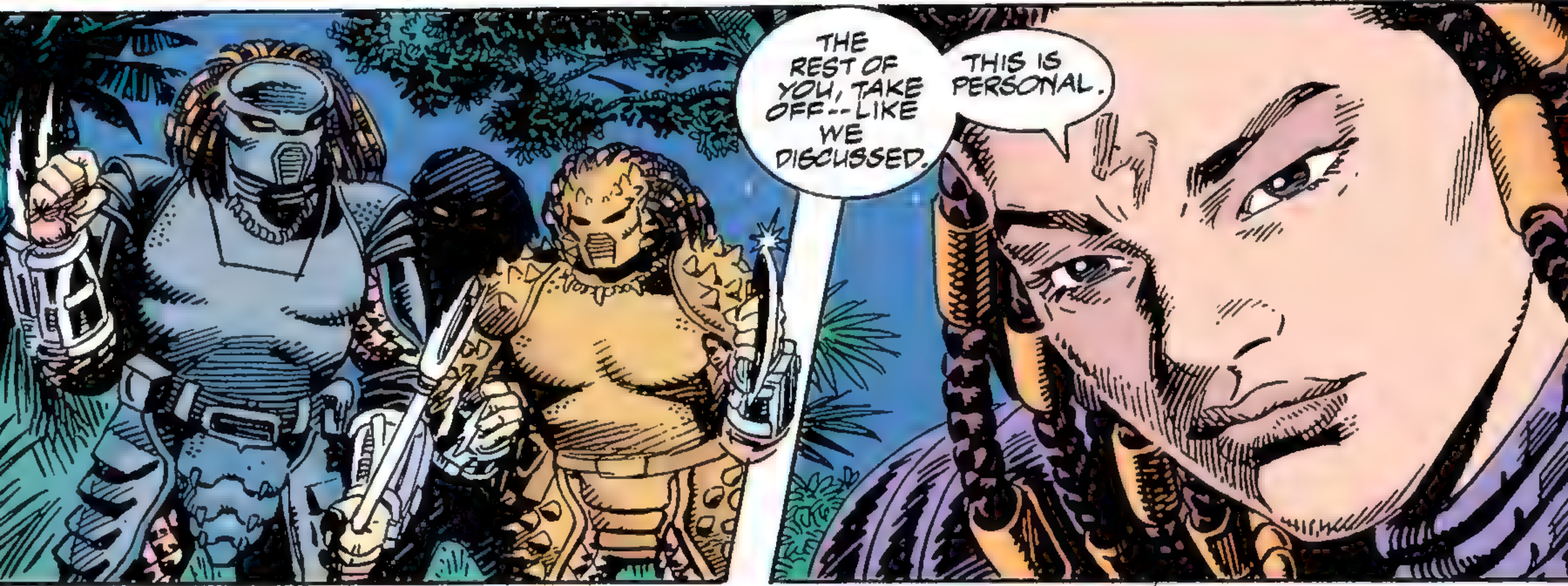
QUIET!

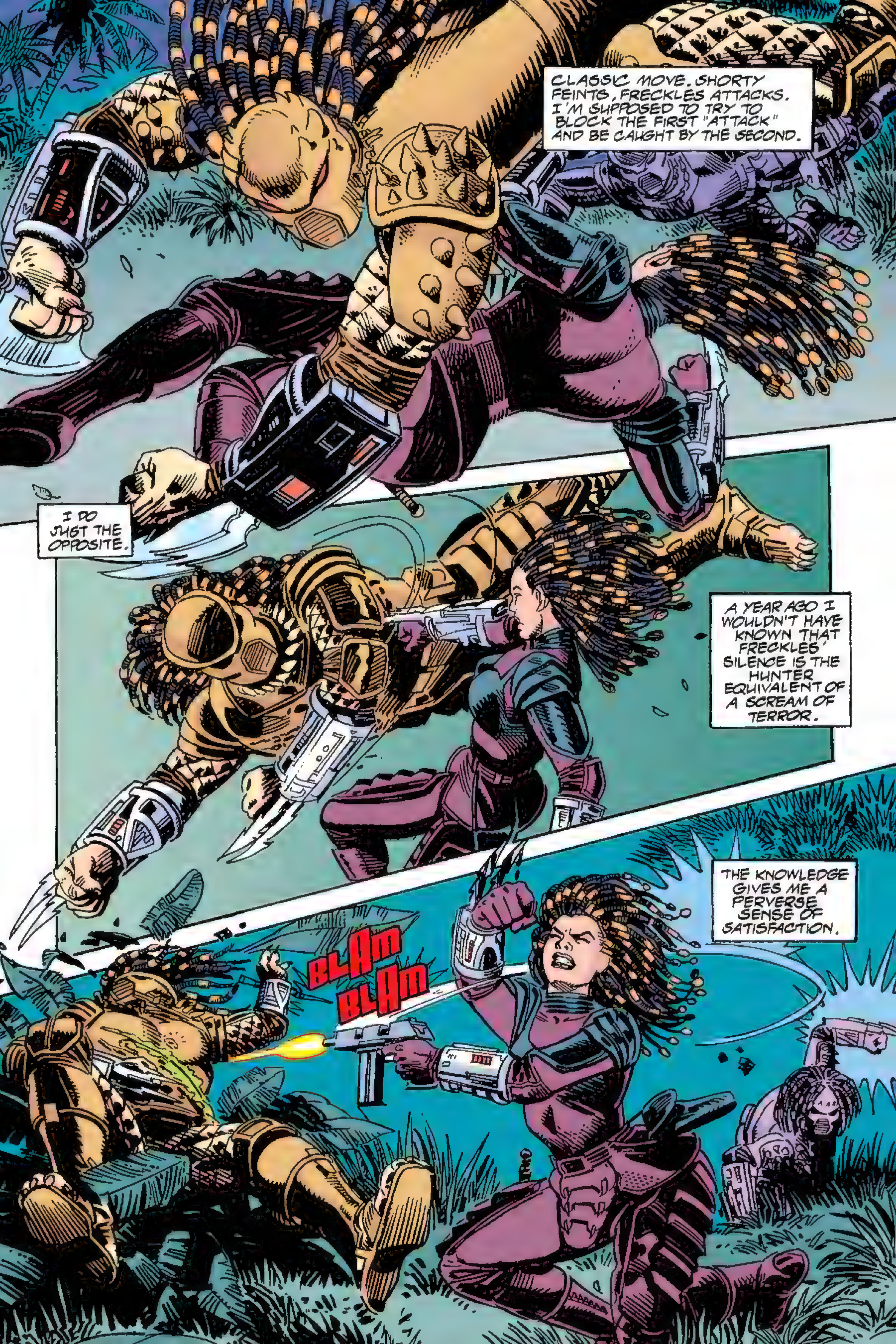
ARGUE THIS LATER, OKAY?

I THINK IT'S TIME WE SPLIT UP...

NIRASAWA, JESS IS RIGHT-- IT'S TOO LATE TO HELP YOUR MASTER. BUT IF THERE'S ANY PART OF YOUR PROGRAMMING THAT UNDERSTANDS REVENGE--







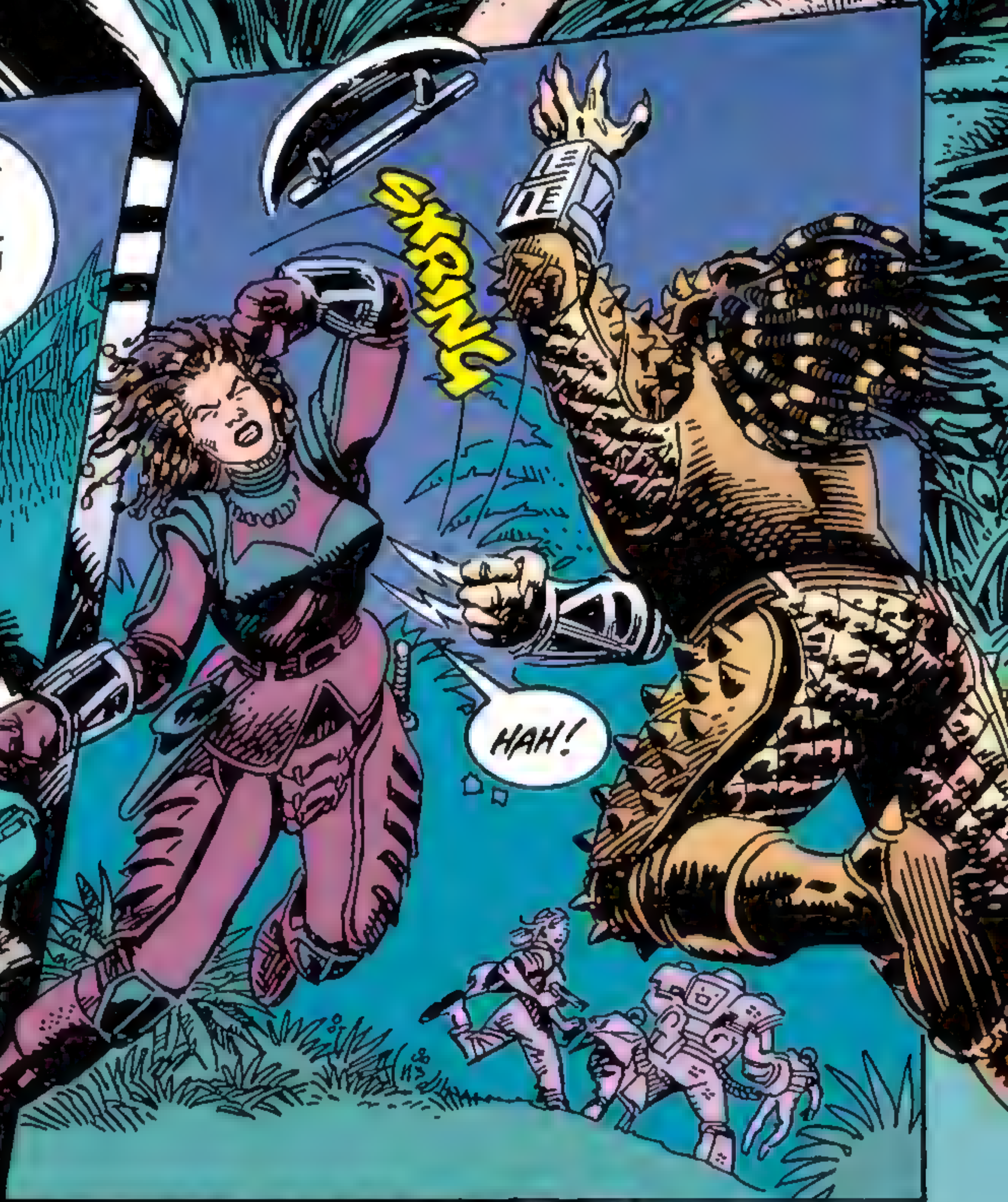
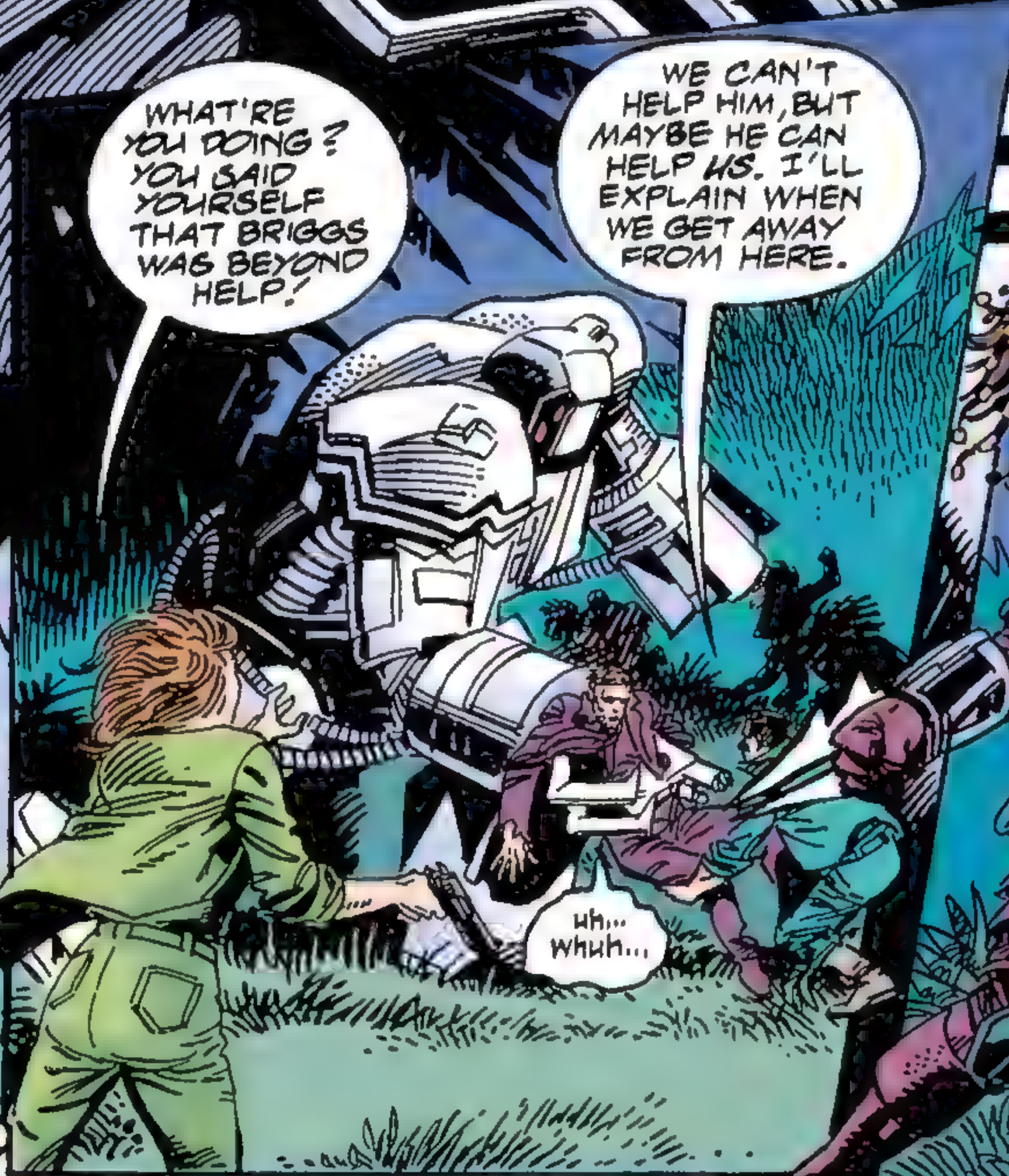
CLASSIC MOVE. SHORTY
FEINTS, FRECKLES ATTACKS.
I'M SUPPOSED TO TRY TO
BLOCK THE FIRST "ATTACK"
AND BE CAUGHT BY THE SECOND.

I DO
JUST THE
OPPOSITE.

A YEAR AGO I
WOULDN'T HAVE
KNOWN THAT
FRECKLES'
SILENCE IS THE
HUNTER
EQUIVALENT OF
A SCREAM OF
TERROR.

THE KNOWLEDGE
GIVES ME A
PERVERSE
SENSE OF
SATISFACTION.

BLAM
BLAM





WHAT'S THE MATTER, SHORTY?

NOT SO TOUGH WITHOUT SOMEBODY TO BACK YOU UP? YOU'RE NOT A HUNTER. YOU'RE JUST A BULLY.

KAK

SLASH

I'M MORE OF A HUNTER THAN YOU.



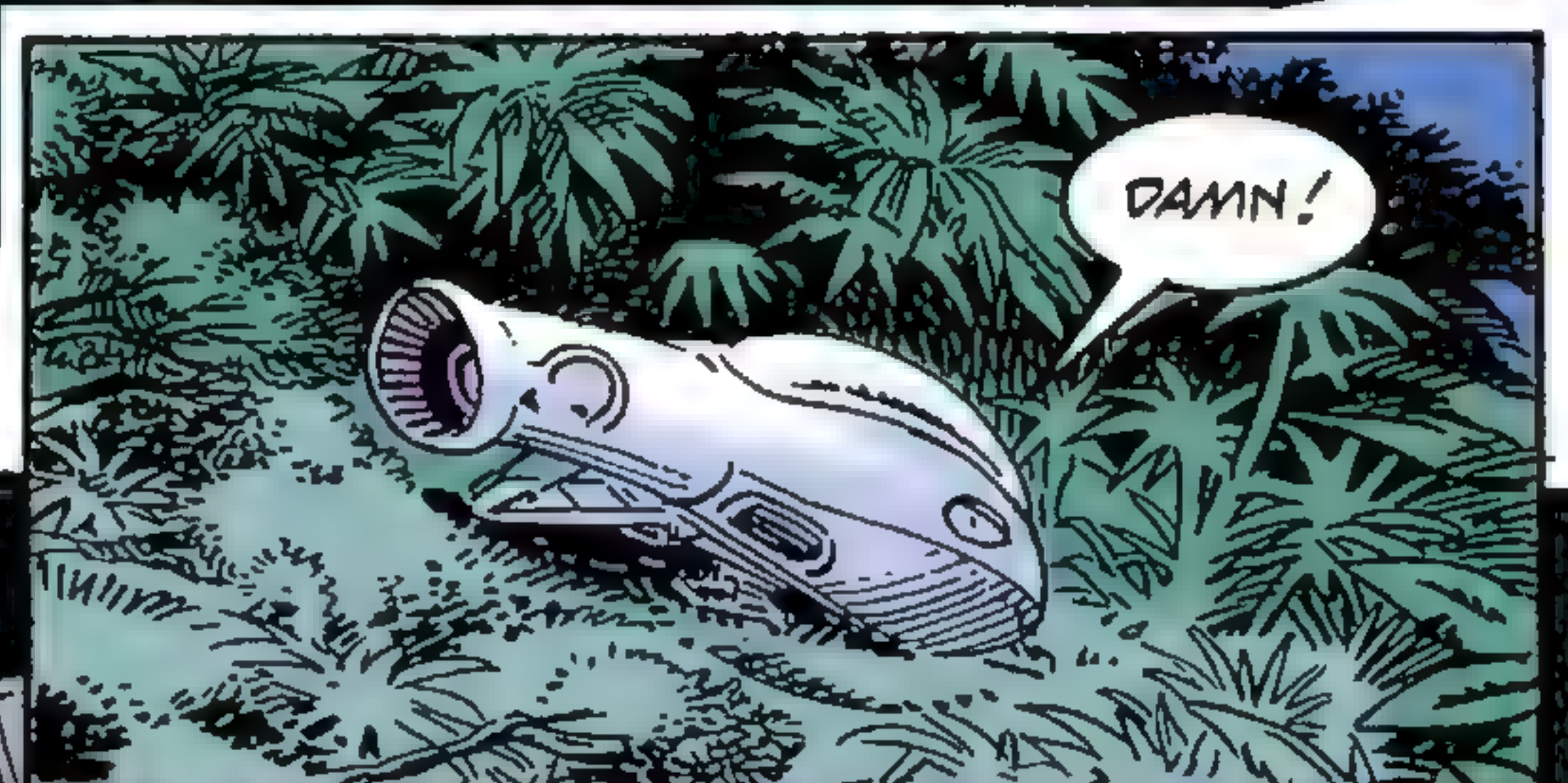
SLAN

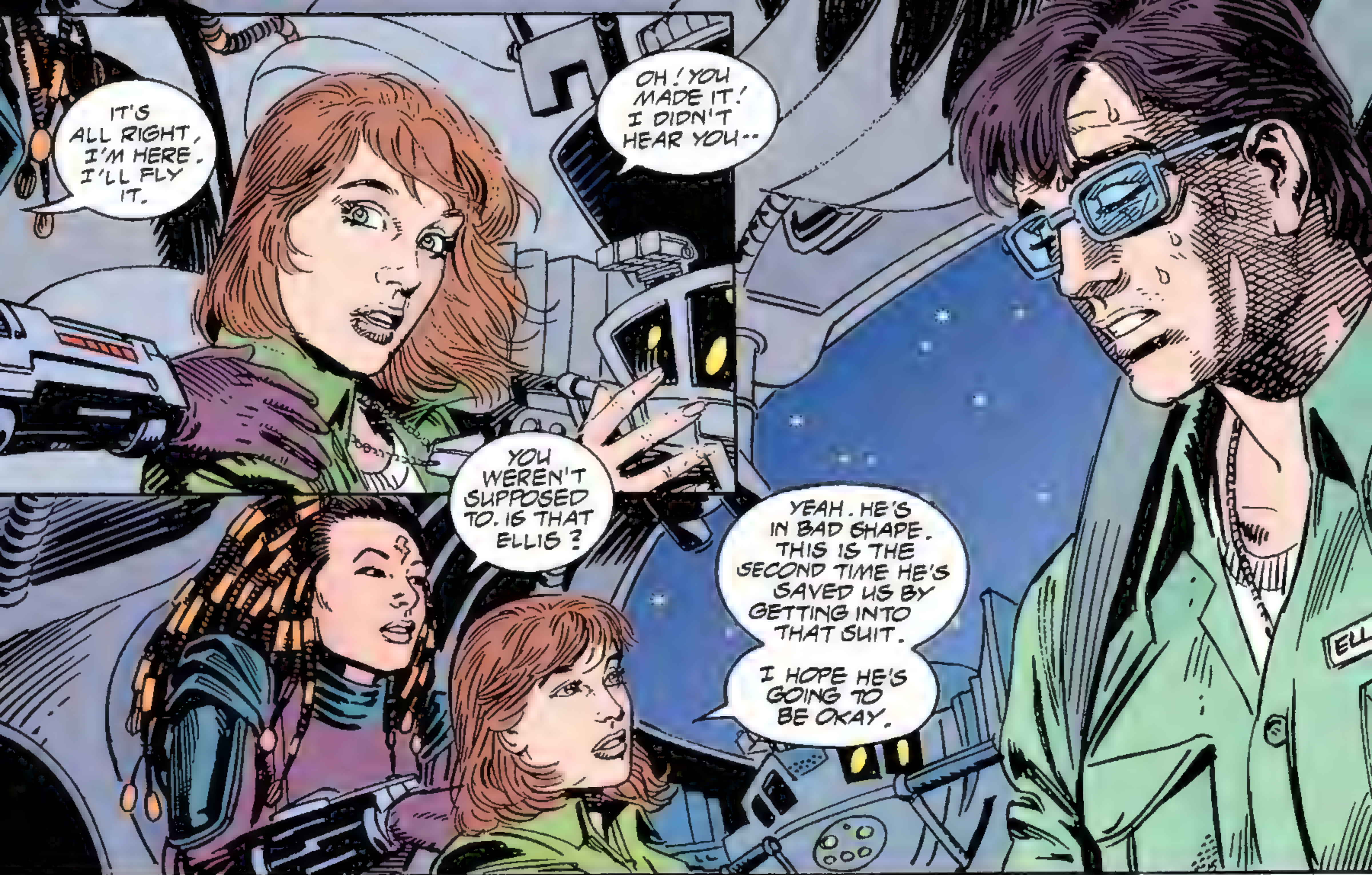
WHY?
<HUMAN...>
WHY?



I KNEW YOU COULD UNDERSTAND ME. GOOD.

I MAY BE HUMAN, BUT I'M ALSO HUNTER. AND EVEN THOUGH THE HUMAN SIDE OF ME SAYS IT'S WRONG TO KILL YOU...





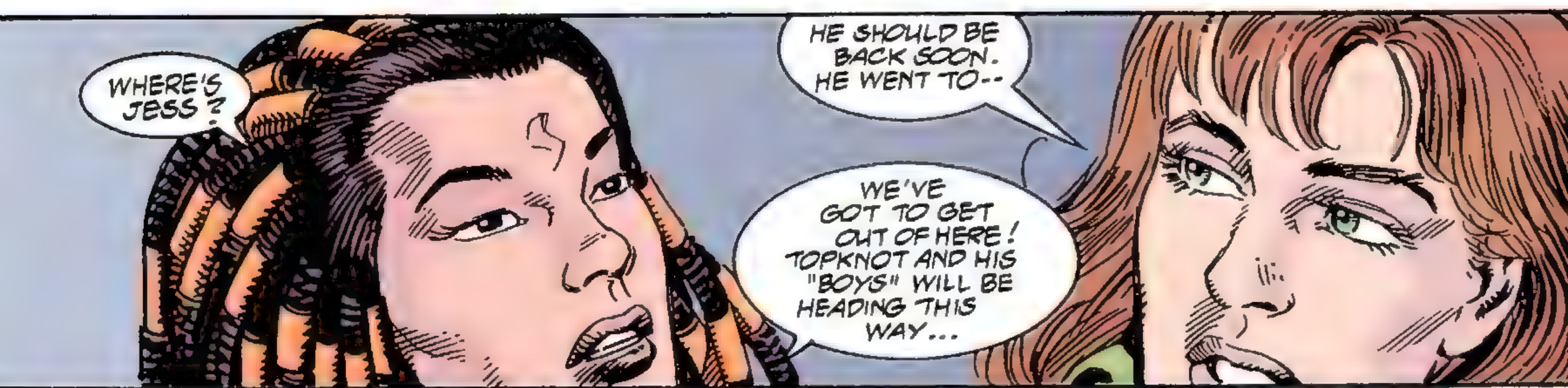
IT'S ALL RIGHT, I'M HERE. I'LL FLY IT.

OH! YOU MADE IT! I DIDN'T HEAR YOU--

YOU WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO. IS THAT ELLIS?

YEAH. HE'S IN BAD SHAPE. THIS IS THE SECOND TIME HE'S SAVED US BY GETTING INTO THAT SUIT.

I HOPE HE'S GOING TO BE OKAY.



WHERE'S JESS?

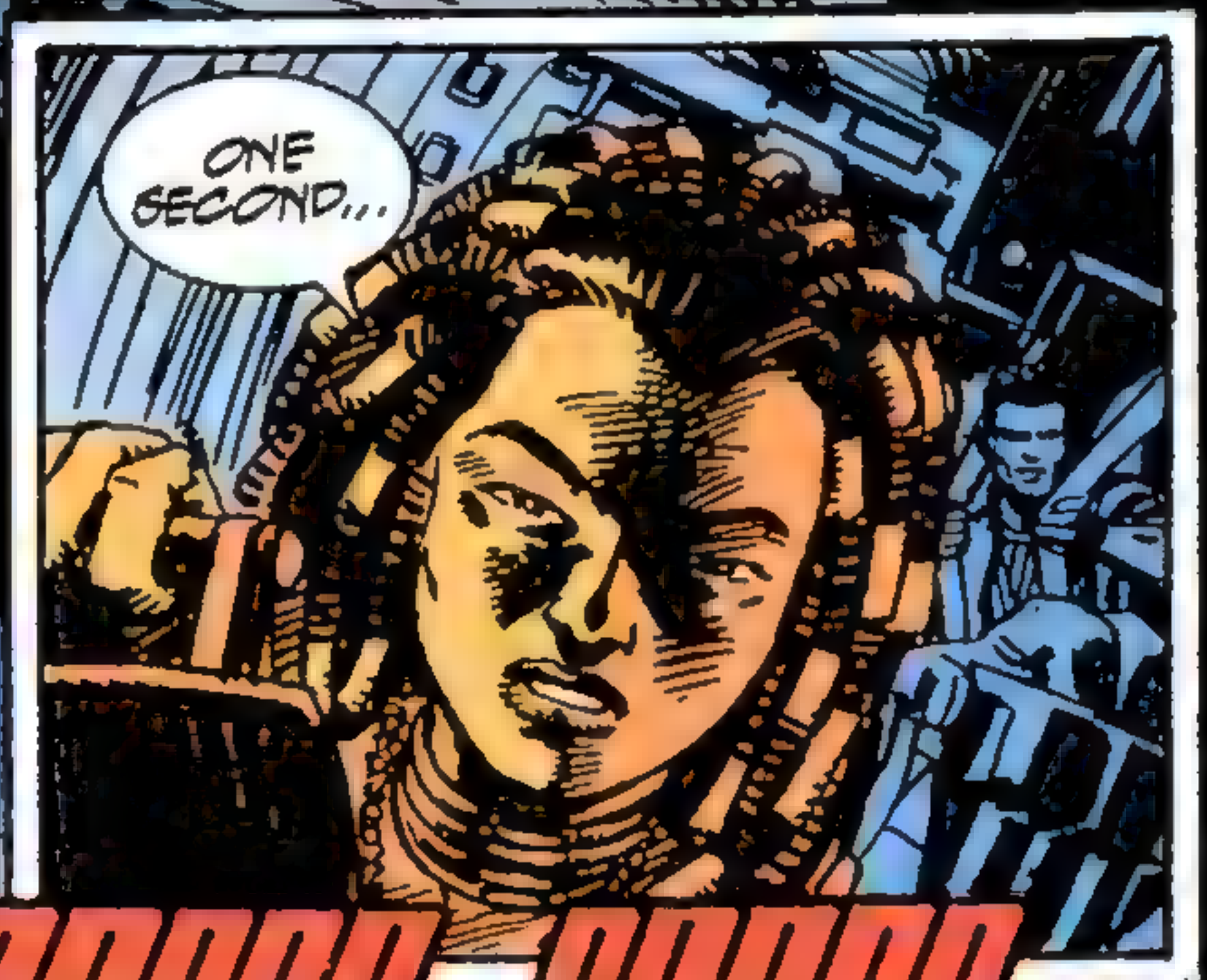
HE SHOULD BE BACK SOON. HE WENT TO--

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! TOPKNOT AND HIS "BOYS" WILL BE HEADING THIS WAY...



...NOT TO MENTION THE BUGS!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, SISTER! GET THIS SHIP AIRBORNE!



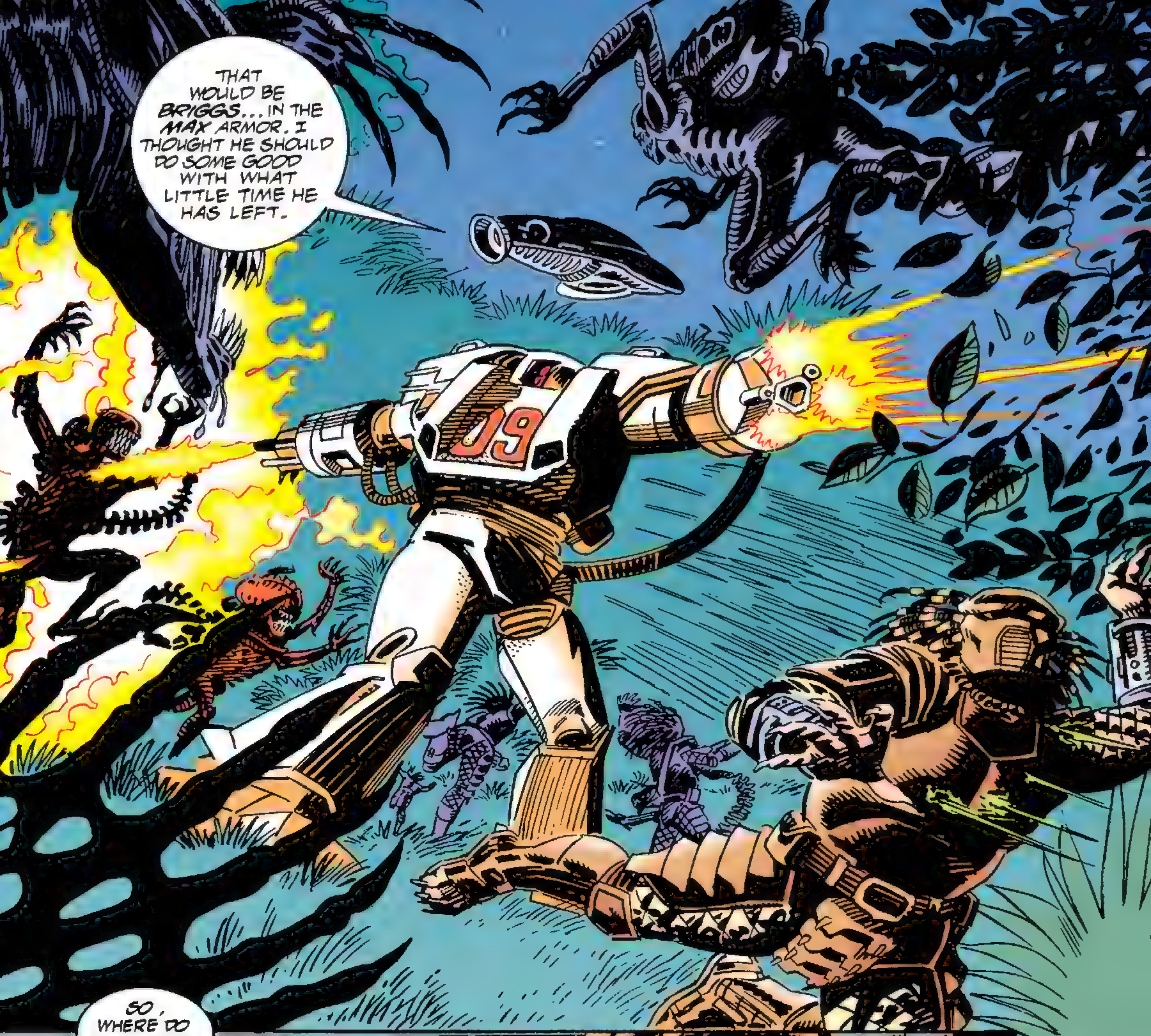
ONE SECOND...

BRRRRP! BRRRRP!



WHAT'S THAT--? YOU'RE ALL HERE... WHO'S SHOOTING?

THAT?



THAT
WOULD BE
BRIGGS... IN THE
MAX ARMOR. I
THOUGHT HE SHOULD
DO SOME GOOD
WITH WHAT
LITTLE TIME HE
HAS LEFT.

SO,
WHERE DO
WE GO FROM
HERE?

HOME,
OF
COURSE.

HOME...

...SOMEPLACE
I HAVEN'T
BEEN, YET.

THE
END.

ETERNAL



script
IAN EDGINTON

art
ALEX MALEEV

colors
PERRY McNAMEE / DARK HORSE DIGITAL

lettering
CLEM ROBINS

title illustration
GLENN FABRY



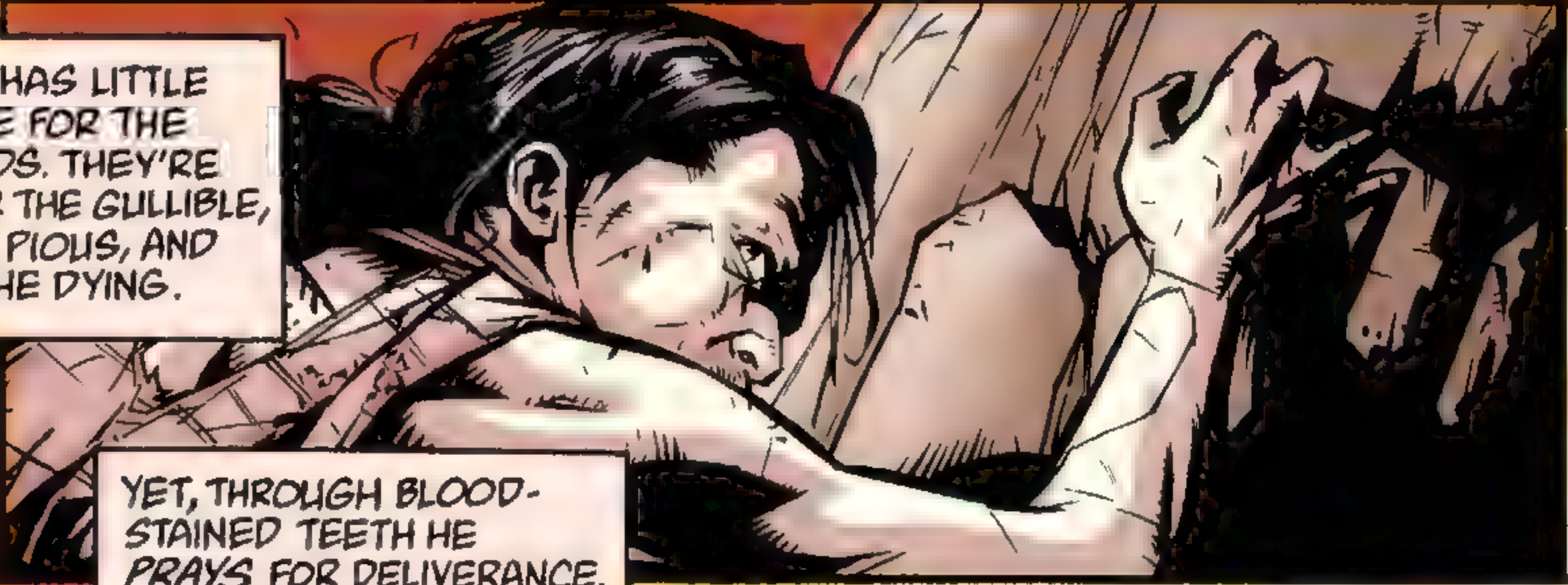
LIAR, THIEF, WHORE,
MURDERER. LI YAT SEN
IS ALL OF THESE--
THE LATTER MOST
RECENTLY.

PLAYING THE
WANDERING SAGE, HE
PEDDLED ELIXIRS AND
UNCTIONS TO DIM-
WITTED MOUNTAIN
VILLAGERS.

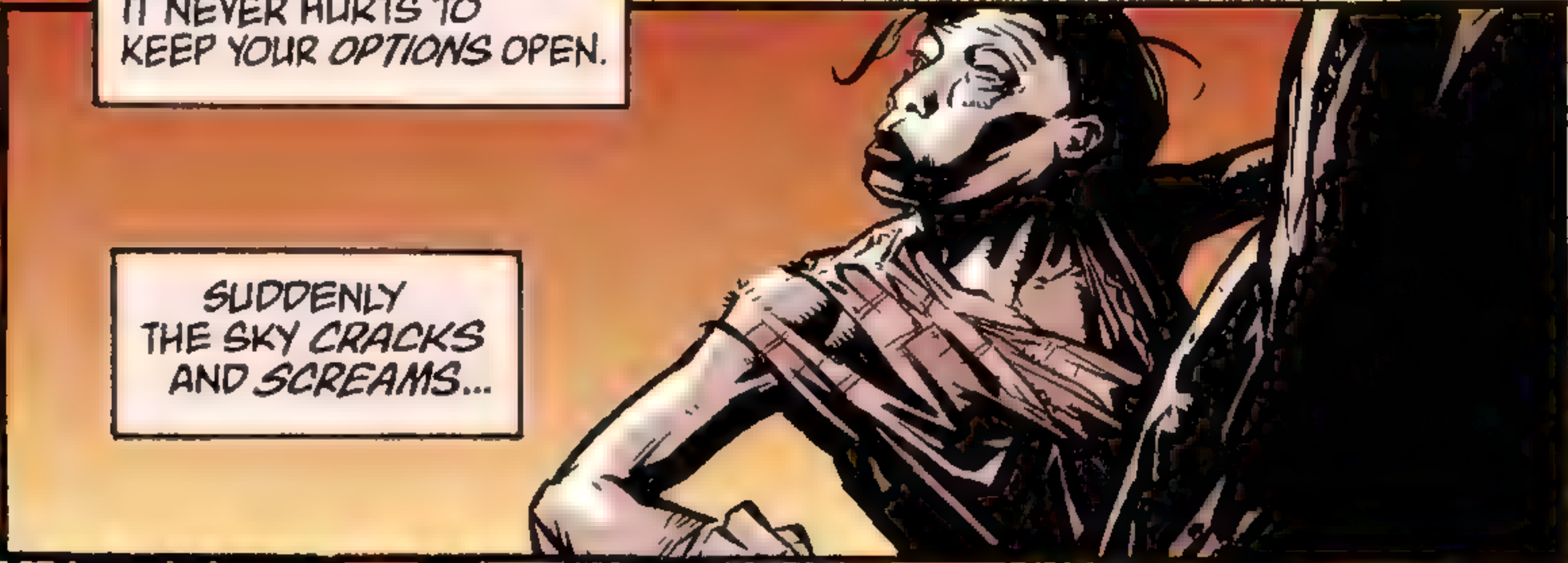
YET EVEN HE DIDN'T
ANTICIPATE HIS CURE--
ALL OF SNAKE BLOOD,
GINSENG, AND URINE
FERMENTING INTO A
TOXIC BREW.

SEVENTEEN
DIED...

...THE REST SMASHED
HIS CHEST LIKE PORCELAIN,
DROVE HIM OUT TO A SLOW
DEATH, BREATHING HIS OWN
BLOOD AS NIGHT AND COLD
CLOSED IN.



HE HAS LITTLE
TIME FOR THE
GODS. THEY'RE
FOR THE GULLIBLE,
THE PIOUS, AND
THE DYING.

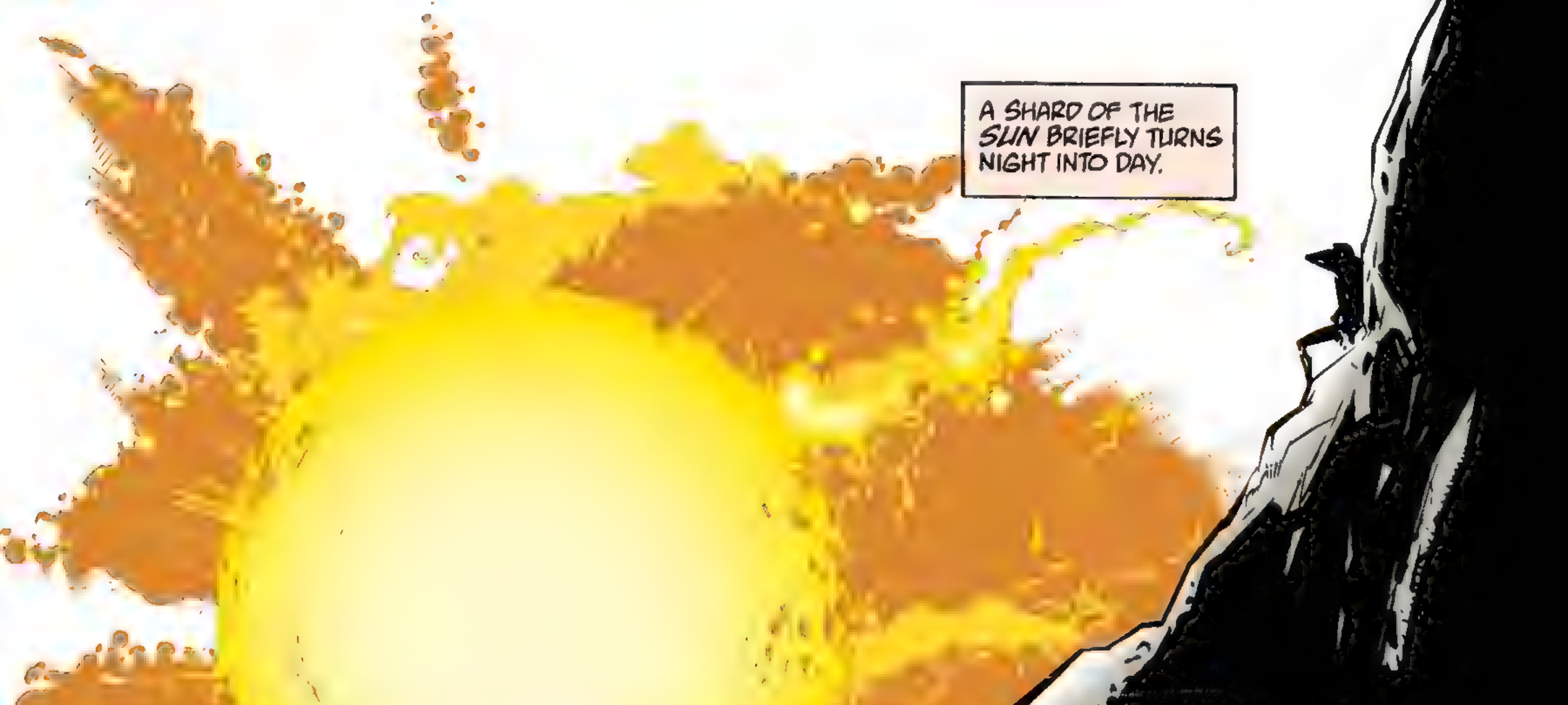


YET, THROUGH BLOOD-
STAINED TEETH HE
PRAYS FOR DELIVERANCE.
IT NEVER HURTS TO
KEEP YOUR OPTIONS OPEN.

SUDDENLY
THE SKY CRACKS
AND SCREAMS...



...AND DESTINY
ARRIVES ON
BURNING WINGS.



A SHARD OF THE
SUN BRIEFLY TURNS
NIGHT INTO DAY.



IN THE VILLAGE THEY
COWER IN THEIR
BEDS, FEARFUL OF
THIS STAR OF ILL-OMEN.



YET, TO LI'S AGILE
MIND IT IS
SOMETHING MORE...



...IT IS AN
OPPORTUNITY.



ALIEN METAL HISSES
AND SPITS LIKE A VIPER
IN THE WHITE HEAT. IT
TOUCHES A MEMORY
IN LI OF A CAUTIONARY
TALE TOLD HIM AT HIS
GRANDFATHER'S KNEE.



OF DEATH AND
DRAGONS...



...AND MEN
WHO WALK LIKE
GODS.

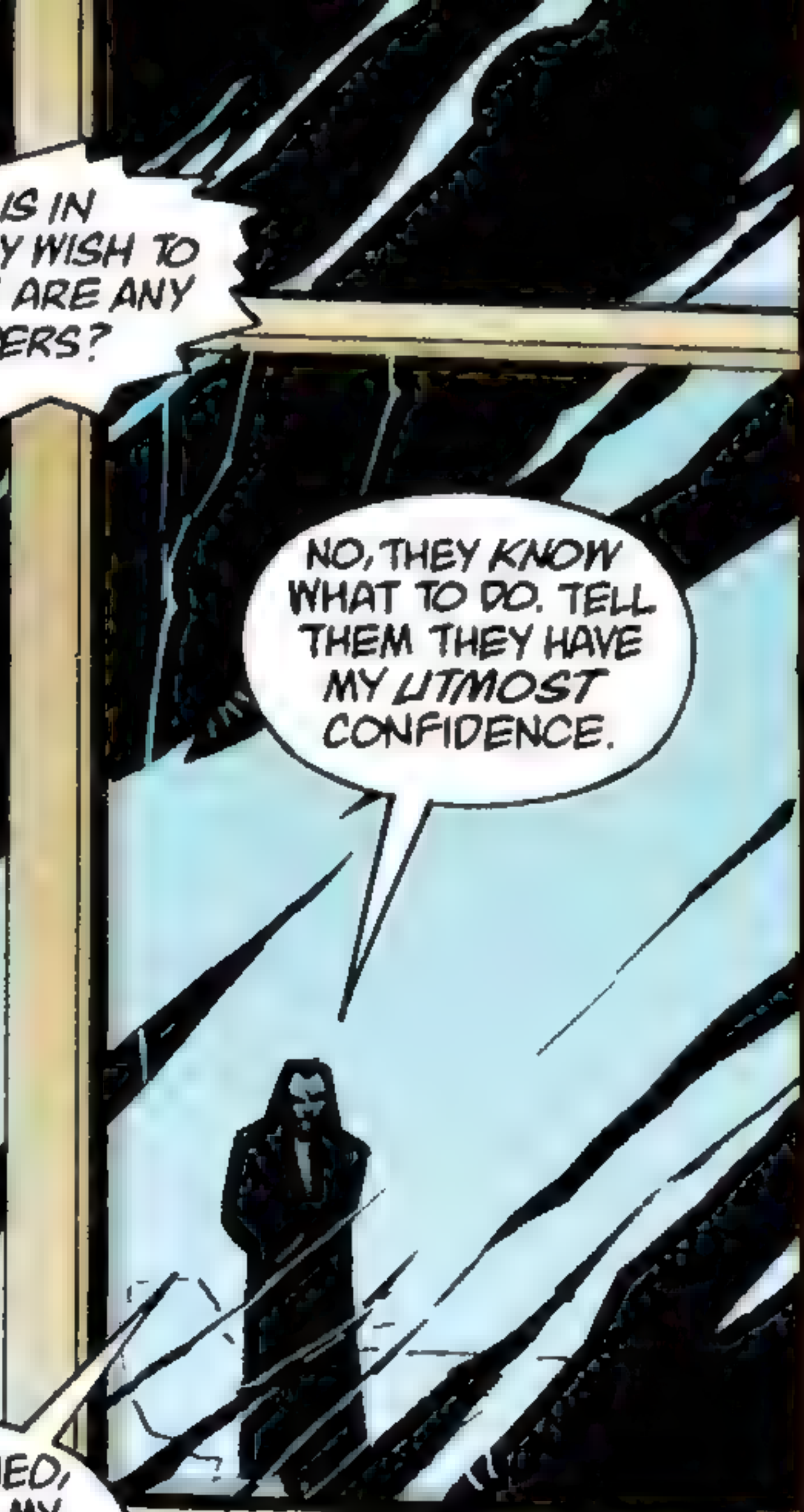


MISTER LEE...SIR?

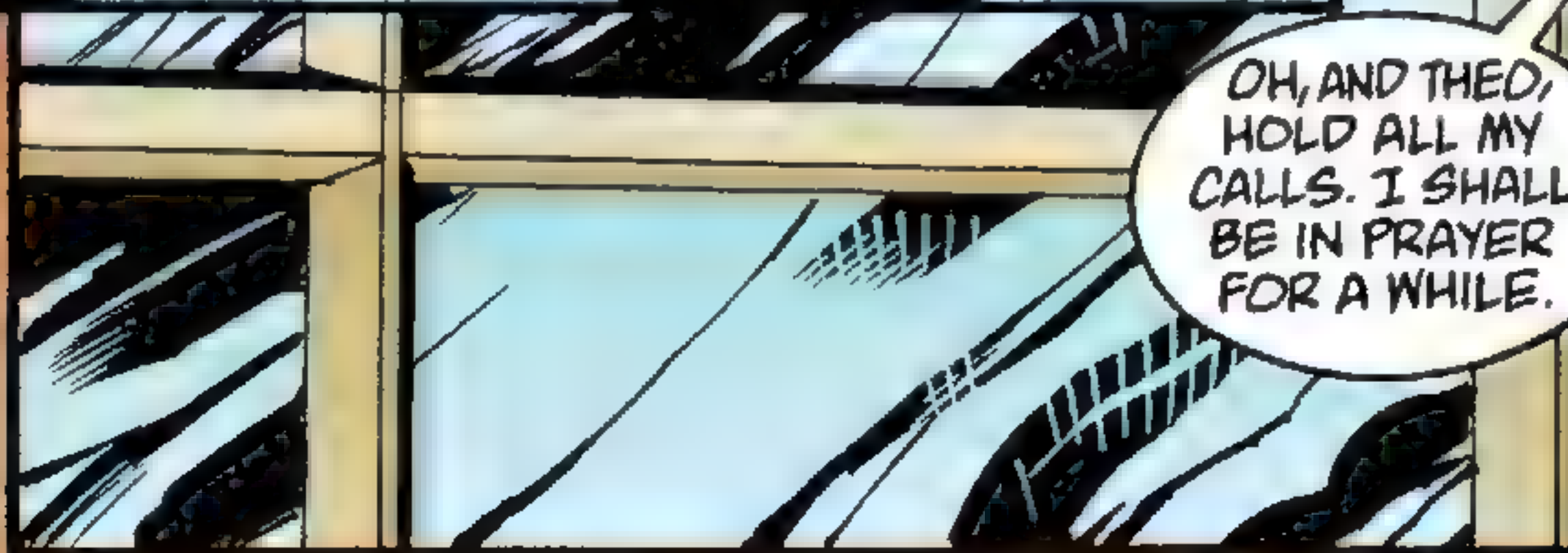
YES, THEO?



THE UNIT IS IN POSITION. THEY WISH TO KNOW IF THERE ARE ANY FINAL ORDERS?



NO, THEY KNOW WHAT TO DO. TELL THEM THEY HAVE MY *UTMOST* CONFIDENCE.



OH, AND THEO, HOLD ALL MY CALLS. I SHALL BE IN PRAYER FOR A WHILE.

SOMEWHERE, UNSEEN, UNHEARD ABOVE THE CITY SPRAWL, THE GODS LAUGH QUIETLY TO THEMSELVES.





THE SLAUGHTER-HOUSE OF WEST AFRICA. THAT'S HOW THE WORLD HAS COME TO KNOW THIS FORMER FRENCH COLONY OF GHAMIBIA.

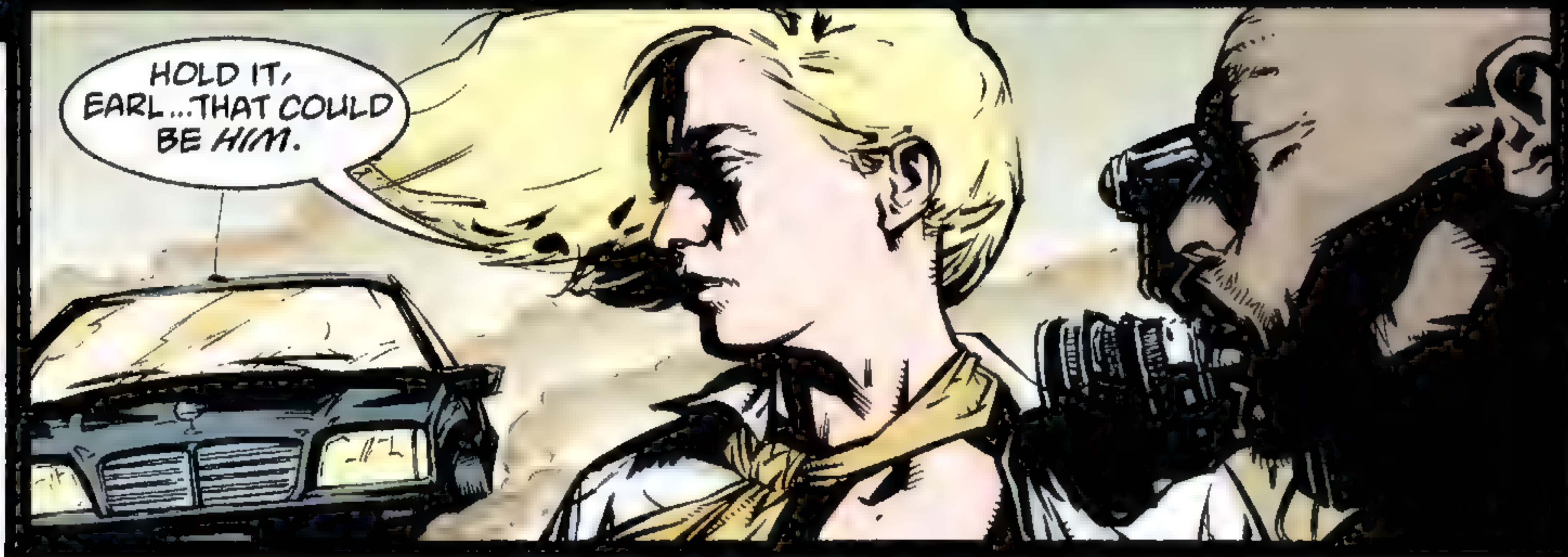
SINCE ITS INDEPENDENCE THIRTY YEARS AGO, GOVERNMENT FORCES AND COMMUNIST REBELS HAVE FOUGHT A BLOODY CIVIL WAR.

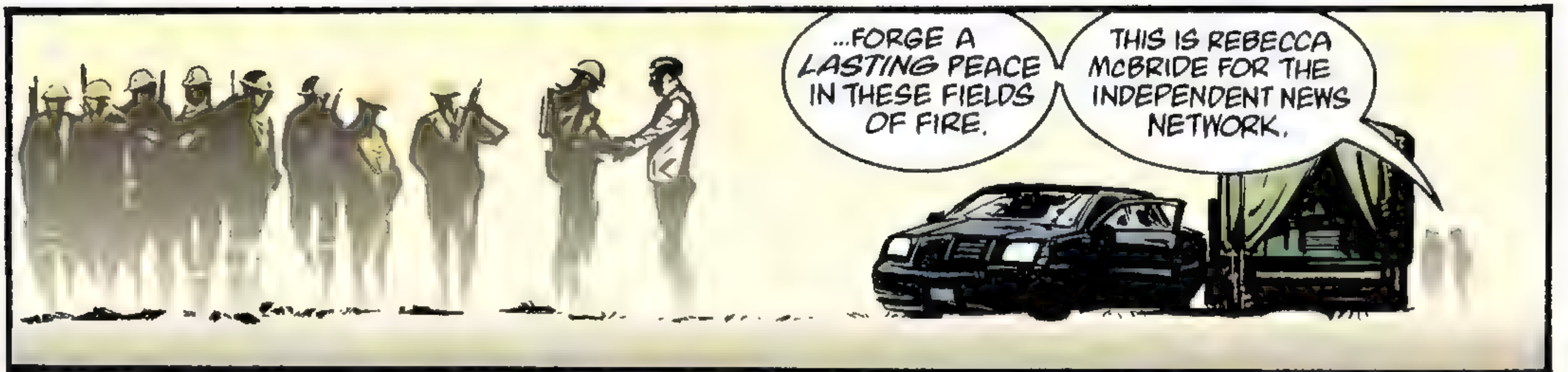
UNSPEAKABLE ATROCITIES HAVE BEEN COMMITTED BY BOTH SIDES. BUT IT WAS THE MASSACRE OF FIFTY AID WORKERS AND JOURNALISTS TEN YEARS AGO THAT FINALLY SAW THE WEST WITHDRAW ITS AID.

NO NEWS TEAM HAS DARED VENTURE BACK INSIDE ITS BORDERS UNTIL NOW...

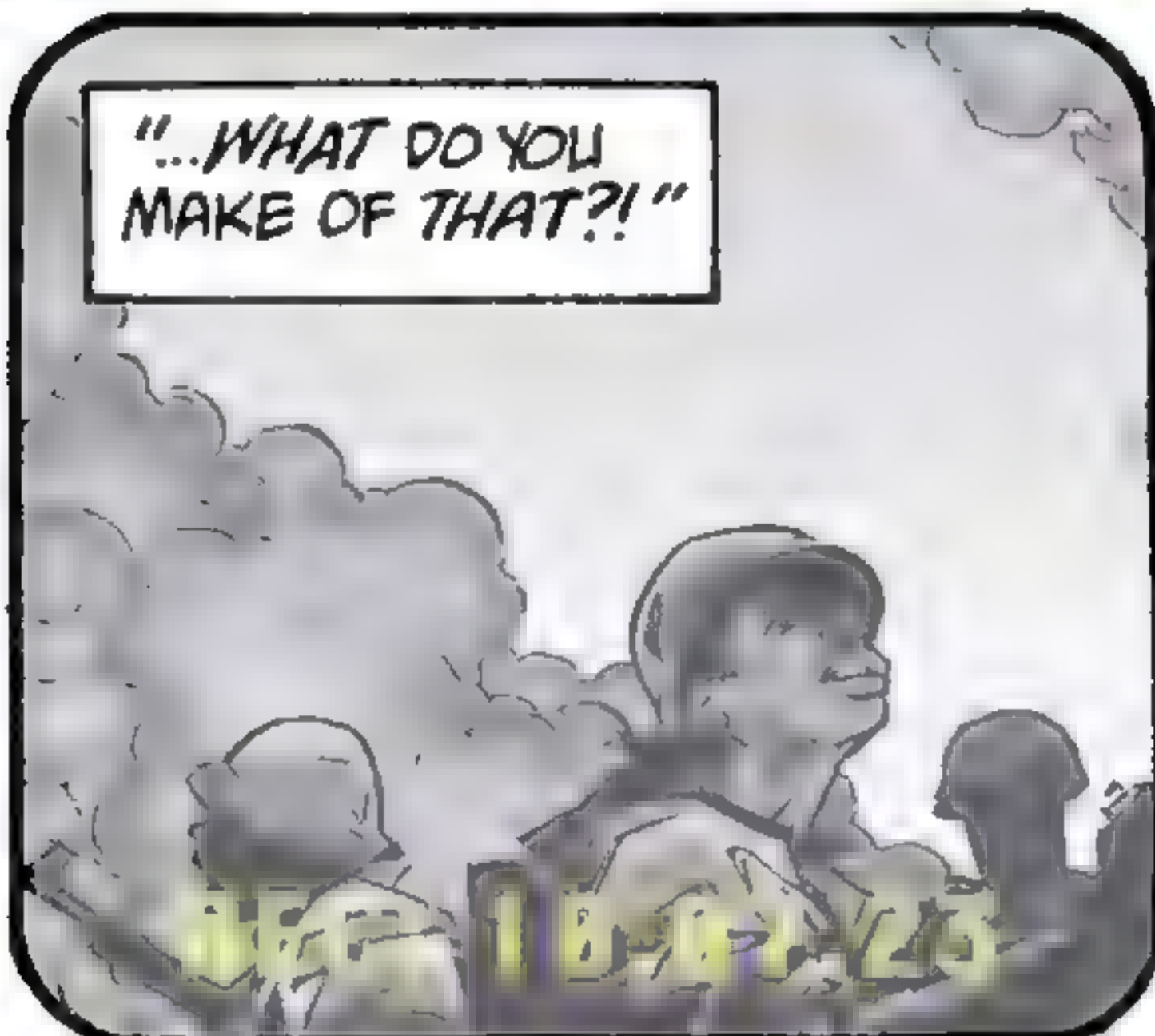


HOLD IT, EARL... THAT COULD BE HIM.









"IF I DIDN'T KNOW
BETTER, I'D SAY THESE
POOR BASTARDS ARE
BEING CUT TO PIECES
BY GHOSTS!"

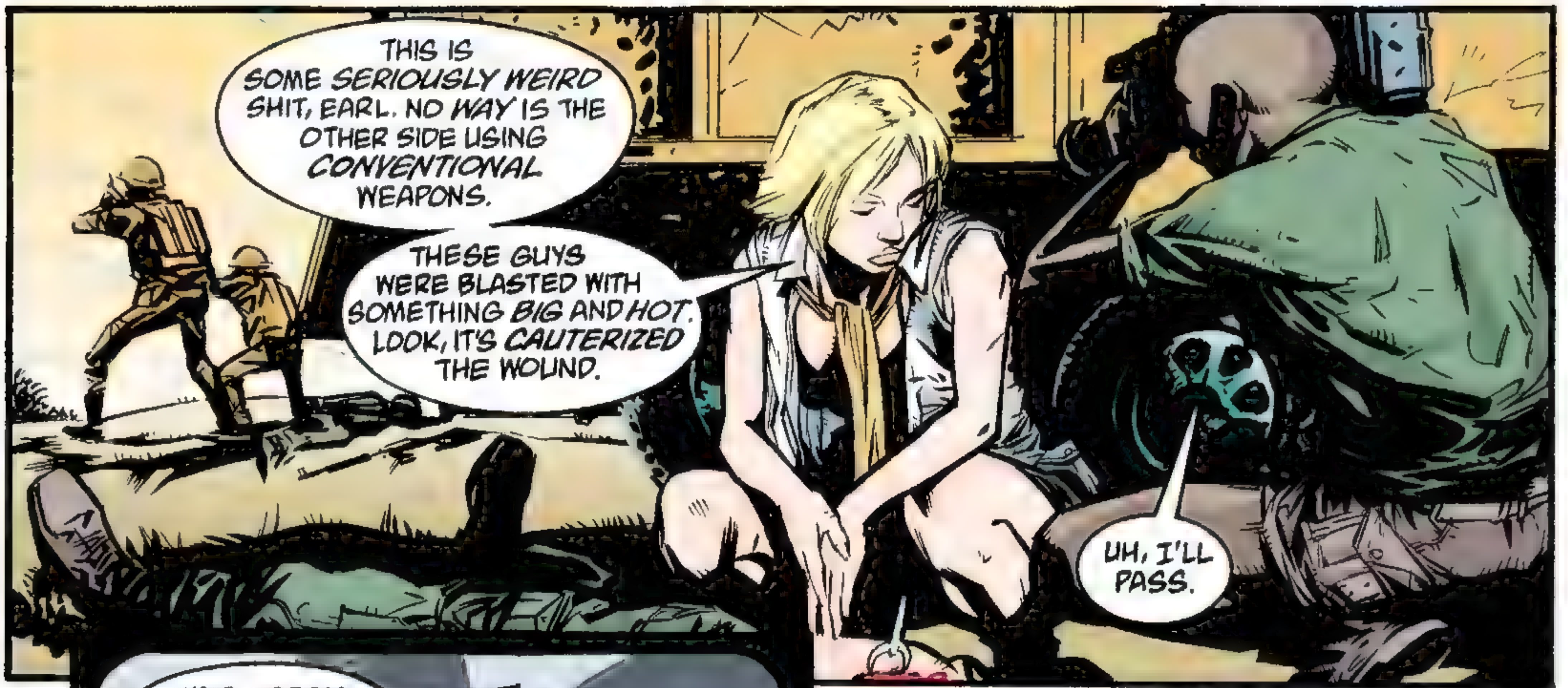
SHRACK

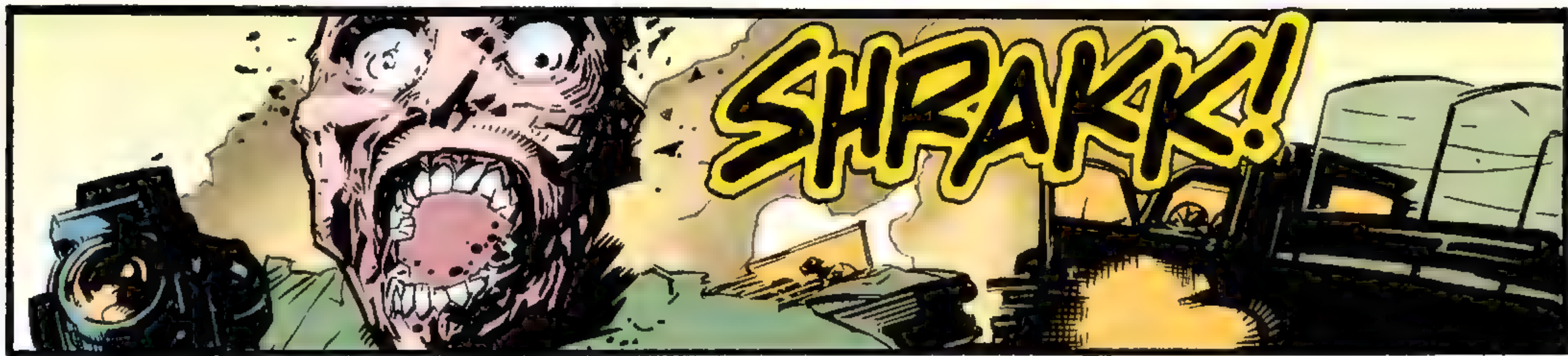
THIS IS CAPTAIN
OKIRI TO CONTROL, WE
ARE UNDER ATTACK. THE
PRINCE...THE PRINCE
IS DEAD!

WE ARE **AMBUSHED!**
THE REBELS...SOMEHOW...I
DON'T KNOW...WE ARE BEING
WIPE OUT, **FAST!**
SEND REINFOR--

OH GOD

SLUTCH







...BECAUSE WE
CAN ALL TAKE THESE
DAMN SUITS OFF BEFORE
WE PASS OUT.

SHOULD
I CALL IT
IN, SIR?

GO AHEAD,
SEAN. THE OLD
MAN'LL BE
WAITING.



"ANOTHER DAY,
ANOTHER DOLLAR."



"THERE'S GOT TO BE AN
EASIER WAY OF EARNING
A LIVING THAN THIS."



"THREE MONTHS, MAJOR CABOT..."

...THREE MONTHS SINCE YOUR MEN DERAILED THE PEACE PROCESS IN GHAMIBIA, AND STILL THEY HAVE NOT MADE AN APPEARANCE!

OH, SO IT'S MY FAULT THAT THEY'RE A NO-SHOW? COME ON, LEE, YOU KNOW HOW IT WORKS.

THE ENVIRONMENT HAS TO BE JUST SO TO LURE THEM OUT... HEAT AND CONFLICT, RIGHT?



OKAY, SO THEY HAVEN'T TAKEN THE BAIT SO READILY THIS TIME. THEY WILL, WE JUST HAVE TO BE PATIENT.



MAJOR, MY PATIENCE IS SHORT AND TIME THE ONE COMMODITY I NO LONGER HAVE THE LUXURY OF.



WALK WITH ME.

TEK



WHAT IS THIS?

MY LIFE.

YOU SEE, MAJOR, YOU ARE NOT THE FIRST I HAVE EMPLOYED TO HUNT THESE... PREDATORS, ON MY BEHALF.

I HAVE LONG KNOWN OF THEIR EXISTENCE, THE THINGS THAT HUNT MEN FOR SPORT.

THERE IS AN ANCIENT TALE, OF SUBOTAI, A NOBLE SAMURAI WHO BESTED A PREDATOR IN COMBAT, ATE ITS HEART IN TRIUMPH.

SUBOTAI WAS OVER TWO HUNDRED YEARS OLD WHEN HE DIED.

THIS ISN'T ABOUT TROPHIES, OR WAR, OR POWER, OR POLITICS. IT'S SIMPLER THAN THAT... ISN'T IT?

MAJOR, I AM THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS OLD. I HAVE BEEN THIRTY-EIGHT FOR THE LAST SEVEN CENTURIES. I INTEND TO STAY SO FOR MANY MORE.

PLEASE, FOLLOW ME...

"...IT'S TIME YOU HAD THE FULL TOUR."

OH MY GOD!

GOD, OR INDEED GODS, THEY ARE OF LITTLE CONSEQUENCE TO ME...OR RATHER THEY WERE...

...UNTIL I SAW THE LIGHT.

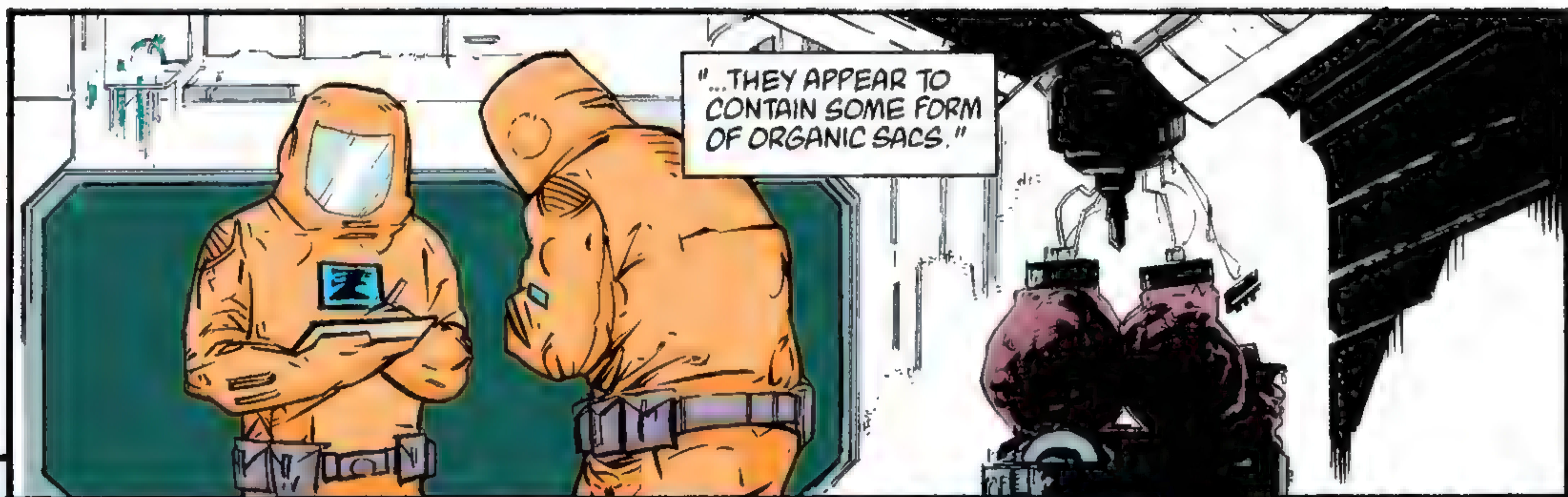
THIS, MAJOR, IS A PREDATOR SPACECRAFT. ITS OCCUPANTS, THANKFULLY DECEASED, SAVED MY LIFE. ITS METALS AND TECHNOLOGY FURNISHED ME WITH A NEW ONE.

MY ENTIRE FINANCIAL EMPIRE IS FOUNDED UPON A MERE FRACTION OF THE COMMODITIES EXPLOITED FROM THIS SHIP.

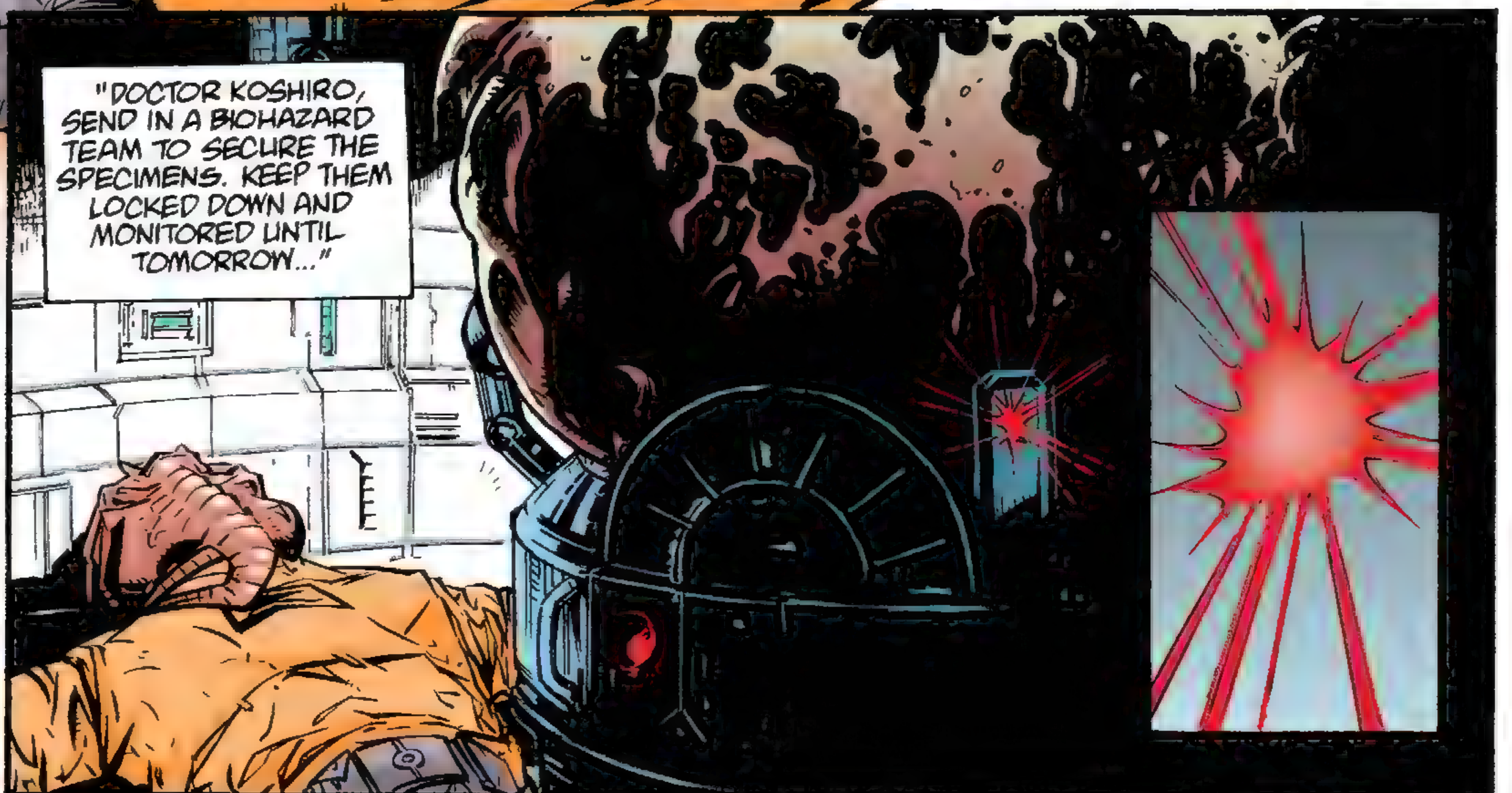
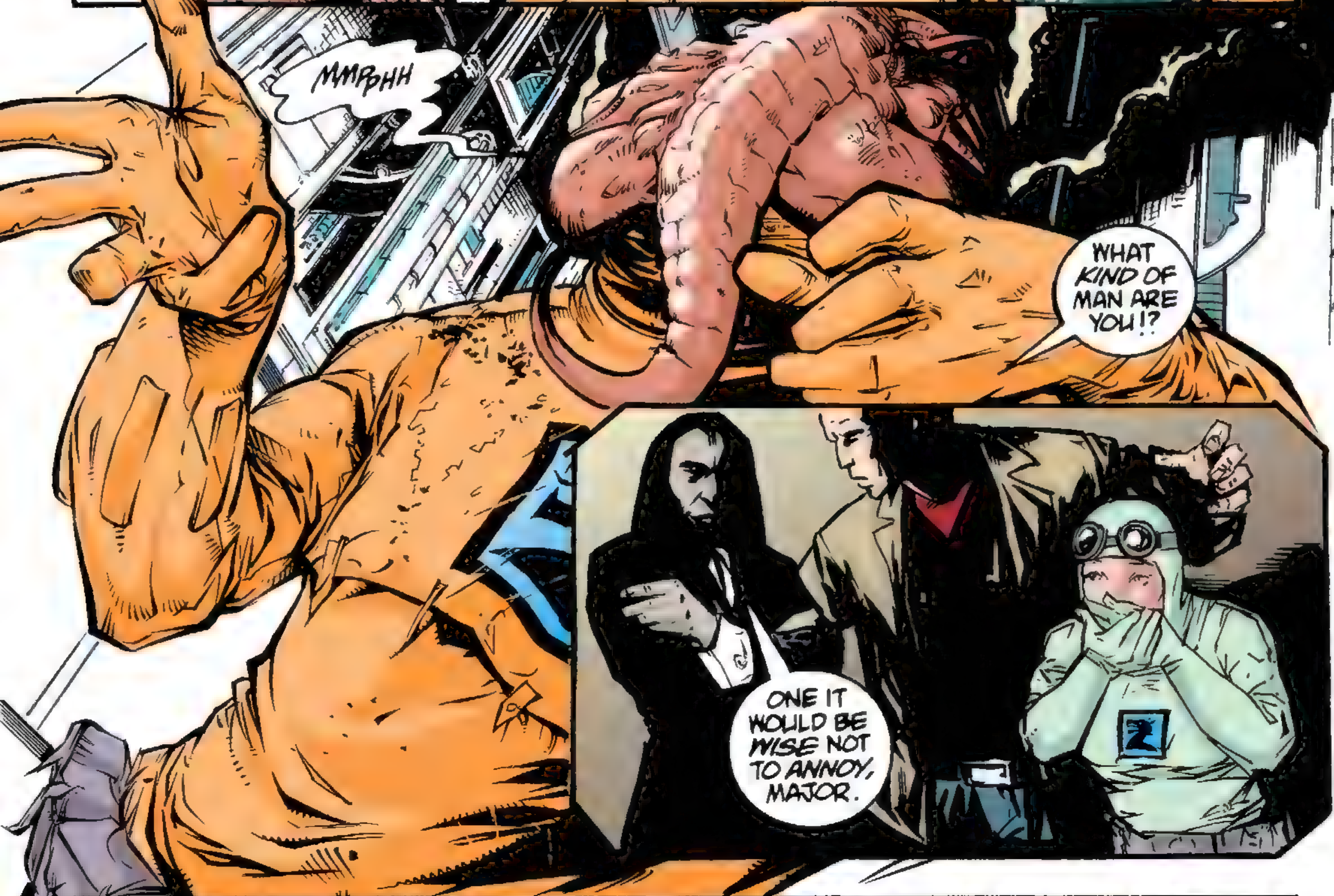
IT STILL CLINGS TO SOME SECRETS, BUT EVENTUALLY THEY WILL ALL BE MINE.

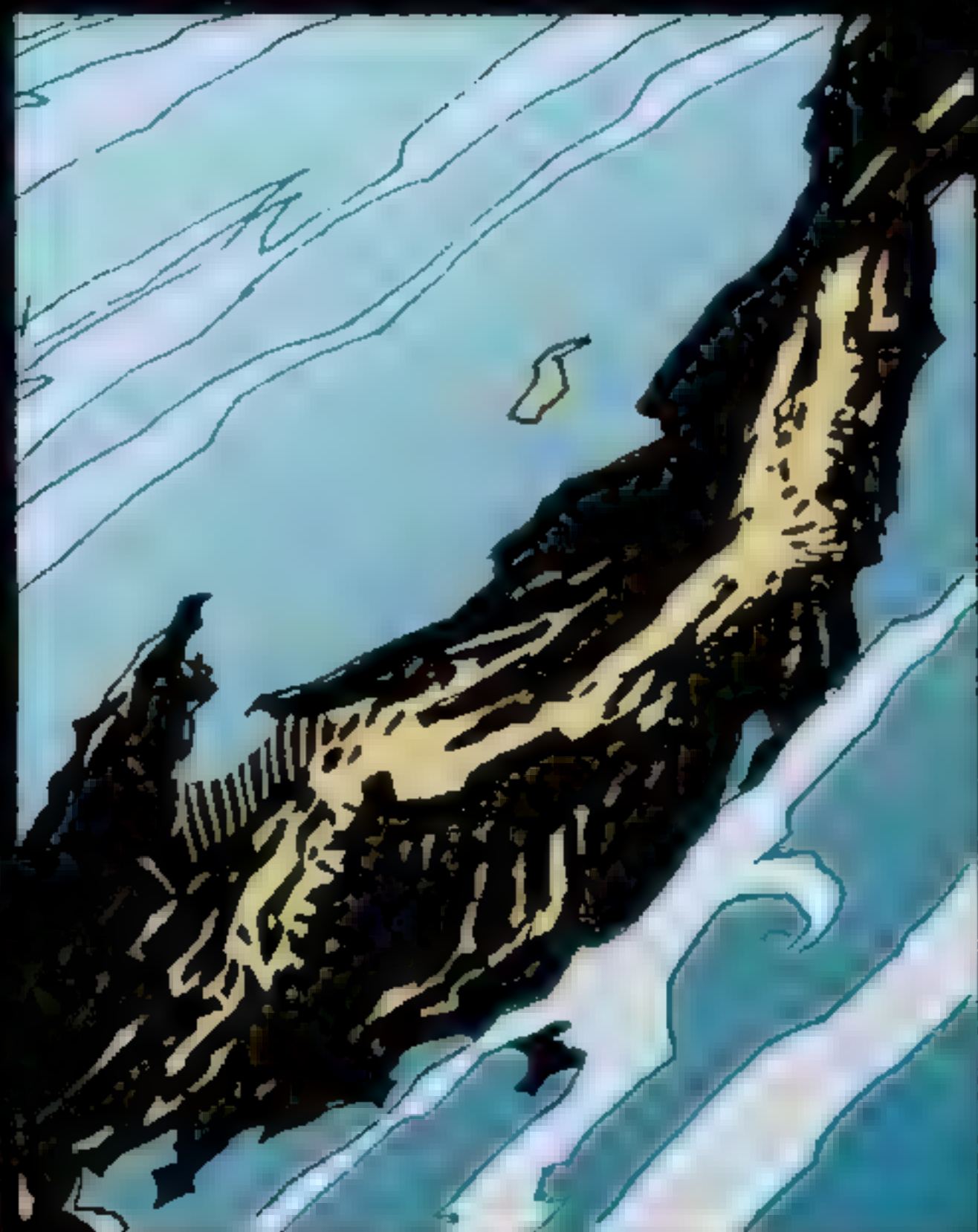
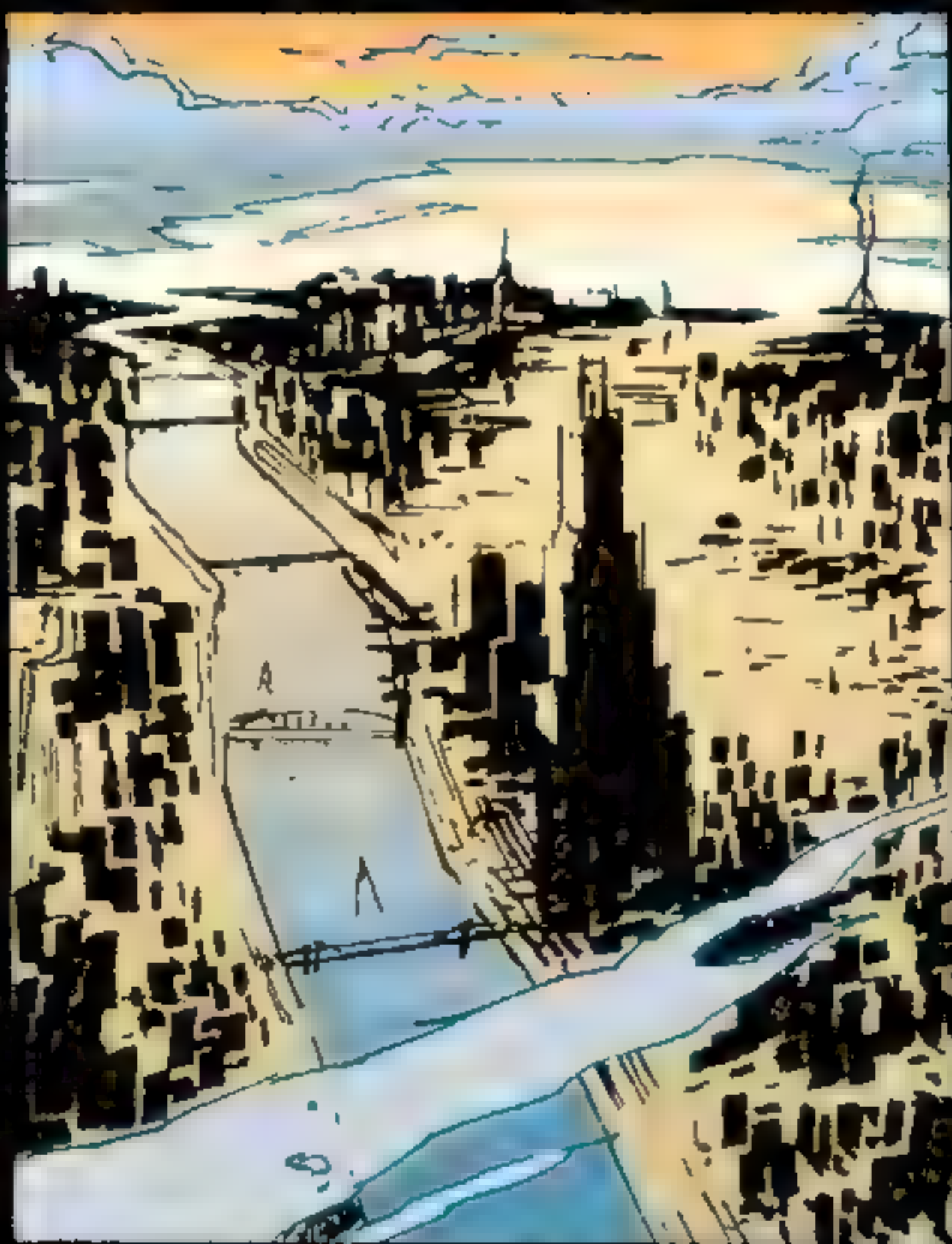
DOCTOR KISHIRO.

SIR, WE HAVE JUST CRACKED THE SHIP'S COMPUTER LOCKING SEQUENCE ON THE CARGO POD...









"I THINK WE'VE ALL
HAD MORE THAN
ENOUGH EXCITEMENT
FOR ONE DAY."



MY NAME IS REBECCA MCBRIDE
AND MY LIFE IS SERIOUSLY IN THE
TOILET.

SEVENTY-TWO HOURS AGO I WAS
IN GHAMIBIA, A PIMPLE ON THE
ARSE OF AFRICA WHERE STARCHED
UNIFORMED PSYCHOPATHS SENT
BOY SOLDIERS TO BUTCHER EACH
OTHER FOR SOME CAUSE OR ANOTHER.
I DON'T THINK THEY REALLY CARE
WHICH.

ALL I CARED ABOUT WAS THE MAJOR
STORY THAT WAS BREAKING. THEIR
EXILED MONARCH HAD RETURNED TO
NEGOTIATE THE FIRST PEACE SETTLE-
MENT IN THIRTY YEARS, AND I WANTED IN.

MY CAMERAMAN, EARL, AND I
WERE THE ONLY NEWS TEAM
TO GET THROUGH. NO ONE
ELSE WOULD TOUCH IT.
THERE WERE TOO MANY
JOURNALISTS' BONES IN
THOSE KILLING FIELDS...





...BUT WHAT THE HELL, I WAS BECCA MCBRIDE. I'D GO WHERE CNN AND THE BBC FEARED TO TREAD.

I WAS MURROW, PILGER AND THOMPSON IN A WONDER BRA AND COMBAT BOOTS. I WAS THE NEW WAVE, THE JOURNEY AS ROCK STAR. I'D EVEN DONE A PENTHOUSE SPREAD, FOR CHRISSAKE. I WAS UNTOUCHABLE.



YEAH, RIGHT...

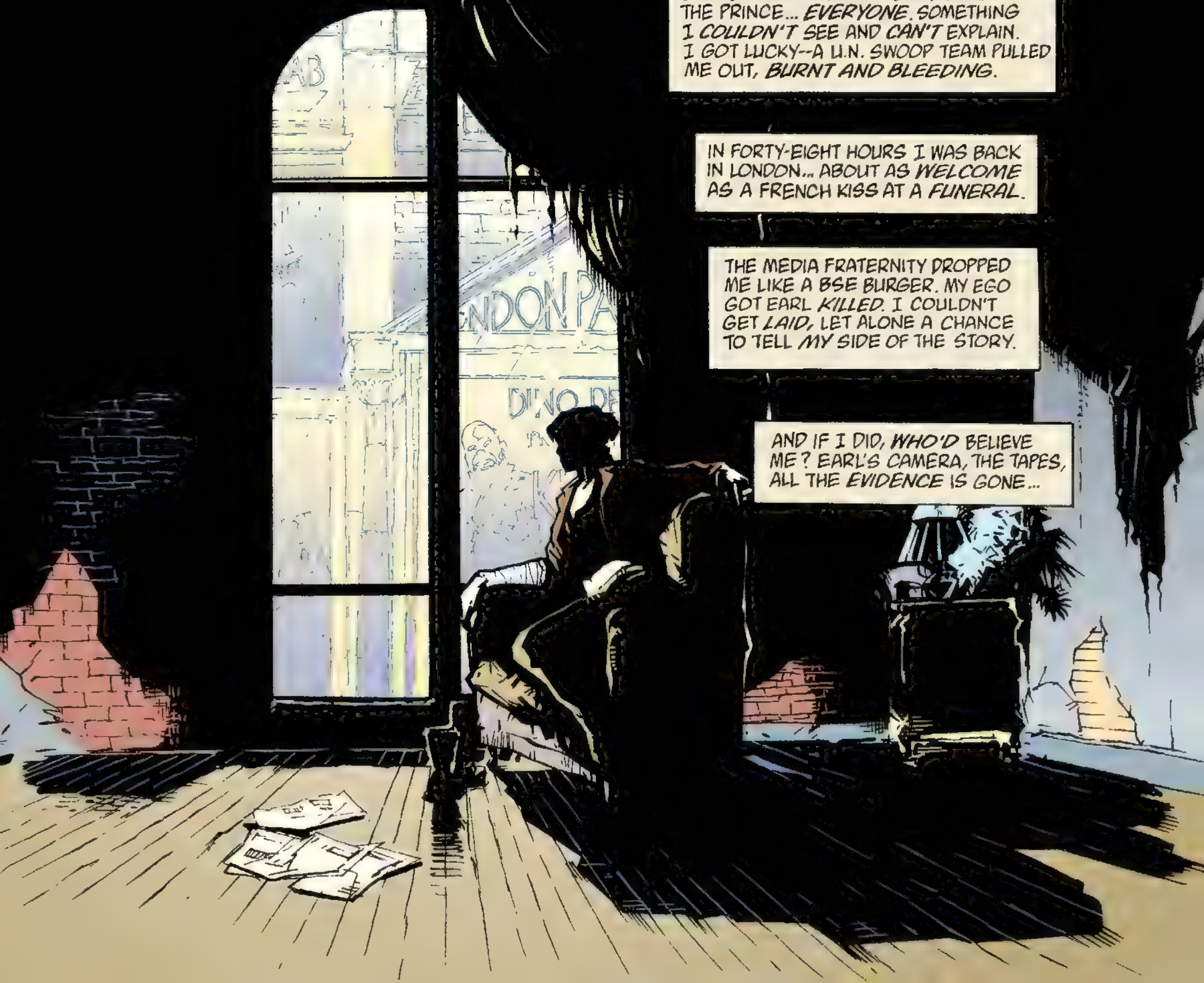
...TAKE IT FROM ME, NEVER BELIEVE YOUR OWN PRESS.

SOMETHING SLAUGHTERED EARL... THE PRINCE... EVERYONE. SOMETHING I COULDN'T SEE AND CAN'T EXPLAIN. I GOT LUCKY--A U.N. SWOOP TEAM PULLED ME OUT, BURNT AND BLEEDING.

IN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS I WAS BACK IN LONDON... ABOUT AS WELCOME AS A FRENCH KISS AT A FUNERAL.

THE MEDIA FRATERNITY DROPPED ME LIKE A BSE BURGER. MY EGO GOT EARL KILLED. I COULDN'T GET LAID, LET ALONE A CHANCE TO TELL MY SIDE OF THE STORY.

AND IF I DID, WHO'D BELIEVE ME? EARL'S CAMERA, THE TAPES, ALL THE EVIDENCE IS GONE...



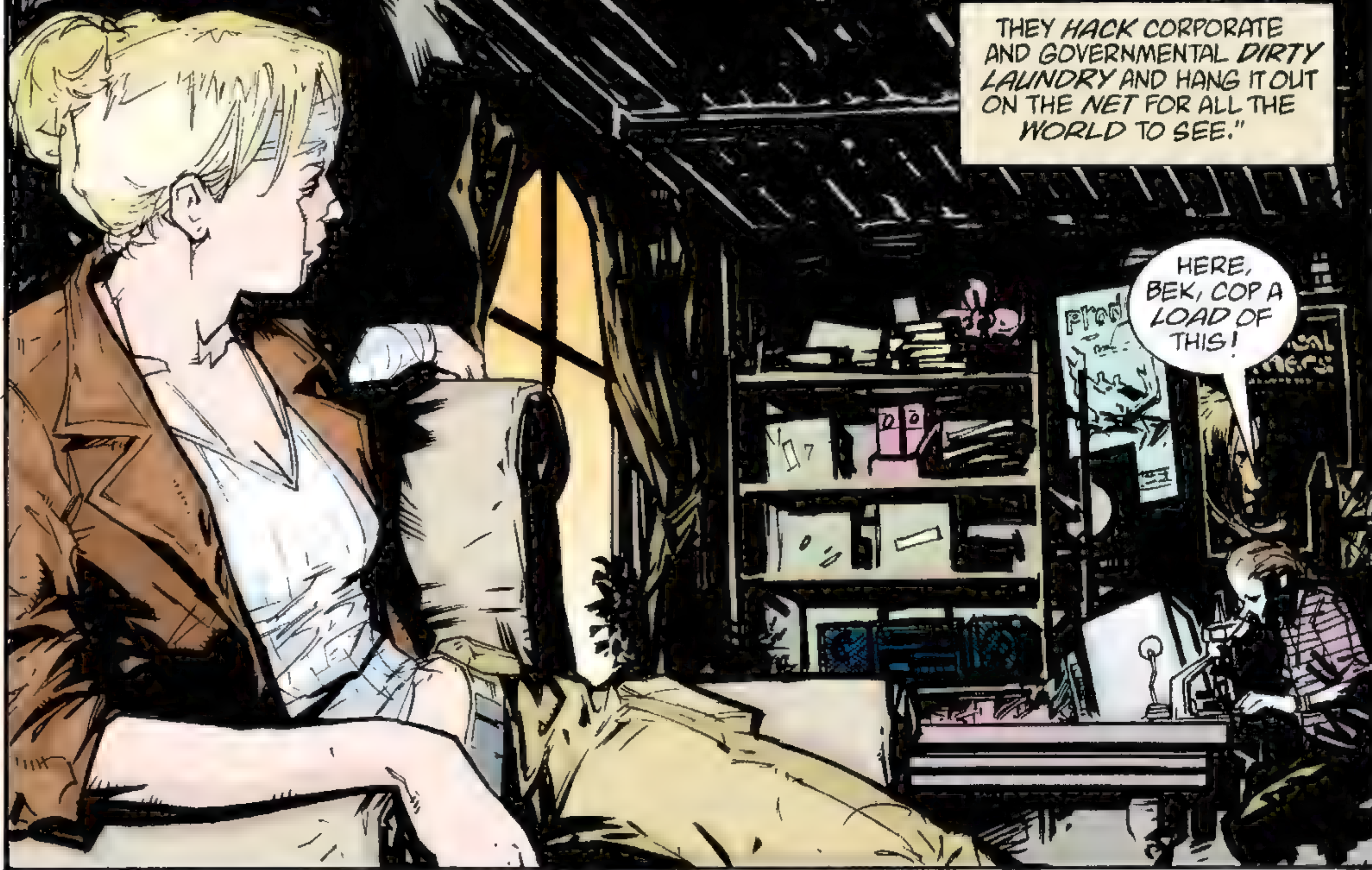
...WELL, NOT
QUITE ALL.

THE PERSON OF *DUBIOUS*
HYGIENE OVER THERE IS *CRAB*,
A TECHNO-PAGAN IF YOU'LL EXCUSE
THE CONTRADICTION. HIS *REAL*
NAME'S JULIAN, AND HIS DAD'S A
STOCKBROKER, BUT I DON'T
LET ON I KNOW.

HE AND HIS *COUNTERCULTURE*,
ANARCHIST, RICH-KID CHUMS ARE
JUST A FEW OF THE WEIRD *CONTACTS*
I'VE MADE OVER THE YEARS. THEY'RE
INTO VEGANISM, SMART DRUGS, RAVING,
AND BEST OF ALL, *TOTAL DATA ACCESS*.

THEY HACK CORPORATE
AND GOVERNMENTAL *DIRTY*
LAUNDRY AND HANG IT OUT
ON THE NET FOR ALL THE
WORLD TO SEE."

HERE,
BEK, COP A
LOAD OF
THIS!



I DUNNO
WHAT THE SOURCE
METAL IS, BUT IT'S BEEN
ALTERED AT A
MOLECULAR
LEVEL.

THE BLADE'S
LIGHTER AN' HARDER
THAN ANYTHING
I'VE SEEN. IT'S ALMOST
INFINITELY KEEN.

SO
HOW DOES
IT HELP
ME?

Feilen
Ich Glaube!

I'VE POSTED
THE SPECS ON THE
NET. THERE ARE A FEW
FOLKS WHO *MIGHT*
KNOW WHERE THIS THING
CAME FROM.





NOT BAD
FOR A HIPPIE
FLEABAG.

WE AIM
T'PLEASE. HERE'S
YOUR TOY. BETTER
KEEP IT SAFE.



BEEP!
YOU HAVE FOUR
MESSAGES.



BLOODY
HELL, THAT
WAS FAST.

NO. CRAP.
CRAP. AH, HERE
WE GO. SOME OTAKU'S
MATCHED IT TO A COUPLE
OF THINGS OF A SIMILAR
MOLECULAR
PATTERN.

THEY'RE
PARTIAL, PIRATE
SPECS FOR NEW
MILITARY
TECHNOLOGY,
THEY'RE...



...OH,
BUGGER!

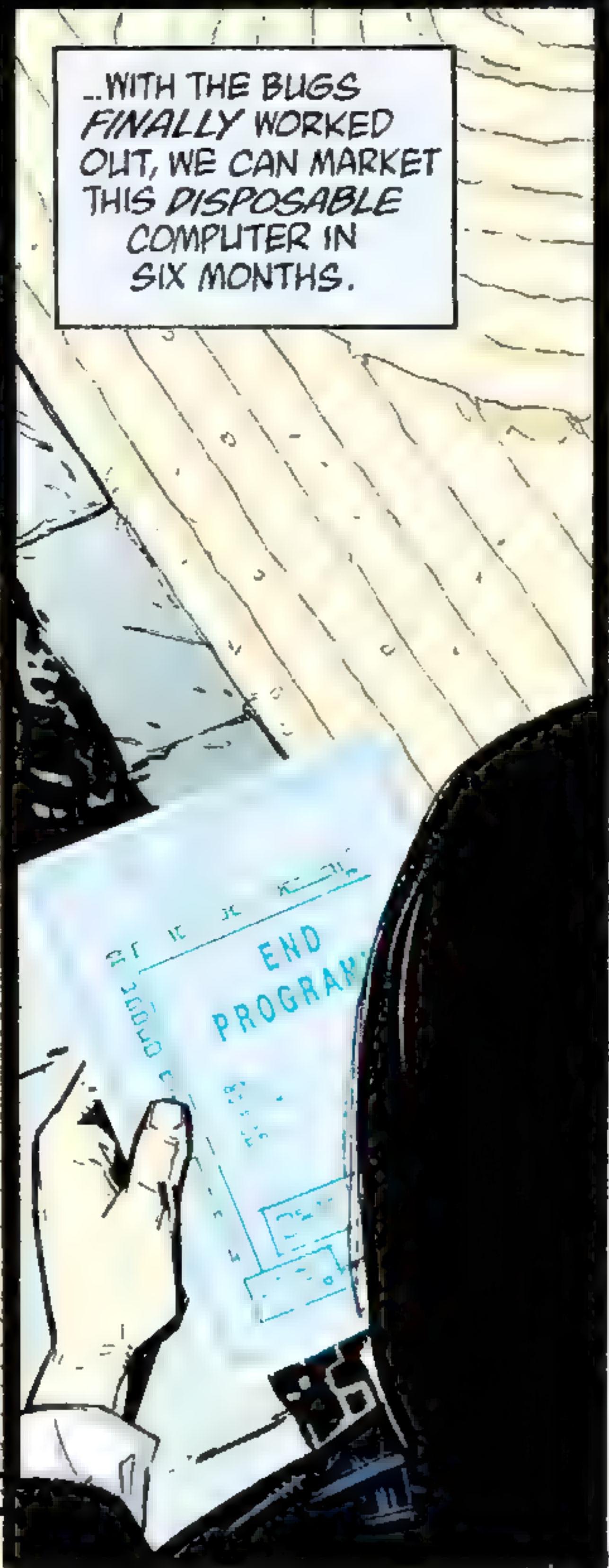
THIS IS SOME
LARGE TROUBLE, GIRL.
THE PARENT COMPANY BELONGS
TO GIDEON SUHN LEE.
NAME RING A BELL?

ONLY ABOUT
A MILLION. THERE'S
GIDEON LEE AND THEN
THERE'S GOD...



"...HE MAKES BILL GATES LOOK LIKE MOTHER THERESA."

EXCELLENT...



...WITH THE BUGS FINALLY WORKED OUT, WE CAN MARKET THIS DISPOSABLE COMPUTER IN SIX MONTHS.

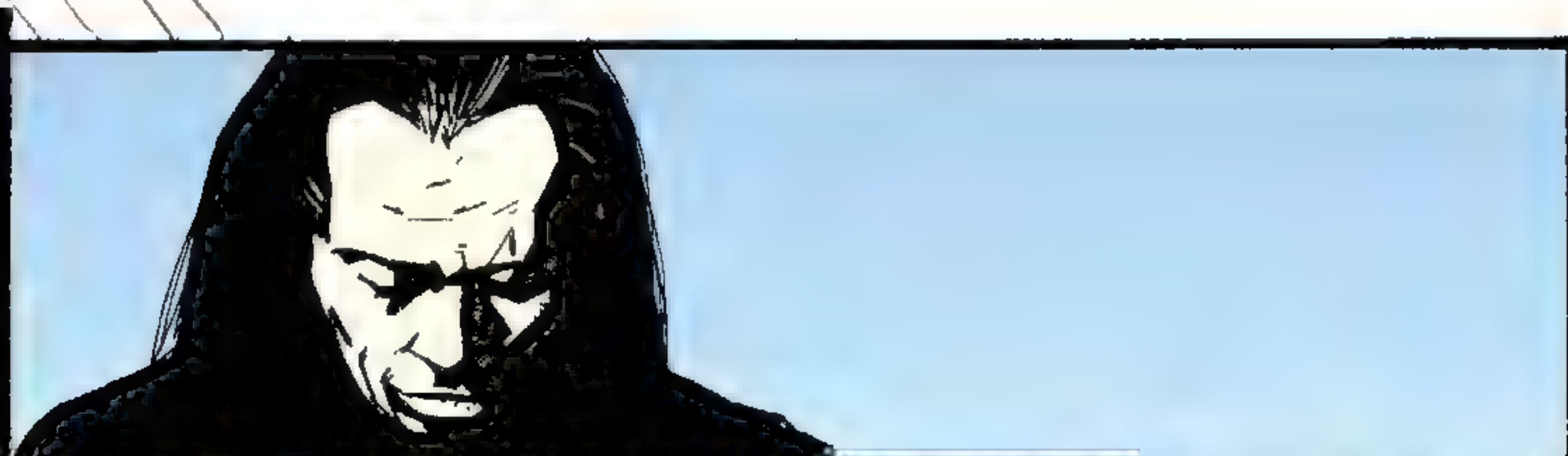


THE SOFTWARE AND PERIPHERALS ALONE WILL MAKE ME YET ANOTHER FORTUNE.





AND ALL THANKS TO
A MOST UNFORSEEN
TWIST OF FATE.



FATE
APPEARS TO
BE TWISTING
AGAIN BUT
THIS TIME
NOT IN MY
FAVOR.



I AM DYING. EACH
DAY I FEEL A LITTLE
MORE DEATH CREEP
INTO MY BONES.



I AM AFRAID, BUT
AFTER SO LONG I AM
USED TO THE FEAR
NOW. THIS IS NOT THE
FIRST TIME, NOR WILL
IT BE THE LAST. THE
SECRET IS NOT TO
FIGHT AGAINST
DEATH...



...BUT TO BEND
TO IT. TO ADAPT...

...TO SURVIVE.

MISTER LEE,
THIS IS DOCTOR KISHIRO.
PLEASE COME TO THE
CLINIC IMMEDIATELY.
IT'S TIME.

VERY WELL,
DOCTOR.

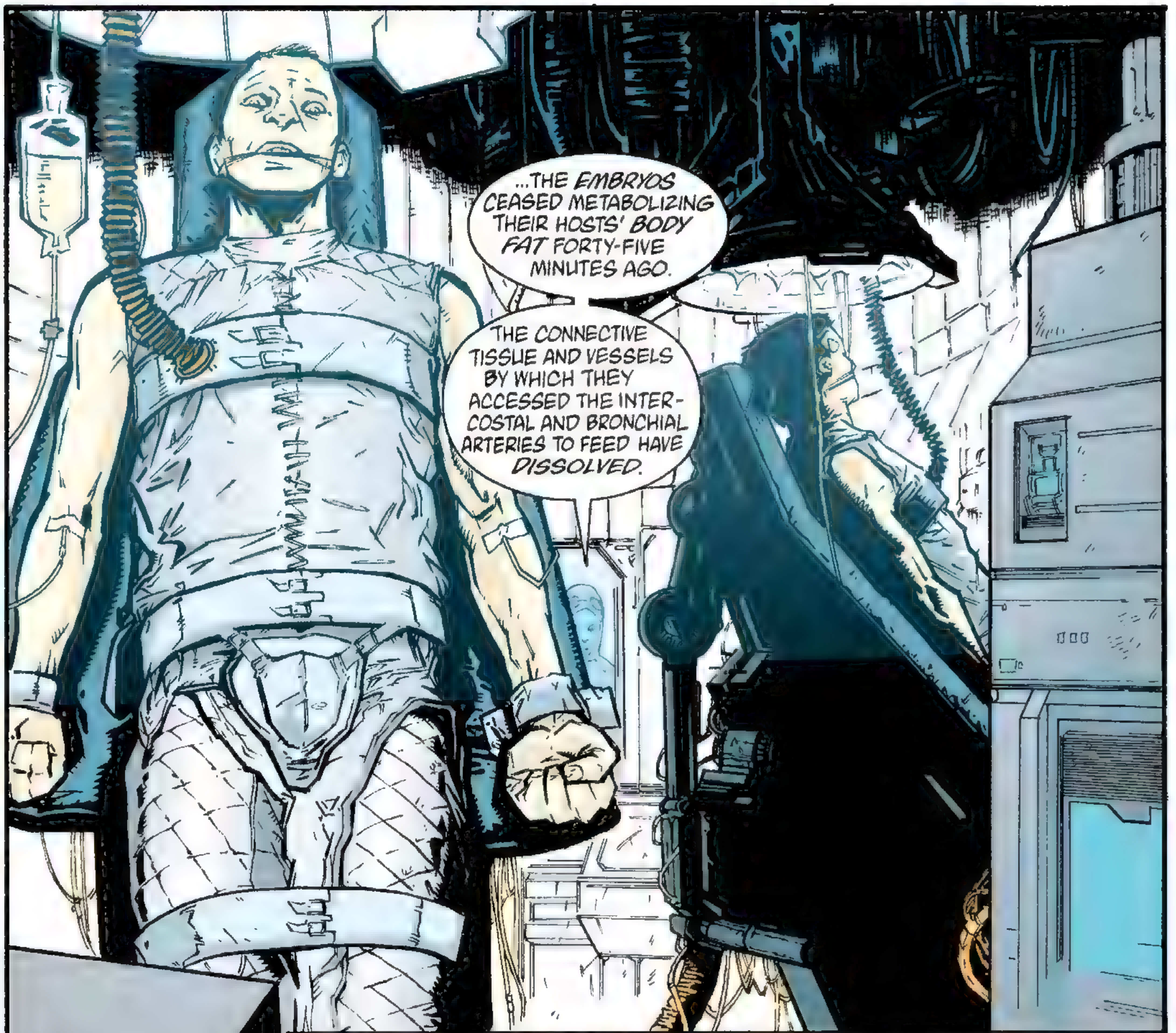
HAVE
MISTER
CABOT
JOIN US.

I AM OVER SEVEN HUNDRED
YEARS OLD, AND IN ALL THAT TIME
THE STARS HAVE BEEN THE ONLY
CONSTANT IN MY LIFE.

IT IS FROM THAT SOURCE THAT
MY IMMORTALITY SPRANG...

...AND IT IS TO THEM NOW THAT
I LOOK FOR IT ONCE MORE.





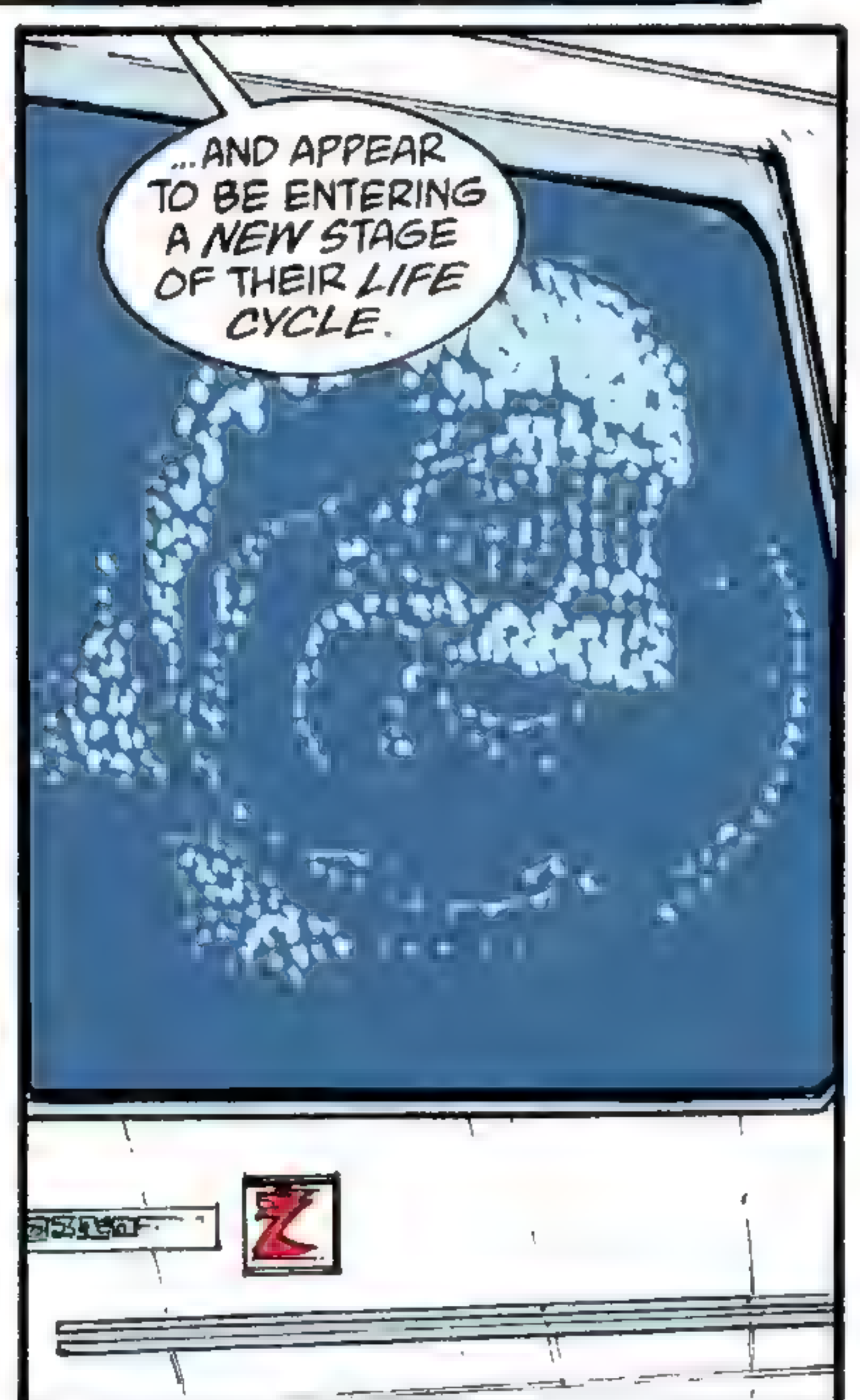
...THE EMBRYOS
CEASED METABOLIZING
THEIR HOSTS' BODY
FAT FORTY-FIVE
MINUTES AGO.

THE CONNECTIVE
TISSUE AND VESSELS
BY WHICH THEY
ACCESSED THE INTER-
COSTAL AND BRONCHIAL
ARTERIES TO FEED HAVE
DISSOLVED.

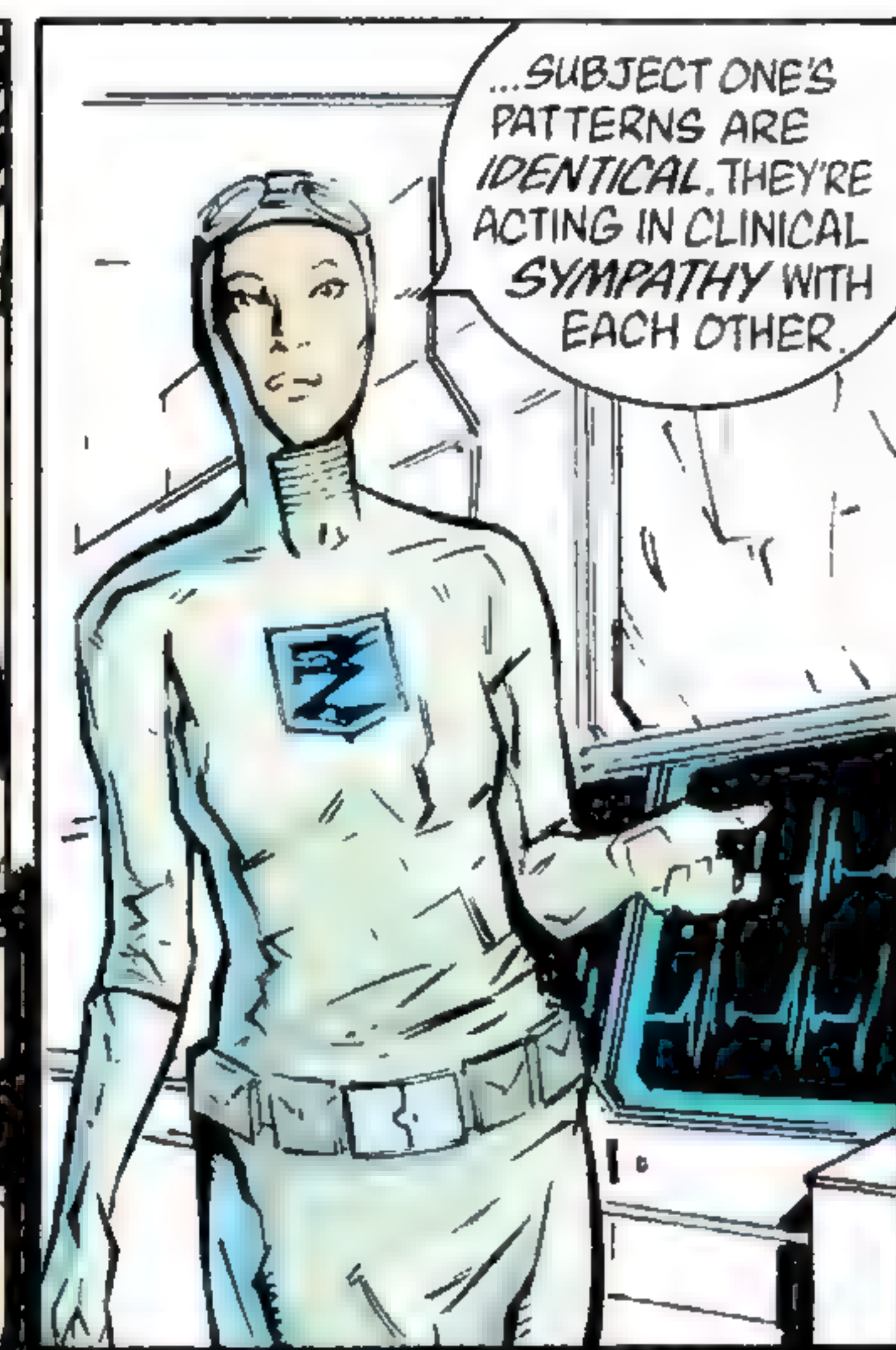


MEANING?

THEY'RE
NOW FREE
FLOATING IN
THEIR HOSTS'
CHEST
CAVITY...



...AND APPEAR
TO BE ENTERING
A NEW STAGE
OF THEIR LIFE
CYCLE.





THEY CAN'T
GET OUT OF THERE,
CAN THEY?

NO, ALL
BIOHAZARD
CONTAINMENT UNITS
ARE LINED WITH AN
ALLOY DERIVED FROM
THE PREDATOR
SHIP. IT IS
ALMOST IMPENE-
TRABLE.

ALMOST?



DOCTOR,
I AM NO
XENOBIOLOGIST,
BUT THESE DO NOT
STRIKE ME AS
BEING PREDATOR
YOUNG.



THEY ARE
CLEARLY ANOTHER
ALIEN SPECIES, ONE
THAT PRESENTS US WITH
A WHOLE OTHER WORLD
OF POSSIBILITIES.

WHO KNOWS
WHAT BY-PRODUCTS
THEY COULD FURNISH
US WITH.



KILL
THEM, LEE.
DO IT NOW!

YOU SAW
WHAT THEY DID,
AND THEY'RE STILL
ONLY YOUNG. GOD
KNOWS WHAT
THEY COULD
BECOME.

CALM
YOURSELF,
MISTER
CABOT.



I SUGGEST THAT
THEY ARE THE LEAST
OF OUR TROUBLES AT
PRESENT.



WHAT
D'YOU...
oh!



SONOVABITCH!





ARRE TARRETA!

SECURITY!
MOVE!
MOVE!



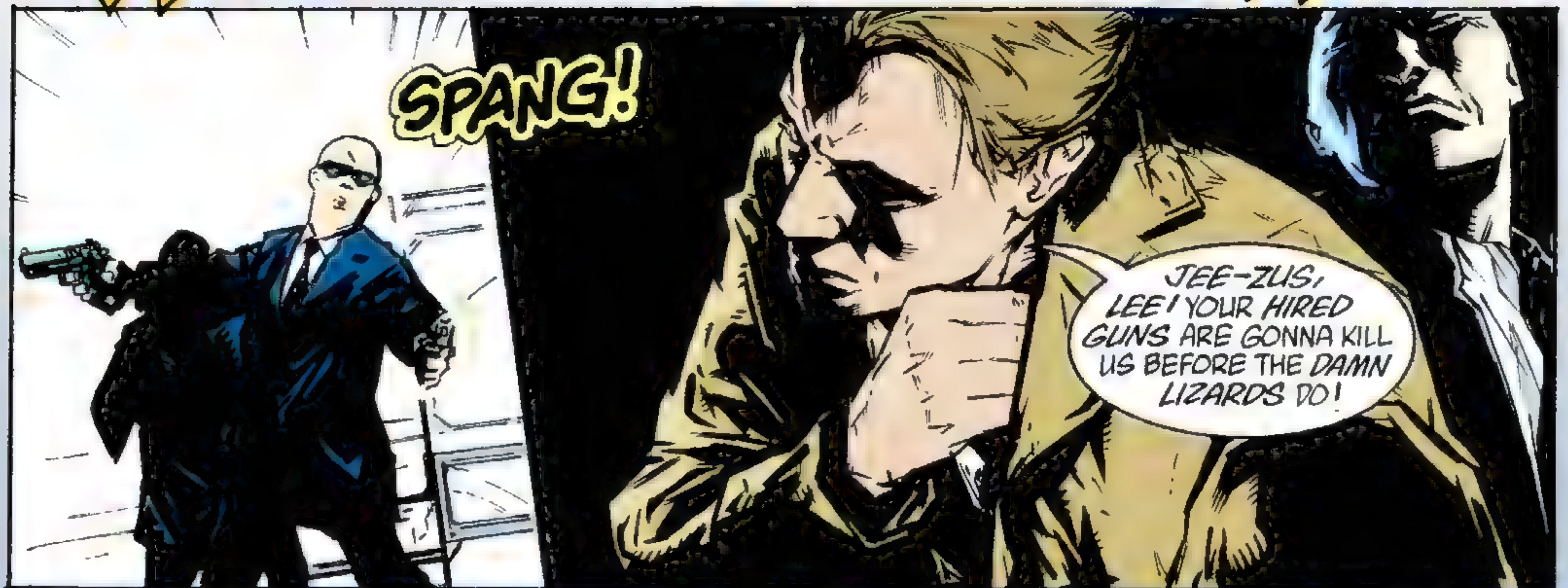
THERE'S NO
ONE HERE.

DUH! SO
WHO DID ALL
THIS?

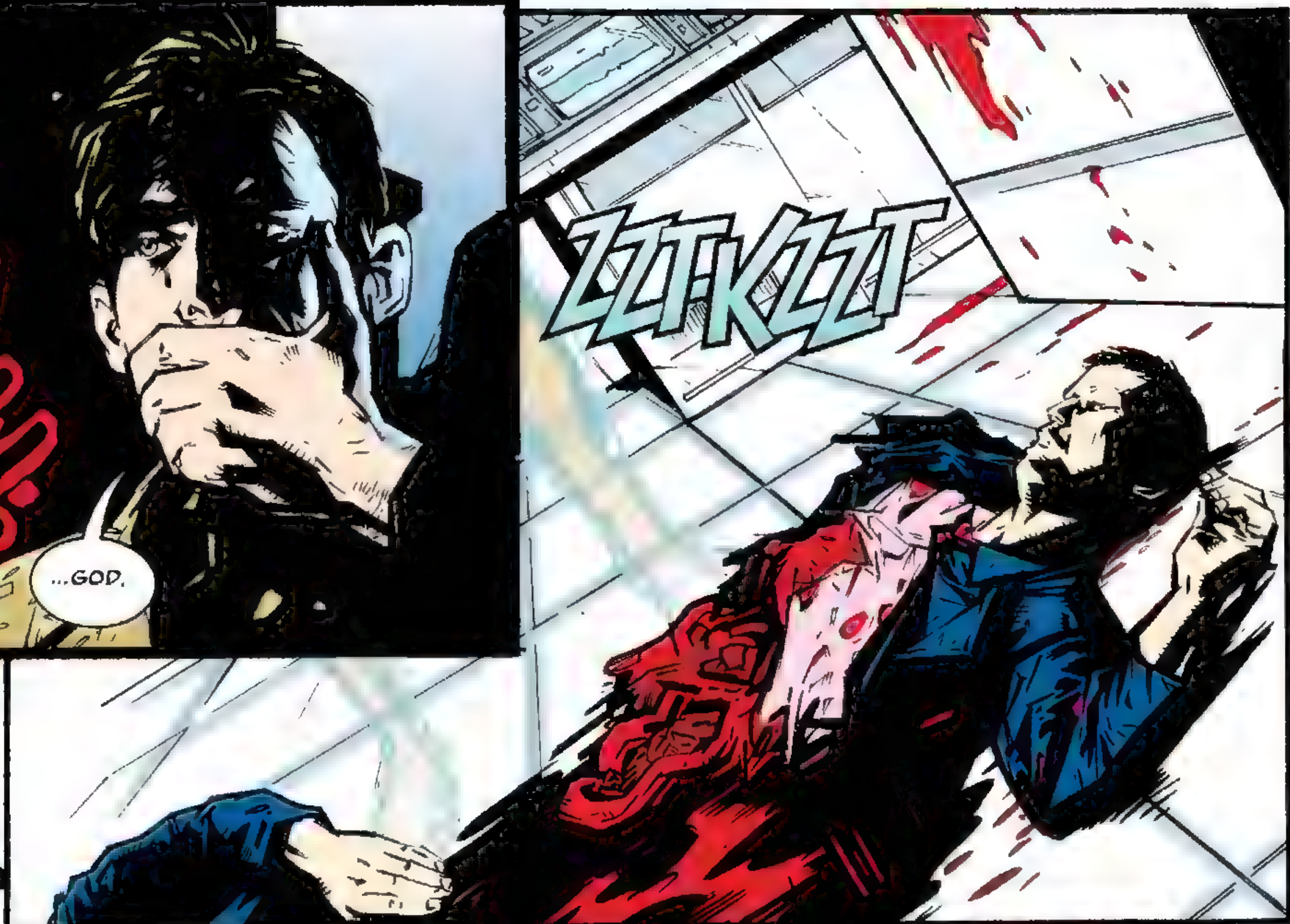
SPREAD OUT, THEY'VE
GOT TO BE HERE
SOMEWHERE!

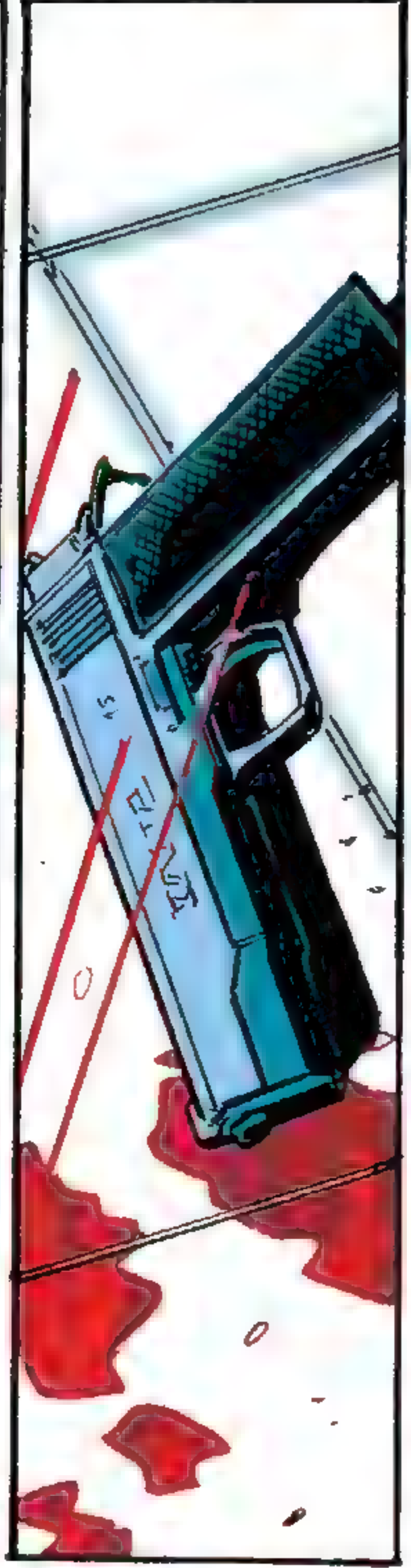
EISAKU!

GYAAH!!











"THEY'RE LEAVING."



WE JUST GOT VERY, VERY LUCKY.

DID YOU NOTICE THEY WERE LOOKING FOR THE EMBRYOS?



A FACT THAT WE MAY BE ABLE TO TURN TO OUR ADVANTAGE.

I JUST KNOW I'M GOING TO HATE WHAT'S COMING NEXT.



I AM LIVING ON BORROWED TIME, MISTER CABOT-- BORROWED FROM THOSE ANIMALS. THEY ARE MY LIFE.

HUNT THEM FOR ME. KILL THEM FOR ME. BRING THEM DOWN AND I WILL GIVE YOU THE WORLD.

LONDON TO TOKYO, ECONOMY DIRECT.
IF IT'S NOT A HUMAN RIGHTS VIOLATION,
IT BLOODY WELL SHOULD BE.

I ACHE IN PLACES I NEVER
KNEW I HAD, AND SMELL LIKE
A WRESTLER'S ARMPIT.

...BUT NOW
I'M HERE.

MY ONLY CONTACT
IS CRAB'S OTAKU
FRIEND LAZARUS.
WITH A BIT OF LUCK
AND A FLASH OF
THIGH, HE'LL HELP ME
DIG UP WHATEVER I
NEED TO KNOW ABOUT
GIDEON SUHN LEE.

I'VE SOLD EVERYTHING
I OWN AND MAXED MY
CREDIT CARDS TO INFINITY...

大宅男前

地下鉄

MIRUNE

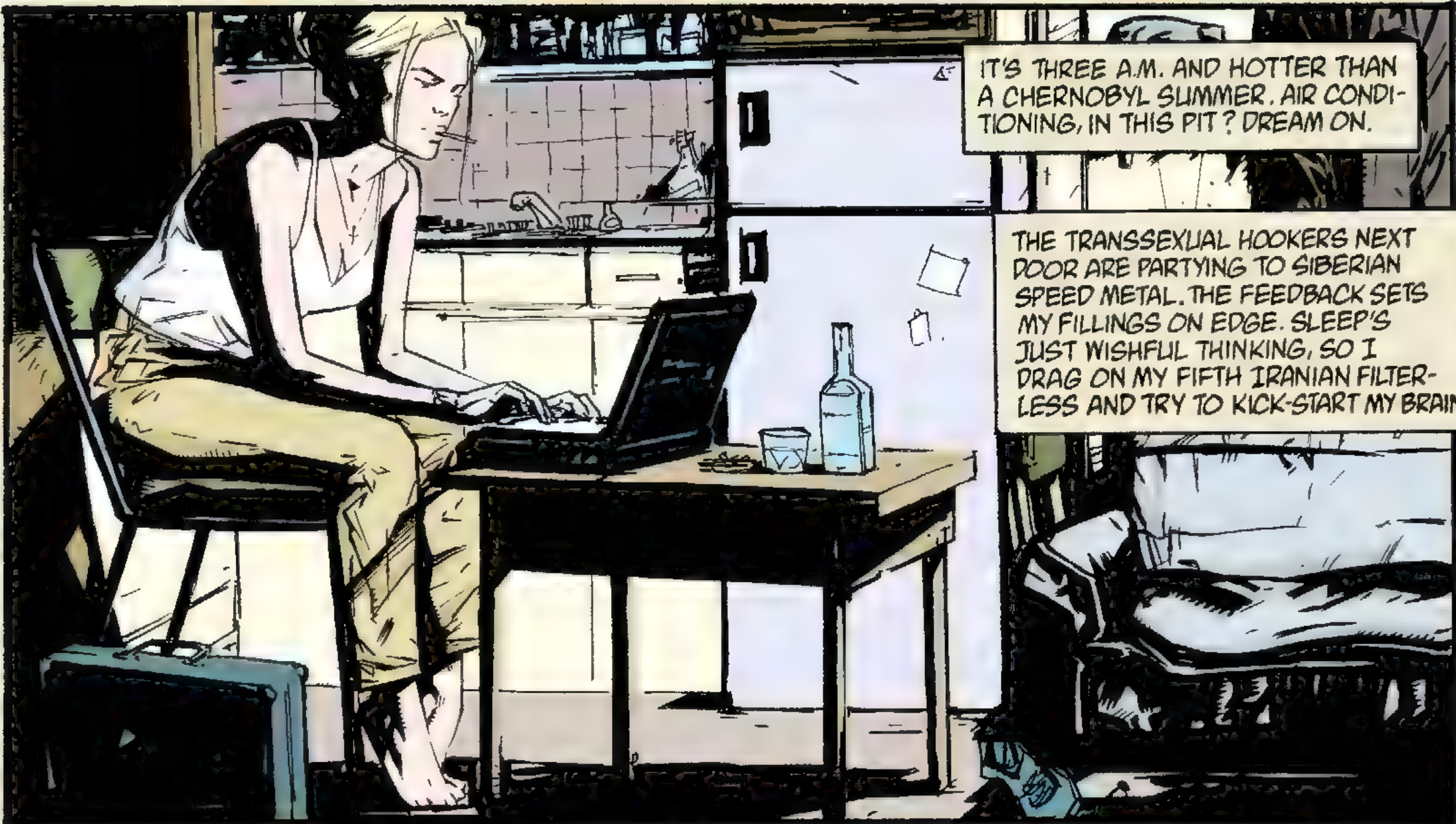
CUBA

大宅男前

A dramatic comic book illustration of a giant monster, possibly a kaiju, towering over a city. The monster is depicted with a large, scaly head, a long neck, and a body covered in intricate scales. It is shown in a dynamic pose, with its head tilted back and its mouth open, revealing sharp teeth. The background features a cityscape with tall buildings and a bridge, all rendered in a dark, high-contrast style. The overall tone is intense and action-packed.

I'VE COME HERE LOOKING
FOR *THE TRUTH*, AND I'M
GOING TO KICK OVER
EVERY STONE--LOOK
INTO EVERY DARK AND
NASTY CORNER UNTIL I
FIND IT.

EVEN IF IT
KILLS ME.



IT'S THREE A.M. AND HOTTER THAN A CHERNOBYL SUMMER. AIR CONDITIONING, IN THIS PIT? DREAM ON.

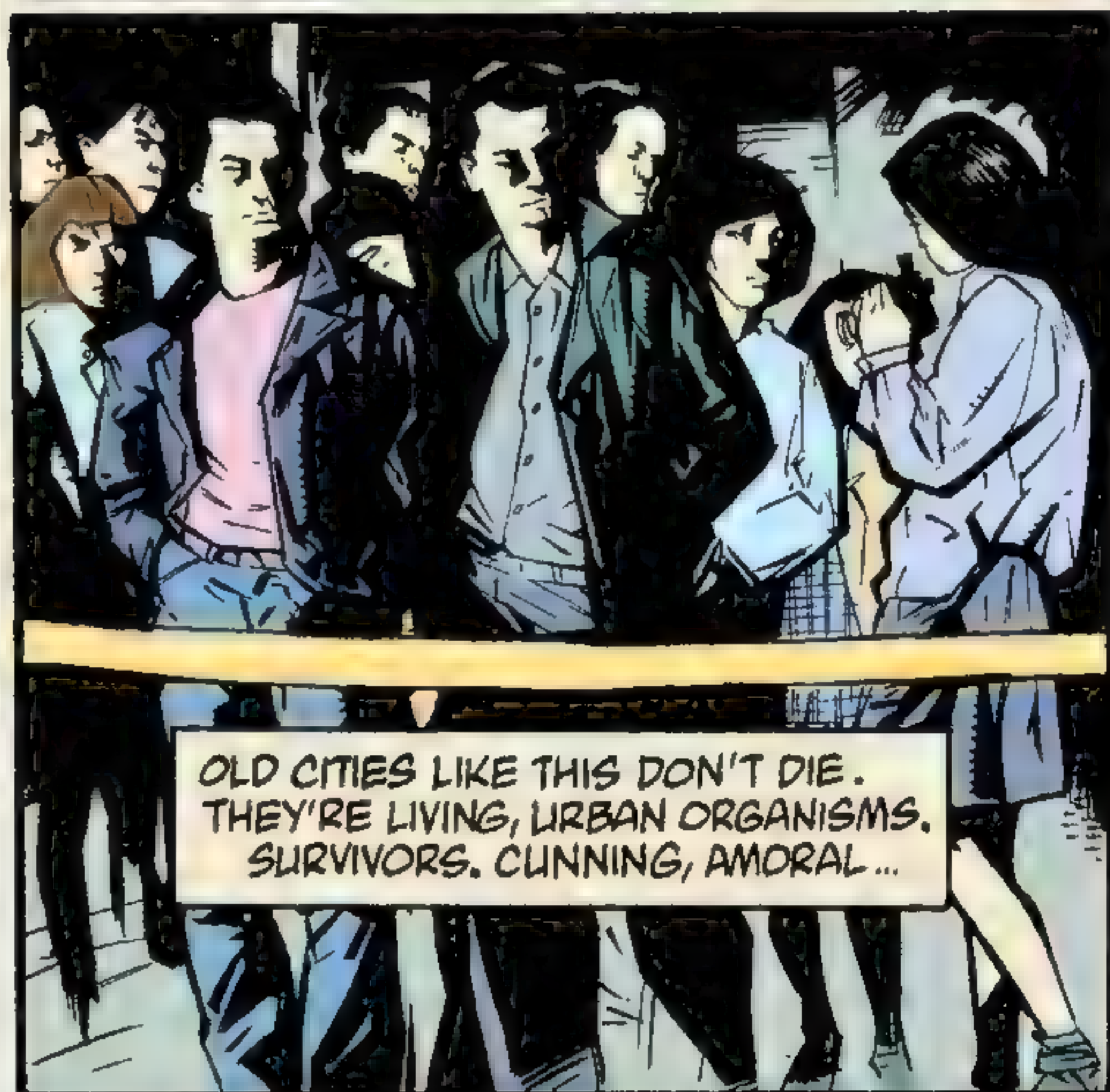
THE TRANSEXUAL HOOKERS NEXT DOOR ARE PARTYING TO SIBERIAN SPEED METAL. THE FEEDBACK SETS MY FILLINGS ON EDGE. SLEEP'S JUST WISHFUL THINKING, SO I DRAG ON MY FIFTH IRANIAN FILTER-LESS AND TRY TO KICK-START MY BRAIN.



WELCOME TO TOKYO.

I WAS HERE LAST IN NINETEEN WHEN THE PACIFIC ECONOMIC BUBBLE BURST. SALARY-MEN WERE COMMITTING SEPUKU ALL OVER. THE ONLY GROWTH INDUSTRY WAS IN INDUSTRIAL OFFICE CLEANERS.

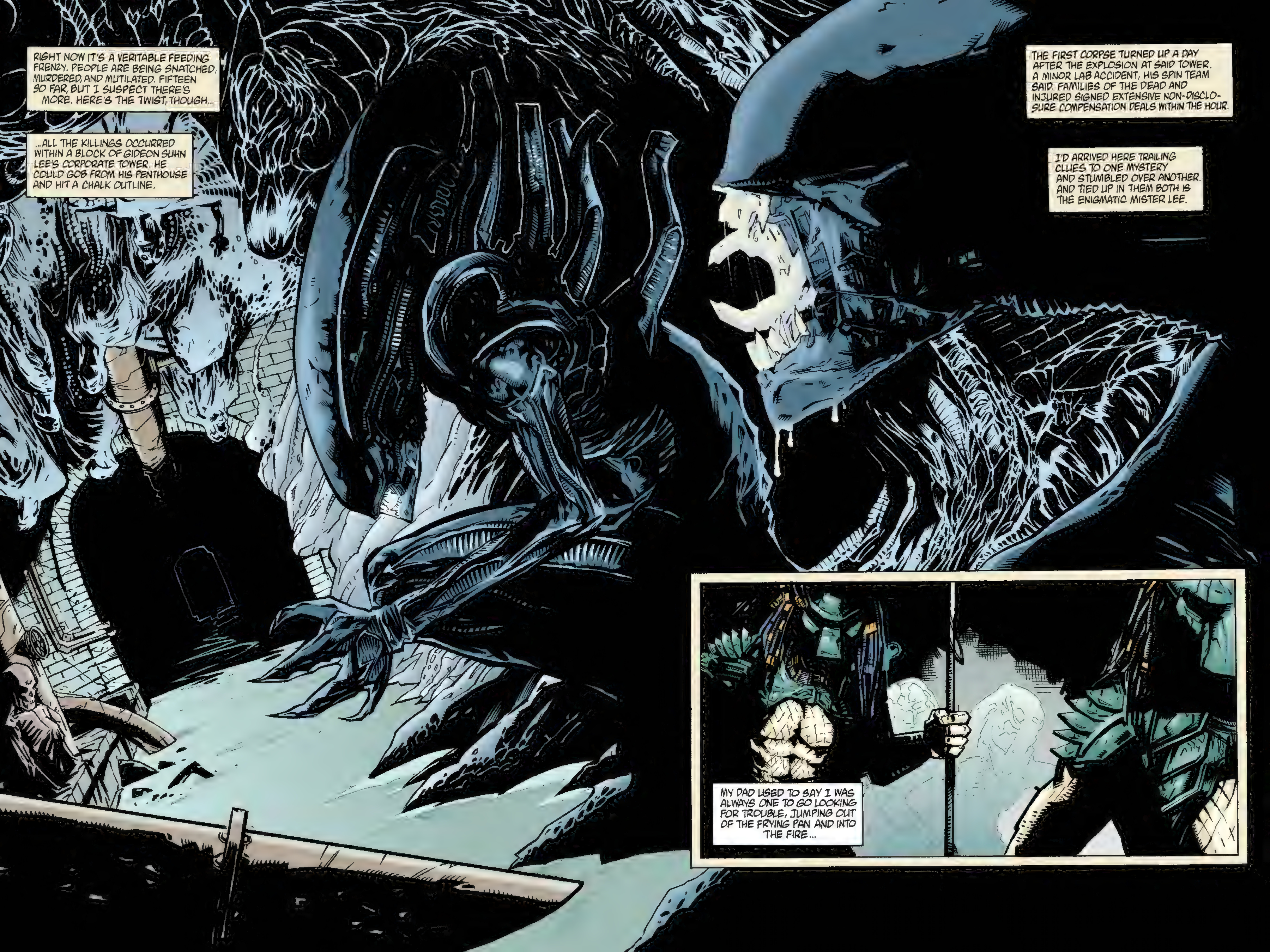
EVENTUALLY, INEVITABLY, THE COUNTRY CRAWLED BACK UP THE FOOD CHAIN AND REASSERTED ITSELF.



OLD CITIES LIKE THIS DON'T DIE. THEY'RE LIVING, URBAN ORGANISMS. SURVIVORS. CUNNING, AMORAL ...



...AND OCCASIONALLY THEY EAT THEIR YOUNG.



RIGHT NOW IT'S A VERITABLE FEEDING FRENZY. PEOPLE ARE BEING SNATCHED, MURDERED, AND MUTILATED. FIFTEEN SO FAR, BUT I SUSPECT THERE'S MORE. HERE'S THE TWIST, THOUGH...

...ALL THE KILLINGS OCCURRED WITHIN A BLOCK OF GIDEON SUHN LEE'S CORPORATE TOWER. HE COULD GOB FROM HIS PENTHOUSE AND HIT A CHALK OUTLINE.

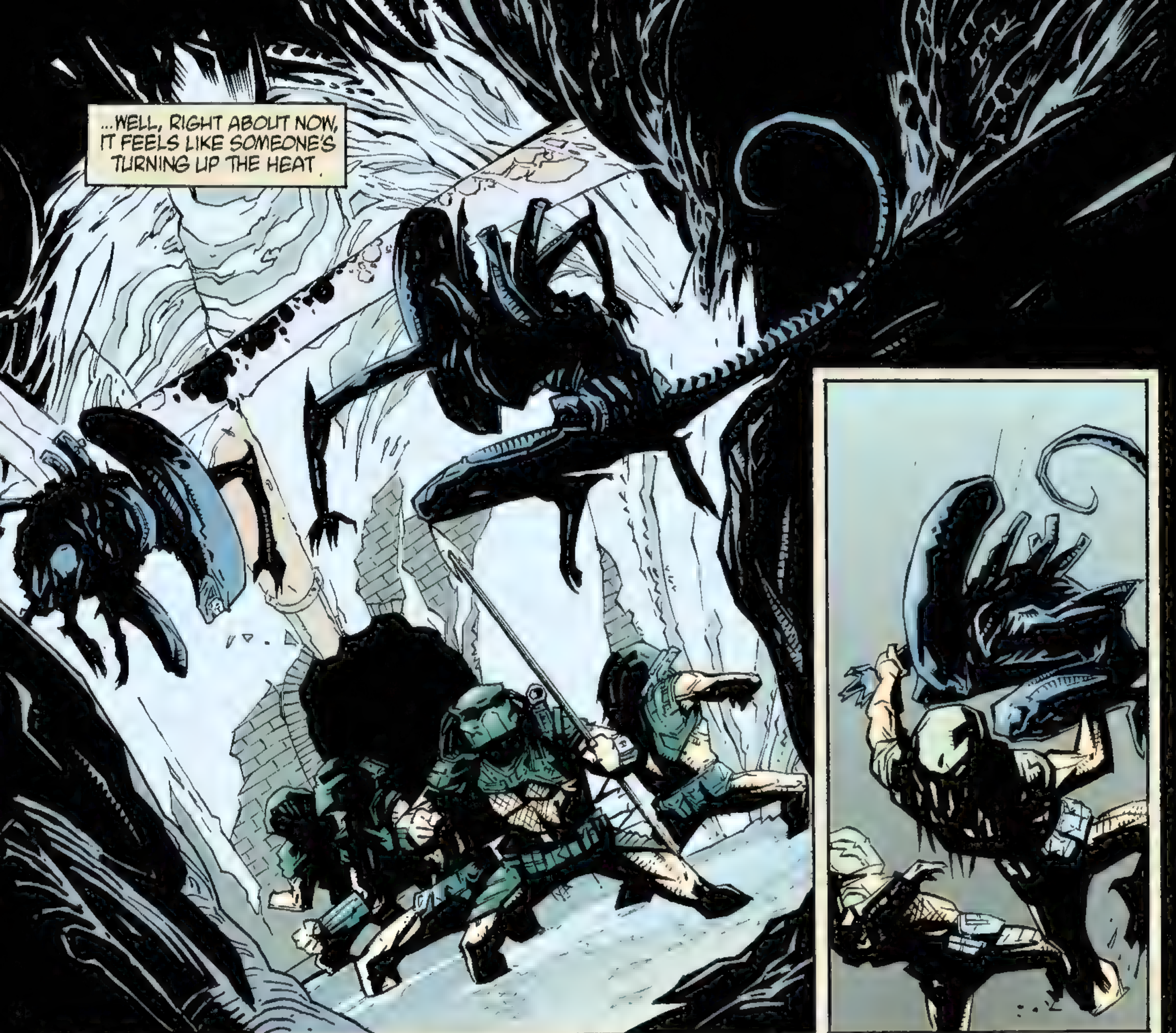
THE FIRST CORPSE TURNED UP A DAY AFTER THE EXPLOSION AT SAID TOWER. A MINOR LAB ACCIDENT, HIS SPIN TEAM SAID. FAMILIES OF THE DEAD AND INJURED SIGNED EXTENSIVE NON-DISCLOSURE COMPENSATION DEALS WITHIN THE HOUR.

I'D ARRIVED HERE TRAILING CLUES TO ONE MYSTERY AND STUMBLED OVER ANOTHER. AND TIED UP IN THEM BOTH IS THE ENIGMATIC MISTER LEE.



MY DAD USED TO SAY I WAS ALWAYS ONE TO GO LOOKING FOR TROUBLE, JUMPING OUT OF THE FRYING PAN AND INTO THE FIRE...

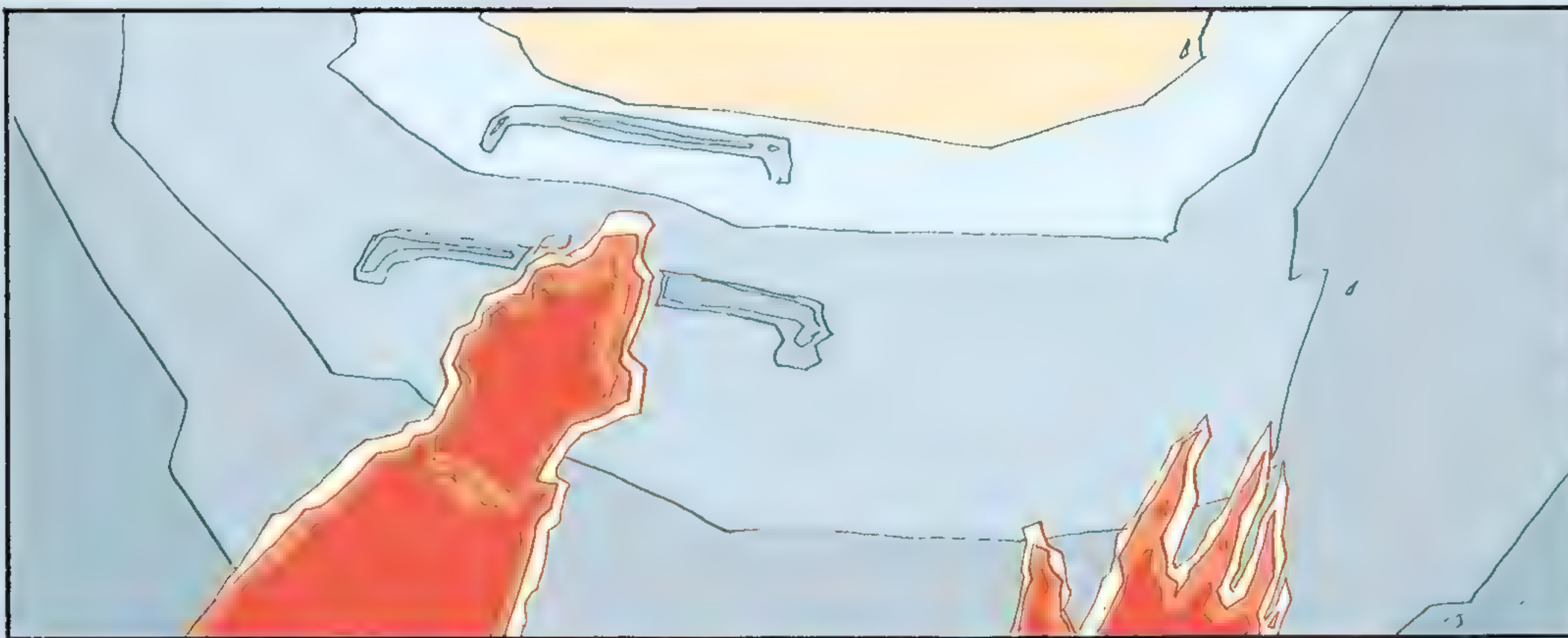
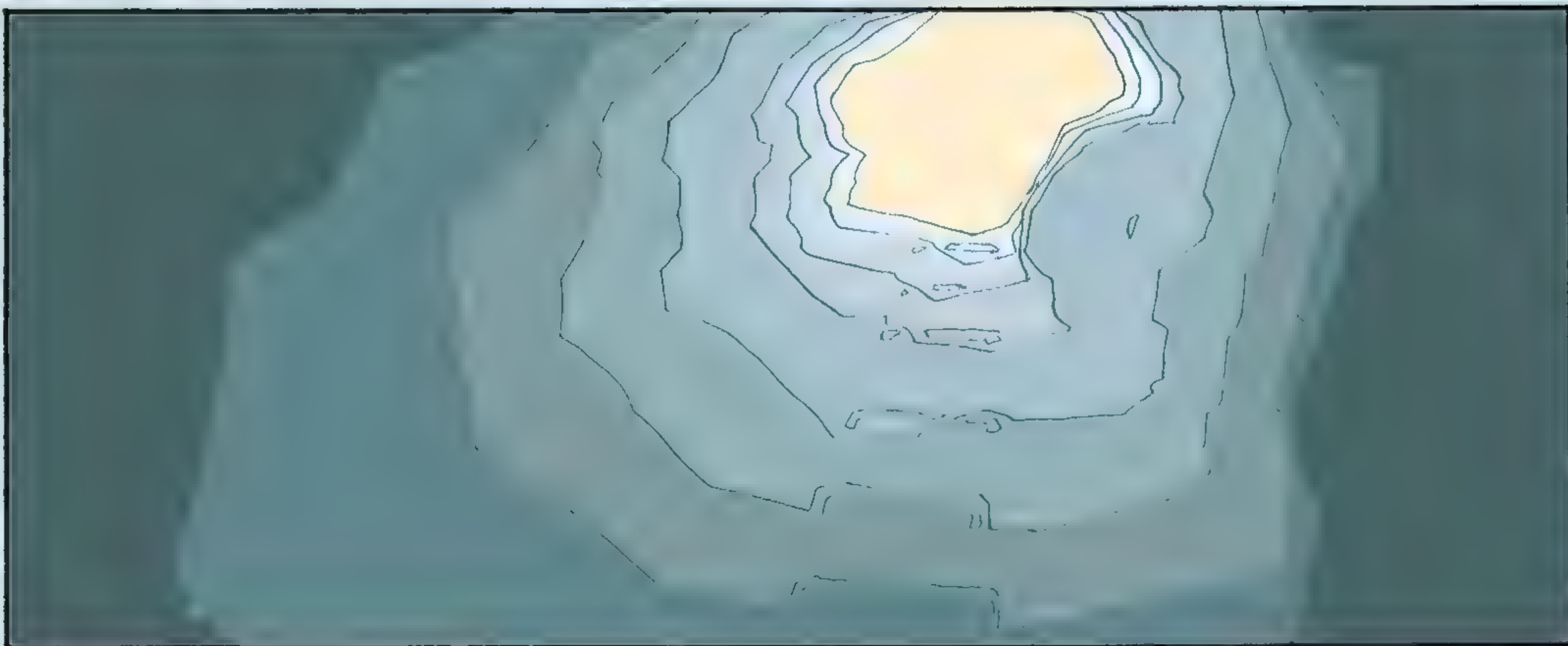
...WELL, RIGHT ABOUT NOW,
IT FEELS LIKE SOMEONE'S
TURNING UP THE HEAT.

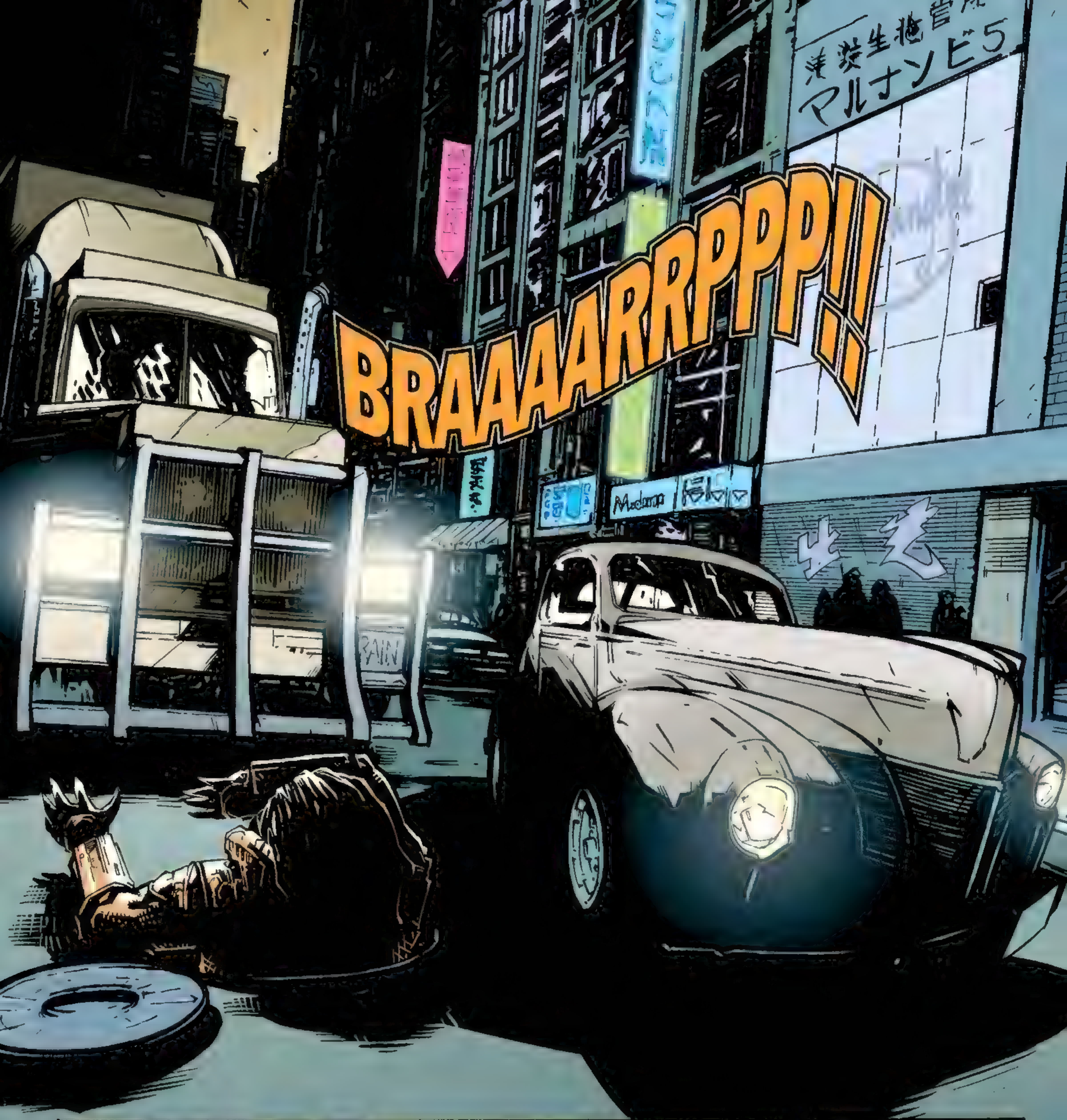










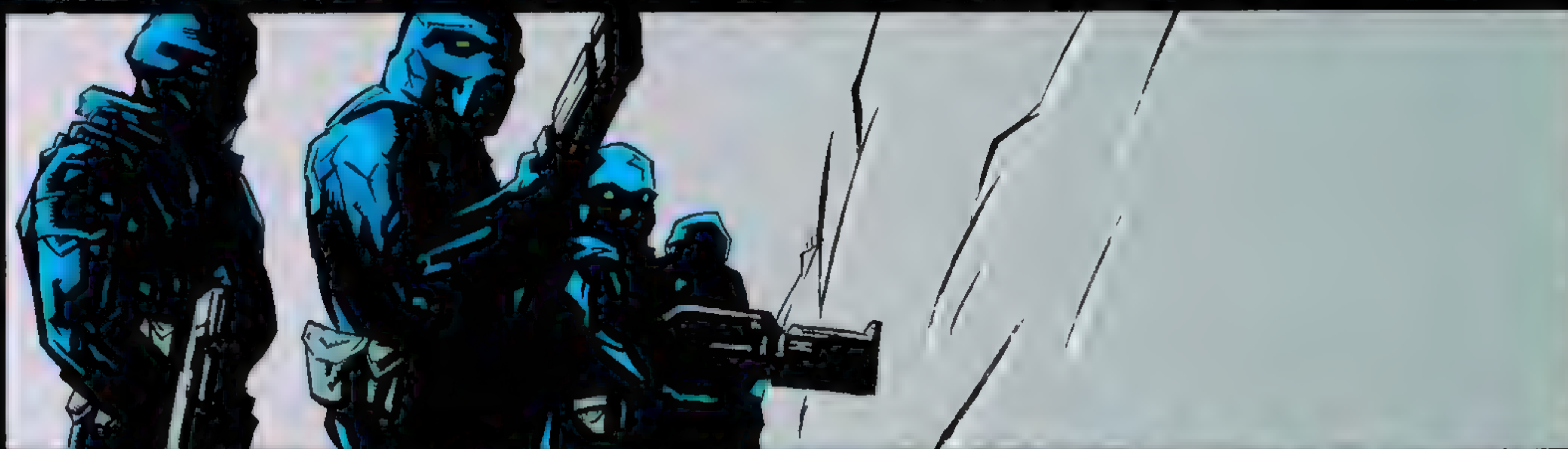




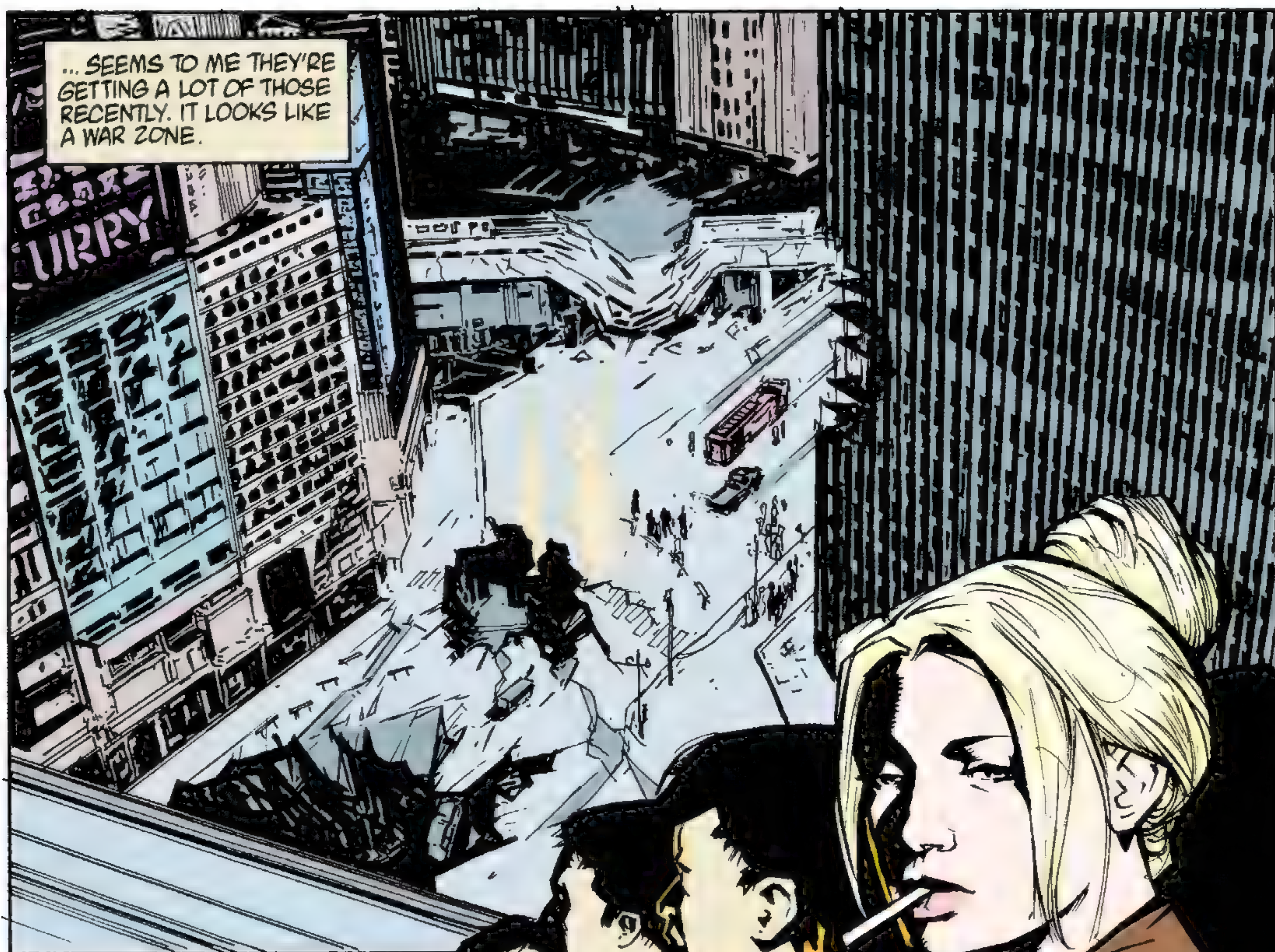
MAJOR
CABOT! I HAVE
POSITIVE IDS
ON TWO MARKS
AT TWELVE
O'CLOCK!



LOCK
AND LOAD,
GENTLEMEN,
IT'S GAME
TIME!



THEY SAID IT WAS A
GAS MAIN EXPLOSION.
A TERRIBLE, TRAGIC
ACCIDENT...



... SEEMS TO ME THEY'RE
GETTING A LOT OF THOSE
RECENTLY. IT LOOKS LIKE
A WAR ZONE.

BELIEVE
ME, I SHOULD
KNOW.

SOMETHING STRANGE AND SERIOUS
IS GOING DOWN HERE, BUT WHAT?
IT'S LIKE AN ITCH I CAN'T SCRATCH...





...AND I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE. THOSE GUYS ARE **UNIT K**, A COVERT WING OF THE JAPANESE SECRET SERVICE, AND THEY'RE NOT HERE FOR THEIR HEALTH.



MAYBE I'M BEING PARANOID, BUT IT SEEMS ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, ALL ROADS LEAD TO GIDEON LEE.

I'VE READ ALL THE AUTHORIZED **PR** STUFF, BUT IT'S WHAT'S NOT BEEN SAID ABOUT HIM THAT'S MORE INTRIGUING.



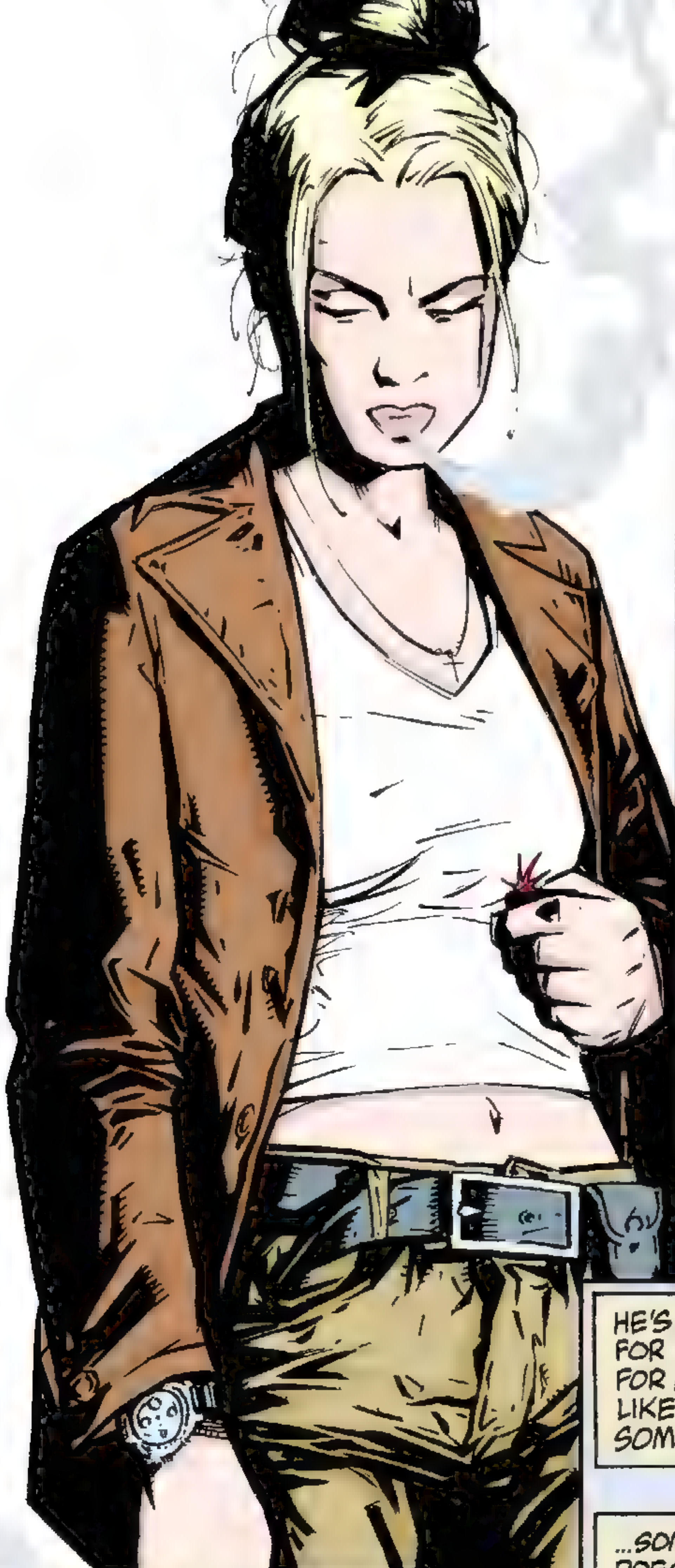
THERE'S NO DIRT, NO GOSSIP, NO SCANDAL, NOTHING. THIS GUY'S A CIPHER. HE PROTECTS HIMSELF WITH FEAR AND MONEY.

NO ONE I APPROACHED WOULD TALK. MADE ME START THINKING I WAS LOSING MY TOUCH...



...BUT THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO SKIN A CAT.

REEP
REEP
REEP

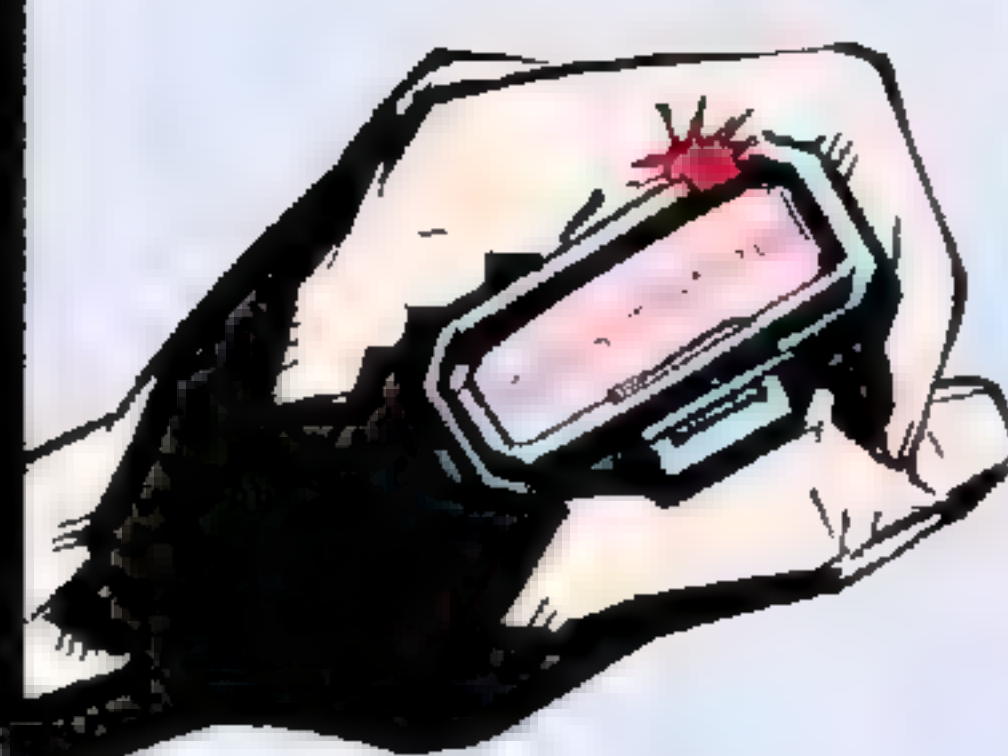


OTAKU ARE DATA FREAKS, OBSESSIVE ACQUIRERS OF USELESS INFO ON SPECIFIC SUBJECTS: JEWISH PORN STARS, SPETNATZ HANDGUNS, VANILLA ICE, THE WOMBLES...

...LAZARUS LIKES SECRETS. PERSONAL, INDUSTRIAL, GOVERNMENTAL, YOU NAME IT. THAT'S WHY HE'S SO ANAL ABOUT NOT MEETING. HIS SECURITY'S HIS LIFE.

HE'S BEEN TRAWLING FOR DATA ON LEE FOR ME, AND IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S FOUND SOMETHING...

...SOMETHING HE DOESN'T TRUST SENDING VIA MODEM. HE WANTS TO MEET!



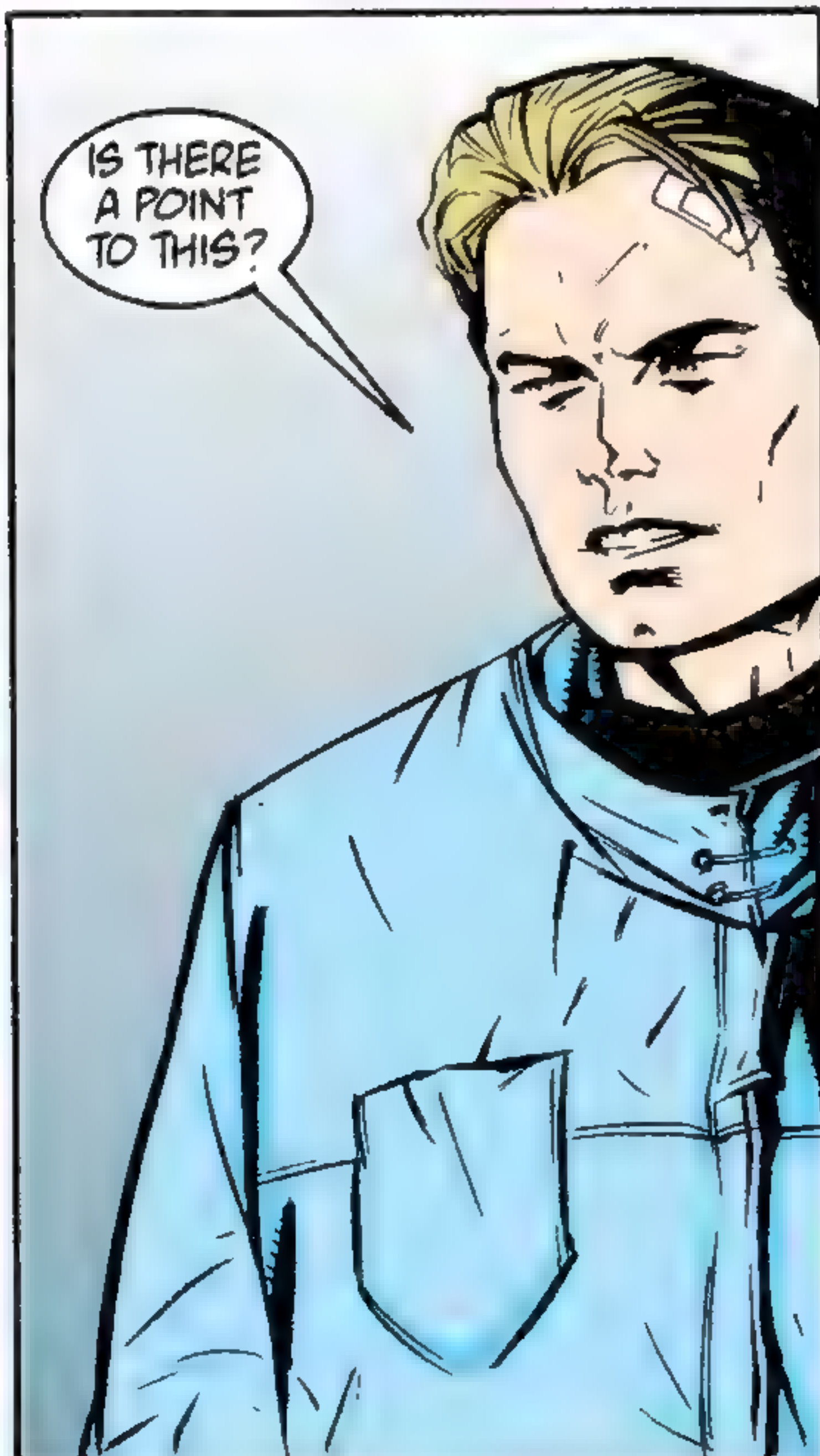
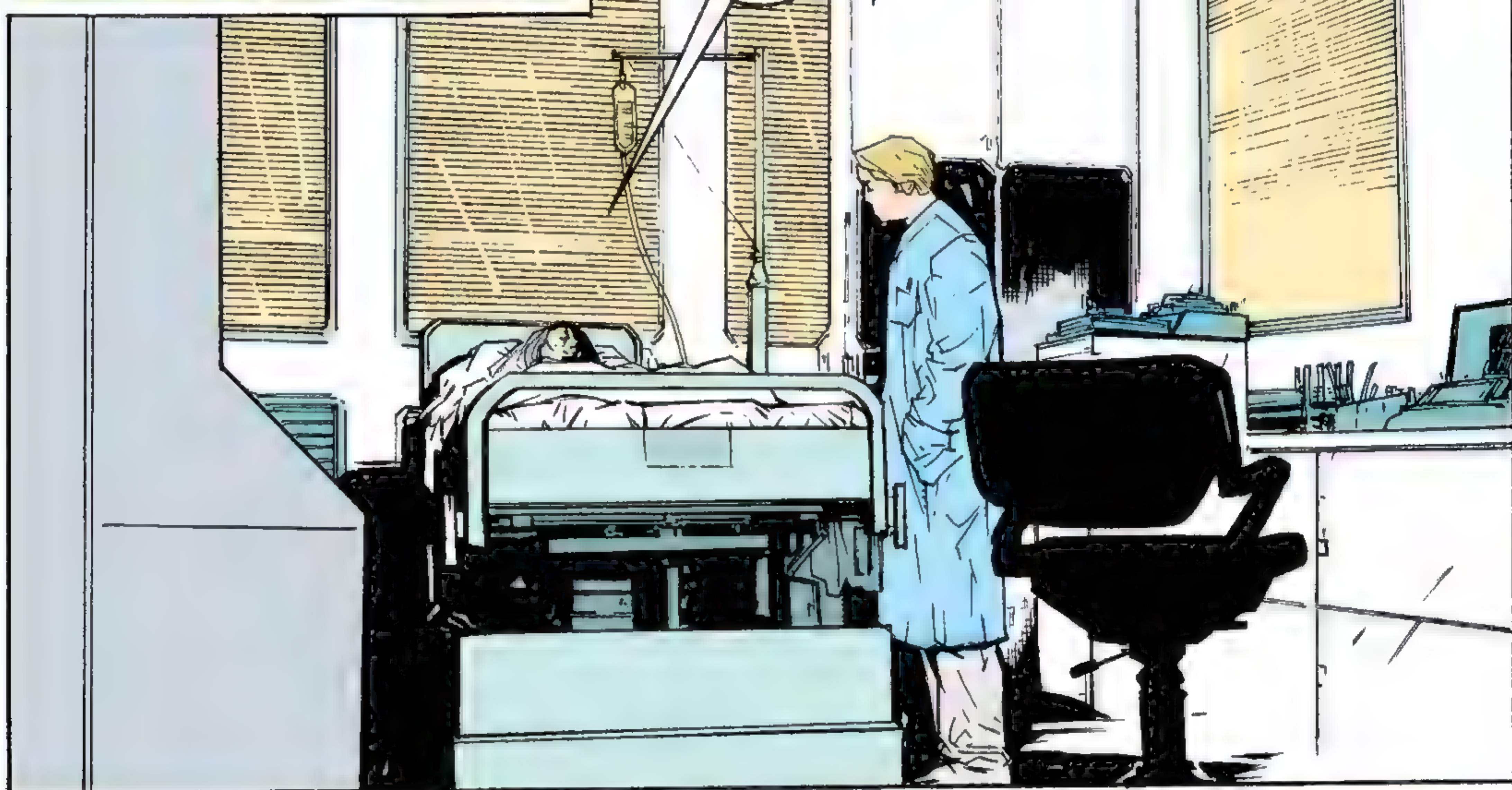
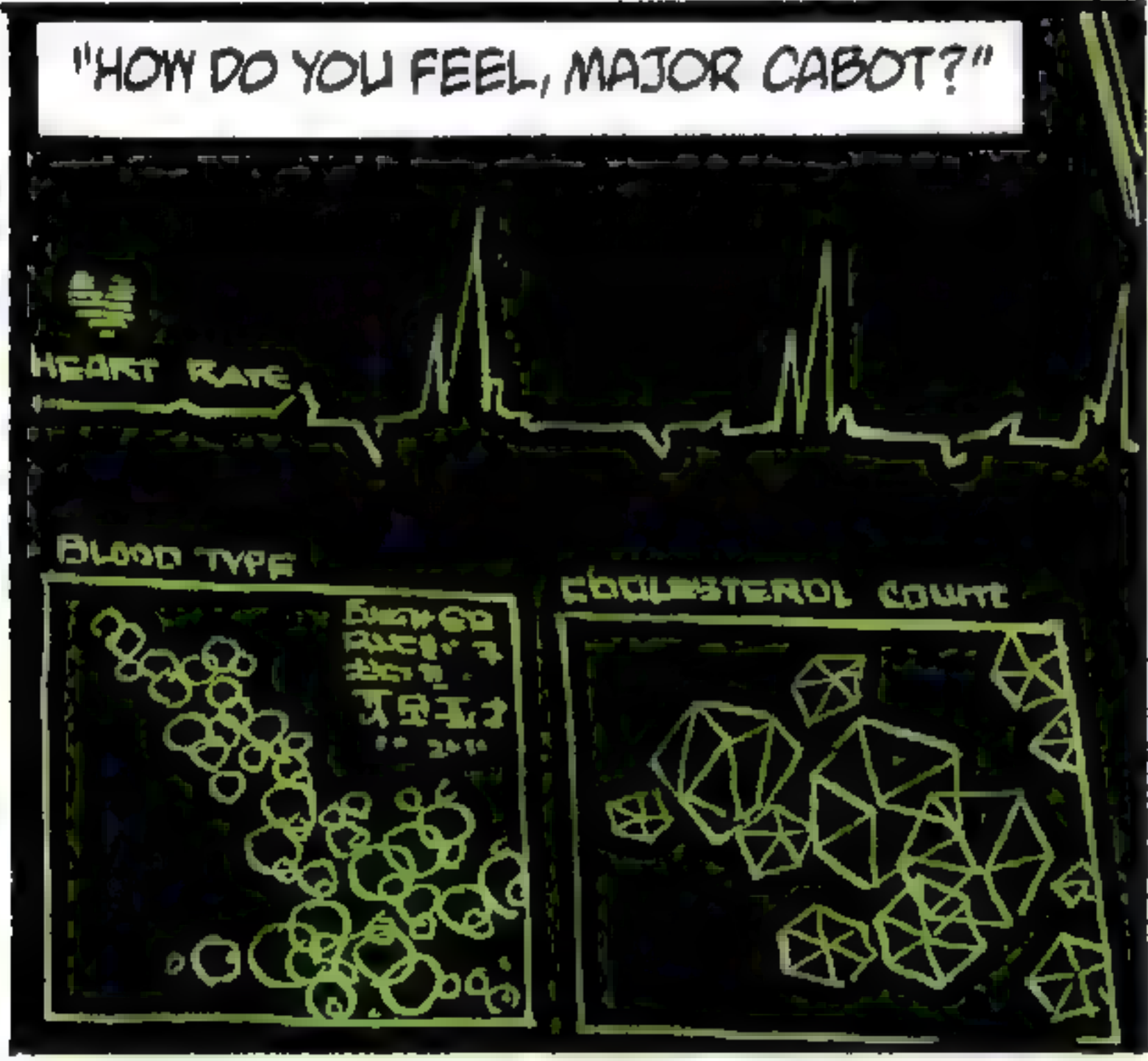
MY MATE CRAB'S FRIEND LAZARUS HAS BEEN DIGGING UP THE DIGITAL DIRT FOR ME. HE'S LOCAL, BUT WE'VE NEVER MET. LIKE MOST OTAKU, HE'S PROBABLY A GRUBBY AGORAPHOBIC RAISED ON JUNK FOOD AND TRASH TV.

THEY'VE OPTED OUT OF JAPANESE SOCIETY AND ITS HELLISH WEB OF SOCIAL LOYALTIES AND OBLIGATIONS. THEY ONLY INTERACT WITH OTHERS VIA COMPUTER.

TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY HERMITS. ISN'T TECHNOLOGY MARVELOUS! CHARLIE BABBAGE AND ALAN TURING MUST BE SPINNING IN THEIR GRAVES LIKE TOPS!



WHY DOES THAT SCARE ME?





NO, LEE!
THEY'RE ONTO
US NOW!

I DON'T
CARE!!



AND I...
I DO NOT
HAVE TIME
TO WASTE
ARGUING.



THINK, CABOT. THOSE
MONSTERS FROM THE EGGS,
THEY ARE THE PREDATOR'S
QUARRY. THE CORPSES FOUND
SCATTERED CLOSE BY THIS
BUILDING, IT IS THEIR
GAME TRAIL!

THEY ARE
SO CLOSE I
COULD TOUCH
THEM, AND
I WILL!

BUT HOW?
WE DIDN'T KILL ONE,
I MEAN...



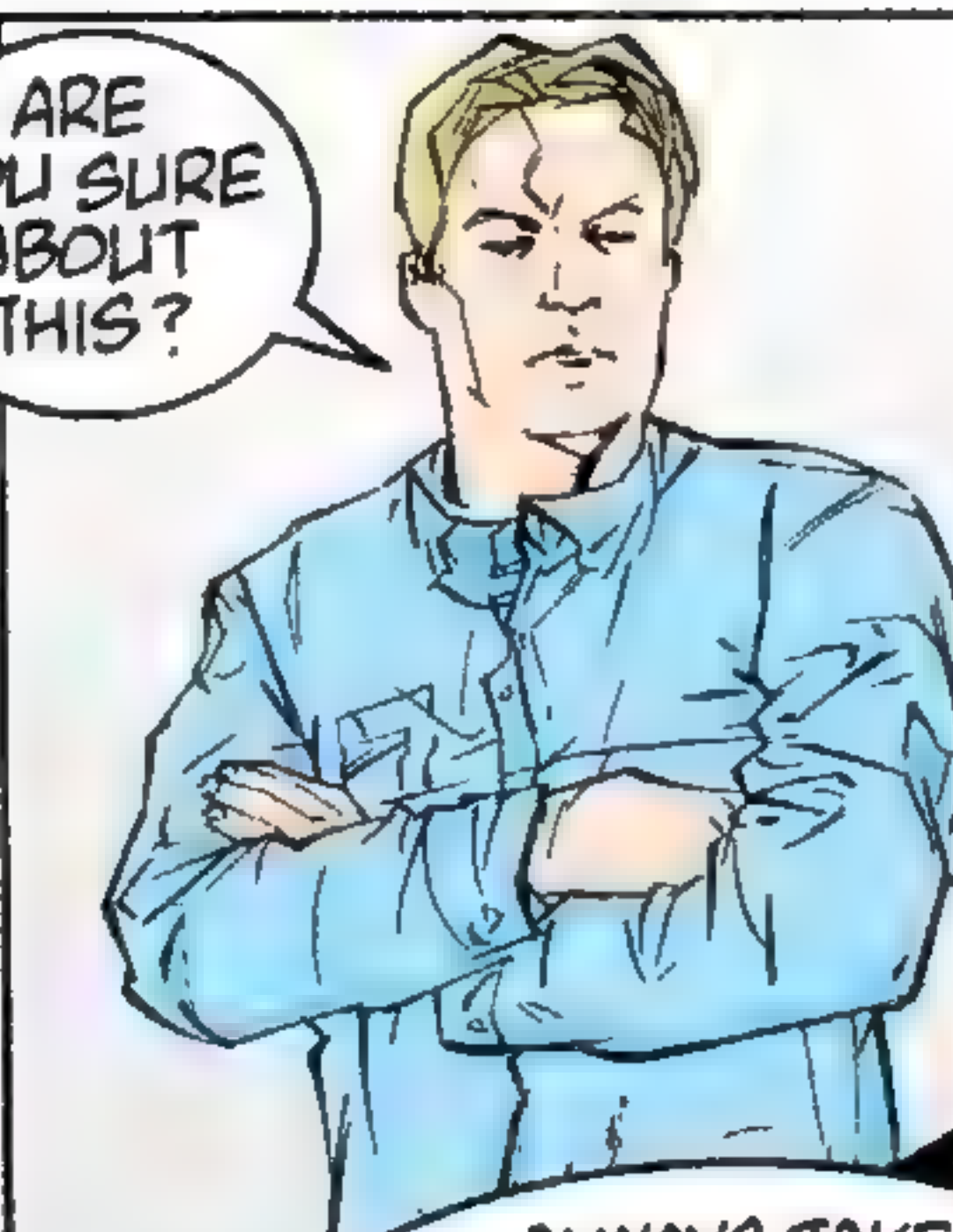
FATE PROVIDES,
AS ALWAYS. IF ALL
GOES WELL, I WILL
JOIN YOU ON
THE HUNT.



IN THE MEANTIME,
THERE IS A MATTER I
WISH YOU TO
ATTEND TO.



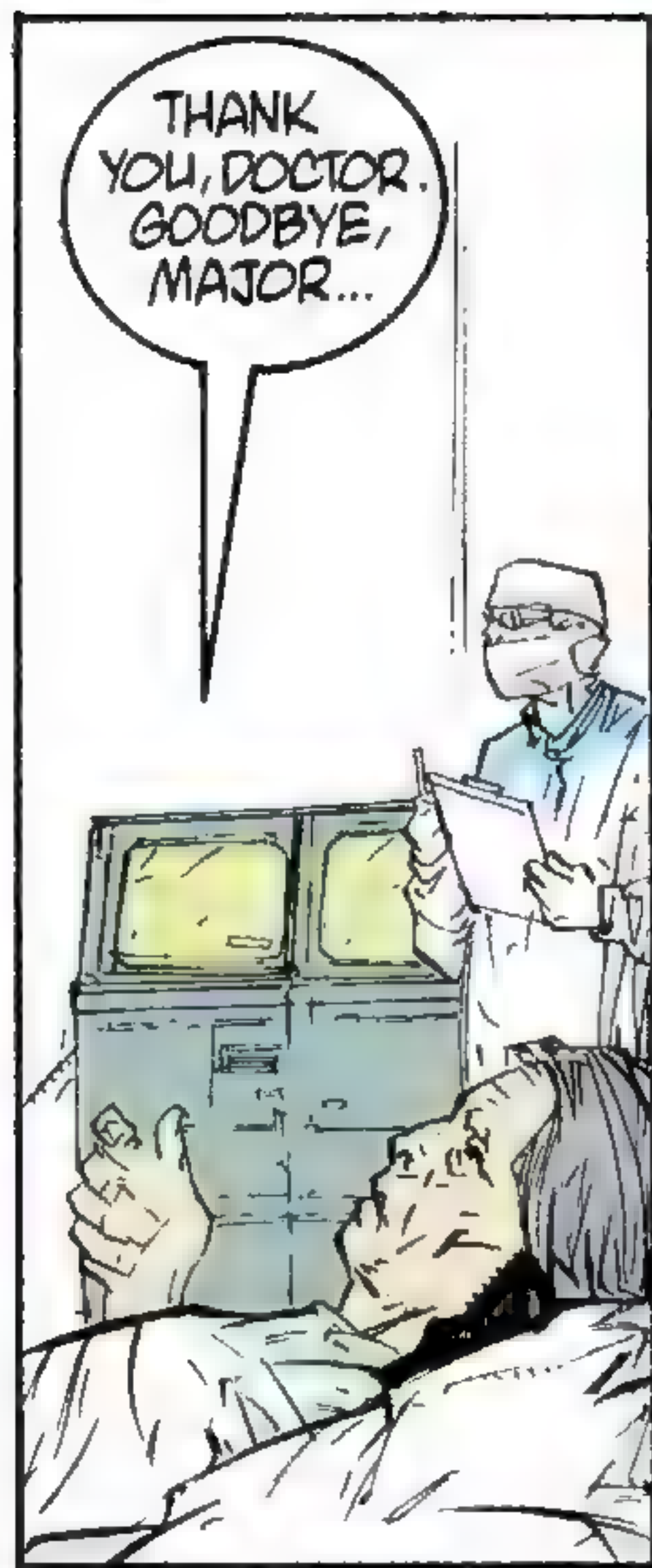
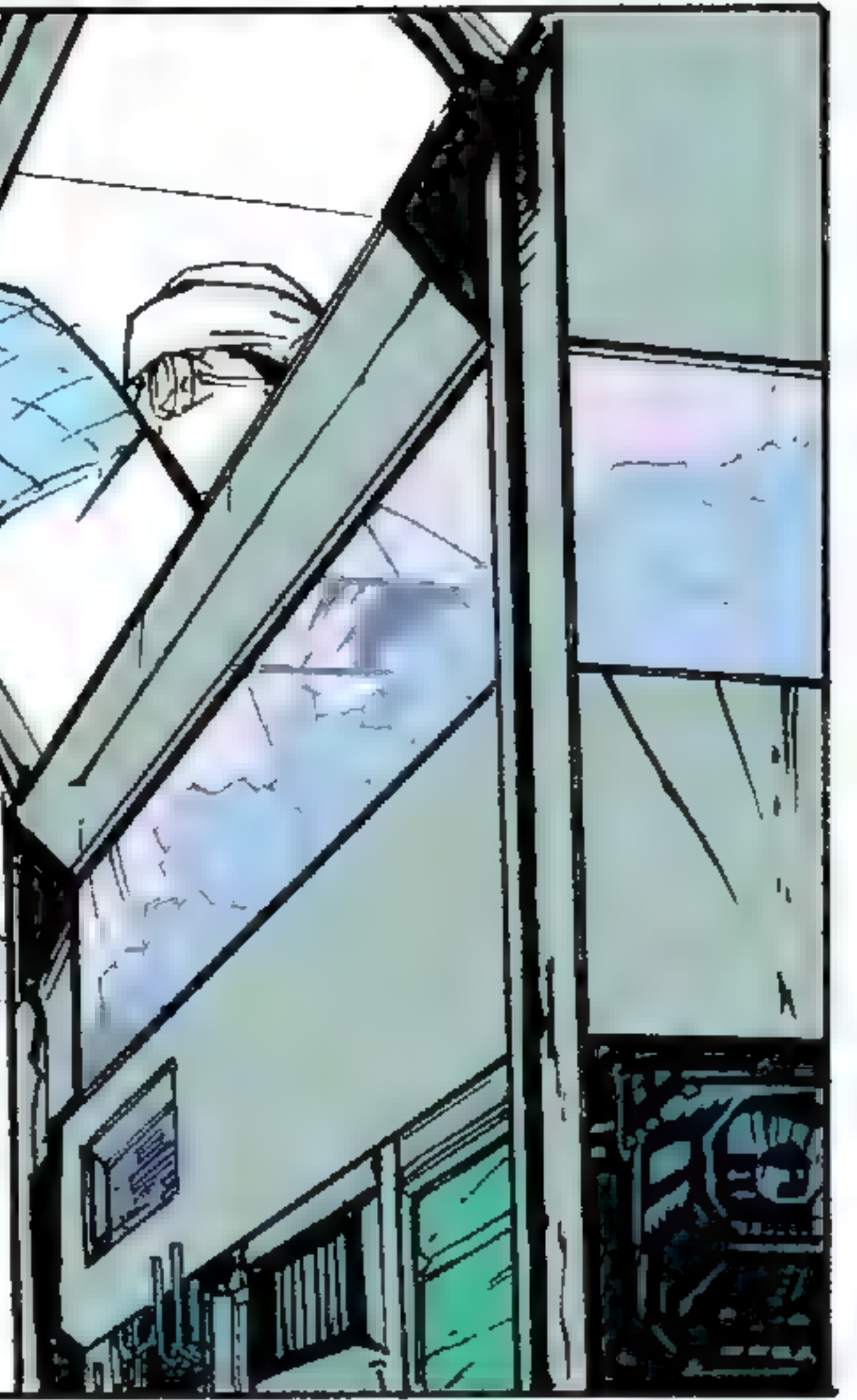
ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THIS?



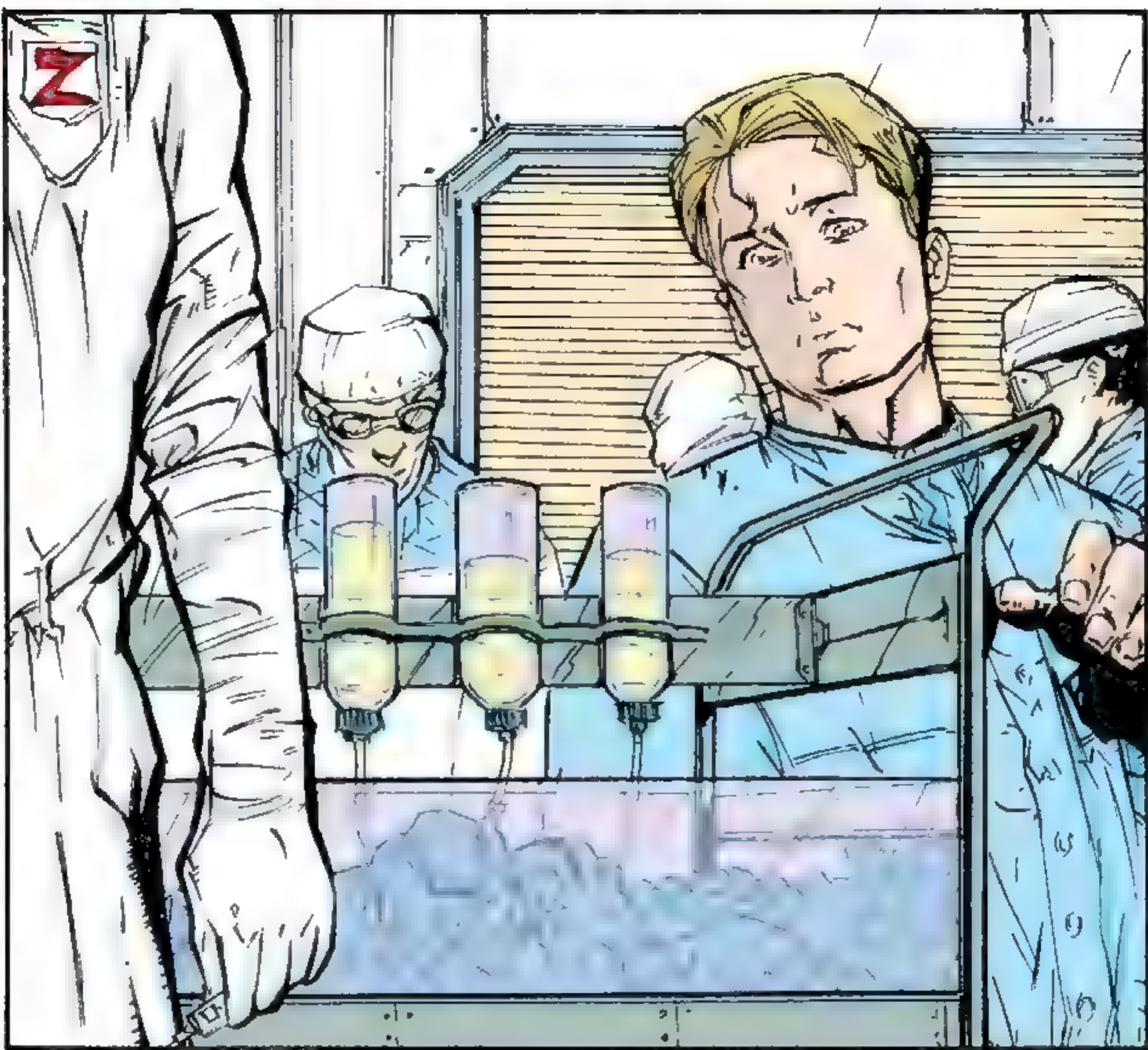
ALWAYS TAKE CARE OF LOOSE ENDS, MAJOR, OR ONE DAY THEY WILL RETURN TO STRANGLE YOU.



IT'S TIME, SIR.



THANK YOU, DOCTOR. GOODBYE, MAJOR...



...OR SHOULD I SAY ALI REVOIR.





MISS MCBRIDE? CAN
YOU HEAR ME?

YUSMFURKCHM

I'LL TAKE THAT
AS A YES. YOUR SEDATION
IS WEARING OFF. YOU'LL
FEEL SOME DISORIENTATION,
BUT IT'LL PASS.

NHHH... BOG
OFF, UGLY. I'VE
HAD WORSE
HANGOVERS
THAN THIS.

JUST FOR
THE RECORD,
BEFORE I KICK
YOUR TEETH IN.
WHERE AM I, AND
WHO ARE YOU?

YOU ARE A GUEST
IN MY HOME, MISS MCBRIDE.
I AM GIDEON SUHN LEE, BUT
YOU PERHAPS BEST
KNOW ME AS LAZARUS.

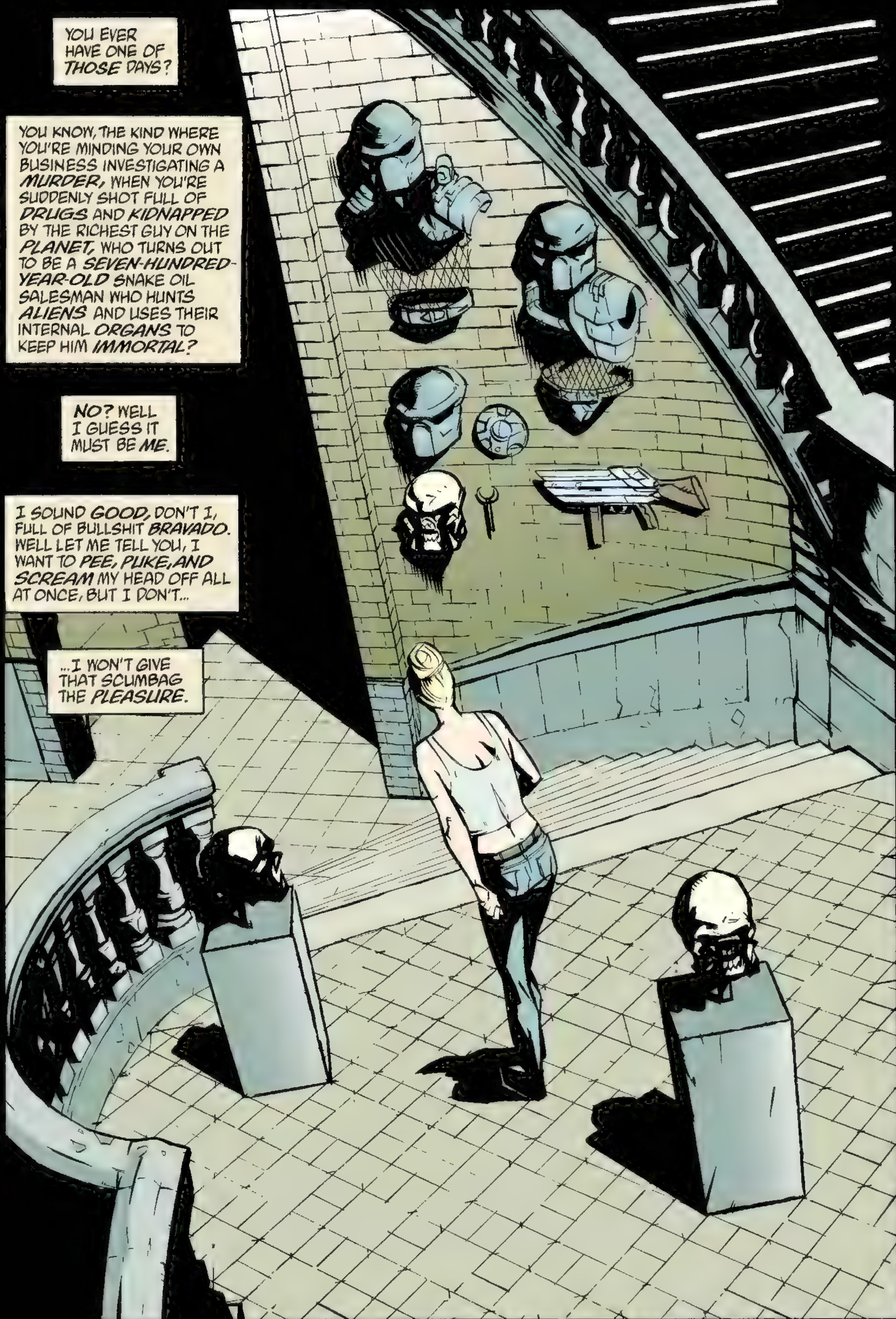
YOU EVER
HAVE ONE OF
THOSE DAYS?

YOU KNOW, THE KIND WHERE
YOU'RE MINDING YOUR OWN
BUSINESS INVESTIGATING A
MURDER, WHEN YOU'RE
SUDDENLY SHOT FULL OF
DRUGS AND *KIDNAPPED*
BY THE RICHEST GUY ON THE
PLANET, WHO TURNS OUT
TO BE A *SEVEN-HUNDRED-*
YEAR-OLD SNAKE OIL
SALESMAN WHO HUNTS
ALIENS AND USES THEIR
INTERNAL *ORGANS* TO
KEEP HIM *IMMORTAL*?

NO? WELL
I GUESS IT
MUST BE ME.

I SOUND GOOD, DON'T I,
FULL OF BULLSHIT *BRAVADO*.
WELL LET ME TELL YOU, I
WANT TO *PEE, PUKE, AND*
SCREAM MY HEAD OFF ALL
AT ONCE, BUT I DON'T...

...I WON'T GIVE
THAT SCUMBAG
THE PLEASURE.





LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. YOU WANT *ME* TO WRITE YOUR BIOGRAPHY? *WHY?*



APPETITE, MISS MCBRIDE, FOR FAME, NOTORIETY, SIMPLE RECOGNITION OF WHO I *WAS* AND WHAT I HAVE *BECOME*.



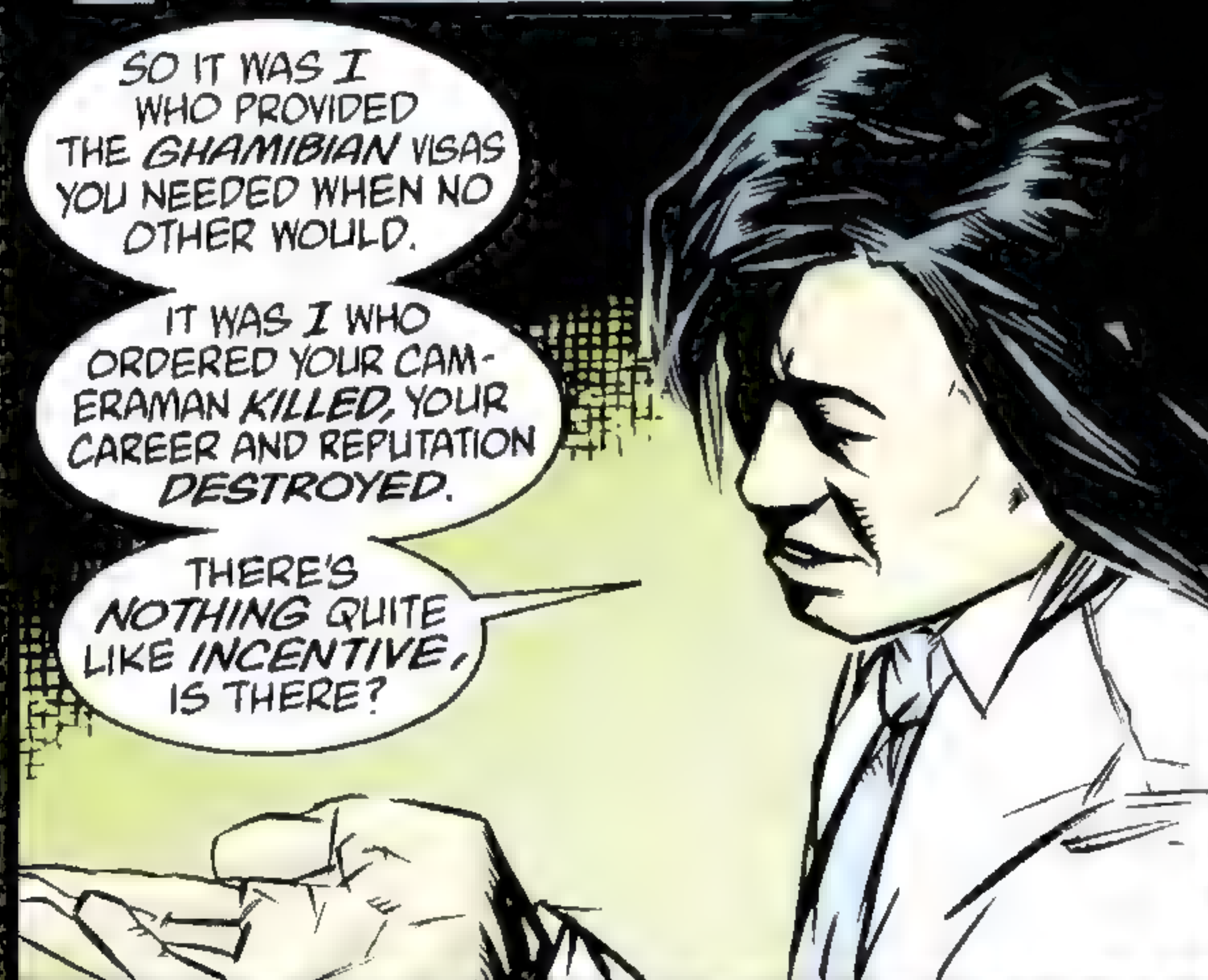
UNTIL RECENTLY, I THOUGHT I *GENUINELY* MIGHT DIE THIS TIME. THE *PREDATORS* WERE NOT TAKING MY *BAIT* SO READILY, *DEATH* WAS STALKING ME--

--I FELT THE URGE TO RECORD MY *EXTRAORDINARY* LIFE FOR POSTERITY, WITH YOU AS MY *SCRIBE*.



AGAIN, *WHY?*

I'VE FOLLOWED YOUR CAREER, YOU'RE AN APPEALING MAVERICK, BUT I NEEDED TO KNOW *HOW DETERMINED* YOU REALLY ARE.



SO IT WAS I WHO PROVIDED THE *GHAMIBIAN* VISAS YOU NEEDED WHEN NO OTHER WOULD.

IT WAS I WHO ORDERED YOUR CAM-ERAMAN *KILLED*, YOUR CAREER AND REPUTATION *DESTROYED*.

THERE'S *NOTHING* QUITE LIKE *INCENTIVE*, IS THERE?



YOU BASTARD!
YOU MURDERED
EARL AND SCREWED
UP MY LIFE ALL FOR
SOME BLOODY
TEST!!



OH, PLEASE!
I THREW DOWN
THE CHALLENGE, YOU
WEREN'T OBLIGED
TO TAKE IT UP.

I EVEN LEFT
CLUES. THE SPEAR
TIP? LAZARUS?



FORGET IT!
I'VE HAD ENOUGH. AT
LEAST I'VE SOME
MORALS LEFT.



REALLY?



GOD DAMN
YOU... WHAT
DO I DO?

WHAT WAS I
SUPPOSED TO
DO? HE HAD ME,
AND HE KNEW IT.

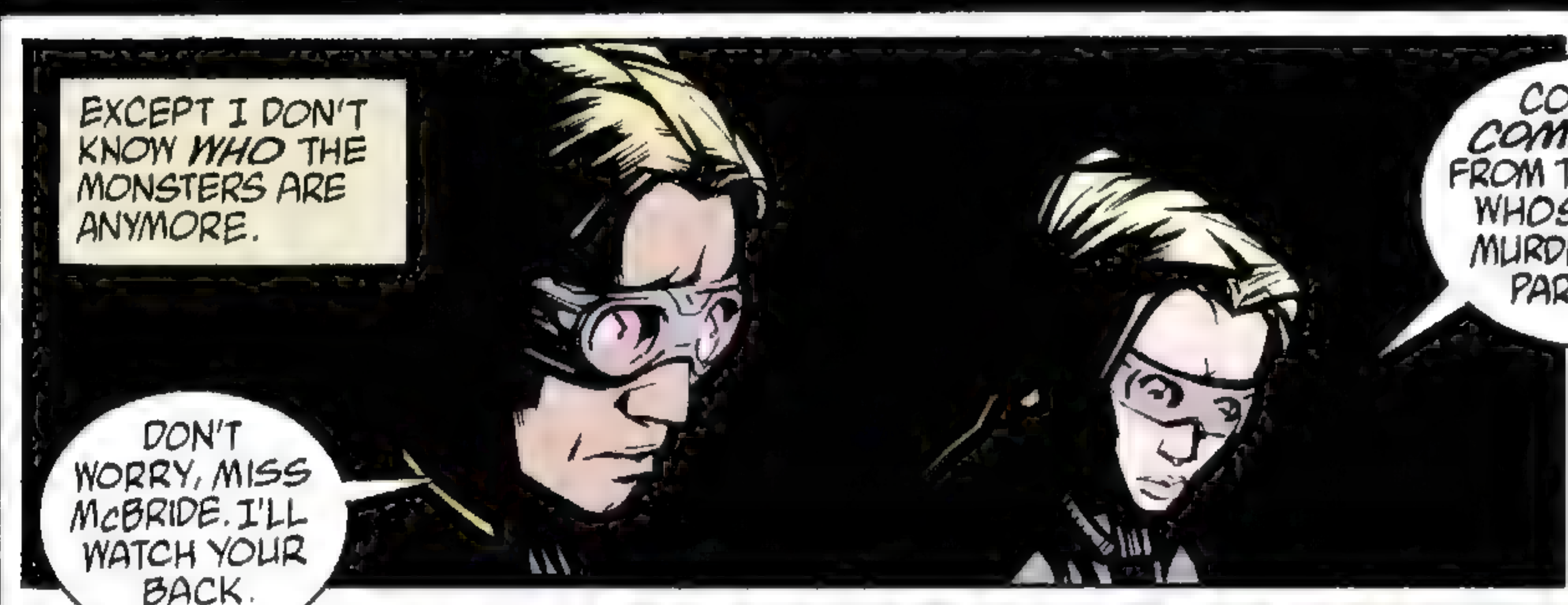
SIX HOURS
LATER WE WERE
UNDERGROUND.

A SALARYMAN HAD BEEN
SNATCHED OFF A BULLET
TRAIN PLATFORM BY THE
REMAINING *CREATURE*
THAT HAD *ESCAPED*
FROM LEE'S LAB.

APPARENTLY THIS NECK OF
THE WOODS WAS ITS GAME
TRAIL. *THE PREDATORS*
HAD SLAUGHTERED ONE AND
SEEMED INTENT ON HUNTING
THE OTHER. SO WAS *LEE*.

HE WANTED TO
CAPTURE ONE
ALIVE AND USE
IT AS *BAIT*.

WE HAD THE PLACE TO
OURSELVES. HIS PEOPLE
HAD *FAKED* A TERRORIST
WARNING ABOUT RELEASING
HALLUCINOGENIC GAS
INTO THE SUBWAY. IT MADE
YOU SEE *MONSTERS*.
CUTE.



EXCEPT I DON'T
KNOW *WHO* THE
MONSTERS ARE
ANYMORE.

DON'T
WORRY, MISS
MCBRIDE. I'LL
WATCH YOUR
BACK.

COLD
COMFORT
FROM THE MAN
WHOSE MEN
MURDERED MY
PARTNER.

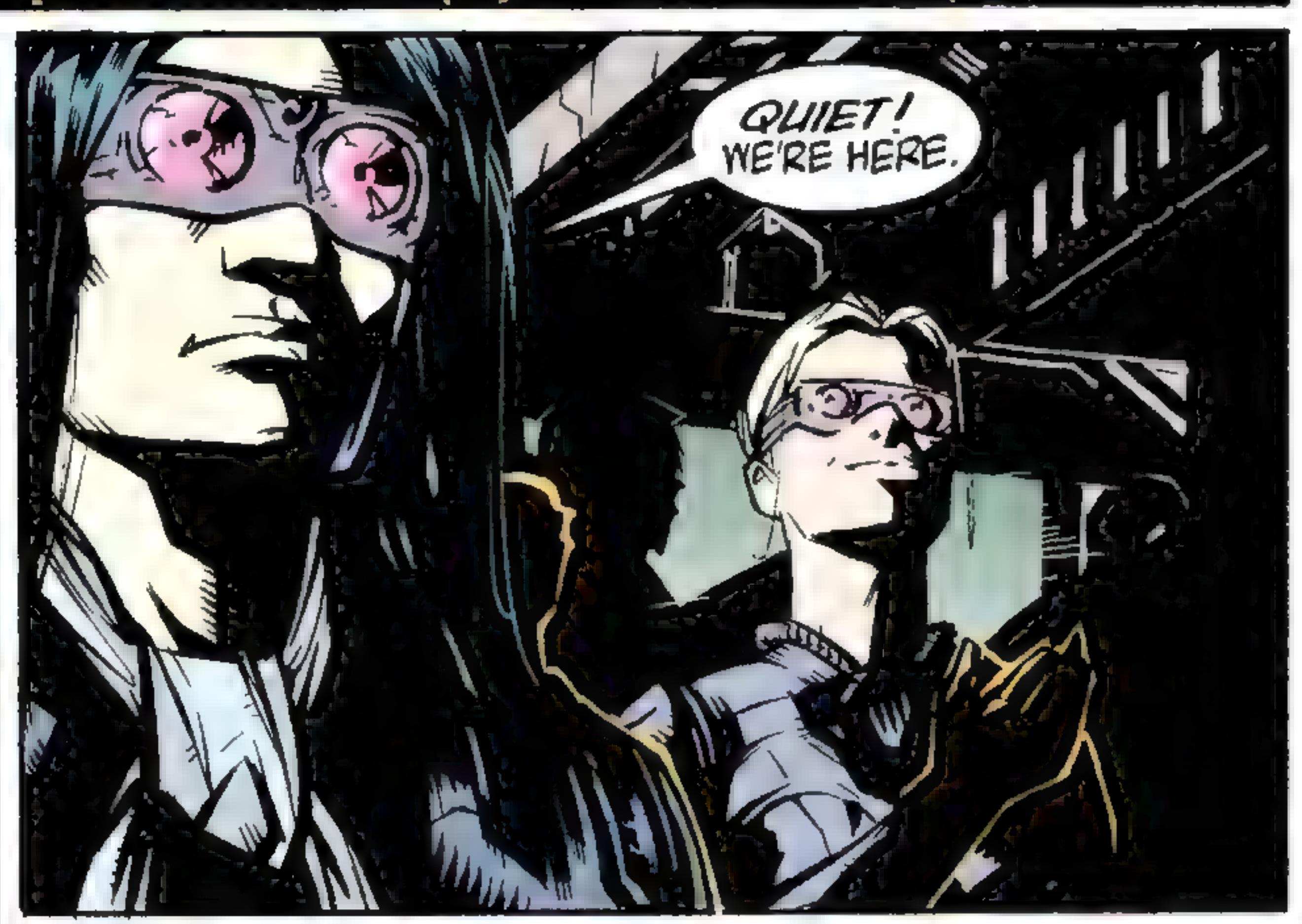


YOU *KNEW*
THE RISKS CROSSING
INTO GHAMIBIA, YET YOU
STILL PUT HIS LIFE ON
THE LINE TO GET
YOUR FACE ON
CAMERA.



I'M A
PAID KILLER,
IT'S WHAT I DO, I
ACCEPT THAT. YOU
GAMBLERD WITH HIS
LIFE BUT DON'T ACCEPT
RESPONSIBILITY
FOR IT.

DON'T
GET DEEP,
IT'S NOT
YOU.

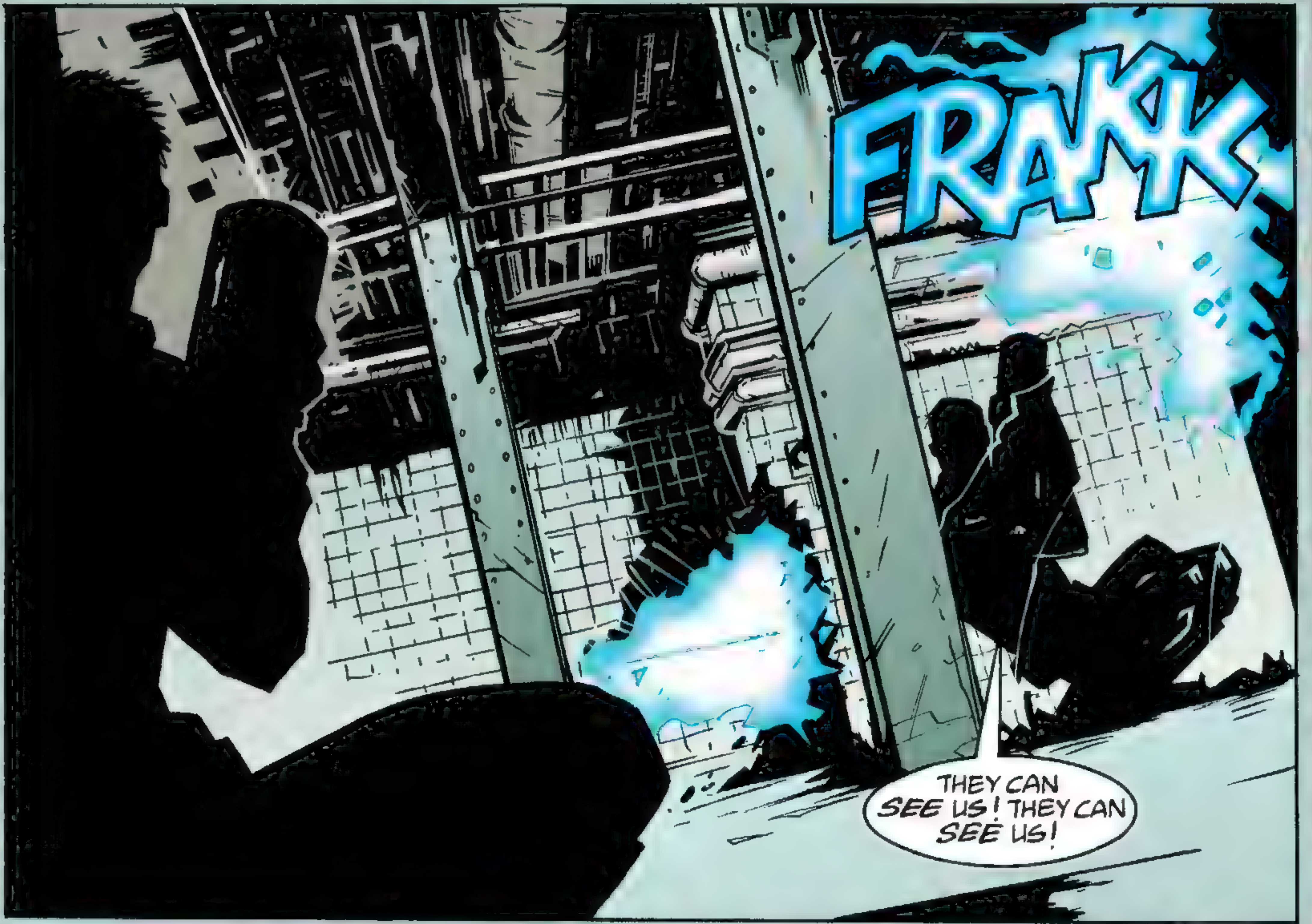


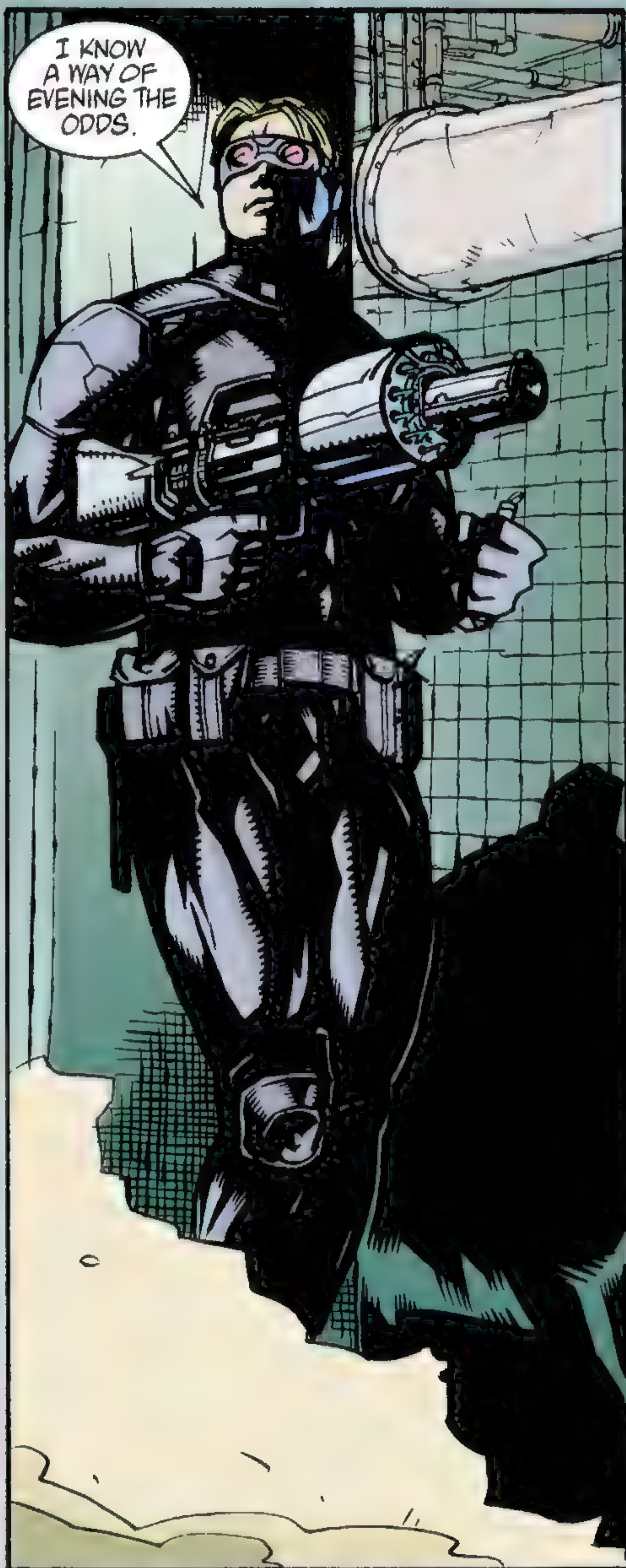
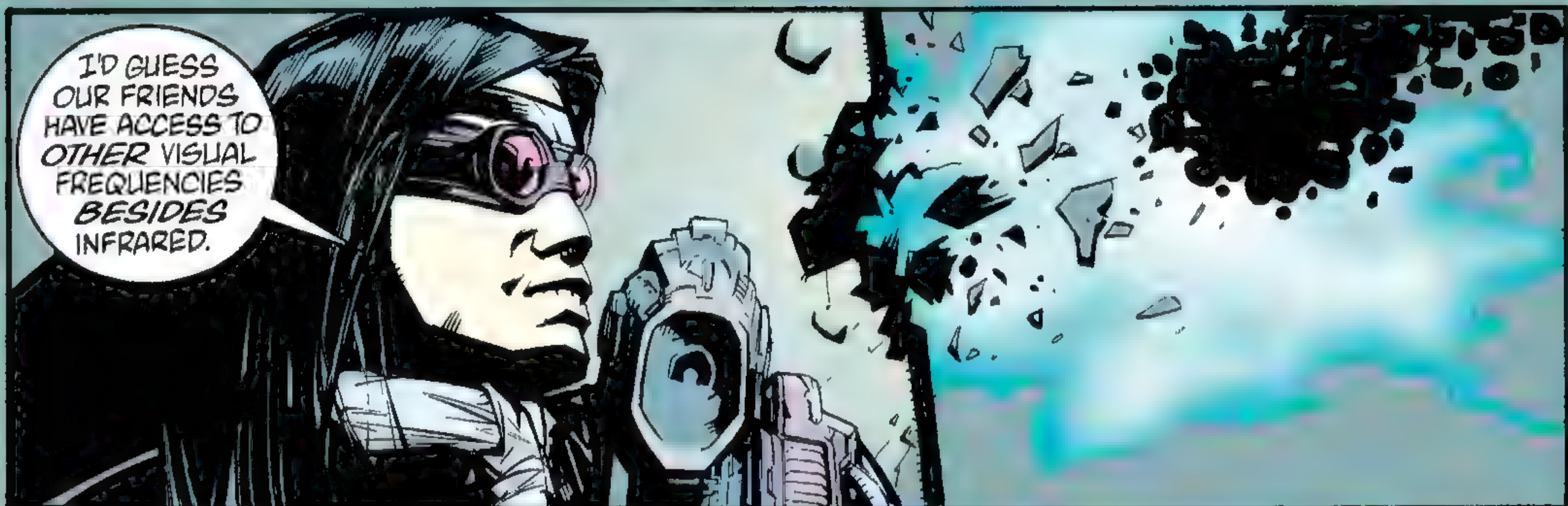
QUIET!
WE'RE HERE.

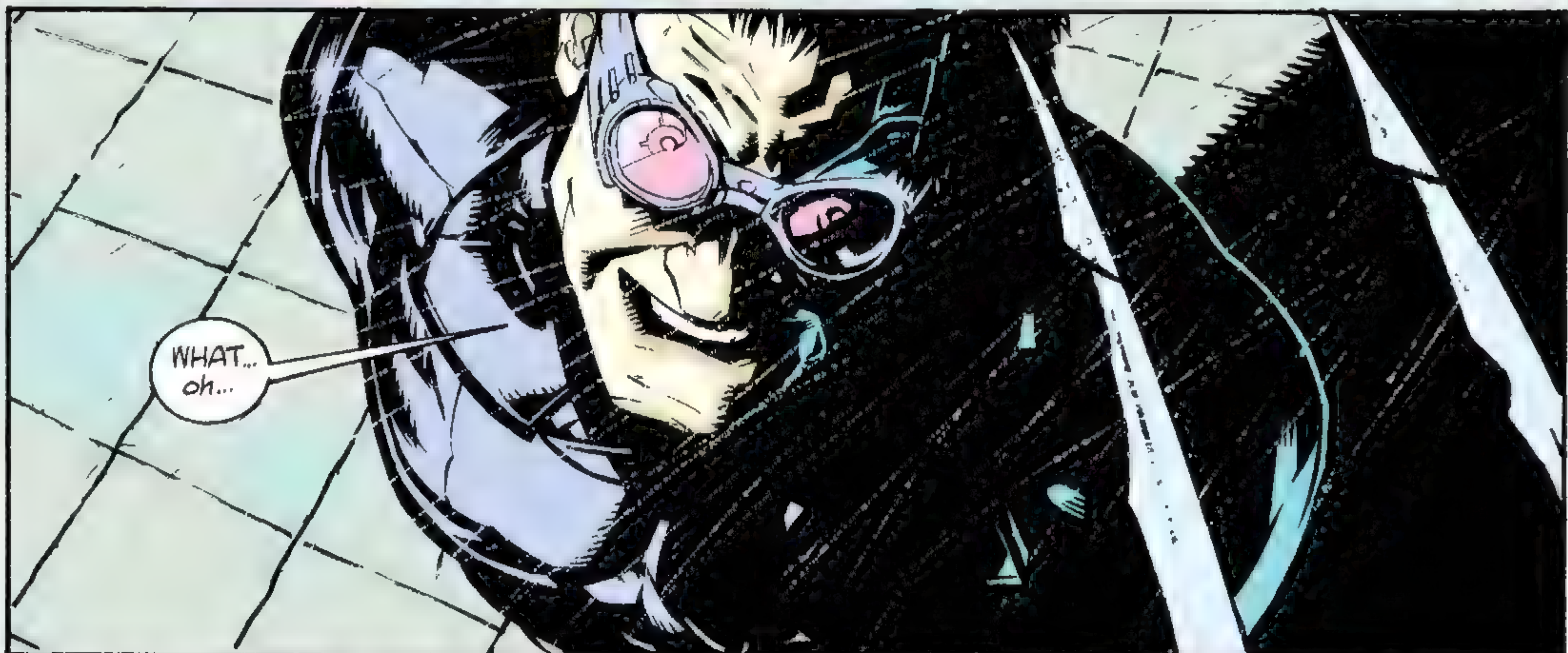


THE PLATFORM'S UP
AHEAD. THERE'S *SOME-*
THING THERE. CABOT,
TAKE POINT.











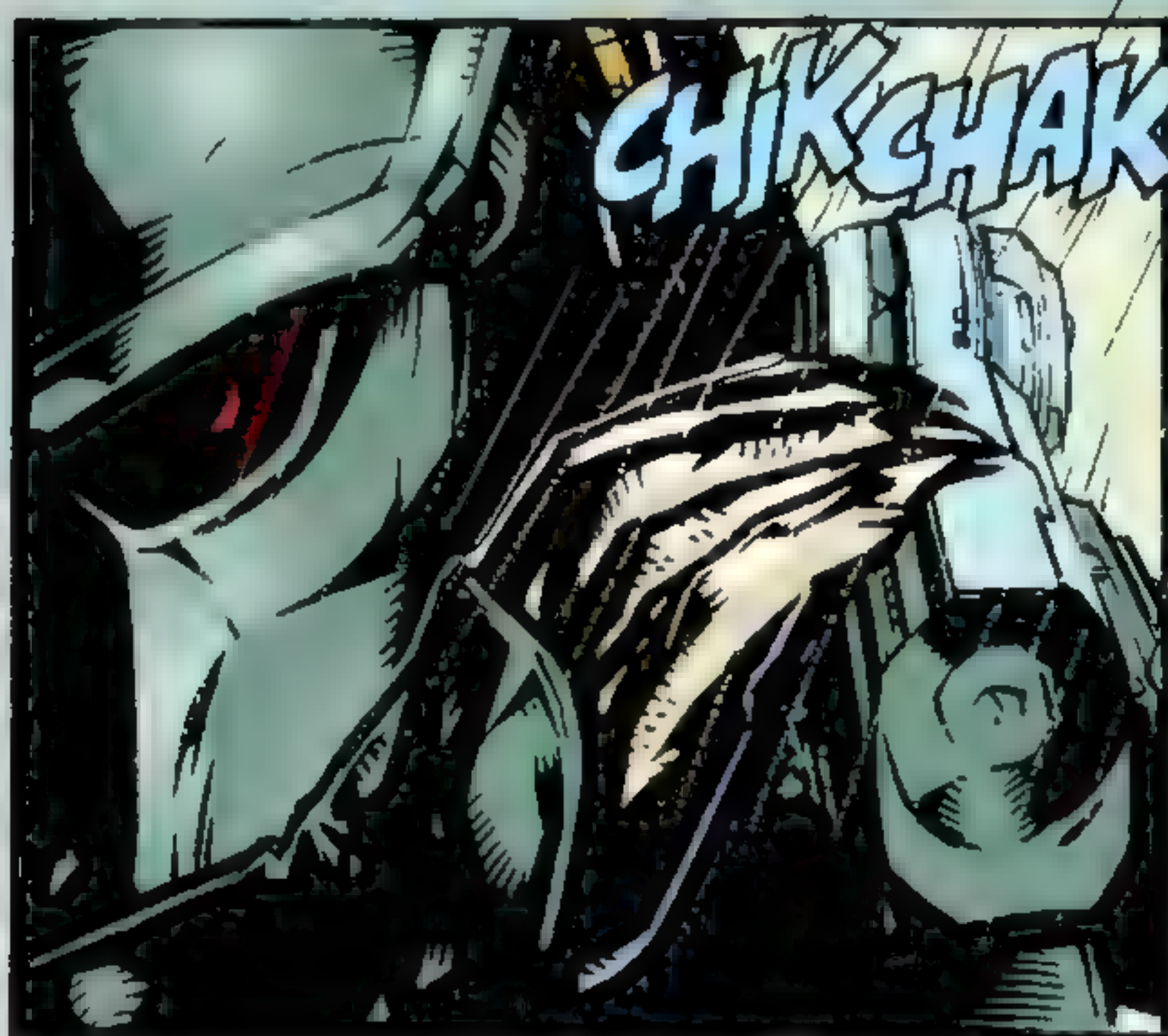
BRAVO!
SUCH SAVAGE
GRACE, SUCH PRIMAL
FEROCITY. YOU HAVE
SO MUCH LIFE
IN YOU...

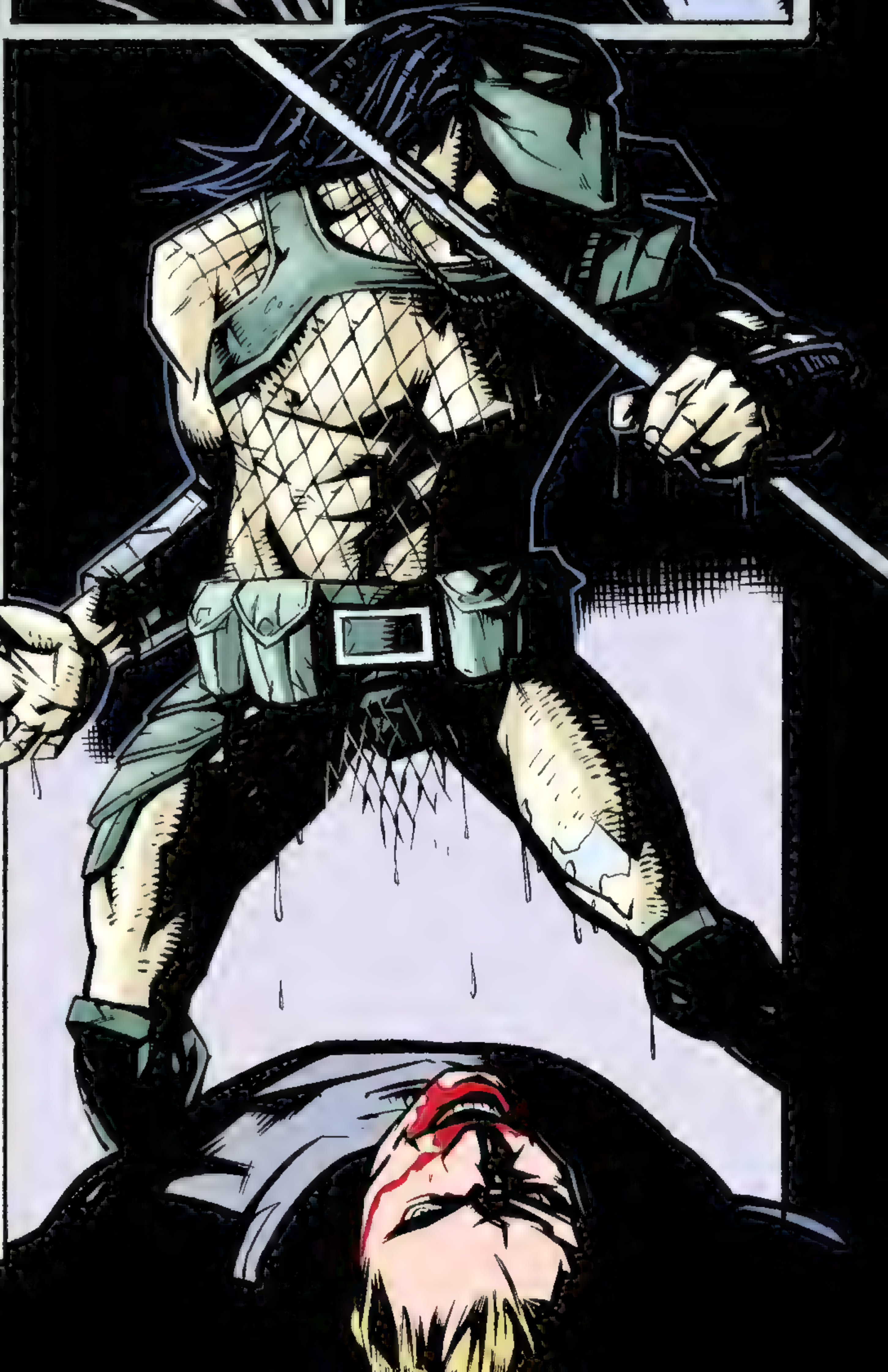


...AND
IT'S ALL
MINE.



COME,
DRAGON. YOUR
TIME IS DONE. LET'S
END THIS...







COME ON, THAT'S THE TICKET. COME AND GET ME.



I'VE SPENT SEVERAL LIFE-TIMES STUDYING YOUR SPECIES: VICIOUS, RESOURCEFUL HUNTERS WITH A WARRIOR'S PRIMITIVE CODE OF HONOR...



...A PITY, THEN, I'M NOT AN HONORABLE MAN.

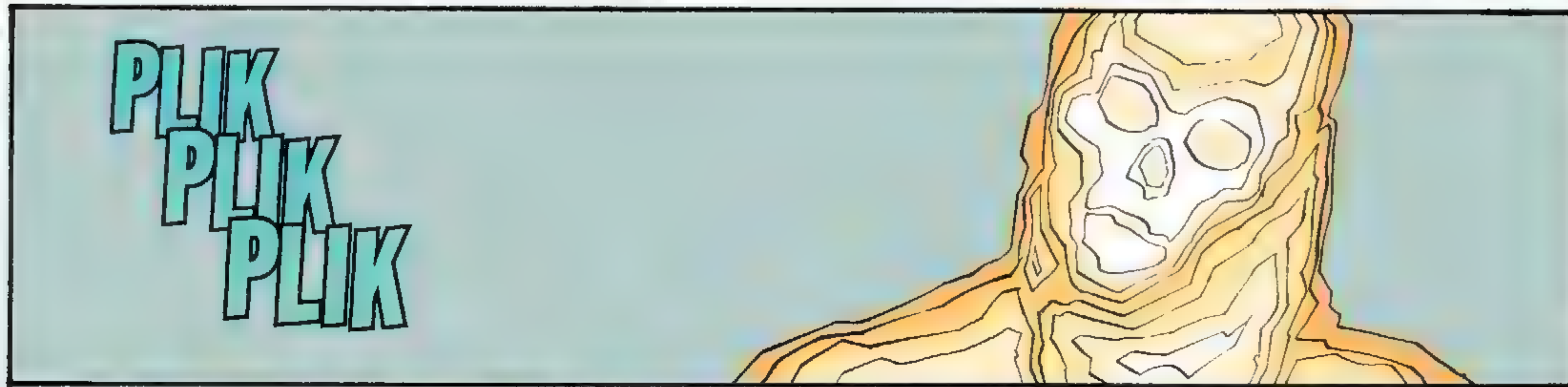


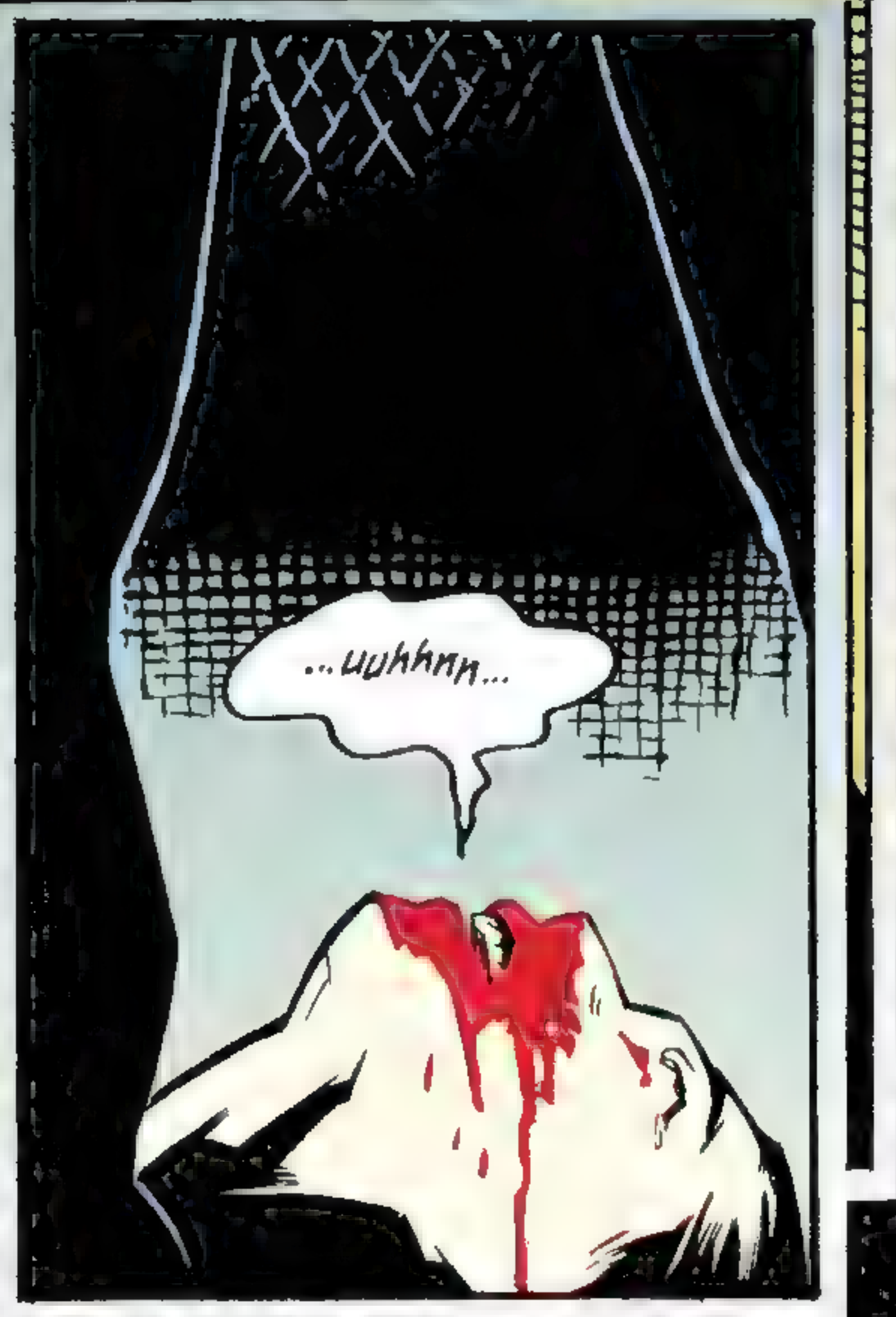
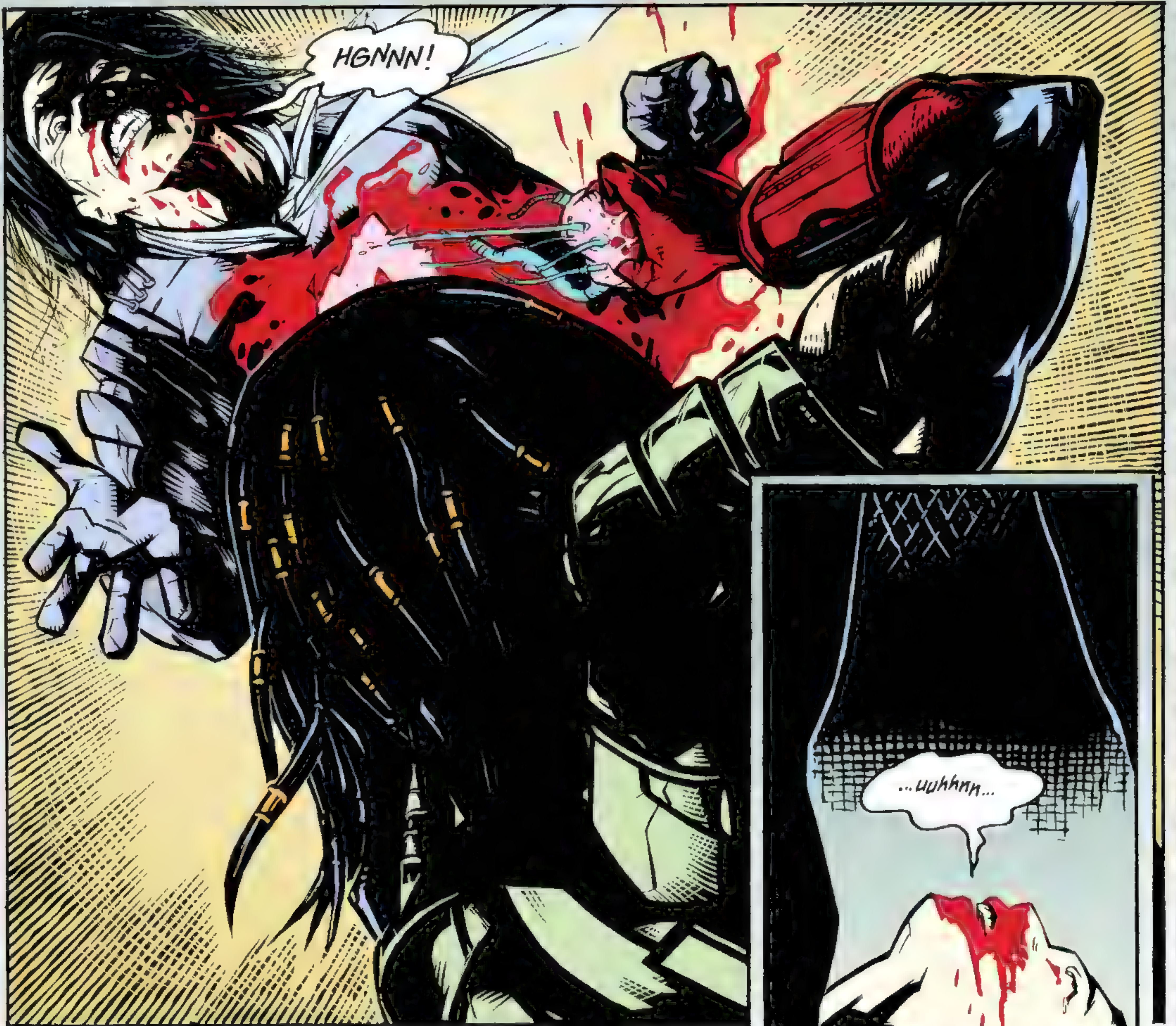
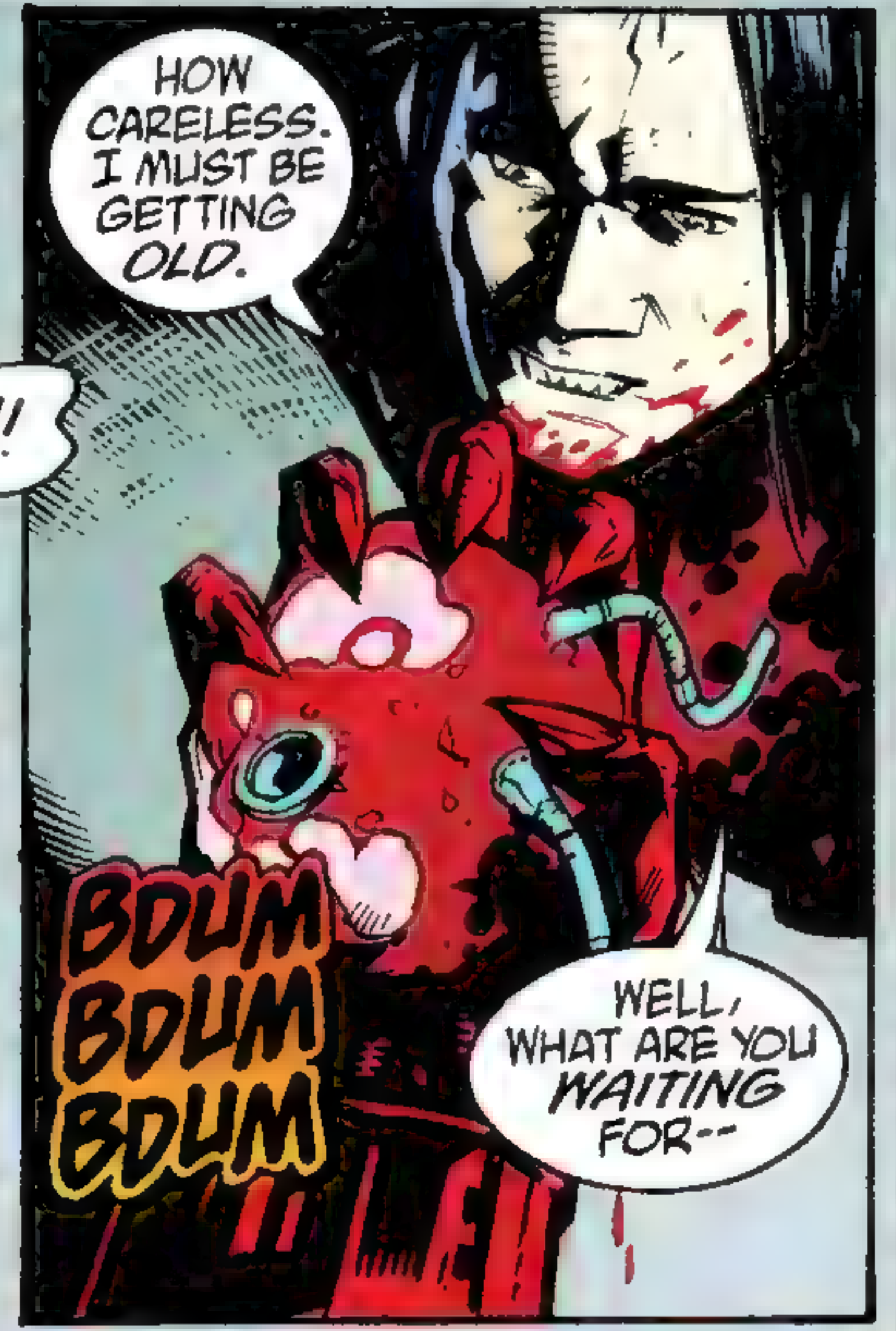
TEK



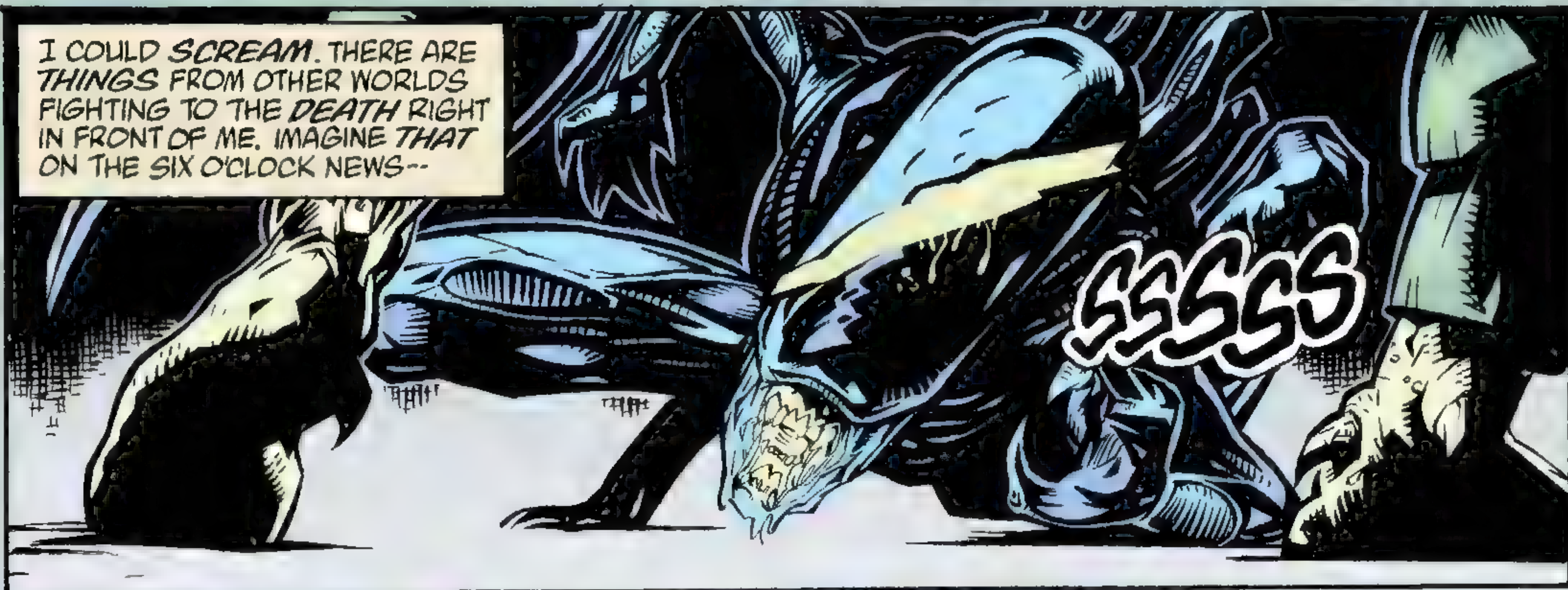
SHRAK

VRET





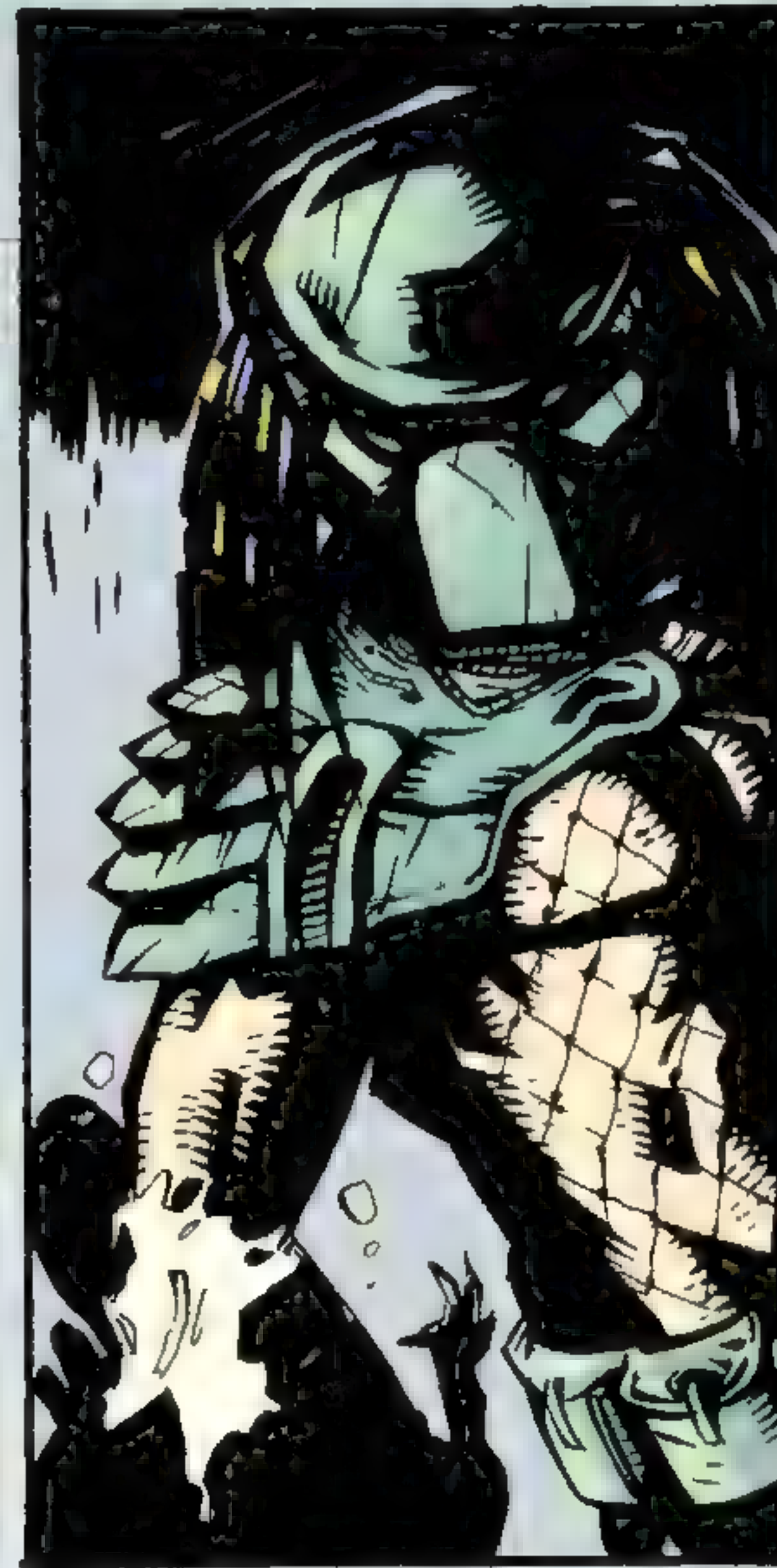
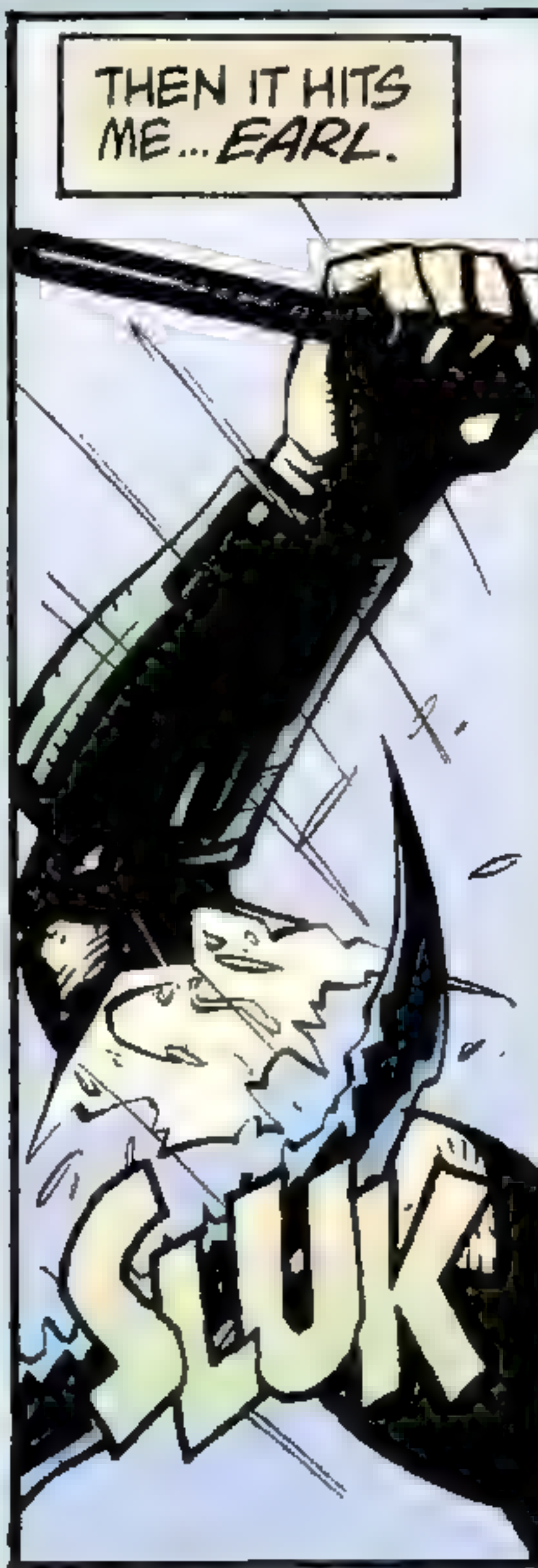
I COULD SCREAM. THERE ARE THINGS FROM OTHER WORLDS FIGHTING TO THE DEATH RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME. IMAGINE THAT ON THE SIX O'CLOCK NEWS--



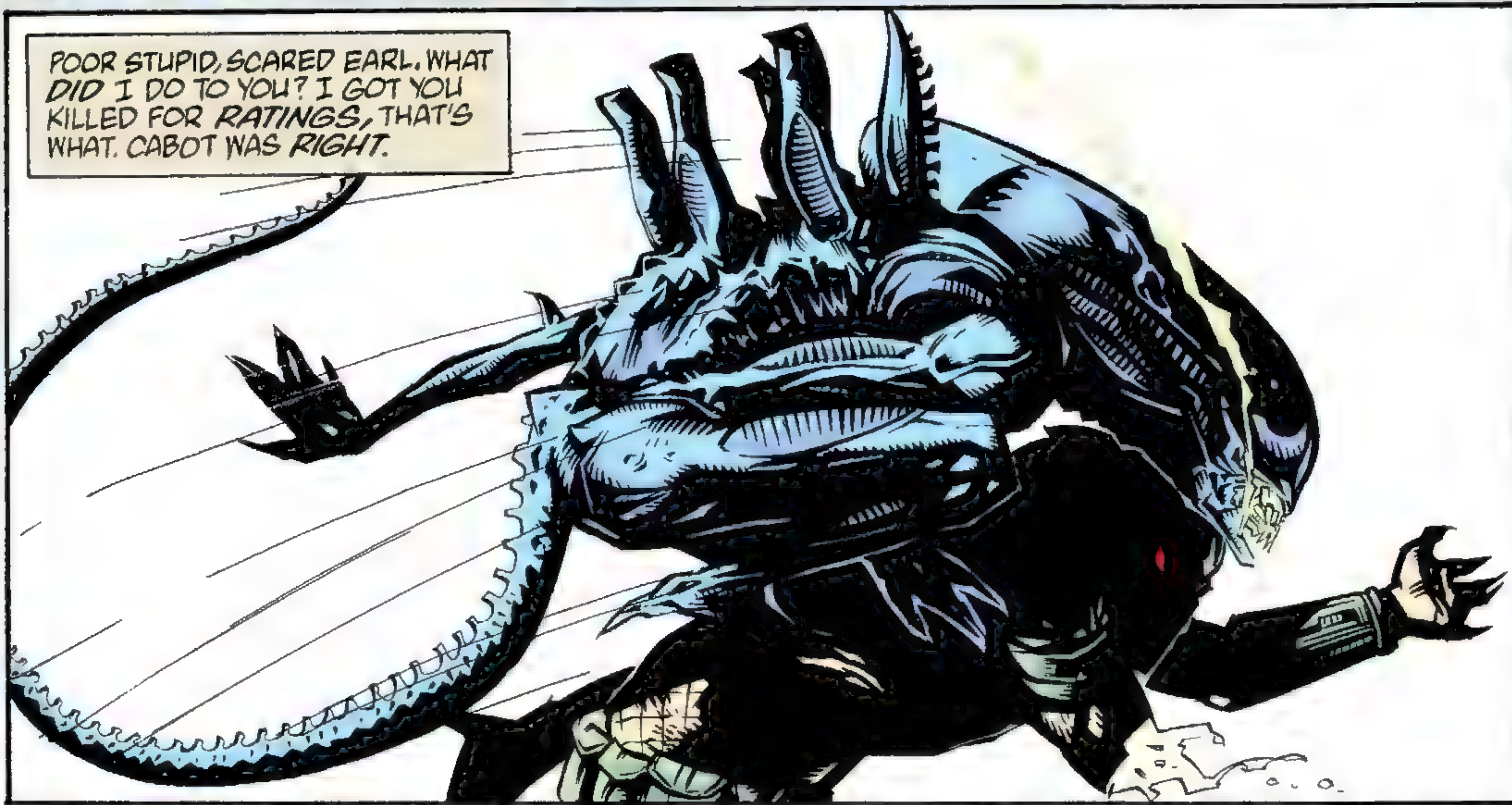
--I JUST WISH I HAD A CAMERA.



THEN IT HITS ME...EARL.



POOR STUPID, SCARED EARL. WHAT DID I DO TO YOU? I GOT YOU KILLED FOR RATINGS, THAT'S WHAT. CABOT WAS RIGHT.



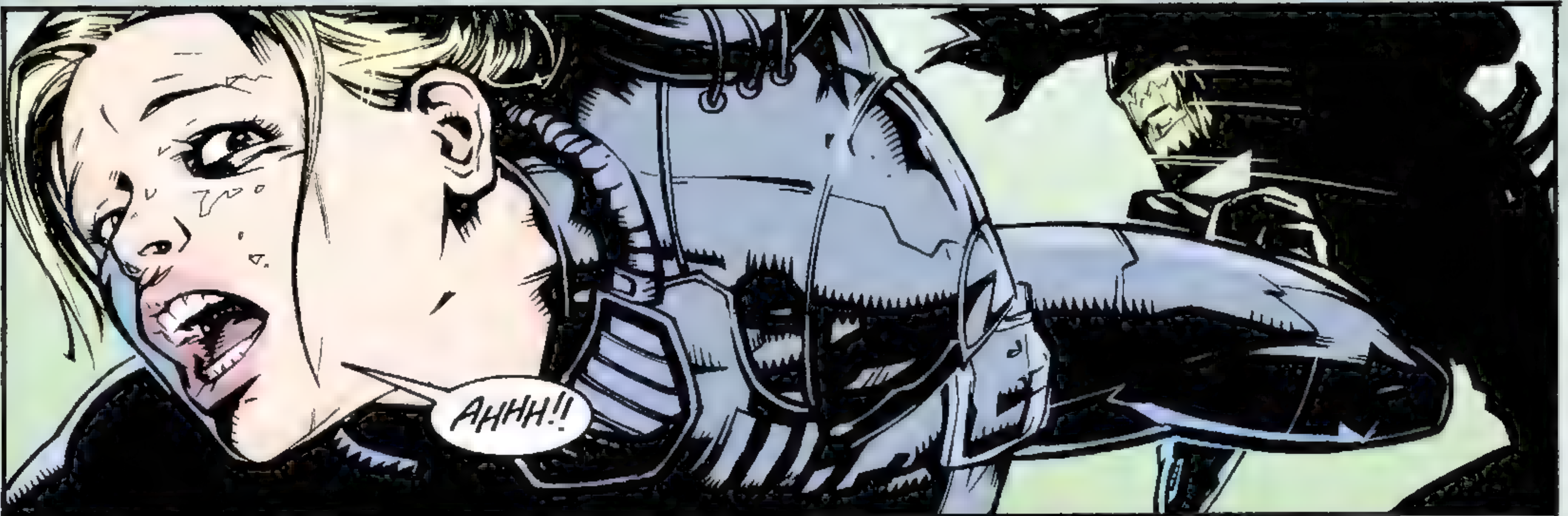


WHAT A BITCH.



SO, I GUESS THIS IS MY PAYBACK.

HSSSS



AHHH!!



KSSSS

NO, NOT LIKE THIS!



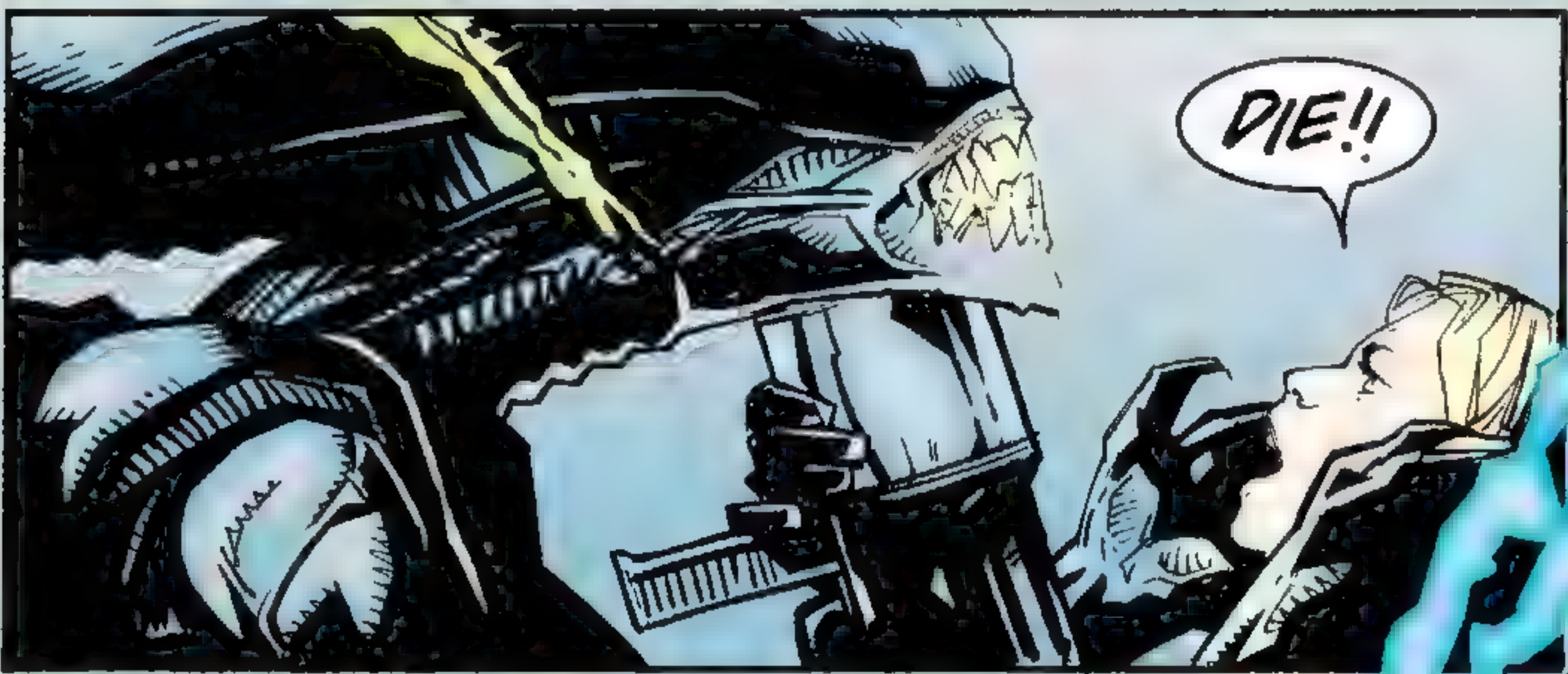
CABOT'S GUN!



DO IT...



...DO IT NOW!!



DIE!!

BOOM!!





I CAME TO IN A HOSPITAL A WEEK LATER. SEEMS SOMEONE OR SOMETHING HAD CARRIED ME UP TO STREET LEVEL BEFORE I BLED TO DEATH.

銀座駅
Ginza sta

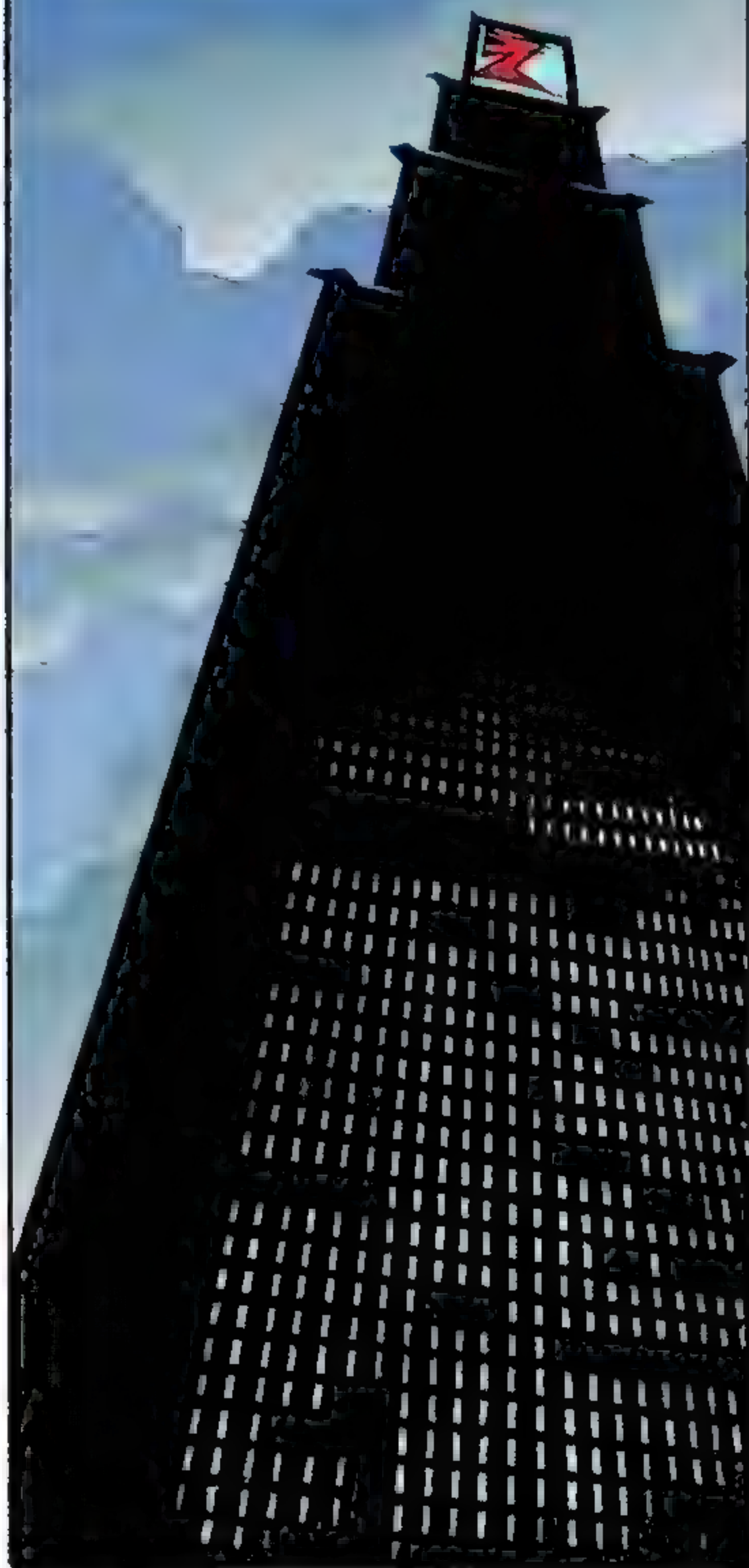
"AN AGENT FROM UNIT K VISITED ME EACH DAY, GENTLY PRESSURING ME FOR DETAILS. FAT CHANCE.

AS I'D EXPECTED, LEE'S PERSONAL AND PRIVATE ASSETS HAD BEEN SEIZED BY THE GOVERNMENT. THEY DENIED THE EXISTENCE OF HIS PREDATOR ARCHIVE AND THE SPACE-CRAFT.

I RETURNED TO LONDON A MILLIONAIRE, LEE'S POST-HUMOUS PAYMENT FOR HIS BIOGRAPHY. I GAVE EARL'S FOLKS HALF.

LEE MAY HAVE BEEN A MADMAN, BUT AT LEAST HE WAS A RICH MADMAN.

NOW I'M USING MY WINDFALL TO DIG FOR THE TRUTH, AND I'VE HIRED CRAB AND HIS TECHNO-PAGAN CHUMS TO HELP ME.



THERE ARE MONSTERS OUT THERE IN THE DARK CORNERS OF THE WORLD. THINGS THAT HUNT MEN FOR SPORT.

WHO ARE THEY? WHERE DO THEY COME FROM? WHAT DO THEY REALLY WANT?

IT'S THE STORY OF A LIFETIME, OF MANY LIFETIMES, AND ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, IT'S MINE FOR THE TELLING.

Ich glaube



OLD SECRETS



script and art

ALEX MALEEV

colors

STAISSI BRANDT

lettering

CLEM ROBINS



OLD SECRETS

BRODILOVO,
BULGARIA,
SOMEDAY SOON...

IT'S BEEN ALMOST
SIX YEARS SINCE
ELENA LEFT THE
VILLAGE TO WORK
FOR THE B.A.N.*

...ANOTHER DEVOTED
PARISHIONER WHO HAD
LEFT THE FLOCK...

...UNTIL SOME-
THING BROUGHT
HER BACK TO ME.

*BULGARIAN
ACADEMY OF
SCIENCE
--editor

EVER SEE
ANYTHING
LIKE THIS,
DOCTOR?

NEVER.

WHERE
DID YOU
FIND THE
SUBJECT?

"ON THE HILL, APPROXIMATELY
THIRTY METERS FROM THE
OLD CHURCH."

THAT CHEST CAVITY...
SOMETHING COMPROMISED
THE BODY FROM
THE INSIDE!

"AND THE SKIN...
REMARKABLY
WELL PRESERVED."

I THINK IT'S TIME I PAID
A FRIEND A VISIT.

DOBRE.

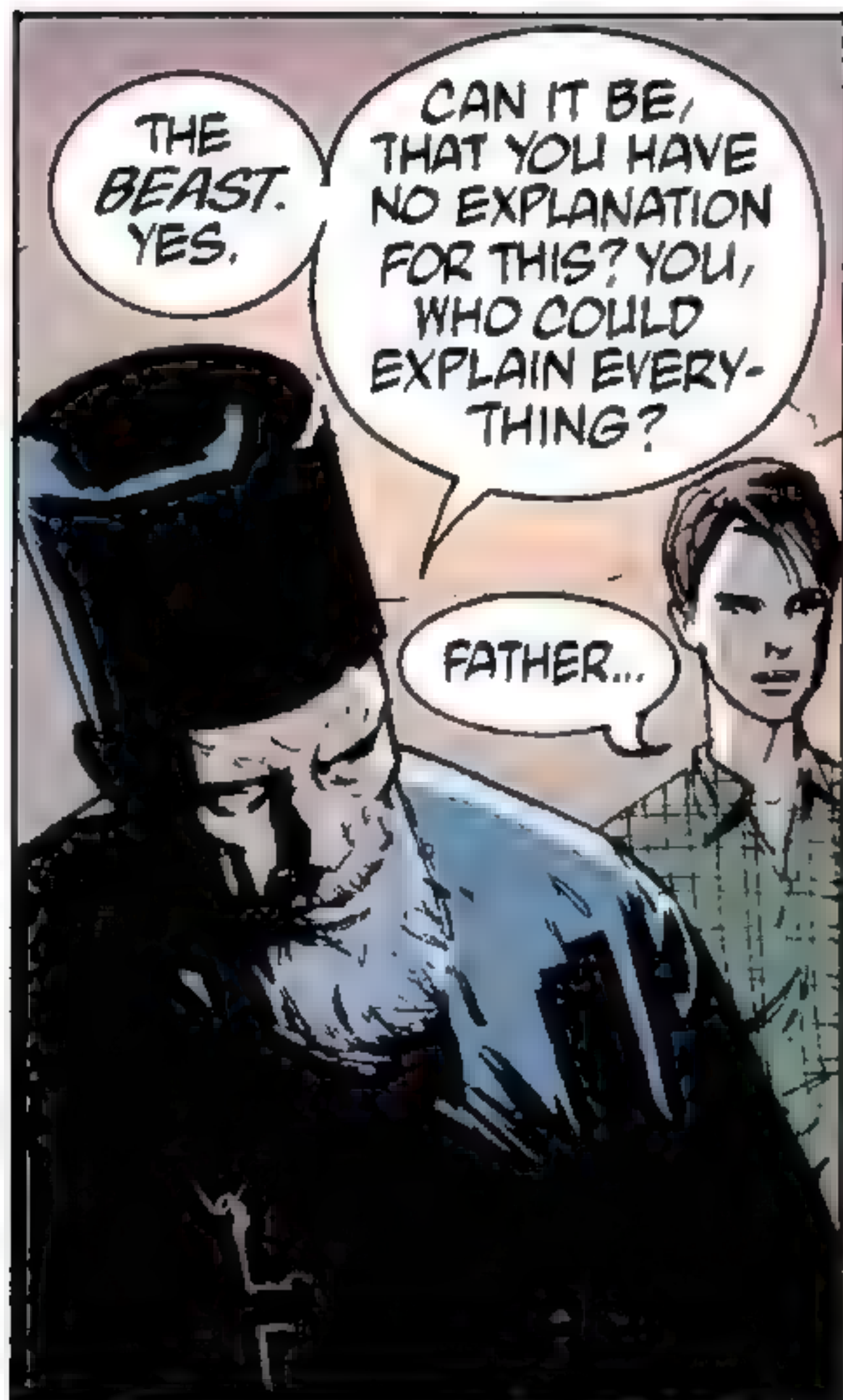
ELENA.
IT IS GOOD
TO SEE
YOU AGAIN,
MY CHILD.

MAY GOD
PROTECT
YOU FROM THE
DISTURBING
REVELATION
THAT HAS BROUGHT
YOU BACK
HOME.

IS THIS
WHERE THEY
FOUND THE
SUBJECT?

"ASIDE FROM
THE CRITICAL
WOUND, THERE'S
HARDLY ANY
DECOMPOSITION."

HE'S
NOT GOING
ANYWHERE.



THE
BEAST.
YES.

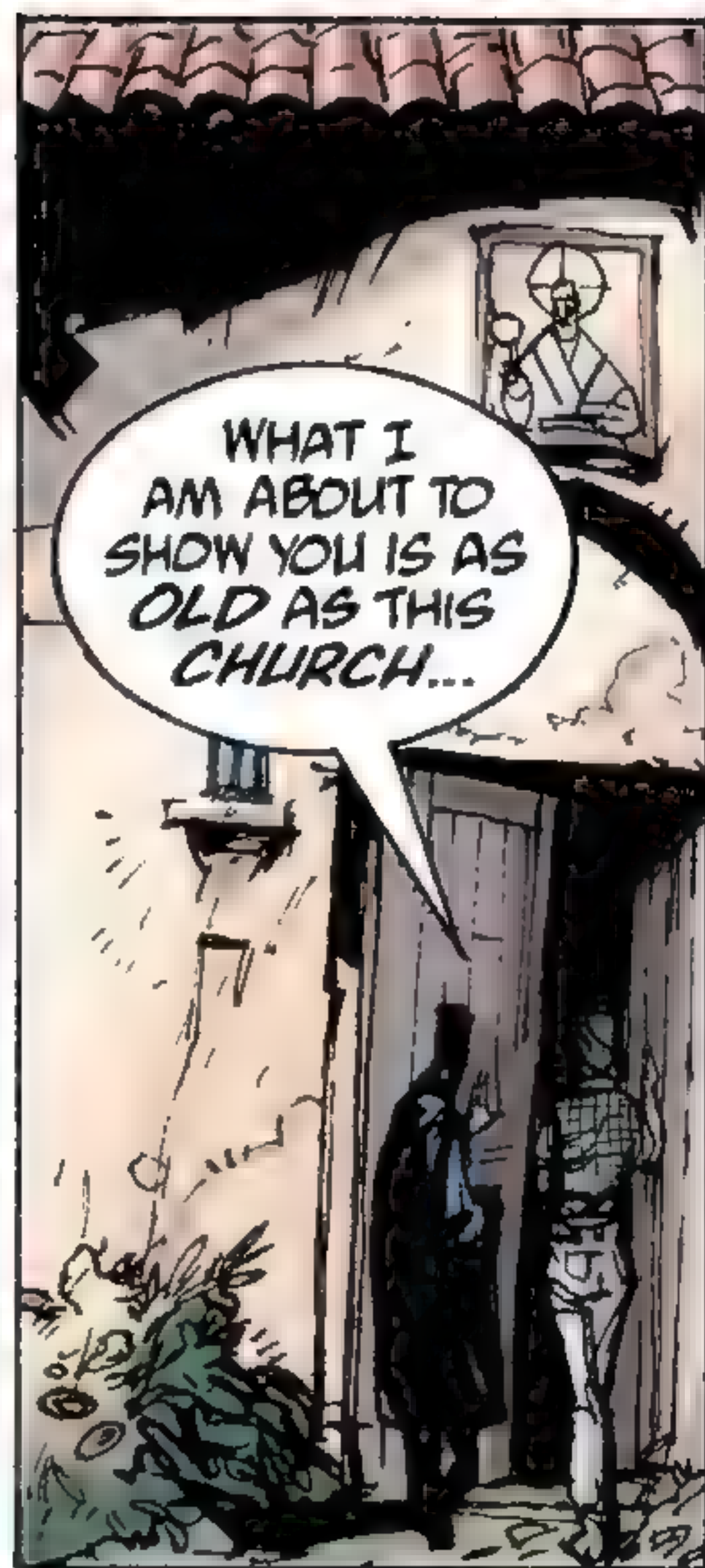
CAN IT BE,
THAT YOU HAVE
NO EXPLANATION
FOR THIS? YOU,
WHO COULD
EXPLAIN EVERY-
THING?

FATHER...



FOLLOW ME.

I THINK
THAT FOR
ONCE I CAN
OFFER YOU
ANSWERS.



WHAT I
AM ABOUT TO
SHOW YOU IS AS
OLD AS THIS
CHURCH...



...THE CHURCH
OF SAINT GEORGE.
IT IS NEARLY SEVEN
HUNDRED YEARS OLD,
ACCORDING TO AN
ARCHAEOLOGIST FROM
THE ACADEMY WHO
VISITED THE VILLAGE
NOT LONG AGO.

I COULD
OPEN THIS BOOK
AND TELL HIM EXACTLY
WHEN IT WAS BUILT AND
WHY IT IS HERE, ON THIS
LITTLE HILL IN THE MIDDLE
OF THIS POOR AND
FORGOTTEN
LAND.

FATHER,
PLEASE, WITH ALL
DUE RESPECT, I'M
HERE AS A SCIENTIST,
NOT AS--

OF
COURSE.



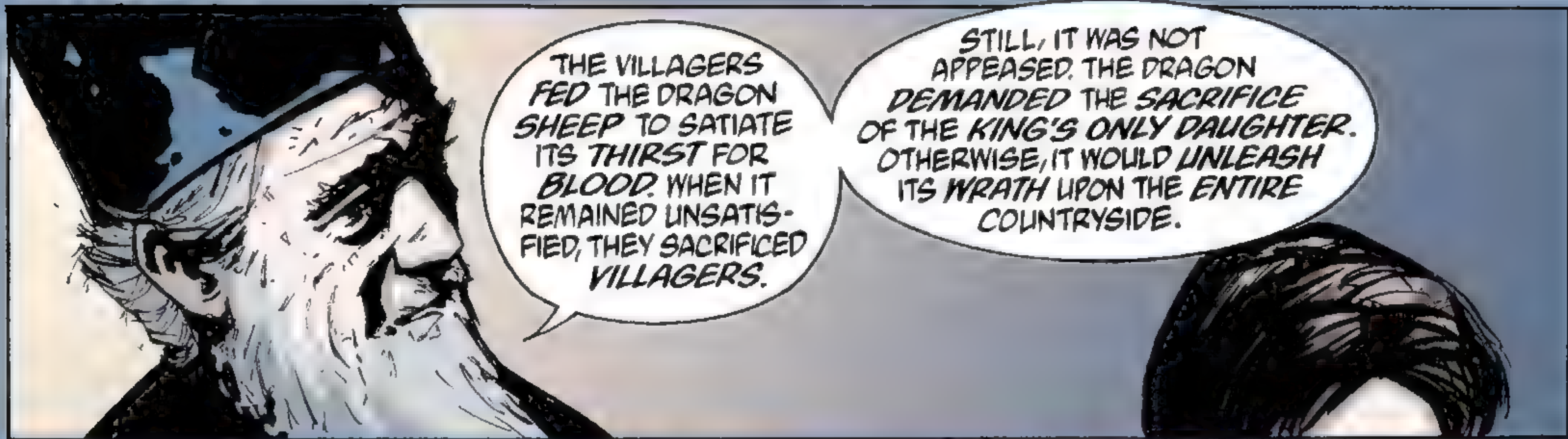
"IN A STORY..."



"SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO, SAINT GEORGE... WHO WE CALL GEORGI... CAME TO THIS VERY VILLAGE."

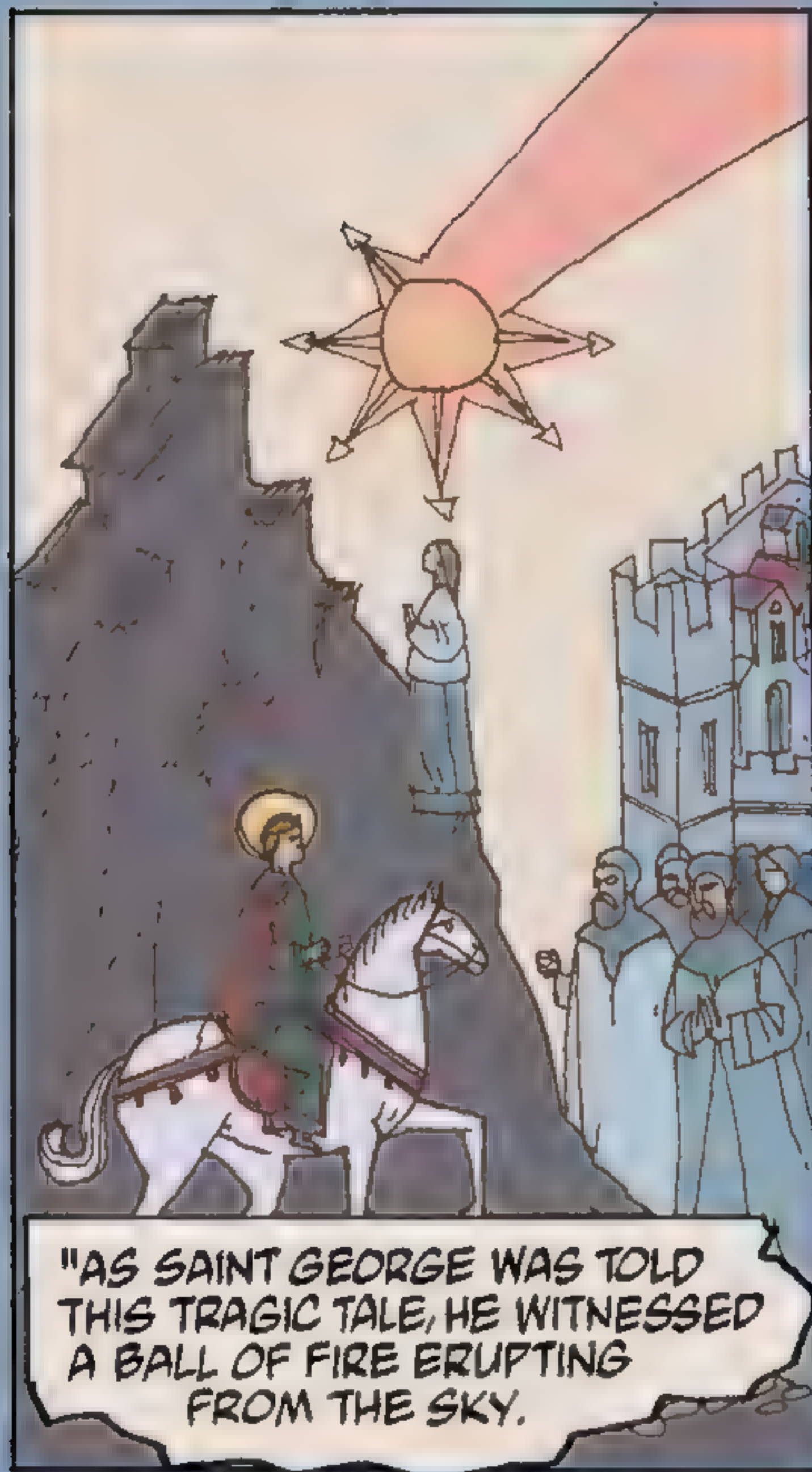
"HE SOUGHT TO CONVERT IT TO CHRISTIANITY, AS HE HAD DONE WITH MANY OTHER VILLAGES THROUGHOUT EASTERN EUROPE."

"SAINT GEORGE WAS NOT AWARE THAT IN THE NEARBY FOREST LIVED A DRAGON THAT HAD BEEN TERRORIZING THE REGION FOR GENERATIONS."



THE VILLAGERS
FED THE DRAGON
SHEEP TO SATIATE
ITS THIRST FOR
BLOOD. WHEN IT
REMAINED UNSATIS-
FIED, THEY SACRIFICED
VILLAGERS.

STILL, IT WAS NOT
APPEASED. THE DRAGON
DEMANDED THE SACRIFICE
OF THE KING'S ONLY DAUGHTER.
OTHERWISE, IT WOULD UNLEASH
ITS WRATH UPON THE ENTIRE
COUNTRYSIDE.



"AS SAINT GEORGE WAS TOLD
THIS TRAGIC TALE, HE WITNESSED
A BALL OF FIRE ERUPTING
FROM THE SKY.



"THE DRAGON REVEALED ITSELF
FROM ITS SHROUD OF FLAMES,
COME TO TAKE THE GIRL AS
A SACRIFICE.

"INSTEAD THE BEAST
FOUND SAINT GEORGE.



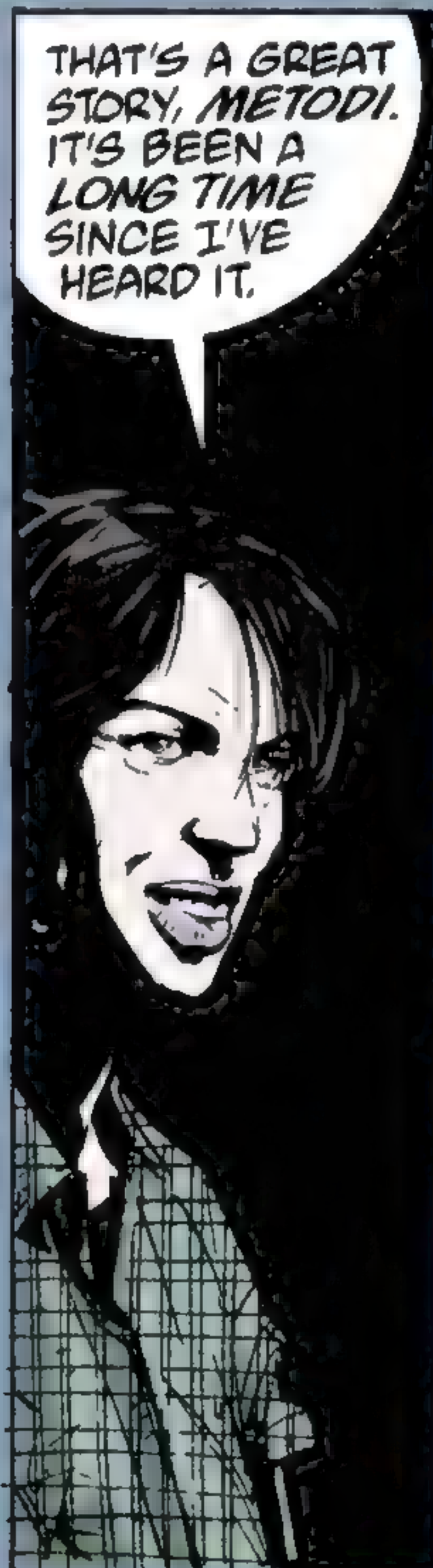
"THE BATTLE
RAGED, UNTIL
SAINT GEORGE
DROVE HIS
LANCE--

"--DEEP INTO
THE BEAST'S
CHEST.

"THE DRAGON WAS
DEFEATED, THE
VILLAGE SAVED."



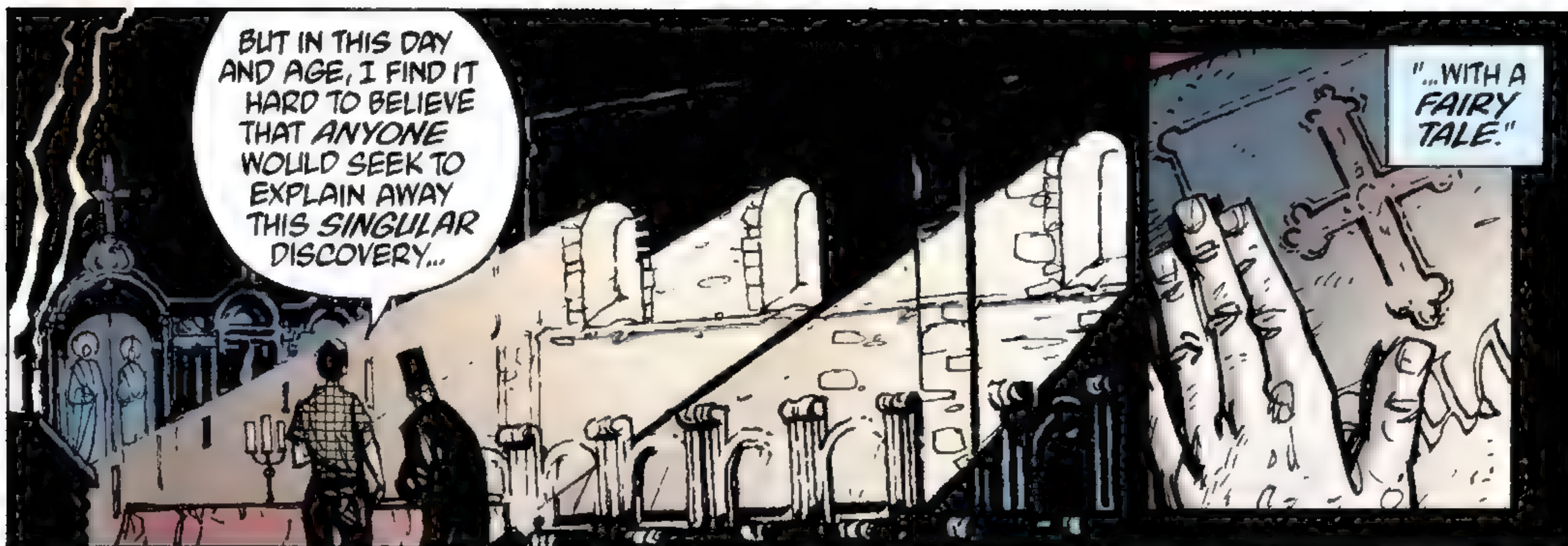
AND ON THE SITE OF
THIS VICTORY THE CHURCH
WAS ERECTED, AND GIVEN
THE NAME OF THE VILLAGE'S
PROTECTOR.



THAT'S A GREAT
STORY, METODI.
IT'S BEEN A
LONG TIME
SINCE I'VE
HEARD IT.

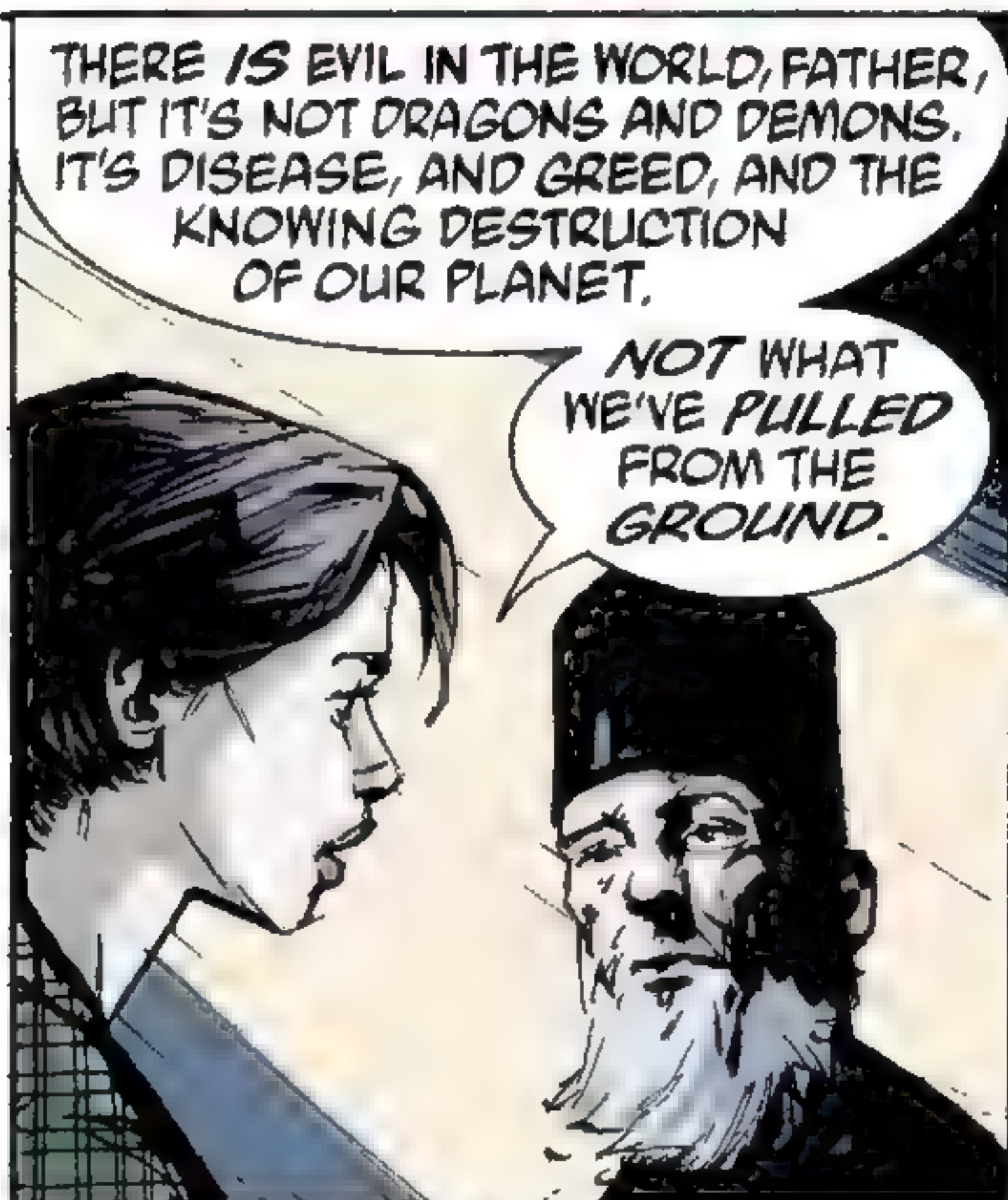


"AND I'M SURE THAT THERE
IS A LEVEL OF TRUTH WOVEN
INTO EVERY LEGEND."



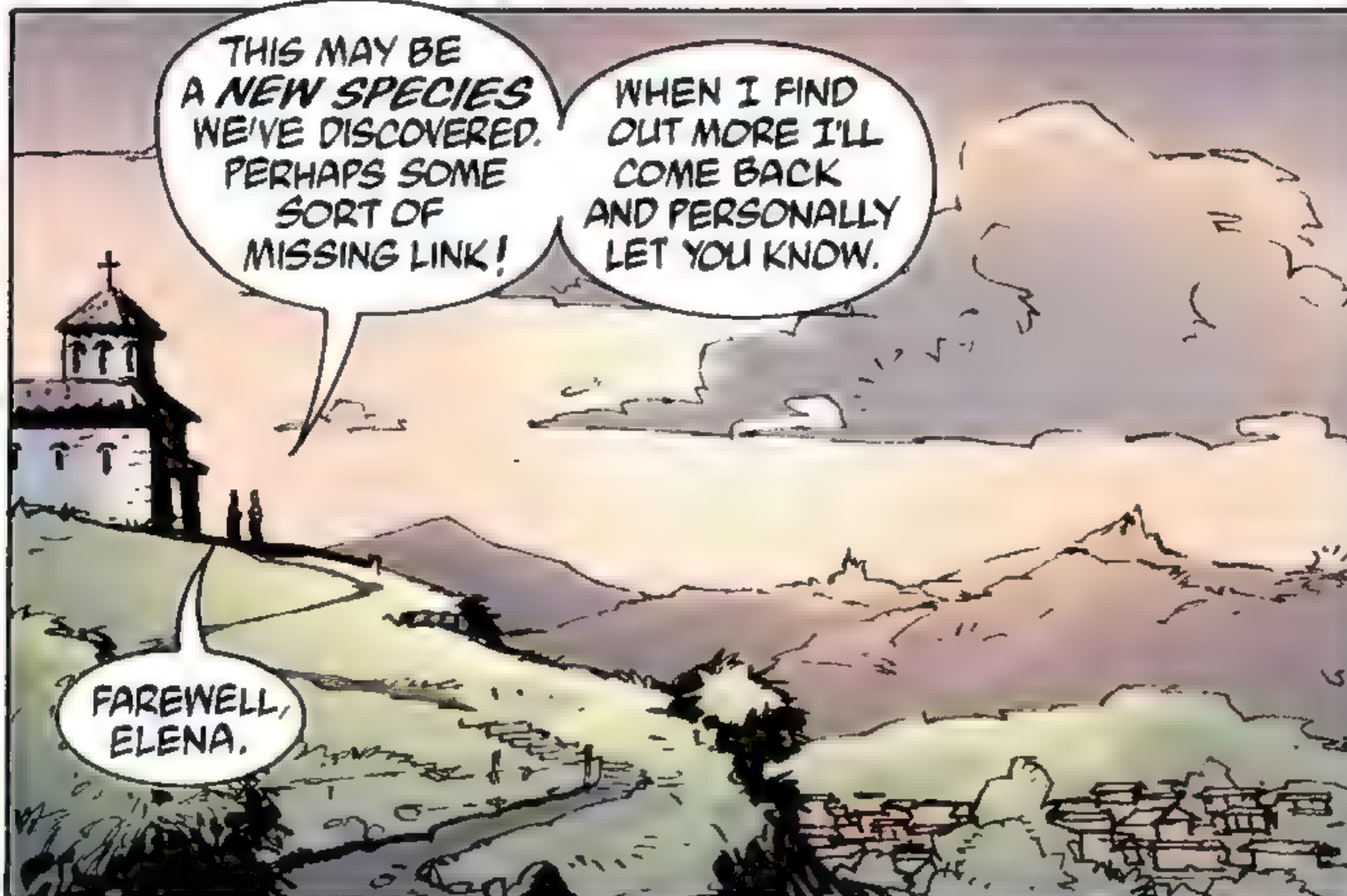
BUT IN THIS DAY
AND AGE, I FIND IT
HARD TO BELIEVE
THAT ANYONE
WOULD SEEK TO
EXPLAIN AWAY
THIS SINGULAR
DISCOVERY...

"...WITH A
FAIRY
TALE."



THERE IS EVIL IN THE WORLD, FATHER,
BUT IT'S NOT DRAGONS AND DEMONS.
IT'S DISEASE, AND GREED, AND THE
KNOWING DESTRUCTION
OF OUR PLANET.

NOT WHAT
WE'VE PULLED
FROM THE
GROUND.



THIS MAY BE
A NEW SPECIES
WE'VE DISCOVERED.
PERHAPS SOME
SORT OF
MISSING LINK!

WHEN I FIND
OUT MORE I'LL
COME BACK
AND PERSONALLY
LET YOU KNOW.

FAREWELL,
ELENA.



FOR SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS
A BROTHERHOOD HAS
EXISTED. ITS PURPOSE...

...TO KEEP A SECRET.

A SECRET THAT
MANKIND WAS NOT
PREPARED TO DEAL
WITH CENTURIES AGO...



...AND STILL IS NOT.

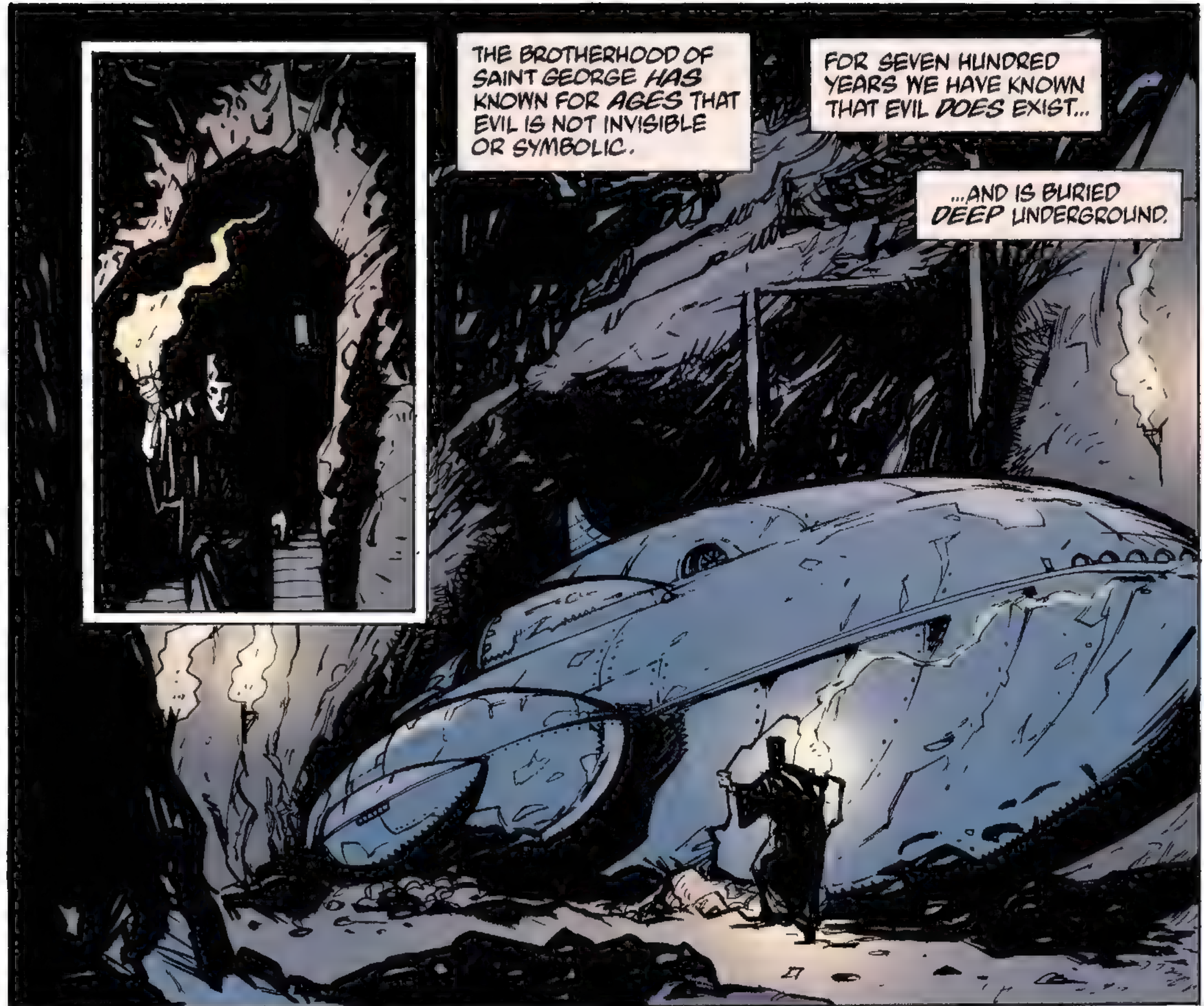




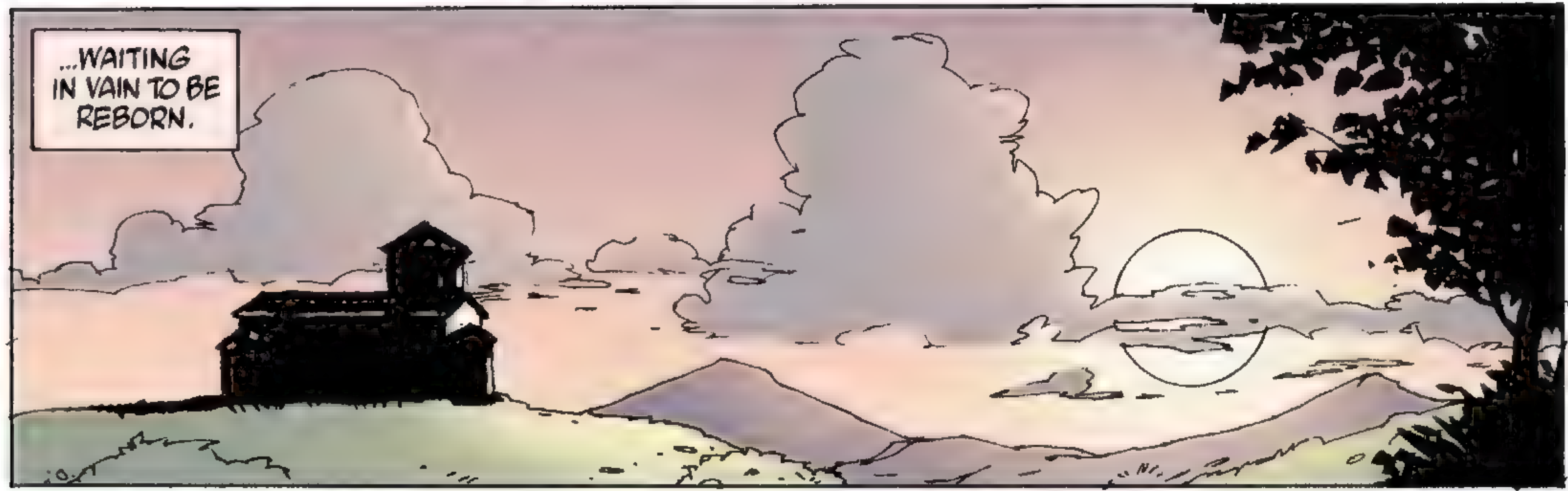
THE BROTHERHOOD OF SAINT GEORGE HAS KNOWN FOR AGES THAT EVIL IS NOT INVISIBLE OR SYMBOLIC.

FOR SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS WE HAVE KNOWN THAT EVIL DOES EXIST...

...AND IS BURIED DEEP UNDERGROUND.



IT IS AN EVIL THAT LIES SLEEPING...



...WAITING IN VAIN TO BE REBORN.

THE WEB

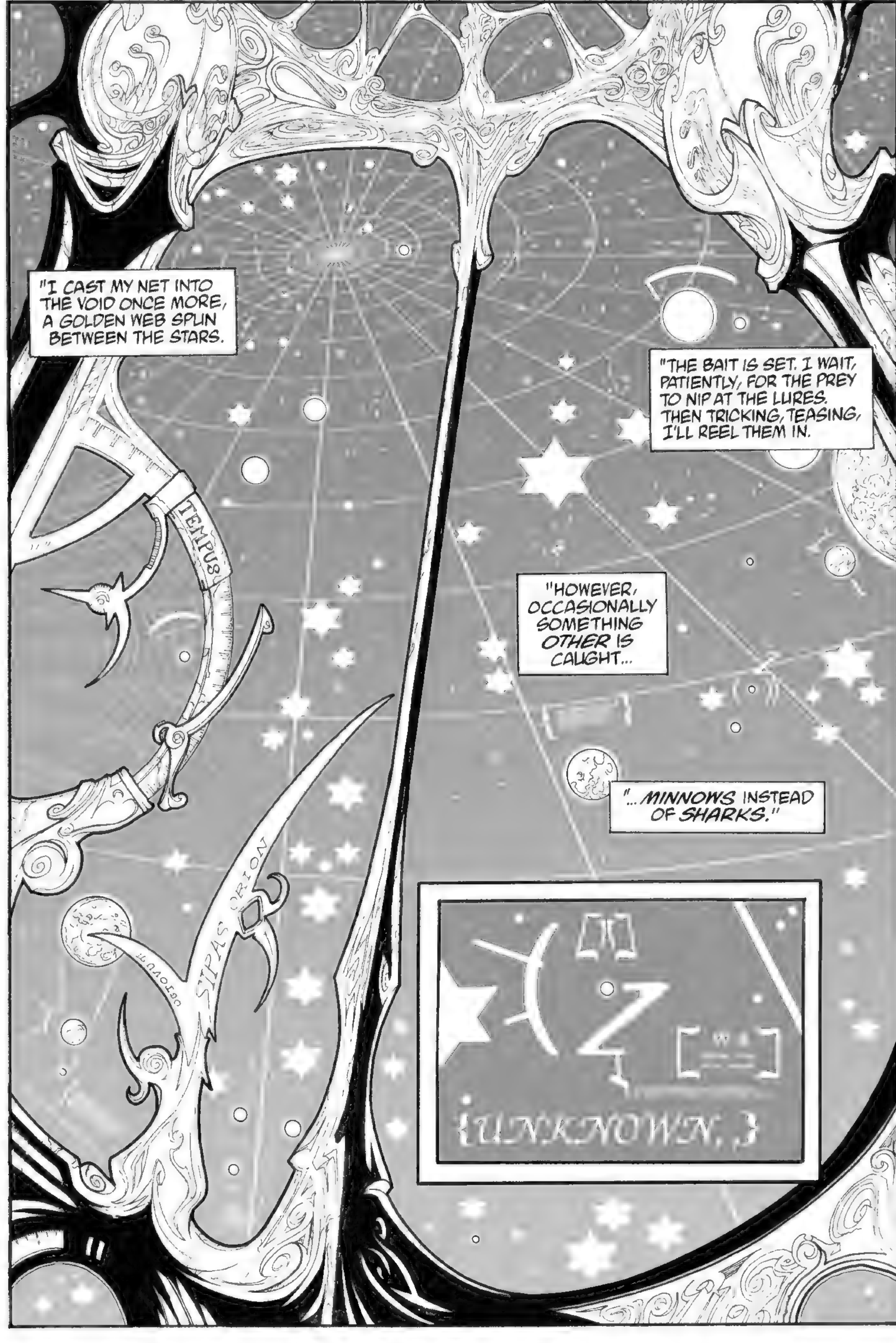


script
IAN EDGINTON

art
DEREK THOMPSON
BRIAN O'CONNELL

lettering
CLEM ROBINS



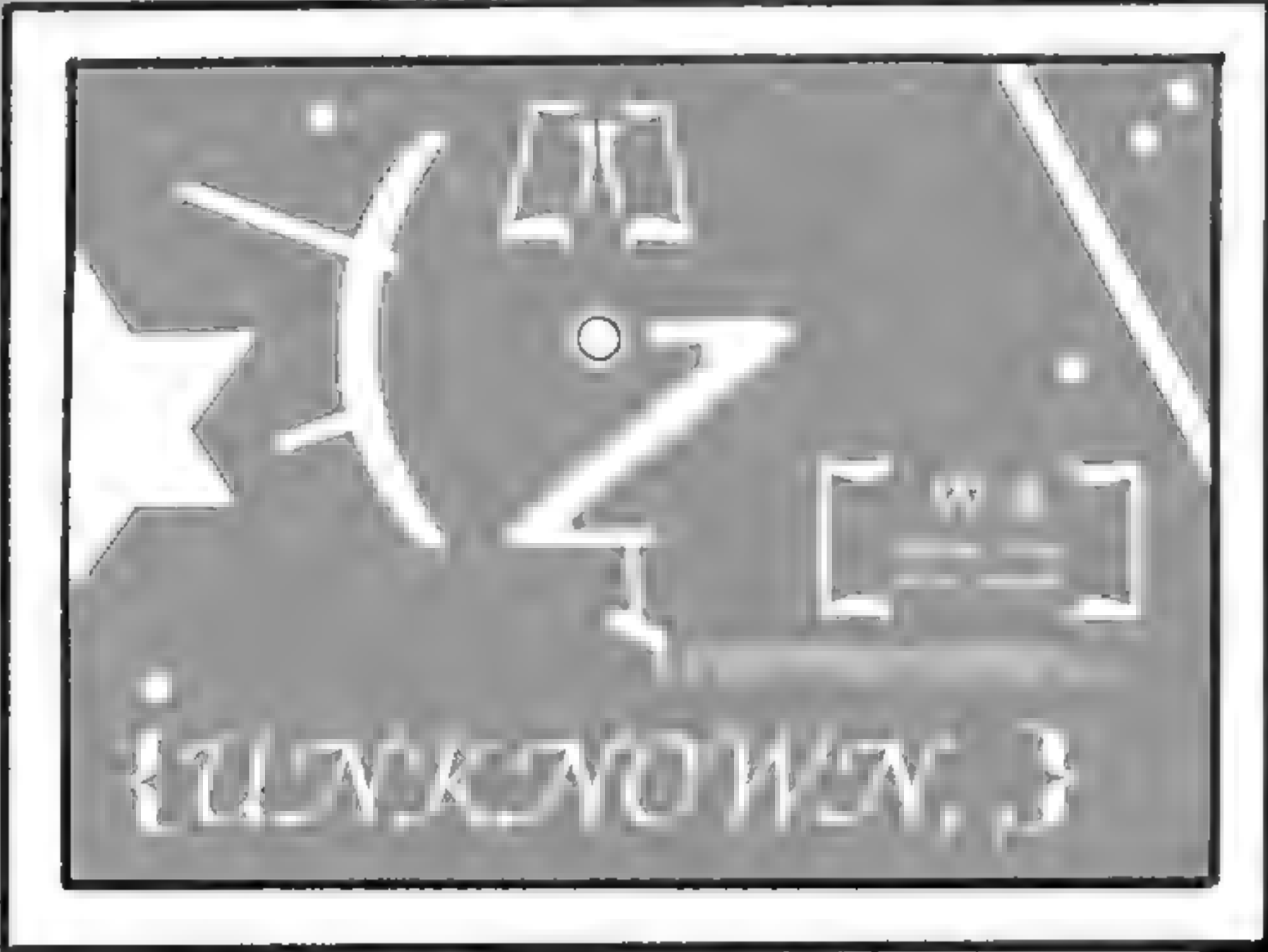


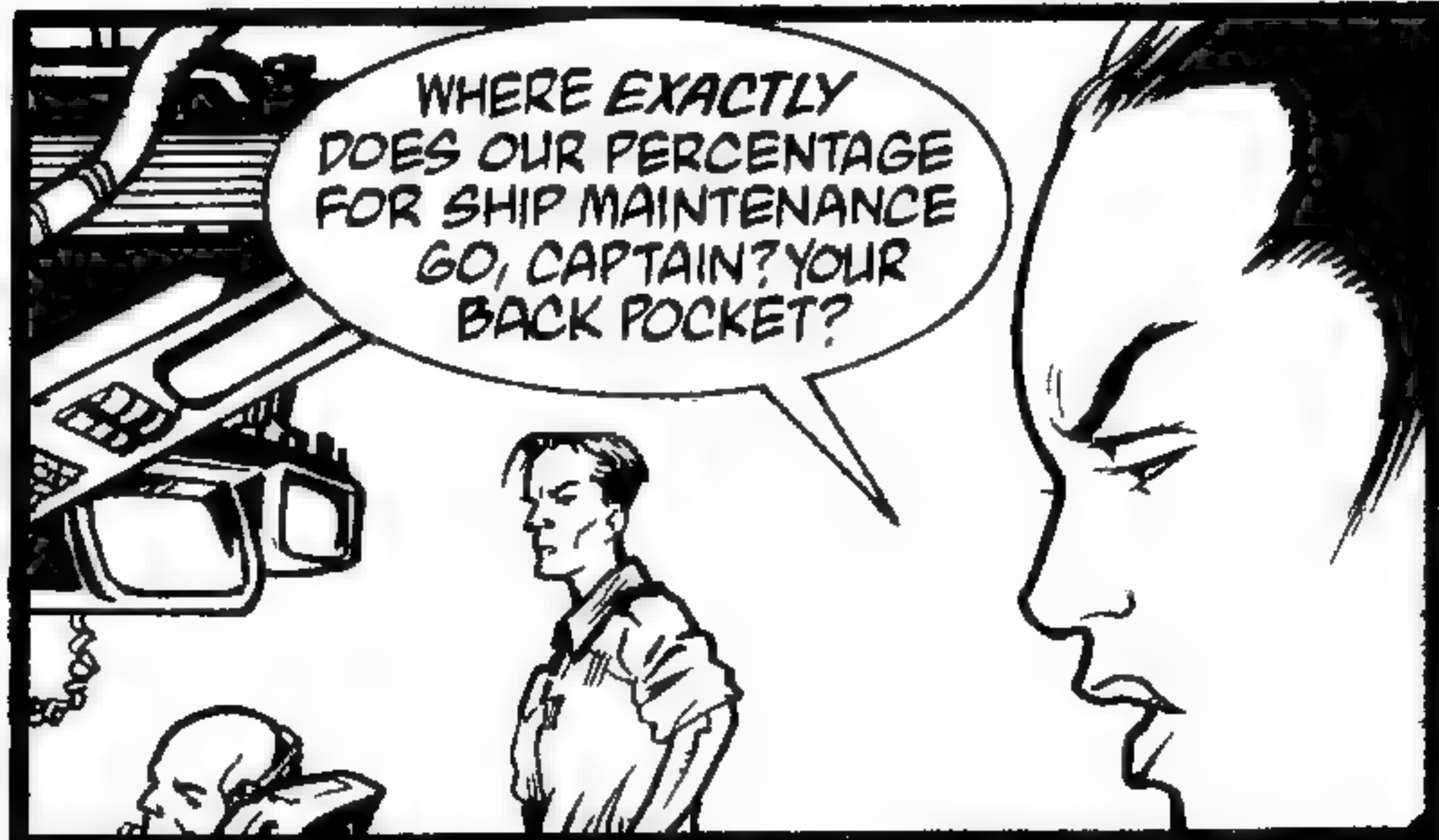
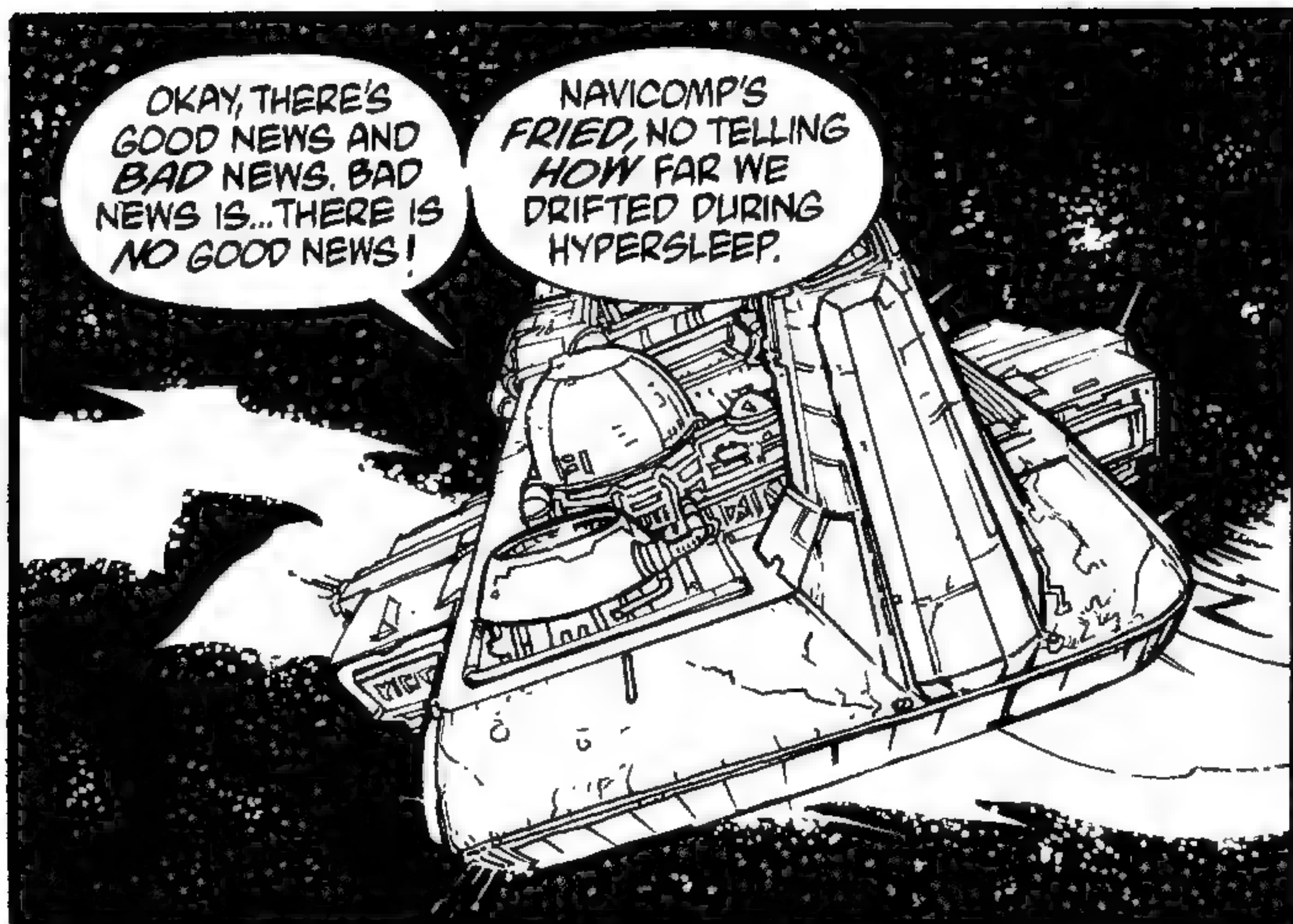
"I CAST MY NET INTO
THE VOID ONCE MORE,
A GOLDEN WEB SPUN
BETWEEN THE STARS.

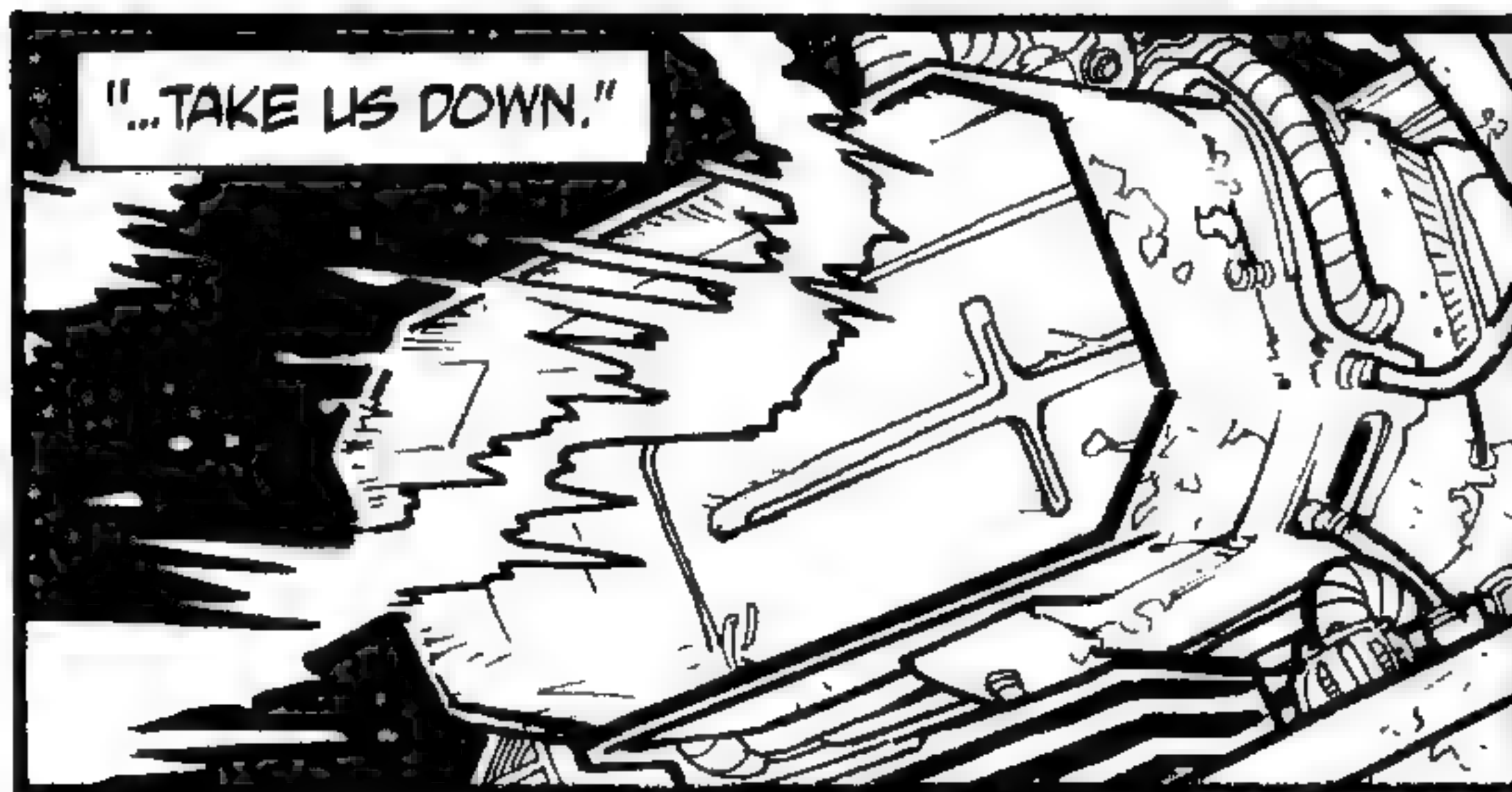
"THE BAIT IS SET. I WAIT,
PATIENTLY, FOR THE PREY
TO NIP AT THE LURES.
THEN TRICKING, TEASING,
I'LL REEL THEM IN.

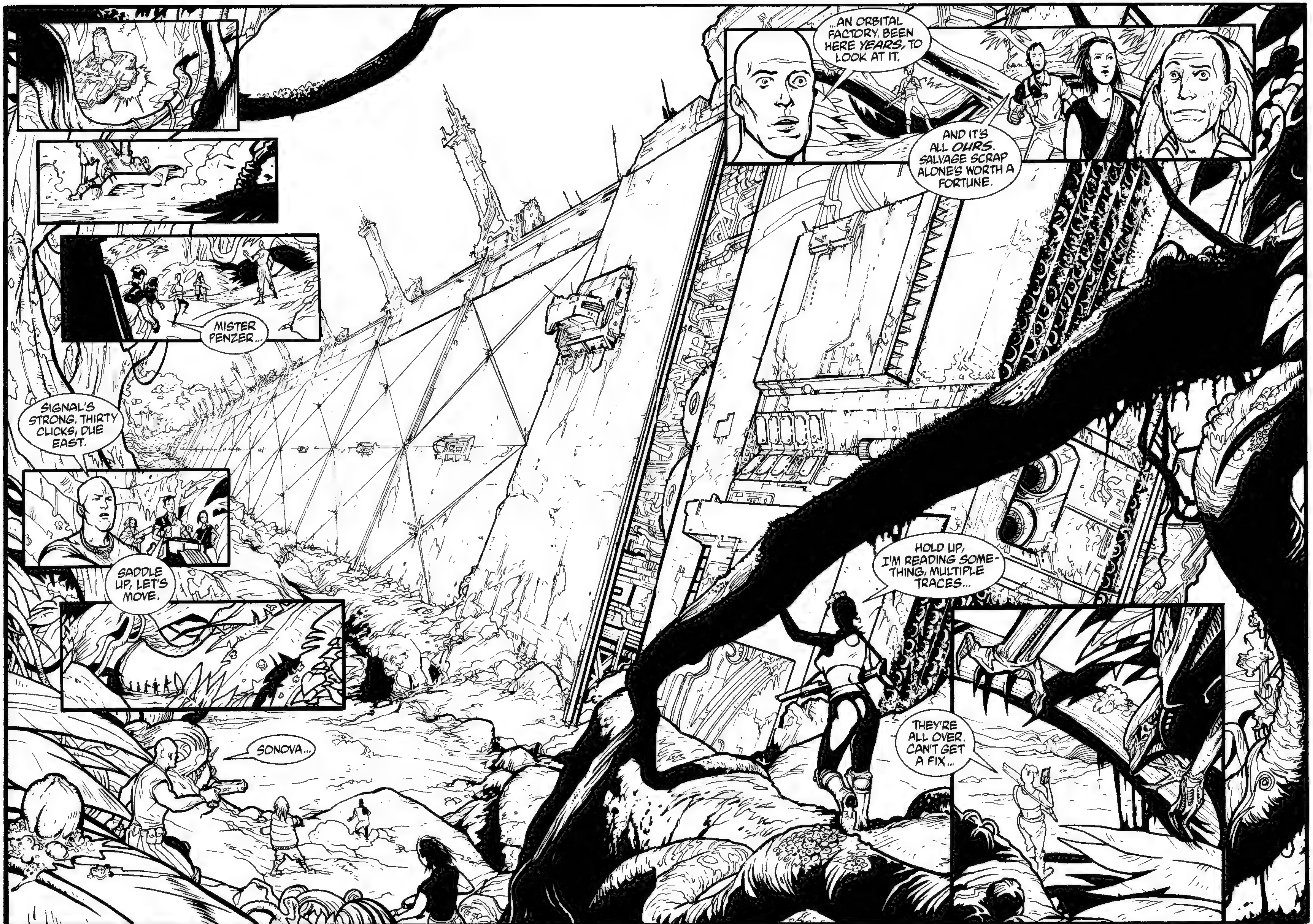
"HOWEVER,
OCCASIONALLY
SOMETHING
OTHER IS
CAUGHT...

"...MINNOWS INSTEAD
OF SHARKS."









...AN ORBITAL
FACTORY. BEEN
HERE YEARS, TO
LOOK AT IT.

AND IT'S
ALL OURS.
SALVAGE SCRAP
ALONE'S WORTH A
FORTUNE.

MISTER
PENZER...

SIGNAL'S
STRONG. THIRTY
CLICKS, DUE
EAST.

SADDLE
UP, LET'S
MOVE.

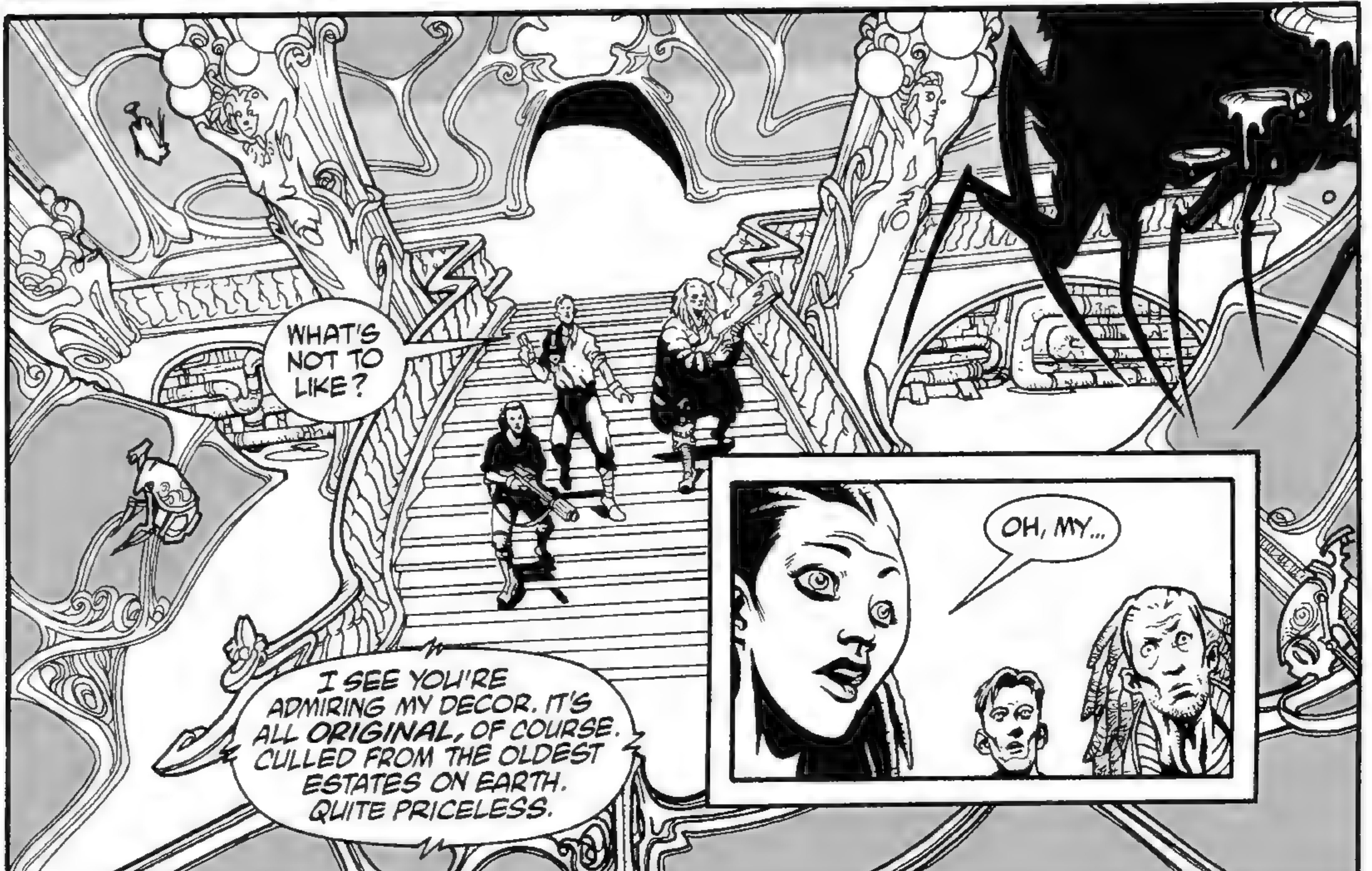
HOLD UP,
I'M READING SOME-
THING, MULTIPLE
TRACES...

THEY'RE
ALL OVER.
CAN'T GET
A FIX...

SONOVA...









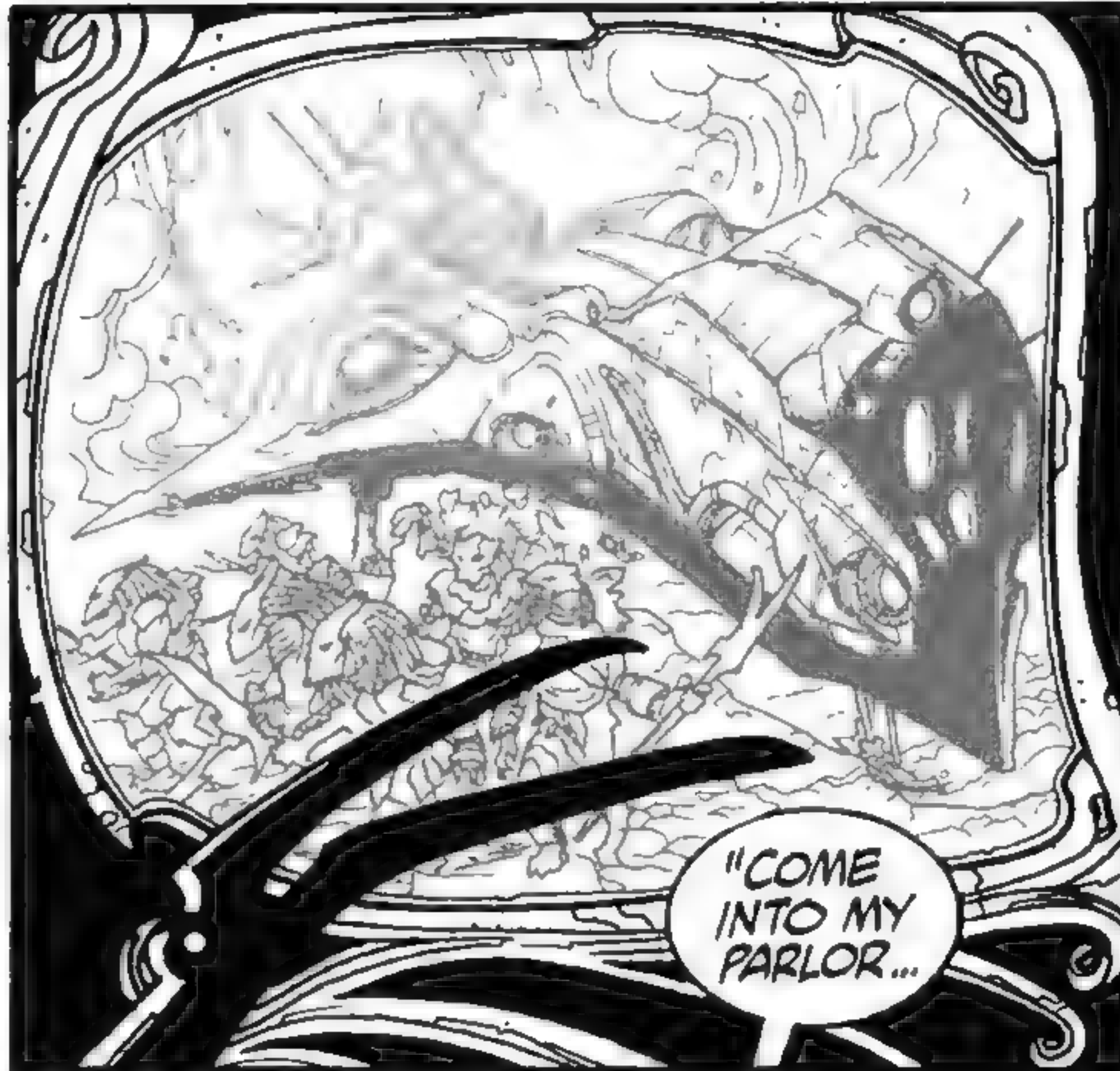
BUT THEN, I DO
LIKE TO SURROUND MYSELF
WITH BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

HOW DO YOU
DO. I AM ROBERT
SHELDON. WELCOME
TO MY HOME.

SHELDON...THE
ROBERT SHELDON? THE
MULTI-BILLIONAIRE
INDUSTRIALIST?

AH, I
SENSE YOUR
INCREDULITY...





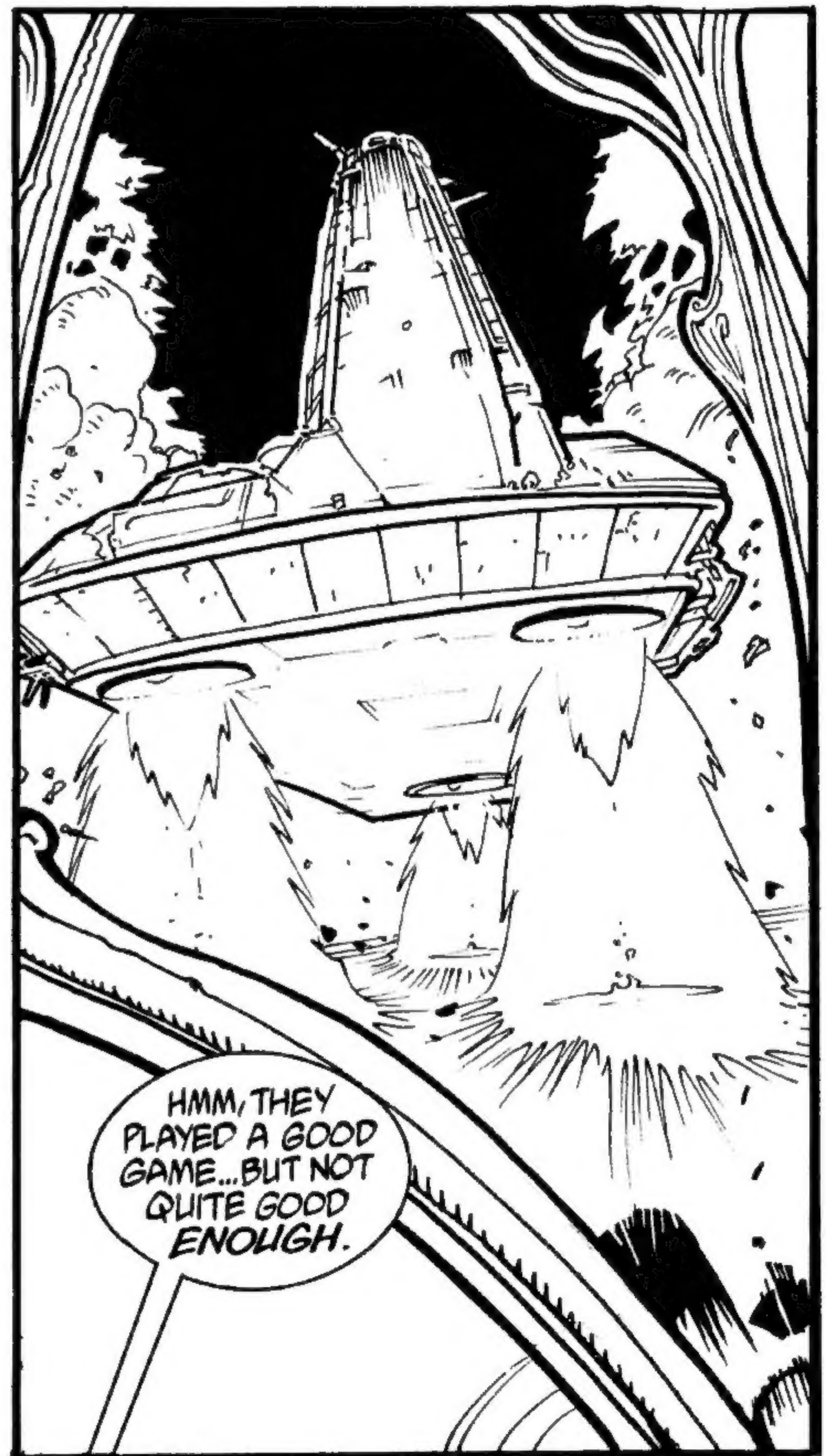


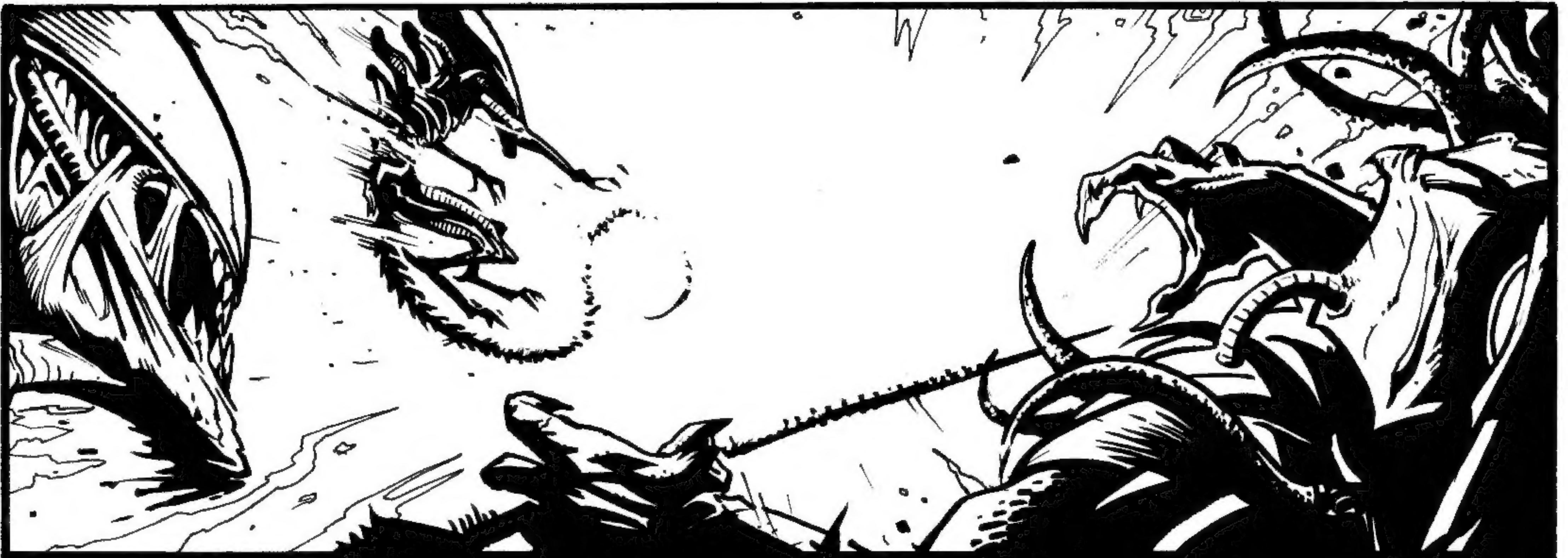














ALIENSTM VS. PREDATORTM OMNIBUS VOLUME 1

Mankind's two ultimate nightmares come together in mortal combat, and whoever wins—we lose. On the remote planet Ryushi, a small ranching community becomes an unwilling participant in a deadly ritual: extraterrestrial Predators have seeded Ryushi with Alien eggs in order to create the ultimate hunt. But what the Predators don't know is that an Alien queen egg is amongst those they've sent as potential hunting stock, and when the Predators arrive, the hunters become the hunted amidst a monumental swarm of Aliens, and they may need to turn to the very same humans they regard as little more than potential trophies to give them any hope of survival.

Aliens vs. Predator Omnibus Volume 1 packs over 400 pages of excitement and terror into one package, offering the original smash-hit *AVP* comics series that launched the franchise, plus the exciting continuation of the storyline, previously published as *AVP: War*.



DarkHorse.com



FoxMovies.com

graphic novel / science fiction